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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1853.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK:

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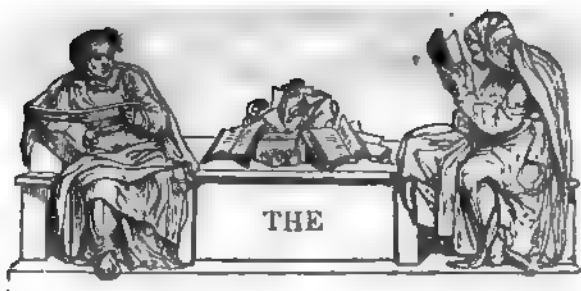
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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1853.

From the North British Review.

## HISTORY OF THE DIAMOND.\*

THERE is perhaps no department of general knowledge about which ordinary readers are less informed than that which relates to the diamond. Even the mineralogist, the chemist, and the natural philosopher have limited themselves to a very partial study of the origin, the history, and the properties of this remarkable substance. Ranked as it must be among the bodies of the mineral world, and regarded as it has ever been as the most valuable production which the earth embosoms, it has always occupied, from its value as well as its beauty, the first place among those precious stones which it is the highest ambition of wealth and power to accumulate. But though thus associated with zircon, sapphire, ruby, topaz, and the emerald, it essentially differs from them all in its origin, its composition, and its physical

properties; and while it takes precedence of them all, it is nevertheless the meanest in its elements, the weakest in its structure, and the most perishable in its nature. The full-grown diamond indeed exceeds in value more than a hundred thousand times its mass in gold:—it is the most cherished property, and the proudest ornament of kings:—It is the most prized, and the brightest jewel in the chaplet of beauty, and yet it is but a lump of coal, which it reduces to a cinder, and dissipates into that insalubrious gas which ascends from the most putrid marsh, and bubbles from the filthiest quagmire.

The word *diamond* is derived, through the French *diamant*, from the Greek word *Adamas*, *invincible*, and this again from *a* and *daṃaw*, to crush or subdue,—from its supposed property of resisting the action of fire and the heaviest strokes of the hammer. ‡

\* *Travels through the Gold and Diamond District of Brazil.* By JOHN MAWE. London, 1812.

Notice respecting a Singular Structure in the Diamond. By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D., F.R.S., and Sec. R.S.E. In *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. iii. p. 98. Edin. 1820. This erudite and instructive treatise is attributed to Sir David Brewster, unquestionably the greatest living optical philosopher.—Ed.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. I.

\* Maximum in rebus humanis, non solum inter gemmas, pretium habet adamas, diu non nisi regibus et iis admodum paucis cognitus.—Plin. *Hist. Nat.*, lib. xxxvii. cap. 15.

† Incudibus hi deprehenduntur, ita respuentes ictum, ut ferrum utrinque dimittet incudes etiam ipso dissiliant. Quippe duritia inenarrabilis est

The diamond seems to have been known from the remotest antiquity; and though it has not yet been found among the ruins of Nineveh and Khorsabad, we have no doubt that it will yet be discovered among the interesting relics of the Assyrian kings. The diamond is more than once mentioned in Scripture, but we have no means of ascertaining with accuracy that the original Hebrew words are rightly rendered in our translation. With the exception of the sapphire, the other gems mentioned in the Old Testament do not correspond with those which now bear the same names. In the breast-plate of judgment worn by the high-priest, the second row of precious stones consisted of the emerald, the sapphire, and the diamond; and as the *Urim* and *Thummim*, which signify *lights* and *perfections*, were "to be as Aaron's heart when he goeth in before the Lord," it has been conjectured that "they were diamonds of great beauty and splendor." The Prophet Jeremiah states that the sin of Judah was written with a *pen of iron*, and with the *point of a diamond*; and Ezekiel, in a mysterious passage, speaks metaphorically of the diamond and other precious stones, as having been in the Garden of Eden. The Syrians are said to have carried on a trade in diamonds with eastern nations; and diamonds from the interior of Africa were procured from Etruria by the merchants of Carthage. Although, in speaking of the treasures at the time of the Trojan war, Homer does not enumerate any of the gems, yet it is certain that it was well known to the ancients. The Duke of Bedford possesses a diamond on which an antique head is engraven; and in the British Museum there is an ancient Roman gold ring with an octohedral diamond set in it.

Diamonds have now been found in every quarter of the globe. In Asia, Africa, North and South America, and even in Europe. In India they have been found of a large size, and in greater quantities, and it is accordingly from that part of the world that we received the earliest and the best information respecting this remarkable mineral.

The traveller to whom we owe the earliest as well as the most interesting account of the Diamond Mines of India, and of the diamonds which have been obtained from them, is Monsieur Tavernier, who performed six journeys to India chiefly on foot. As a dia-

mond merchant every facility was given him to obtain the information which he desired, and the native princes allowed him to examine, and even to weigh the diamonds and other precious stones which they had accumulated. He was thus enabled to visit all the Four Diamond Mines then known in Hindostan, and also one of the rivers where the diamonds are found. The first mine which he visited was that of Raolconda, about eight or nine days' journey from Visapour, and five from Golconda, which was discovered about the middle of the fifteenth century.\*

"Round about the place where the diamonds are found, the ground is sandy, full of rocks, much resembling the parts near *Fontainebleau*. There are in the rocks several veins, some half a finger, some a whole finger, wide: And the miners make use of irons with hooks at the end, with which they pick out the earth or sand, which they put into tubs, and among that earth they find the diamonds. But because these veins do not run always straight, but sometimes down, sometimes upward, the miners are constrained to break the rock, following always the trace of the veins: when they have opened all the veins, and taken out all the sand, then they wash it two or three times over to look for the diamonds. In this mine it is that they find the cleanest stones, and of the whitest water. But the mischief is, that to fetch the sand out of the rock, they are forced to strike such terrible blows with a great iron-lever, that they flaw the diamond, and make it look like crystal: which is the reason there are found so many soft stones in this diamond mine, though they make a great show. If the stone be clean, they only give it a turn or two upon the wheel, not caring to shape it for fear of losing the weight. If there be any flaws, or any points, or any black or red specks in it, they cut all the stone into fossets; or if there be only a little flaw, they work it under the ridge of one of the fossets, to hide the defect. Now because a merchant desires rather to have a black speck than a red one, 'tis but burning the stone, and the speck becomes black. This trick at length I understood so well, that when I saw any stones in them that come from the mine made into fossets, especially very small ones, I was certain there was either some speck or some flaw in the stone."—*Tavernier*, p. 134.

At the mine of Raolconda there were several diamond cutters, who had each a steel

*simulque ignium victrix natura, et nunquam incalescens. Unde et nomen indomita vis Græce interpretatione accepit.—Plin. Id. Id.*

\* *Les Six Voyages de Jean Baptiste Tavernier, Ecuyer, Baron d'Aubonne, qu'il a fait en Turquie, en Perse, et aux Indes pendant l'espace de quarante ans.* Paris, 1751. 3 tom. Our extracts are chiefly from the English Translation, by Phillips. Lond. Folio. 1778. But our principal facts are taken from the original French, which contains much curious matter omitted by the Translator.

mill, some of them like those used in Europe. "They cast water continually on the mill, to find out the grain of the stone;" and when this is found they pour on oil (with abundance of powder of diamonds) to make the stone slide the faster, and in grinding a diamond which weighed 103 carats when cut, they laid on a weight of 150 pounds of lead.

The purchasers of diamonds paid two per cent. to the king on all that they bought. The miners, who know all the places where *the diamonds grow*, generally set 50 or 100 men to work, in a space about 200 paces in compass, and for the privilege of working this once they pay to the king two pagodas a day, and four when they employ a hundred men. When a workman meets with a stone of fourteen or sixteen carats, he carries it to the master of the works, who rewards him with a piece of calicut to make a bonnet, of the value of 25 sous, together with a half or a whole pagoda. When large diamonds are found, they are brought every morning at ten o'clock to the merchants, with whom they are allowed to remain for seven or eight days, when the price is agreed upon, and a bill granted for it upon Agra, Visapour, or Surat. When the diamonds are small they are disposed of in another way, which Tavernier thus describes:—

" 'Tis very pleasant to see the young children of the merchants and other people of the country, from the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen years, who seat themselves upon a tree that lies in the void place of the town: Every one of them has his diamond-weights in a little bag hanging at one side, on the other his purse, with five or six hundred pagods in gold in it. There they sit, expecting when any person will come to sell them some diamonds. If any person brings them a stone, they put it into the hands of the eldest boy among them, who is as it were their chief; who looks upon it, and after that gives it to him that is next him; by which means it goes from hand to hand, till it return to him again, none of the rest speaking one word. After that he demands the price, to buy it if possible; but if he buy it too dear, 'tis upon his own account. In the evening the children compute what they have laid out; then they look upon their stones, and separate them according to their water, their weight, and clearness. Then they bring them to the great merchants, who have generally great parcels to match: and the profit is divided among the children equally; only the chief among them has a fourth in the hundred more than the rest. As young as they are, they so well understand the price of stones, that if one of them have bought any purchase, and is willing to lose half in the hundred, the other shall give him his money. They shall hardly bring you a parcel of stones,

above a dozen, wherein there is not some flaw or other defect."—*Tavernier*, p. 135.

The following account of the "mystery" in which the Indians, whether Mahometans or Hindoos, "drive their bargains" with the diamond merchants, is given by Tavernier as something exceedingly curious. The sale is made in absolute silence, and without the least "talking on either side."

"The buyer and the seller sit one before another like two tailors, and the one of the two opening his girdle, the seller takes the right hand of the purchaser, and covers his own hand and that with his girdle; under which, in the presence of many merchants that meet together in the same hall, the bargain is secretly driven without the knowledge of any person. For then the purchaser nor seller speak neither with their mouths nor eyes, but only with the hand, as thus: When the seller takes the purchaser by the whole hand, that signifies a thousand, and as often as he squeezes it, he means so many thousands pagods or rupees, according to the money in question. If he takes but half to the knuckle of the middle-finger, that's as much as to say fifty. The small end of the finger to the first knuckle signifies ten. When he grasps five fingers, it signifies five hundred; if but one finger, one hundred."—*Tavernier*, p. 136.

The mine of *Gani* or *Couleur*, seven days' journey west of Golconda, was next visited by Tavernier. It stands near a great town, between which and a mountain is a plain, where they find diamonds. The nearer they dig to the mountain, the larger are the stones which they find; but none are found at the top. This mine was discovered about the middle of the 16th century, by a man who, in digging a piece of ground to sow millet, discovered a diamond of 25 carats. The news spread like wildfire, and the "moneyed men in the town set themselves to work," and found diamonds larger and in greater quantity than in any other mine. Among the largest was the celebrated diamond of nine hundred Rattees,\* or 798 carats, which belonged to the King of Golconda, and which his General Mirgimola presented to the Great Mogul. This diamond, known by the name of the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, passed through various hands, and after many changes in weight and in form, is believed to be represented by the Great Exhibition Diamond, belonging to Her Majesty, and now weighing about 100 carats.

\* The translator says 900 carats, but this is a mistake, as will be afterwards seen.



Although the stones in this mine are remarkable for their size, yet they are less clear than those of other mines, their water, or lustre, partaking of the quality of the earth in which they are found. When the ground is marshy, the color of the stone inclines to black, and when red to redness. In other places they are green, and in some yellow, but what seems very curious, "upon the most part of these stones, after they are cut, *there appears a kind of greasy moisture, which must be as often wiped off.*" In order to discover the water of these stones, they examine them with a lamp in the dark; but the most infallible process, according to Tavernier, is "to carry the stone to a tree thick of boughs," in order "to discern by the verdure of that shade, whether the water be bluish or no." Above 60,000 persons were employed in this mine.

The most ancient of all the diamond mines in India is that of Soumelpour, a large town, near which is the river Gouet, a tributary of the Ganges, in the sands of which the diamonds are found. In February, when the floods in the river have subsided, about 8000 persons flock from the town, and search for the diamonds in the sands of the river. The sand sometimes rises above the water, but when it does not, they drain off the water, and carry away the sand to another place, where it is washed, sifted, and examined.

About twenty or thirty years after Tavernier travelled in India, the Earl Marshal of England, who had visited several of the diamond mines on the coast of Coromandel, communicated an account of them to the Royal Society. Although mines of diamonds occur everywhere in the great range of hills which commence at Cape Comorin, and extend about fifty miles in breadth through the whole of Bengal, yet very few of them are worked, and it was chiefly from the kingdoms of Golconda and Visapour that the world was supplied with diamonds, before they were found in America. The Earl Marshal describes no fewer than *twenty-three* diamond mines in the kingdom of Golconda, and *fifteen* in the kingdom of Visapour. In one of these, called Currure, which is said to be the finest as well as the most ancient, and which is worked by the king for his own private use, diamonds weighing *eight ounces troy*, or  $81\frac{1}{2}$  pagodas, or 960 carats, are said to have been found. About the beginning of the 17th century, when the country was under the government of the Hindoos, and when strangers were

permitted to dig, a Portuguese gentleman went for this purpose from Goa, and having spent in mines a great sum of money, "he sold everything he brought with him that would fetch any money, even to the wearing clothes he could spare. While the miners were at work for the last day's expense, he had prepared a cup of poison, resolving, if that night he found nothing, to drink his last with the conclusion of his money; but in the evening the workmen brought him a very fine and great stone, of twenty pagodas weight, (206 carats,) in commemoration whereof he caused a great stone to be erected in the place, with an inscription engraven on it, in the Hindoo or Tellinga tongue, to the following effect, which remains to be seen to this day.

'Your wife and children sell, sell what you have,  
Spare not your clothes, nay, make yourself a slave,  
But money get, then to CURRURE make haste,  
There search the mines, a prize you'll find at last.'

After which he immediately returned with his stone to Goa."\*

The mine of Wootoor, which is near Currure, yields stones of equal magnitude, and of similar shapes and waters, and, what is singular, the diamonds are found in *black earth*. The mine of Muddemurg is celebrated for producing diamonds of a fine shape and water; and Melwillie, or the *new mine*, discovered in 1670, gives well-shaped stones of a very considerable size. The earth in which they are found is very red; and many of the stones found there have it sticking to them, *as if it had clung there while they were of a soft glutinous substance, and had not obtained their hardness.*

The mines of Visapour yield stones as large as those of Golconda, though it is celebrated for its small stones, which yield a higher profit than the large ones. The diamonds are found in red and sometimes yellow earth, in all the fifteen mines of Visapour, and they are frequently enclosed in clods. The earth is carried to a sort of tank, with walls about two feet high and six feet wide, made of rugged stones joined together by mortar made of earth and water. This rude enclosure is strengthened outside by a bank, and is floored with stones. The earth from the mines is soaked in this tank, the clods broken, and the great stones

\* Phil. Trans. No. cxxxvi. June 25th, 1677. Vol. xi. pp. 902, 910.

picked out. It is then stirred with shovels till the water is muddy, and when the gravelly stuff has fallen to the bottom, and all the earth washed away, by using fresh water and running it off, the gravel is spread out and dried, and the diamonds which it contains discovered, and picked out by their reflecting the light of the sun. The diamonds thus found are sometimes secreted by the workmen. Tavernier states that they often swallow the diamonds when they discover a valuable one; and a merchant pointed out to him one of his workmen who had concealed one in the corner of his eye. In Golconda, where all stones under a pagoda weight were given to the miner, and all above it reserved for the king, this arrangement was often violated by the overseer of the mines, and when the workmen found a stone approaching in weight to a pagoda, "they conceal it till they have an opportunity, and then with wife and children run all away into the Visapour country, where they are secure."

The diamond mines of India have been more recently visited by Dr. Hamilton Buchanan, Dr. Voysey, and others, and we are enabled, by their descriptions, to give a more accurate account of the matrix of the diamond, or rather of the nature of the rocks or soil in which it is found. Dr. Buchanan visited the diamond mine of Panna in 1813. Round Panna is a table-land of great extent, from 500 to 1200 feet of perpendicular height above the level of the Gangetic plain. The whole plain in the table-land, for several miles round Panna, in all directions, is said to produce diamonds wherever it happens to be of a gravelly nature. The soil is very red in general, though in some places only slightly so, and is occasionally of a dark brown color. The soil is from two to eight cubits deep where the diamonds are found, and contains many small pebbles a good deal resembling some ores of iron that Dr. Buchanan saw in Bhagalpur. The diamonds are found intermixed with this, but they never adhere to any stone or pebble. They are obtained, as usual, by washing away the earth from the gravel; and they are generally very small, usually worth only 500 rupees, though sometimes they are valued between 500 and 1000. The Rajah had one worth 50,000 rupees, which he placed in the head of an image. The workmen are allowed *three-fourths* of the value of stones the size of a pea, or smaller; *two-thirds* of the value of those about the size of a hazel-nut; and *one-half*

of those larger than a filbert. Every person that chooses may dig; and the average number of diggers is about a thousand. The rock immediately under the gravel and earth, among which the diamonds are found, is a white granular quartz, too hard to be cut for building, stained red in many places, and containing more *black spots*, or dots, than usual. The workmen assured Dr. Buchanan "*that the generation of diamonds is always going forward, and that they have just as much chance of success in searching earth which has been fourteen or fifteen years unexamined, as in digging what has never been disturbed; and, in fact, he says, I saw them digging up earth which had evidently been before examined, as it was lying in irregular heaps, as thrown out after examination.*"

The late Mr. H. Voysey, who visited some of the principal diamond mines of Southern India, in January 1821, has thrown some light upon the matrix of the diamond. In the rock mines of Banganpalli the matrix of the diamond is a sandstone breccia, which is found under a compact sandstone rock, like that of the rest of the range. "It is composed of a beautiful mixture of red and yellow jasper, quartz, chalcedony, and hornstone of various colors, cemented together by a quartz paste. It passes into a puddingstone, composed of rounded pebbles of quartz, hornstone, &c. &c., cemented by an argillo-calcareous earth, of a loose friable texture, in which the diamonds are most frequently found." For many years previous to Mr. Voysey's visit to these mines, no fresh excavations in the breccia had been made, and he therefore could not ascertain the mode in which the miners got at the breccia; but he saw many holes about five feet in depth, under large blocks of sandstone, where he was told the diamond bed was found. Mr. Voysey confirms the statement of Dr. Buchanan, that the diamonds are supposed to grow in the old rubbish that had been previously examined. Nay, the truth of this opinion may be considered as demonstrated by the fact, that the miners no longer quarry fresh breccia from beneath the sandstone, but "*are content with sifting and examining the old rubbish of the mines,*" and in which they actually find diamonds. The opinion that diamonds grow in the previously washed, sifted, and examined rubbish, and that the chips and small pieces rejected by former searchers actually increase in size, and in process of time become large diamonds, prevails everywhere in India; and

even at Gani Partaal or Couleur, where the Great Koh-i-noor was found, the search is confined to the rubbish of the old mines. Dr. Voysey draws the following conclusions from his examination of the diamond strata in India.

1. That the matrix of the diamonds produced in Southern India, is the sandstone breccia of the clay slate formation.

2. That those found in alluvial soil are produced from the debris of the above rock, and have been brought thither by some torrent or deluge, which could alone have transported such large masses and pebbles from the parent rock, and that no modern or traditional inundation has reached to such an extent.

3. That the diamonds found at present in the beds of the rivers, are washed down by the annual rains.

In speaking of the probability of the opinion that the diamond is continually growing, Dr. Voysey makes the important observation, that in hot climates crystallization goes on with wonderful rapidity, and that he hopes, at some future period, to produce *undeniable proofs of the recrystallization of amethyst, zeolite, and feldspar in alluvial soil*. Unfortunately for science, Mr. Voysey, who was geologist to the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, died soon after his paper was printed.\*

An account of the diamond workings and diamonds of Sumbhulpore was published about twenty-five years ago by Mr. Breton of Calcutta. The valley of Sumbhulpore, about 410 feet above the level of the sea, and the streams at the mouths of which the diamonds are found, lie between the 83d and 84th degree of East Longitude and the 21st and 22d of North Latitude. Diamonds of various sizes, and of the first quality, are found at the mouths of the rivers Maund, Keloo, Eeb, and others, which rise in the mountainous parts of Koorba, Sirgoojah, Raeghur, Jushpoor, and Gangpoor, and fall into the Mahanuddee on its left bank. They are also obtained after the rains among the mud and sand deposited on the beds of is-

lands upon the left bank, but never upon the right bank of the Mahanuddee, nor upon its left bank above its confluence with the Maund at Chanderpore, or below Soanpore. About 500 persons are annually employed from November till the rainy season, in searching the bed of the Mahanuddee for diamonds, wherever alluvial matter is deposited in its hollows, or where the current is obstructed by rocks. The earth, dug out by a pickaxe, is placed on a large concave board, with two raised rims, and the diamonds are found among the gravel which is left, by washing away the earth with water along the inclined board. The earth consists of a mixture of stiff reddish clay, pebbles, a small proportion of sand, and a little oxide of iron. At Sumbhulpore a diamond of the first quality is called Brahmin, of the second Chetree, of the third Bysh, and of the fourth Soudra, the four tribes of the Hindoos. A diamond of 308 grains or 77 carats in weight was obtained in 1807 by the Ranee Ruttun Coher, and in 1809 one of the Bysh quality, and weighing 672 grains, or 168 carats, was picked up at a place called Herakode, in the bed of the Mahanuddee. The diamond was not delivered to the Ranee, on account of her being occupied in the funeral rites of her husband's mother; and before they were finished the Mahratta troops arrived and expelled her from her territory. The existence of the valuable diamond was told to the commanding officer, Chunderjee Bhoonsla, who persuaded the finder to surrender it for a fine village and 1000 rupees. No sooner was the diamond in the possession of the Mahratta chief, than he reproached the finder for bringing a stone instead of a diamond, and drove him from his presence.

The diamond mines of Borneo were known in the time of Tavernier, who was dissuaded from going to that island, because *The Queen* would not permit a stranger to carry off any of the diamonds, the few that were exported being taken away by stealth, and sold at Batavia. The diamonds are found in the sand of a river called Succadan. "I say the Queen," adds Tavernier, "and not the King, because in that island the women have the sovereign command, and not the men. For the people are so anxious to have a lawful heir upon the throne, that the husband not being certain that the children he has by his wife are his own, but the wife being always certain that the children which she bears are hers, they rather choose to be governed by a woman, to whom they give the title of Queen; her husband being only her husband,

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\* It may be useful to those who study this curious subject, to know that Mr. Voysey has misapprehended the theory of Sir David Brewster, of the origin of the diamond, when he gives it as the opinion of that author, "that the matrix of the diamond is neither a rock of igneous origin, nor one of aqueous deposition;" whereas he merely stated, "that the compressible state of the diamond could not arise from the action of heat," and "could not exist in a mass formed by aqueous deposition."—*Edin. Phil. Journ.*, vol. iii. p. 100.

and having no power but what she permits him."

A more recent account of the diamond mines of Borneo was published in the Singapore Chronicle of October 11, 1827. The mines in the residency of the north-west coast of the Island are worked by the Daya, the Malayu, and the Chinese. The earthy gravel called *Areng*, in which the diamonds are found, is obtained by sinking a shaft on the areng, about two feet in diameter, to enable the miner to turn round in it. The areng is from one to three feet thick, and is dug out to the extent of seven or eight feet from the sides of the shaft under the superincumbent strata, which are sometimes propped up. When the areng in the first mine is exhausted, and the course of the vein ascertained, a new shaft is opened in that direction, at the distance of fifteen or sixteen feet from the former one, to enable the miner when he reaches the areng to work back to the former mine, the same process being repeated till the vein is exhausted. The areng is hoisted up in small baskets, and then placed in conical circular trays, which are immersed in the nearest stream, and the areng washed by hand till the earthy particles are separated from it. The trays are then brought to the surface and whirled round, till the water they contain is poured off quite pure from all earthy matter. The Malayu use the same process; but the Chinese employ a more efficient one. The Chinese avail themselves of the shafts sunk and abandoned by the Daya or Malayu. Having formed a tank, or dammed up a small stream, a channel is cut in the direction of the vein, and the upper strata are entirely cleared away by the action of the stream of water. The areng is then dug out and washed in wooden troughs, fixed on an inclined plane. The largest diamond known with certainty to have been found in these mines weighed only *thirty-six* carats. The Sultan of Mattan is said to possess one weighing *three hundred and sixty seven carats*, which he was afraid to cut lest it turn out to be flawed; but as the author of the article from which we quote informs us, "gentlemen to whom it has been lately shown consider it not to be a true stone."

At one time all diamonds under *four* carats were the property of the miners; but all of that size and upwards were claimed by the Panambachan, then a tributary of Bantam, from the Sultan of which state the former Dutch Company purchased this monopoly or royalty for 50,000 dollars. By a treaty with the Panambachan made in 1823, all the

diamonds must be delivered to government at 20 per cent. below the market price, ascertained by appraisement on the spot, the necessary advances having been previously made to the miners. The small diamonds are sold at Pontianak, and the large ones disposed of at Batavia, and the profits divided between the government and the Panambachan. About 390 carats were found in the latter half of 1823, and 1900 carats in 1824. The quantity found in 1825 and 1826 was less than in 1824.

In his journals,\* as published by Captain Mundy and Capt. Keppel, Sir James Brooke speaks of his diamond works at Santah, where Palingi Ali assured him he and four men had in one day obtained *sixty* diamonds, some of them of four carats. He mentions his establishment there as consisting of two Banjar diamond workers and six laborers, to whom he added four Chinese for the diamond trench, presided over by Hajji Ibrahim, a Chinese Mohammedan, but he does not say that a single diamond has been found. The diamonds occur in a gravelly stratum, which is laid bare "after the Chinese fashion of trenching the grounds with a run of water through the trench." "The earth is washed at the water's edge in large round wooden pans shaped like shields; and when the diamonds are picked out there remains a residue of black sand like gunpowder, and gold particles."

The fullest and most interesting account of the diamond mines of Borneo has been given by Mr. Hugh Low, Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an.† The diamonds of Borneo, equal to any from India or Brazil in beauty, are found in the greatest quantity in Sango, Landak, and Banjarmasin, where they are worked to a small extent by the Chinese and Malays. Ever since the Malays settled in Borneo, the mines of Landak supplied them with diamonds. The mines of Sango and Banjar have been more recently explored. The principal, and indeed the only mart formerly opened for the Borneo diamonds, was Batavia, and Sir Stamford Raffles says, that "few courts of Europe could perhaps boast of a more brilliant display of diamonds, than in the prosperous days of the Dutch was exhibited by the ladies of Batavia." The Borneo diamonds are found in a gravelly stratum, at various depths below the surface. The

\* Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, vol. i. p. 280. 2d Edition. Keppel's Expedition to Borneo in the Dido, vol. i. p. 293.

† Sarawak, its Inhabitants and Productions. By Hugh Low, pp. 28-29. London, 1848.



mines at Sarawak were formerly worked, but not very extensively. The gravel in which they occur is in some places not more than six feet, and in others as much as eighteen below the surface. They are generally small in size, but of the most brilliant water. Mr. Low saw a person get three small ones at one washing, together with a considerable portion of gold; and Sir James Brooke states that, previous to his time, "eleven men had, in three days, obtained a quantity of diamonds which sold at Sandos (at half their value) for 5000 Java rupees." The great diamond of the Sultan of Mattan, which, as we have already stated, is erroneously supposed not to be a real stone, is, according to Mr. Low, still uncut, and if cut and polished, would be reduced from 367 to  $183\frac{1}{2}$  carats, that is, to one half its present size. Its present shape is that of an egg indented on one side. Its value, he says, is stated by Mr. Crawford to be £269,378, being less by £34,822 than that of the Russian diamond, and £119,773 more than that of the Pitt diamond. Mr. Low adds the important statement, that he has been informed "by a person who supposed himself to be a good judge of diamonds, *that the Sultan possesses the real stone,*" (and therefore not a false one as stated in the Singapore Chronicle), *which he had seen*; but that a crystal is shown to strangers, as the Sultan who has been already robbed of his territory fears that this last emblem of royalty will be also taken from him by his powerful and avaricious neighbors. The Malays of Banjarmassin and Landak have offered to work Sir James Brooke's mines at Sarawak, but their characters are so bad that he does not encourage their immigration. We trust, however, that active means will be taken to explore the valuable treasures in that interesting locality, and that we shall soon be able to announce the arrival of valuable diamonds from a British Colony.\*

The discovery of diamonds in Brazil early in the present century, has doubtless led to the abandonment of many of the diamond mines in India. In the mountainous district of Serro do Frio, which is peculiarly celebrated for its diamonds, they are found in rivers or rivulets, in the banks adjoining water-courses, and in ravines. The soil with which the diamonds are invariably found intermixed, is called *cascalhao*, which is a stratum of rounded pebbles and gravel, immedi-

ately incumbent on the primitive granite, inclining to gneiss, and covered with a stratum of *vegetable* earthy matter of variable thickness. Above the vegetable earth is a stratum called *burgalhao*, which consists of angular quartz pebbles, and not unfrequently large beds of solid quartz not more than four or five inches thick. This stratum, according to Mr. Mawe, does not seem to have been formed at the same time, or by the same means as the *cascalhao*. In the granite beneath the *cascalhao* there is a portion of hornblende and frequently mica. The soil is rich and remarkably ferruginous. In one part of the diamond district of Brazil the *cascalhao* forms a solid conglomerate or breccia of rounded pebbles, cemented by ferruginous matter, and in which the diamonds and gold are frequently enveloped. This pudding-stone is believed by Mr. Mawe to be of very recent formation. In order to obtain the diamonds from the *cascalhao*, the gravelly matter is freed from its adhering earths by the processes which we have already described. Mr. Mawe has given a drawing and description of the diamond workings at Mandango, on the river Fiquitonhoba in the Serro do Frio, where a thousand negroes are employed. The bed of the river is laid dry by an aqueduct, and the water is pumped from the deep pools left in the channel, by means of chain pumps worked by water-wheels. In former times the *cascalhao* obtained from these pools was carried to the washings by negroes, but it is now conveyed along inclined planes. When a negro finds a diamond of the weight of an 8vo ( $17\frac{1}{2}$  carats) the event is celebrated with much ceremony. Crowned with a garland of flowers he is carried in procession to the manager of the washings, who presents him with his freedom, by paying his owner for it. He receives also a present of new clothes, and is permitted to work the mines on his own account. When a stone of 8 or 10 carats is found, the negro receives two new shirts, a complete suit of new clothes, and a handsome knife. For smaller stones of but little value proportionate premiums are given. The diamonds in the treasury of the king amounted in all to about 4000 or 5000 carats, the largest being a fine octohedral one of 17 carats. Diamonds, however, of a much larger size have been found, and one in particular in the alluvium of the river Abaethé, of form approximating to the octohedron, and weighing *seven-eighths* of an oz. troy, or 105 carats, which Mr. Mawe in his Travels, from some mistake, says, "is perhaps the largest in the world." In his

\* Since this was written, we have learned that the Eastern Archipelago Company have obtained from the Sultan of Borneo the right of working all the mineral productions of his territory.

later work he does not repeat this statement. He says, "that no potentate is so rich in diamonds as the king of Portugal, whose suite, which he had the honor of being shown, he estimated at more than *two millions sterling*." This fine diamond was discovered under very peculiar circumstances. It was found about the year 1787 by three convicts, who were banished into the interior of Brazil, and who, when thus driven from society, were anxious to obtain a remission of their punishment by the discovery of some new mine or production which the sovereign would value. Influenced by this motive, they wandered for six years through the most unfrequented parts of the country, exposed at one time to the violence of the Anthropophagi, and at another to be seized by the soldiers of the government. As a last resource they explored the bed of the river Abaethé when its waters had been greatly diminished by a long continued drought, and while they were washing its gravel and expecting only gold, they discovered the fine diamond we have mentioned. Uncertain how to act, they consulted a clergyman, who took them to the governor of Villa Rica, who, as soon as he ascertained that the stone was a real diamond, suspended the sentence of the convicts as a reward for its delivery. The precious gem was sent immediately to Rio Janeiro. A frigate was despatched with it to Lisbon, and the clergyman was also sent to make a proper representation of the case to the Portuguese Government. The sovereign sanctioned the pardon granted by the governor, and Church preferment was given to the clergyman.

The diamond mines of Brazil are stated to have produced only £40,000 per annum. Between 1801 and 1806 the expense of working them (wages being about 6d. or 8d. per day) seems to have amounted to £204,000, while the diamonds obtained weighed 115,675 carats, the cost per carat being £1, 13s. 9d. In ordinary years the return of diamonds is only about 20,000 carats.\*

\* "In the diamond districts of Minas Geraes and St. Paul in Brazil examined by Claussen, plutonic forces acting upon dioritic veins have developed in one place common mica, in another ferruginous mica, in the quartzose *itacolumite*. The diamonds of Grammagoa are contained in layers of solid silicic acid. Occasionally they lie enveloped by plates of mica, exactly like the garnets formed in mica slate. The Russian diamonds found in 1829, in the European declivity of the Ural, also stand in geological relation to the black carboniferous dolomite of Adolfskoi, as well as to augitic porphyry, which have not yet been made the subject of suf-

Although the diamond district of Minas Geraes, so interesting from its mineral productions, has been visited since the time of Mr. Mawe, by MM. Martius and St. Hilaire, as botanists, and also by M. D'Eschwege, when geology was yet in its infancy, yet it was left to M. Claussen,\* who resided twenty years in the country, to survey it with the care which it merits, and particularly in relation to the true matrix of the diamond and the euclase and topaz. The soil which yields diamonds, and has been long known in Brazil, extends into the provinces of Minas and St. Paul, from the 16th to the 26th degree of south latitude. When the diamonds disappear in this last latitude, in the province of St. Paul, the bituminous schists commence, which contain the coal in the province of St. Catherine. In the north of the province of Minas, the red sandstone is covered by a calcareous formation, equivalent to the Jurassic group, and which is itself covered with the gypsum marls with rock salt. In all the parts of this last formation, where the valleys have been excavated sufficiently deep to show the red sandstone, diamonds are found in the rivers—in the Rio Acary and others.

Early in 1839 diamonds were discovered in the psammite sandstone of the Serro do Santo Antonio de Grammagoa. This mountain consists of large beds of sandstone, which have occasionally the aspect of Itacolumite, but the strata having little inclination, and reposing immediately upon the macignos, (a transition formation,) leave no doubt of their identity with the Psammitic sandstones of Abaethé. The first discoverers of these rocks, owing to their being soft, obtained many diamonds from them, but at a greater depth they became harder

ficiently accurate observations."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*, p. 283. Sir Roderick Murchison and M. Verneuil do not concur in the opinion that the diamonds of Chrestovodsvigensk have had their origin in the black dolomite of that place, for although this rock contains carbon, the alluvia in which the diamonds are found, though overlying the dolomite, have no carbon. They agree rather with Colonel Helmersen that the diamonds like the gold shingle, and the greater part of the accompanying detritus have been drifted from the adjacent flank of the higher mountains, in which micaceous quartz rocks exist, fragments of these (*itacolumite* or micaschist) being also found in the alluvium. See *Geology of Russia*, vol. i. p. 482, note.

\* *Notes Géologiques sur la Province de Minas Geraes au Brésil*. Par P. Claussen, de L'Institut Brésilien, 1841. Published in the *Bulletins de L'Académie des Sciences et des Belles Lettres de Bruxelles*, 1841, tom. viii., part i., pp. 322-343, with four plates.

and more difficult to work. More than 2000 persons rushed to this spot, and working without any plan, they caused a part of the mountain to fall, and by crushing the debris, they found many diamonds. Specimens of the rock with the included diamonds are not very rare. The diamonds are imbedded in the Psammite sandstone, and in the Itacolumite sandstone, and sometimes between plates of mica, like the garnets in mica-schist. In the museum of Rio Janeiro there is a large rounded diamond, which has very distinct impressions of grains of sand. M. Claussen mentions a specimen of Pseudomorphous sandstone, two inches long and one wide, containing a diamond of nearly two grains, and crystallized in a rounded octohedron,\* and also another specimen, the size of the first, of a yellowish sandstone, containing two diamonds, one of which weighs nearly a carat or four grains, and the other one grain. Both of them are crystallized in the perfect primitive octohedron; and M. Claussen has been assured that all the diamonds found in the Itacolumite sandstone are rounded octohedrons, while those found in the Psammite sandstone are perfect octohedrons. M. Claussen has given his views respecting the matrix of the diamond in the following interesting passage:—

"As I had already sent to the museum in Paris in 1838 specimens of red sandstone, as the presumed matrix of the diamond, I shall now explain the reasons which led me to this supposition, and which more recent discoveries have fully confirmed. In studying this subject for many years, I had remarked that the pebbles which are always found in the diamond-bearing cascachao were—1. Itacolumite (quartzose mica slate); 2. A sandstone, which I then took for a variety of Itacolumite; and, 3. Some fragments of jasper; and I found that all other minerals in the cascachao were quite accidental. I therefore believed that Itacolumite was the matrix of the diamond; but was not able to explain the cause of the total absence of the diamond in all the places where this rock was greatly developed. In a journey which I made in 1836 on the left bank of the Rio San Francisco, I visited the diamond-bearing district of Abaethé, and on examining the cascachao of that river I found it composed nearly thus:—

|                                                                       |            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Pebbles and angular pieces of macigno and porphyritic phyllades,      | 4 eighths. |
| Psammite sandstone and jasper,                                        | 2 "        |
| Itacolumite sandstone,                                                | 1 "        |
| Quartzose sand, with some grains of menakanite, peridot, garnets, &c. | 1 "        |

\* The presence of such a large quantity of

\* The owner of this specimen asked 3000 francs for it.

macigno is not surprising, because the bed of the river is hollowed out in this formation, which prevails also in the environs to a great distance. What struck me more was the presence of a considerable quantity of pebbles of Itacolumite sandstone, which I then took for true Itacolumite or quartzose mica-schist, which I knew only *in situ*, at a distance of 50 leagues from this. I then began to think that the macigno formation might rest upon the Itacolumite, and that this ought to exist and be found somewhere in the deep ravines which the waters had excavated in the transition formation. In spite of my researches I found only the latter. I began then to ascend the mountains; and my surprise was great to find deposited here and there on the terraces which skirted them, pebbles and pieces of Itacolumite, of sandstone and of jasper, &c. At last upon the top I found beds of Psammite sandstone resting on the transition formation, with which they have a conformable stratification, and into which they pass gradually. These sandstones contain sometimes veins of jasper, and of jasper agate, and in the same beds they sometimes suddenly change their aspect and structure, and assume those of true Itacolumite. I then instantly recognized the origin of these pebbles, which I had considered as essential to the cascachao, and I was forced to admit the existence of a secondary Itacolumite posterior to the transition formation, and therefore supposed it to be the primitive matrix of the diamond, which is now confirmed.

The diamond is never found enveloped in an earthy crust, as has been stated. Its surface is sometimes rough, but generally smooth. The diamond is easily recognized by putting it into water, for it there preserves its lustre, having the appearance of a bubble of air; whilst all other precious stones lose it."—*Bulletin, &c. &c.*, pp. 332-334.

The discovery of diamonds in Russia, far from the tropical zone, has excited much interest among geologists. M. Maurice Engelhardt, who visited the Ural Mountains in 1826, observed the resemblance between the platina sand of that region and that of the diamond districts of Brazil. Humboldt observed a similar resemblance between the Brazilian and Uralian Mountains, and in June 1829 two of his companions, when exploring the western declivity of the Ural range, discovered diamonds. Seven of various sizes were found on the estates of Count Porlier, about 160 miles west of Perm. The Count himself found one in a species of gold and Platinum sand. In the summer of 1830 other seven diamonds weighing from three-eighths of a carat to one carat were found among the gold dust on the same property. In the detritus on the banks of the Adolfskoi, no fewer than forty diamonds have been found in the gold alluvium only twenty feet above the stratum in which the remains of



Mammoths and Rhinoceroses are found.\* Hence Humboldt has concluded that the formation of gold veins, and consequently of diamonds, is comparatively of recent date, and scarcely anterior to the destruction of the Mammoths. Sir Roderick Murchison and M. Verneuil have been led to the same result by different arguments. Colonel Helmersen, who, along with Humboldt and Rose, regard the *Itacolumite* as the real site or matrix of the diamond, discovered that quartzose micaceous schist really occurs in the portion of the Ural adjacent to the diamond mines.

Diamonds have recently been found in Africa, whence they were obtained in ancient times. The museum of M. de Drée contains three diamonds lately purchased at Algiers, and found in washing for gold in the auriferous sands of the River Sumee, in the Province of Constantine. Mr. Feuchtwanger informs us that Mr. Featherstonhaugh discovered perfect crystalized diamonds, a green and a white one, in N. America, south of the Potomac, and he adds that Mr. Charles Clemson of Philadelphia exhibited to him a diamond found in North Carolina, of a distinct octohedral form, and weighing three grains; but these facts do not seem to be known to, or admitted by, American mineralogists. Mr. Murray mentions on the authority of the Reverend Dr. Robinson of the observatory at Armagh, that a rough diamond with a red tint, and valued by Mr. Rundell at twenty guineas, was found in Ireland in the bed of a brook flowing through the county of Fermanagh. It was brought to a lady resident in the district by a girl, who said that she had picked it up in the bed of the brook.

Having thus submitted to our readers an account of the most celebrated diamond mines in the world, and of the localities in which diamonds are found, we shall proceed to give a description of the largest and finest diamonds of which a correct account has been preserved.

The most noted of all the diamonds, and the one most interesting to Englishmen, is "The Diamond of the Great Mogul," subsequently known by the name of the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. Tavernier, the celebrated diamond merchant and traveller,

was permitted by the Great Mogul to see this diamond and all his other jewels. He was allowed to weigh it, and he found its weight 319 1-2 rattees, which make 279 and 9-16ths of our carats, one rattee being seven-eighths of a carat. This stone was part of a larger one found in 1550 in the mine of Gani or Couleur, not far to the east of Golconda, and it came into the possession of the Great Mogul in the following manner:—When Mirgimola, the commander of the forces of the King of Golconda, betrayed his master, he carried off with him this large diamond, and having been kindly welcomed by Shah Jehan, the Great Mogul, he gave it him as a present. It was then rough and uncut, and weighed 907 rattees, which make 787 1-2 carats. "It had," says Tavernier, "three several flaws in it, and if it had been in Europe, it would have been treated in a different manner; for very good pieces would have been got from it, and it would have remained, when cut, much heavier; whereas it *has been all ground away*. It was cut by the Sieur Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian diamond cutter, who was very ill rewarded for his labor, for when it was cut they reproached him for having spoiled the stone, which ought to have remained of a much greater weight; and instead of paying him for his trouble, the King made them take from him ten thousand rupees, and would have made them take more if he had had more to give." "Had the Sieur Hortensio," adds Tavernier, "been well acquainted with his profession, he might have obtained from this great stone some good pieces, without doing any injury to the King, and without having taken so much trouble in grinding it away; but he was not a very skilful diamond cutter."—"After having carefully contemplated," adds Tavernier, "this great stone, and having returned it into the hands of D'Akel Khan, he showed me another diamond, of a pear shape, and of a very good form and fine water, with three other table diamonds, two of them pure, and the other which has small dark points."

Having thus examined and weighed the diamond, Tavernier gives a drawing of it, and describes it as having the form of an egg cut through the middle. He says that it has a fine water, and is round and rose cut, very high on one side, and having on the lower edge a crack and a small flaw within. From this minute account of the Great Mogul diamond, there are certain conclusions that we are entitled to draw.

1. That the great rough diamond, belonging originally to the King of Golconda,

\* These diamonds were seen by Sir Roderick Murchison, in the cabinet of Prince Butera. Since that period Colonel Helmersen has shown that diamonds have been found at three points along the Ural chain, Ekaterineburg, Kushvinsk, and Verch-Urala.—*Geology of Russia*, p. 301, note.

and given by Mirgimola to Shah Jehan, was not cut into *two or more pieces* by the Venetian artist, but was *ground down* from 787 to 279 carats, in consequence of the flaw which it contained. When Tavernier says that Hortensio, had he known his profession, might have obtained some good pieces by cutting the diamond in place of grinding it down, he does not say this of his own knowledge, because he never saw the large rough diamond, but he says it on the authority of persons who could not but know the fact, and who being interested in blaming the diamond-cutter, could only thus justify their harsh treatment of him, in fining him 10,000 rupees. It is very probable that the flaws rendered it necessary to grind down the diamond in place of cutting off the parts separated by flaws, as was lately done in the Koh-i-noor, when they were obliged to grind it down to the required shape, in place of cutting off particular portions of it.

2. That the weight of the diamond thus cut was 279 carats, and that its shape was that of half an egg, as drawn and described by Tavernier, a person thoroughly qualified to weigh, draw, and describe it.

We have been unable to find at what date the diamond of the Great Mogul, which has the form of a *mountain*, received the name of KOH-I-NOOR, or the *Mountain of Light*. It was certainly not known under that name to the authors of the Hindoo Legends, which allege that it was worn by an Indian warrior who fell in battle in 3001 before Christ! According to the Autobiography of Baber, who became sovereign of Hindostan in 1526, Hamayun, the son of Baber, was sent after the defeat of Ibrahim Lodi at the battle of Paniput, against Agra, the citadel of which had been held for Ibrahim by Bikermajit, Rajah of Gwalior, who fell in that battle. "The family of Bikermajit, as Baber himself relates, were at the time in Agra. Upon Hamayun's arrival they attempted to escape, but were stopped by the parties stationed to watch their movements, and were brought in prisoners. Hamayun would not permit them to be plundered, and of their own free will they presented to him a peshkash (or present,) consisting of a quantity of jewels and precious stones, amongst which was *one famous diamond*, which had been acquired by Sultan Ala-ud-din. It is so valuable that a judge of diamonds estimated it at half of the daily expense of the whole world! It is about eight mishkals in weight. On my arrival Hamayun presented it as a pesh-

kash to me, and I gave it back to him as a present."\*

Dr. Horace Wilson, the author of the learned and interesting account of the Koh-i-noor, in the *Official Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition*,† considers it as very possible that the diamond of Baber was the one which Tavernier saw in the treasury of the Great Mogul. The translators of Baber make eight mishkals equal to 320 rattees, which would give 280 carats as the weight of the diamond, the very same as that of the Great Mogul Diamond; but Dr. Wilson says, that "according to Ferishta, who repeats the story, the weight was eight mishkals or 224 rattees only, which would make it only 491 grains or 125 carats. Baber's expression, however, is 'ghaliban,' which would indicate not actual but estimated weight: According to the actual valuation of the Arabian mishkal at 72 grains, the weight of Baber's diamond would be 576 grains, (or 144 carats,) but it is always difficult to fix with precision the value of Indian weights and measures, as they vary at different places and at different times. It is sufficient to determine that Baber obtained a diamond corresponding *nearly if not entirely in weight and value* with one found above a century later in the possession of his descendants. The weight, however, of Baber's diamond being *much the same* as that of Aurungzebes, (Shah Jehan's brother) the story of the original weight and the loss in cutting is not to be relied on."

These views of Dr. Wilson appear to us quite untenable and even contradictory; but before we can make our readers understand the question at issue, we must examine Dr. Wilson's opinion that the Mogul Diamond of 279 carats, as weighed by Tavernier, is identical with the present Koh-i-noor, weighing 186 carats. To prove this identity, he makes Tavernier ignorant of the value of a rattee, and asserts that it "has been found by trial to be equal to  $2\frac{3}{16}$  grains," instead of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  grains, as Tavernier assumed. With this value of the rattee, Dr. Wilson makes the Mogul Diamond 175 carats, "which," he says, "is a sufficiently near approximation to the actual weight of the present Koh-i-noor, 186 carats." Now, admitting this low value of the rattee, will any person believe that Tavernier, a skilful diamond merchant,

\* *Memoirs of Baber*, translated by Dr. Leyden and Mr. Erskine, p. 308.

† Part III. pp. 695, 696.

committed a mistake of *eleven carats* or *forty grains*, in weighing the Mogul Diamond? But we cannot admit that Tavernier mistook the value of a rattee. If he did, he must have found all the diamonds which he purchased in India, and resold in Europe, little more than half the weight at which he bought them, having weighed them in India "with the native standard of weight, the rattee," as Dr. Wilson alleges. He must, therefore, have found out his mistake long before he published his Travels, and would certainly have corrected it. But, as Dr. Wilson himself tells us, "that Indian weights vary in different places and different times," why do we doubt the accuracy of Tavernier, (who bought diamonds in India by the rattee, and sold them in Europe by the carat,) when he distinctly tells us in his fourteenth chapter, "*On the diversity of weights used at the Diamond Mines, &c.*,"—

"That at the mine of *Soumalpour* in *Bengal* they weigh by ratis, and the rati is seven-eighths of a carat, or three grains and a half. They use the same weights over all the empire of the Mogul."

We are now prepared to come to a decision respecting Baber's diamond. If eight mishkals are equal to 320 rattees, Baber's diamond is so exactly the same weight of the Mogul's that we can scarcely doubt that they are identical, in which case the story of the cutting of the rough diamond of 793 carats must be false. Yet it is quite possible that there were two diamonds of nearly the same weight, in which case Tavernier's story may be true. But if we do not admit the translator of Baber's value of the mishkal, Baber's diamond must have been either 125 carats or 144, and, consequently, could not have been the Mogul diamond, as reduced to 175 carats by Dr. Wilson, nor the present Koh-i-noor of 186 carats.

Having thus placed it beyond a doubt that the Baber diamond was neither the diamond of Shah Jehan of 279 carats, nor that of Runjeet Sing, now called the Koh-i-noor, we shall now enter upon the question introduced by Dr. Wilson, where he says, "It still remains to be established how far the great diamond of the Mogul Emperors is to be considered as the same with the Koh-i-noor, as that appellation is not given to it by the early writers."\* Now, there are two kinds

\* Dr. Wilson is aware that another value of the rati has been given, namely, 1 5-16th grains, in which case the Mogul diamond would weigh only 105 carats, and the Baber diamond only 73 or 84 carats, results which he himself will not admit.

of evidence which may be adduced for or against the identity of these two diamonds—the testimony of history, and the still more important evidence to be derived from a comparison of their weight and form. There is certainly no distinct evidence that the Mogul diamond passed into the possession of the ruling family of Kabul. That they did possess it is "affirmed by the members of that family, and by the jewellers of Delhi and Kabul," but with such motives to adopt this opinion, who would place any trust in the affirmation either of the family or of the jewellers? It is doubtless true that when Nadir Shah occupied Delhi in 1739, Mohammed Shah, the great-grandson of Aurungzebe, surrendered to him the valuable contents of the imperial treasury, among which "his biographer and secretary specifies a peshkash or present by Mohammed Shah to his conqueror, of *several magnificent diamonds.*" But this surely is no evidence at all that the great historical diamond of India was one of these diamonds. The biographer and secretary of Nadir Shah, who is said to have first used the name of Koh-i-noor, would never have overlooked the "Mountain of Light" among the lesser jewels which composed the peshkash. We regard this therefore as an evidence either that Mohammed Shah did not possess the diamond of his family, or did not surrender it to his conqueror. But it is not improbable, nay, we think it very probable, that the diamond of Runjeet Sing, the present Koh-i-noor of 186 carats, was one of the *magnificent diamonds* referred to, and thus passed downwards through Ahmed Shah and his successors into the hands of Shah Shuja and Runjeet Sing. The historical evidence, therefore, entirely fails in identifying the Koh-i-noor with the diamond of the Great Mogul; nay, we are compelled, by the only part of the evidence which has any real bearing on the question, to infer that Nadir Shah never received from the descendants of Aurungzebe the Great Diamond of his family.

In entire conformity with these views is the physical testimony of weight and form—two sources of evidence which, taken separately, we consider irresistible, and which, when combined, amount to demonstration. Tavernier handled, and weighed, and delineated, and described the Mogul Diamond. Its weight was  $279\frac{2}{16}$  carats—its form that of *half an egg*;

The rati is the seed of the *abrus piscatorius*, but it is certain that the weight known by this name is heavier than the seed.

it is of a *good shape*—it is *round rose-cut*, as elsewhere expressed, “there is a little flaw in the edge of the cutting below, which goes round about the stone.” With this description the drawing perfectly agrees. Now the Koh-i-noor weighed only 186 carats; its form had not the least resemblance to half an egg; it was not round rose-cut; it was not of a good shape, but of a singularly bad one; and it had not the slightest resemblance to Tavernier’s drawing. We have already seen how Dr. Wilson meets the argument from weight, and we trust we have satisfactorily answered it. We may now add that Tavernier’s drawings of different diamonds are to a scale, along with diamonds sold to the King of France, by the carat; and by this scale the diamond of the Mogul, in place of being 175 carats, has the appearance of 279. But not only is the Koh-i-noor in every respect dissimilar to the Mogul diamond, the two cannot be identified even by supposing that the 279 carats have been reduced to 186 by cutting off a slice of 93 carats, (279—186=93,) because it is impossible to convert the Koh-i-noor into the Mogul diamond, by adding 93 carats to it, even in the smallest pieces or particles; and, of course, equally impossible to reduce the Mogul diamond into the Koh-i-noor by cutting a slice from it, or even by grinding it down.

This observation is of importance in reference to a theory brought forward by Dr. Beke in a notice read at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association, “on a Diamond *Slab* supposed to have been cut from the Koh-i-noor.”

“It appears,” says Dr. Beke,\* “that in 1832 the Persian army, under Abbas Meerza, Hereditary Prince of Persia, for the subjugation of Khorassan, found at the capture of Coocha, among the jewels of the harem of Reza Kooll Khan, the chief of that place, a large diamond slab, supposed to have been cut from the Koh-i-noor. It weighed 130 carats, and showed the marks of cutting on the flat or largest side. The only account that could be obtained of it was the statement that it was found in the possession of a poor man, a native of Khorassan, and that it had been employed in his family for the purpose of striking a light against a steel, and in this rough service it had sustained injury by constant use. The diamond was presented by Abbas Meerza to his father, Futteh Ali Shah, and is presumed to be among the crown jewels of Persia. The Armenian jewellers of Teheran asked the

sum of 20,000 tomanne (£16,000 sterling) for cutting it, but the Shah was not inclined to incur the expense.”

This new theory of the Koh-i-noor is obviously in favor of our views, in so far as it shows that the relationship between it and the Mogul diamond can only be ascertained by supposing the one to be a portion of the other. The two portions, however, are unfortunately larger than the whole, for 186+130 carats, are equal to 316 carats, 36½ carats heavier than the Mogul diamond. The Persian stone, too, of 130 carats, must have been heavier before it was worn by the steel, and a considerable number of carats must have been removed by the cutting; so that we may estimate the difference between the great diamond and its two halves at nearly 50 carats, a difference which cannot be admitted. Besides, the large flat face of the Koh-i-noor is one of the natural faces of the octohedron, and it is not likely that a diamond cutter would have cut so accurately in that place.

In order to remove the objection on the ground of weight, Mr. James Tennant, mineralogist to the Queen, has proposed a new and very ingenious theory, according to which the Koh-i-noor formed part of a larger stone which had been split into *three* pieces by two cleavage planes. The original rough diamond of the King of Golconda, of 793 carats, he supposes to have been split into the Great Mogul diamond of 279 carats, the Koh-i-noor of 186, and a *third* now among the crown jewels of Russia, the weight of which he has not been able to ascertain, but which must not exceed 328 carats, even if the great stone was split without loss. We have now before us a model explaining this theory, kindly sent us by Mr. Tennant. The original crystal is assumed to be the regular rhombic dodecahedron. The *first* slice is supposed to be “The Koh-i-noor,” as diminished since it was weighed by Tavernier. It is cut from the dodecahedron by a broad plane parallel to a face of the octohedron. The *second* or inner slice next to this is also supposed to have been split from the Koh-i-noor, since it was seen by Tavernier. It is bounded by planes parallel to the face of the octohedron, and we presume that Mr. Ten-

\* *Athenæum*, July, 5, 1861, p. 718; and Report of the British Association, 1861, p. 44.

\* The above particulars were forwarded to Dr. Beke by his brother, Mr. William Beke, late Colonel of Engineers in the Persian service, who took part in the Khorassan campaign.



nant considers this slice as that mentioned by Dr. Beke, as among the crown jewels of Persia. The *third* or outer slice is supposed to be the Russian diamond. We have also before us a drawing of the original rhombic dodecahedron by the Reverend Mr. Mitchell, with separate drawings of the three slices, and we willingly admit that this is the only method by which the Mogul diamond of 279, and the present Koh-i-noor of 186 carats, can be placed in crystallographic relationship. The truth of the theory, however, is another matter, and will speedily be tested, for Mr. Tennant has written to St. Petersburg for the weight and form of the Russian diamond, and the Persian Ambassador, Sheffee Khan, has kindly written to Persia for models of the royal diamond for our information. If the weights and planes of cleavage thus obtained are reconcilable with Mr. Tennant's theory, the coincidence, like many other coincidences, will be a very remarkable one; but, like the facts of clairvoyance and other apparently supernatural events, we never can regard it as anything but a coincidence. We have the highest evidence that the great rough diamond of 793 carats was never cut in pieces, but ground down to 279 carats; and when we consider that Tavernier himself knew Mirgimola personally, and even visited him,—that he learned the facts of the grinding down of the diamond, and of the fining of the diamond cutter for doing this, not from tradition, but from the parties who were present, and who had no possible motive to deceive him, we must receive his testimony as overbearing any evidence of a physical kind.

It is obvious, we think, from the facts submitted to the reader, that there is no satisfactory evidence that the diamond of 279 carats, either in its unity or in its twin condition, came into the possession of Shah Shuja. We are willing, however, to believe the prevailing tradition, that he did possess either the original stone weighed by Tavernier, or the present Koh-i-noor, or both. It seems quite certain that the latter is the diamond which he surrendered to Runjeet Sing, and it has been confidently asserted by many gentlemen from India, that the Mogul diamond is still in that country; and if this is true, we have no means of ascertaining if it was ever in the hands of the Cabul family, or if it was retained by Shah Shuja when he presented an inferior one to the Lion of the Punjaub. There have been different accounts

of the way in which this valuable gem came into the hands of Runjeet. The following account given by Dr. Wilson is probably the most correct.

“When Shah Shuja was driven from Kabul, he became the nominal guest and actual prisoner of Runjit Sing, who spared neither opportunity nor menace, until, in 1813, he compelled the fugitive monarch to resign the precious gem, presenting him on the occasion, it is said, with a lakh and 25,000 rupees, or about £12,000 sterling. According to Shah Shuja's own account, however, he assigned to him the revenues of three villages, not one rupee of which he ever realized. Runjit was highly elated by the acquisition of the diamond, and wore it as an armlet at all public festivals. When he was dying, an attempt was made by persons about him to persuade him to make the diamond a present to Jagannath, and it is said he intimated, by an inclination of his head, his assent. The treasurer, however, in whose charge it was, refused to give it up without some better warrant, and Runjit dying before a written order could be signed by him, the Koh-i-noor was preserved for a while for his successors. It was occasionally worn by Khurruk Sing and Shir Sing. After the murder of the latter, it remained in the Lahore Treasury until the supercession of Dhulip Sing, and the annexation of the Punjab by the British Government, when the civil authorities took possession of the Lahore Treasury, under the stipulation previously made, that all the property of the State should be confiscated to the East India Company, in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore government, and of the expenses of the war. It was at the same time stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England. The diamond was conveyed to Bombay by Governor-General the Earl of Dalhousie, whom ill health had compelled to repair to the coast, and was thus given in charge to Lieut.-Col. Mackeson, C.B., and Capt. T. Ramsay, the Military Secretary to the Governor-General, to take to England. These officers embarked on board Her Majesty's steam-ship *Medea*, and left Bombay on the 6th of April, 1850. They arrived at Portsmouth on the 30th of June, and two days afterwards relinquished their charge to the chairman and deputy-chairman of the Court of Directors, by whom, in company with the President of the Board of Control, the Koh-i-noor was delivered to Her Majesty on the 3d of July—an appropriate and honorable close to its eventful career.”

The history of the Koh-i-noor, since it came into the possession of Her Majesty, is known to most of our readers. It was seen by thousands at the Great Exhibition, but owing to the manner in which it was cut, and to the great breadth of light which was incident upon its facets from the glass roof of the Crystal Palace, it exhibited less lustre and fewer colors than its glass models. But

when fifteen or sixteen gas lights were placed behind it, which was done upon our recommendation, it threw out the most brilliant flashes of colored light, which delighted those who took the trouble of moving their heads into different positions in order to catch the refracted pencils which corresponded to the different jets of light by which it was shown.

As the Koh-i-noor in the state in which it reached England was of no value as an ornamental gem, it was Her Majesty's wish to have it recut into such a form as would display its intrinsic beauty, and make it a true ornament. After consulting persons qualified to give an opinion respecting the best form to be given to it, it was entrusted to Mr. Garrard, the Crown jeweller, who by a process of cutting which we shall by and by describe, has rendered it one of the finest ornamental diamonds which exists in Europe.

As the origin and growth of the diamond is one of the most perplexing and interesting questions in modern science, Sir David Brewster, who had devoted much time to the study of the structure and properties of that body, was anxious to examine such a large mass as the Koh-i-noor, before it was reduced in size, and unfitted for examination by the new form which was to be given it. Having been consulted by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, respecting the form into which it should be cut, he received permission to examine it in its entire state; and in a future part of this article we shall give a brief account of the experiments which he made, and of the views to which they conducted him.

The next diamond which claims our attention is the Pitt or Regent Diamond, which, in its rough state, as brought from Golconda, weighed 410 carats, and  $136\frac{7}{8}$  when cut. It was purchased by Thomas Pitt, when governor of Fort-George, Madras, in December 1701, who states that when it was brought to him as a large rough stone it weighed 305 mangelins, or nearly 420 carats, reckoning a mangelin equal to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  carats. He paid for it 48,000 pagodas, or £20,400, reckoning the pagoda at 8s. 6d. It was cut into a fine brilliant, in the shape of an obtuse quadrangle, one inch and two lines long, one inch one and a-half lines broad, and ten lines thick. The cutting of it occupied two years, and the expense thus incurred was, according to one account, £3666, and others, £5000.\* It was purchased in 1717, in the minority of

Louis XV., by the Duke of Orleans, when Regent of France, and thus got the name of the Regent Diamond. This diamond is allowed to be the finest in the world, (though not the largest,) in beauty of form and in the purity of its water. Jeffries informs us that it has only one small foul speck in it, which cannot be seen when the stone is set. The Kings of France wore this diamond in their hats, and Napoleon had it fixed in the pommel of his sword; but it was subsequently transferred to the French crown, where it presides over 5300 of the finest brilliants, weighing together 1738 carats, and 96 of the most perfect sapphires, weighing 711 carats. The crown was made by M. Pabst, a native of Germany, and jeweller to the King. According to Patrin this diamond was carried to Berlin, which corresponds with a report mentioned by Mr. Murray, that "it was played with such success before the king of Prussia, by the wily Sieyes, as to produce for the service of France 40,000 horses with their equipments." Mr. Murray was also informed that Charles X. tried to carry it off, and "that it was taken from his person on leaving France." According to one statement, it was valued in 1791, by a commission of jewellers, at twelve millions of livres; and according to a MS. now before us, at £458,333, which is nearly the amount of twelve million of livres.

The next diamond in point of size and beauty is that of the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, which we have already mentioned in our account of the diamond mines of that island. It was, according to Sir Stamford Raffles, found about the close of the last century, by a Dayak, and claimed as a droit of royalty by Guru Layo, the sultan of the country, but was handed over to the Pangeran of Landak, whose brother having got possession of it, gave it as a bribe to the Sultan of Succadana, in order that he might be placed on the throne of Landak. The lawful prince, however, having fled to Bantam, by the aid of the prince of that country and the Dutch, he succeeded in regaining possession of his district, and nearly destroyed Succadana. Sir Stamford Raffles adds, that it has remained an heir-loom in the family for four descents, and is almost the only appendage of royalty now remaining.\* The Mattan diamond is said to be of the finest water,

thirds of the original stone, were valued at nearly £8000.

\* The chips and filings, amounting to nearly two-

\* History of Java, vol. i. p. 266.

and to weigh 367 carats.\* Sir Stamford Raffles says that it was *uncut* when he wrote, but since it is now cut, (as we infer from a drawing of its superficies, in which the facets are placed with great symmetry and beauty,) we have no means of ascertaining how much it may have been reduced in weight. Many years ago the Governor of Batavia was anxious to purchase it. He sent Mr. Stewart to Borneo, to offer for it to the Rajah 150,000 dollars, two large war-brigs, with their guns and ammunition, and a large quantity of powder and shot. But as the fortunes of the family are believed to depend upon the possession of the diamond, and as the Malays regard it as possessing the miraculous power of curing all kinds of diseases by means of the water in which the diamonds are dipped, the Rajah refused to deprive the family of so rich an inheritance, and his people of so valuable a medicine.

Though an inferior stone, the one next in weight to the preceding is the largest table diamond in the world. It weighs 242 carats and 5-16ths. Tavernier saw it at Golconda in 1642, and says that "it was the biggest he ever saw in his life in a merchant's hands." It was valued at 500,000 rupees, or 750,000 livres. He offered 400,000 rupees for it, but could not get it at that price. In a MS. before us, it is said to be remarkable for its purity, but inferior in shape, regular cut, and brilliancy, to the stones already mentioned. It is of a rectangular form, with one of its angles cut off. Its length is two inches, its breadth one inch and one line, and its thickness three lines only. Its upper surface has four facets, one on each edge, and it is quite flat below. Hence, as the writer of the MS. observes, it has no better appearance than a piece of the purest rock crystal. It was sold, he adds, for £4000, but he does not say to whom, and we have not been able to discover its purchaser or its present locality.

The next largest diamond is one which belongs to the king of Persia. Its weight, as we learn from the Persian ambassador, is 232 carats, and it is known by the name of the *Deria-i-noor*, or *the Sea of Light*. In the East India Company's office in Leadenhall Street, there is a portrait of the king of Persia, the grandfather of the present king, in which the *Deria-i-noor* may be seen placed on his right arm.

The great diamond in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia, which has been called the Effingham diamond, was brought to Eng-

land by the Earl of Effingham while Governor-General of India. We cannot discover how it left England, but it is said to have been purchased by a Jew for £17,000 or £18,000. After having frequently changed hands it came into the possession of a Greek merchant, Gregory Suffras, (another account says an American merchant named Luzauf,) from whom it was purchased by Prince Orloff for the Empress Catherine of Russia, who gave for it £84,500, and an annuity of £3660, together with a patent of nobility. It now adorns the imperial sceptre of Russia, being placed immediately beneath the golden eagle which surmounts it. This diamond was one of the eyes of an idol of Malabar, called *Scheringham*. A French grenadier who had deserted from the Indian service contrived to become one of the inferior priests of the idol, and having secreted himself in the temple, he stole its diamond eye. He then went to the English camp at Trichinopoly, and afterwards to Madras, where a ship captain bought it for 20,000 rupees. Its weight is 194 $\frac{3}{4}$  carats. Its shape is a circular pyramid, with five concentric rows of facets: At the top of the pyramid the facets are sectors of a circle, sixteen in number, meeting in the centre or summit of the pyramid. Its base forms a rhomboid, whose greatest length is 1 inch and 4 lines, and its thickness 10 lines.

Tavernier gives a drawing of a diamond which he bought at Amadabad, and which weighed 157 $\frac{1}{4}$  carats. It has a sort of pear shape, with a deep rounded groove along its whole length, with seven black specks and three triangular black cavities. How he disposed of it is not mentioned, and where it is now we cannot discover.

The fine diamond which originally belonged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany has been drawn by Tavernier. Its weight is 139 $\frac{1}{4}$  carats, and the fault of it, he says, is, that the water of it inclines somewhat to a citron color. It passed into the hands of the Emperor of Austria,\* and is now exhibited in the imperial treasury at Vienna, where it attracts universal admiration. It is not regularly cut, and has neither the proper form of a rose nor that of a brilliant. Its lustre and brilliancy are greatly increased by its star-like cut, and though tinged with a shade of yellow, it is, from its form and weight, one of the rarest specimens of its kind. It is 1 inch 2 lines long, and one inch broad. It is

\* *Memoirs of the Batavian Society.*

\* *Journal Historique et Politique de Geneve*, 28th February 1775, p. 318.



surrounded with other fine brilliants, and neatly mounted in a large sevigée. Its value is estimated at £90,000.

The discovery of the Abaethé diamond in Brazil has been already mentioned. Mr. Mawe in one place says, that its weight was nearly an ounce Troy, and in another *seven-eighths* of an ounce, (105 carats,) and yet he states in the same paragraph what is entirely inconsistent with this weight, that it "is perhaps the largest diamond in the world." In his Treatise on Diamonds, published eleven years afterwards, he repeats the statement of its being in the rough nearly an ounce Troy in weight. This diamond is not even mentioned by Mr. Murray; but he describes another diamond under the same name of the Abaethé diamond, and connects with its discovery the very same story of the three convicts which Mr. Mawe tells in reference to the diamond of an ounce Troy. Mr. Murray describes it as the largest in the world—the size of an ostrich egg, and weighing 1680 carats. Romé de L'Isle, in his Treatise on Crystallographie, published in 1783, says, that "the most extraordinary stone which has been obtained from the mines of Brazil is a diamond (some pretend that it is a white topaz) which the present king of Portugal possesses, and which weighs 1680 carats, (c'est à dire onze onces, cinq gros, vingt quatre grains.) Besides this diamond, which is preserved rough," he adds, "this sovereign possesses another of less size but of rare beauty, which weighs 215 carats, and is consequently one of the largest that is known."\* Mr. Murray mentions this diamond of 215 carats, under the name of the Round Brilliant of Portugal, which he says is extremely fine, and has been estimated at £388,290. Romé de L'Isle says that the figure and size of the great diamond of 1680 carats is given in the *Journal Économique*,† and he values it at £224,000,000 sterling, whereas, according to Jeffries' rule, it should be only £5,644,800. But Mr. Murray says, that "Mr. Mawe, who had attentively examined it, informed him that he considered it to be a *white topaz*, and not a diamond," which we have no doubt is true.

The Sancy diamond, the product of the Indian mines, was brought to France by Baron de Sancy, who was the French ambassador at Souleure. Its weight is 53 1-2 carats, and, according to Dutens,‡ cost

£25,000, which was far below its value. It is what is called a brislet, that is, pear shaped, and covered on both sides with triangular rose facets, the effect of which method of cutting is to diminish greatly the value which it would otherwise have derived from its great purity and fine water. The following history of it is given by Mr. Murray:—

"This diamond was originally brought from India, and has remained in France for the last four centuries. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, wore it in his helmet at the battle of Nancy, near the Lake Morat, in Switzerland, in 1475, and in which he fell. He is represented in the vignette of a MS. in the Bibliothèque Royale, wearing in his hat that which was afterwards taken in his baggage by the Swiss, after the battle of Grandison. It was found by a Swiss soldier among the spoils of the battle, and sold to a priest for a florin (1s. 8d.), who afterwards disposed of it for three francs (2s. 6d.) We subsequently, in the year 1489, trace the Sancy diamond to the possession of Antonio, King of Portugal, who, being in want of money, first pledged it for 40,000 livres, and afterwards disposed of it entirely for the sum of 100,000 livres, to a French gentleman of the name of De Sancy. Nicolas Harlai de Sancy had it afterwards by succession. At the time of the Baron de Sancy's embassy at Souleure, Henry III. requiring money to recruit his forces, borrowed the diamond in order to pledge it for a sum of money, and it was entrusted to a confidential servant who was waylaid and assassinated by a band of robbers. The body, however, after some search, was found buried in a wood, and on being opened, discovered the gem, the servant having swallowed it at the first onset. Baron de Sancy afterwards disposed of it to James II. of England, in 1688, when he had escaped to France, and remained at St. Germain. From him it passed to Louis XIV., and Louis XV. wore it in his hat at his coronation. Its form is somewhat pear shaped, and is of the purest brilliancy."

This fine diamond has been lately purchased by Count Demidoff, the Grand Almoner of the Emperor of Russia, for 500,000 rubles.

The Nussac Diamond, weighing, according to one account, 89 $\frac{3}{4}$  carats, and according to another 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ , was captured during the Mah-ratta war in India, in the Peishwa's baggage, by the combined armies under the Marquis of Hastings. It is said to have been presented by the Marquis, as from himself, to the East India Company, but it was afterwards given up to form part of the Deccan booty. It remained ten years in the possession of Rundell and Bridge, and was purchased at a public sale in 1837 by Emanuel Brothers, for £7200, scarcely one-third of its estimated value. The Nussac diamond,

\* *Crystallographie*. 2d Edition. Vol. ii. p. 208. Paris, 1783.

† July 1781, p. 141.

‡ *Des Pierres Précieuses*, p. 18.



and the diamond ear-rings, weighing 56 carats, and purchased for £11,000, were sold by him to the Marquis of Westminster, in whose possession they now are. The form of this diamond is triangular, and it has been cut and polished so as to retain the greatest possible weight.

The Pigott Diamond, not now in existence, was "a brilliant of great surface both in table and girdle," and from its superior water was the finest in Europe. Its weight was  $47\frac{1}{2}$  carats. In 1801 it was sold by lottery for £30,000. It became the property of a young man, who sold it at a low price. It was again disposed of, and Rundell and Bridge, into whose possession it afterwards came, sold it for the same sum to Ali Pacha, who always wore it in a green silk purse attached to his girdle. Mr. Murray informs us, "that when Ali Pacha was mortally wounded by Reschid Pacha, he immediately retired to his Divan, and desired that his favorite wife Vasilika should be poisoned, and he gave the diamond to Captain D'Anglas, with orders that it should be crushed to powder in his presence, which was forthwith done, and the beautiful gem utterly destroyed. Vasilika still lives, but the model of the diamond alone remains. The too obedient officer bitterly regretted his folly, and the destroyed diamond haunted him in his dreams for months afterwards."

The Vienna Rose Diamond is considered a remarkable specimen of large diamonds. It has the form of a square truncated at the angles. Its length is 1 inch 3 lines, its breadth 1 inch 2 lines, and it is very thick in the girdle. The upper face of the stone is flat, but not rising into a crown, as is invariably the case in a fine regularly cut Dutch Rose Diamond. Owing to these imperfections, its beauty is now less than might be expected from a brilliant of the same size. Its weight is 96 carats, and its estimated value £15,000.

In the King of Saxony's Repository at Dresden, called the Green Vault, there is a diamond called the Saxon White Brilliant, of considerable size and great beauty. It is of the first water, perfectly transparent, and of a pleasing form. It glitters and sparkles with unusual brilliancy of color. It adorns the insignia of the Order of the Gold Fleece, and is surrounded with other fine brilliants. It is 1 inch and 1 line square. It weighs  $48\frac{3}{4}$  carats, and from its fine shape and great perfection, it is said to have been purchased by King Augustus for £143,833.

We have already mentioned the Deria-i-

noor, or the *Sea of Light*, as weighing 232 carats. Mr. Murray says that its weight is 186, and that it is placed in a pair of bracelets valued at nearly a million sterling, along with the Taj-e-Mah, or *Crown of the Moon*, which weighs 146 carats. The Persian crown contains two diamonds of great size and value, namely, the *Sea of Glory*, weighing 66 carats, and valued at £34,848, and the *Mountain of Splendor*, weighing 185 carats, and valued at £145,800.

Our limits will not permit us to describe any of the colorless diamonds of inferior weight and value. We must, however, call the attention of our readers to the most interesting colored diamonds which are known to exist. The value of a diamond is greatly enhanced if it is either *pink*, *blue*, or *green*. The *yellow* color, which is not prized, passes into wine color, and through cinnamon brown into black. The pale green passes into yellowish green, the bluish gray into Prussian blue, and the pink into rose red.

Such of our readers as visited the Great Exhibition of 1851 must have seen and admired the fine *blue* diamond of Mr. Hope which was exhibited in the gallery. To use the words of Mr. Hertz, this diamond is "a most magnificent and rare brilliant of a deep sapphire blue, of the greatest purity, and most beautifully cut: it is of true proportions, not too thick nor too spread. This matchless gem combines the beautiful color of the sapphire with the prismatic fire and brilliancy of the diamond, and on account of its extraordinary color, great size, and other fine qualities, it certainly may be called *unique*, as we may presume that there exists no cabinet, nor any collection of crown jewels in the world, which can boast of the possession of so curious and fine a gem."\* This diamond is mounted as a medallion with a border of small rose diamonds, surrounded by twenty brilliants, of the finest water and equal size, shape, and cutting, and averaging one carat each. The weight is forty-four carats, and the price once asked for it was £30,000. We are informed by Mr. Tennant that Mr. Hope gave £13,000 for it, and that it had been several times pledged for a much larger sum, viz., £15,000, and that £16,000 had been lent upon it. Messrs. Rundell and Bridge regarded this as the finest blue diamond ever known, and Mr. Mawe on referring to it calls it "a superlatively fine blue diamond, which may be considered matchless."

\* Catalogue of Mr. Hope's Collection, p. 25.

Other three blue diamonds have been mentioned or described. One of these is a rich *sky blue* brilliant belonging to the crown jewels of France. It weighs 67 $\frac{3}{8}$ th carats, and has been valued at three millions of livres: another, of a splendid blue color, and of great beauty and rarity, was purchased by George IV. from Mr. Eliason. It weighs 44 $\frac{1}{2}$  carats, cost £22,000, and was the principal ornament of the crown on the day of his coronation. The third blue diamond, called the "Blue Brilliant of Bavaria," is in the Royal Treasury at Munich. It is a perfectly regular *treble*\* cut brilliant. Its length is one inch, its breadth ten lines, and its weight thirty-six carats. The color varies from the soft velvet blue of a perfect sapphire to the color of steel. It is quite pure, and sparkles

\* A brilliant is said to be *treble* cut when the large facets on its sides are flattened or cut into two smaller facets.

with the highest lustre. It is surrounded with beautiful white brilliants, in the Order of the Golden Fleece.

In the King of Saxony's Green Vault at Dresden, there is a large green diamond, which, in point of brilliancy and purity, is said to surpass every other known green diamond. It is cut into an oblong form. Its length is one inch and one line, its breadth ten lines, and its weight forty carats. It is mounted on a clasp, and is set round with large white brilliants. The price paid for this gem is kept a profound secret.

The Vienna *Rose* colored diamond is one inch long, and nine lines broad. It weighs thirty-two carats, and has the shape of an obtuse oval. It is a regularly cut brilliant, and is of the finest rose color and the greatest lustre. It is set in the middle of a knot of white brilliants, to which the decoration of the cross of Maria Theresa is attached.

**JESTING ON THE DEATHBED—CURIOUS DYING SCENES.**—According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb bottle in his hand. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived, at once, that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but, to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the three feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. When the three sons of Diagoras of Rhodes were crowned at the Olympic games, "Die, Diagoras," whispered a friendly Lacedæmonian, "for you are too happy to live any longer." He took the hint and forthwith expired of joy in the arms of his children. The Emperor Vespasian, on his death-

bed, sarcastically remarked to his courtiers and flatterers, "I feel that I am about becoming a god!" The first Darius, King of Persia, when dying, desired to have this intellectual epitaph engraved on his tomb: "Here lies King Darius, who was able to drink many bottles of wine without staggering." Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he felt his strength declining, and his last moments approach. He then said, "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest, let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain, the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the king, Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau, to beg him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile, "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will filch from you the credit of my conversion." —*Dublin University Magazine.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

## J A P A N . \*

FOR upwards of two centuries the internal constitution and social arrangements of the Japanese have been concealed under a well nigh impenetrable veil by the jealous policy of their rulers, and the ready obedience of the people. It is true that we have been able from time to time to obtain a glimpse of what was passing within the Forbidden Land. Students who have felt any especial interest in the subject may have endeavored from a series of disjointed fragments to construct a whole for their own individual contemplation and satisfaction ; but yet Japan remains to us a vague and shadowy idea.

The moment has at length arrived when we may look forward to a better knowledge of these secluded islands, and of their inhabitants. There was a time when the Japanese were as anxious to extend as they have since been to narrow their intercourse with their fellow creatures. The written traditions of the nation still bear witness to the fact that before the policy of the Government had carefully debarred the Japanese from all connexion with other countries, they carried on a successful and important commerce with traders from thirty or forty different nations. Nor did this commerce decline from any cause fairly referable to the political or social condition of the islands, or to any falling off in their own powers of consumption, or in their staples of return. We know why the magnificent regions at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean sea—we know why Spain, why the Hanseatic towns, have, by comparison with their former greatness, dwindled down into insignificance. Their decline is to be attributed to the great discoveries in navigation, to erroneous maxims of general policy, to an unavoidable shifting of the great centres of commercial activity. But with the Japanese there had been no falling off, either in the desire for commerce, or in

the supplies necessary to feed commerce, or in the opportunities for commerce. On the contrary, a spirit of mercantile adventure was beginning to pervade the nation ; the Japanese had been taught to appreciate the products and capacity of their own soil ; they had already secured the custom of the Asiatic world, and the merchants of Europe were knocking importunately at their gates, when in a moment, by a thunder-clap as it were, all the subjects of the great empire of Japan were hurled back upon the interior of their own country, and all strangers were driven away from their shores. It was not that the inhabitants of other countries were to be to them henceforward as publicans and sinners, but their very existence was to be ignored. Such distinctions have obtained as Jew and Gentile, Greek and Stranger, Chinese and Outer Barbarian—and the contrast has carried with it more or less of inconvenience to the weaker party—but, from the time of the great Interdict, Japan was to be the exclusive possession of the Japanese. Human beings might be born or might die beyond its precincts—they might pray, trade, fight with each other, as they liked—but with them the Japanese had no concern. The only notice taken of non-Japanese who might be driven by stress of weather on their inhospitable coasts would be to give them notice to depart : and, if the notice were neglected, to put them to death. It was death to a Japanese to have intercourse with them ; death to a Japanese who might be detected in the attempt to depart from his native land ; death to a Japanese who might have been driven by an angry sea from his own shores, and have sought refuge among strangers, if he ever ventured to return. This Interdict against humanity was launched upwards of two centuries back, and, with the slight exceptions we shall presently have occasion to name, it has been steadily and successfully maintained.

The governments of the world have for so long a time respected a mystery which they had at any moment a right to dispel. The

\* 1. *Kämpfer's Histoire de l'Empire du Japon.* French Translation. By Scheuzer. The Hague: 1729.

2. *Golownin. Memoirs of Captivity in Japan.* 3 vols. London: 1824.

reason of this forbearance must be attributed rather to any cause than an acquiescence in the churlish system. The situation of the Japanese islands removed them from the sympathies and the schemes of most European nations. Five only among these, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Russia, Great Britain, were likely to bestir themselves in the matter. The political and commercial importance of the two first-named countries had so far declined as to preclude anxiety for distant enterprise. Russia was too busy with her projects of European aggrandizement to direct her attention with much effect to her distant province of Kamschatka and the adjacent seas. An embassy was sent to Nangasaki under Count Resanoff—the northern Kurile islands were successively seized—but there the matter dropped. No notice was taken by the merchants or rulers of Great Britain of the sullen seclusion of the Japanese for a century after the attempt at a renewal of intercourse had failed in the days of Charles II. In the year 1792 a Select Committee of the East India Company took into consideration the export trade of Great Britain to the East Indies, and concluded their Report by observing, “that the trade with Japan never could become an object of attention for the manufactures and commerce of Great Britain.” The reason assigned was that we must take our returns in copper, an article which is the produce of Great Britain, and must be disposed of in India to the prejudice of our own mines. So great and so singular were the apathy and the error of our English merchants trading to the East. It was not probable that the Dutch would make any efforts to unloose the spell. On the contrary, since for two centuries they have enjoyed a miserable monopoly of commercial intercourse with the Japanese, they have directed their most strenuous efforts, as might have been expected, to the maintenance of that system of exclusion which banished all their rivals from the markets of Japan.

It is impossible to believe that the system could have been maintained many years longer, even had not the Government of Washington determined to despatch a powerful expedition, under the command of Commodore Perry, to demand satisfaction of the authorities at Jedo for various acts of outrage and inhumanity perpetrated by the Japanese on the crews of United States' ships engaged in the whale fishery. The sailing of that expedition has been for a short time deferred in consequence of the recent singular ~~misunderstanding~~ <sup>misunderstanding</sup> between the cabinets of

Washington and St. James, but whether that particular armament is deferred, or even abandoned, matters but little. Now the question has once been mooted, the blow is not the less certainly about to fall upon the Japanese Council of State. The moment then appears to us an opportune one for directing the attention of the reader to a subject which has lain somewhat remote from the studies of most Englishmen. However, whether we will or no, we can no longer affect to treat with apathy or indifference the existence of a powerful and intelligent nation which has remained a mystery for two centuries, but which is about at length to be brought into communication with the Western World. Others will be eager to take advantage of the opportunity, if we neglect it. It can only be necessary to point to those sources from which fuller information may be derived, to rouse the attention of every intelligent man to the present condition of the empire of Japan.

We propose in a very few pages to indicate what is known of a government under which thirty or forty millions of human beings are at this moment living, secluded from all intercourse with the external world—what are their forms of religion, what the character of their laws, what the genius of the people. They are Asiatics, it is true, and therefore deficient in that principle of development which is the leading characteristic of those ingenious and persevering European races which have impressed the traces of their footsteps on the fervid deserts of the tropics, and moored their ships to the blue icebergs at either Pole: but amidst Asiatics the Japanese stand supreme. Can the tribes of India, or the teeming swarms of China, for a moment contest the palm with the chivalrous Japanese? We refuse to accept the architectural monuments of India as tests of civilization. They are proofs of superstition and slavery—nothing more. With regard to China, again, the Japanese have held the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire at arm's length through many a long century, and esteemed them, not without reason, to be an inferior race. They think of them and speak of them as Brian de Bois Guilbert would have thought and spoken of Isaac, the Money-changer, in Scott's romance. We can find no nation or tribe in history with whom we might compare the Japanese but by an effort of misplaced ingenuity. They are warlike and yet averse to conquest; they are as slavishly obedient to authority as a *bourgeois* of Nanking, and yet as turbulent and unmanage-



able if that authority should overstep the limits which public opinion has affixed to its exercise, as a Flemish burgher of the Middle Ages; they will select a wife from a place which might have astonished a boon companion of the Regent Orleans, but they judge a violation of conjugal faith as severely as a Scotch Puritan, and punish it with the inexorable sternness of a Spanish hidalgo; they are not religious in sentiment, but devout worshippers in practice; they are most cruel in their punishments, but most reluctant to inflict pain; they are gentle and courteous in their social intercourse, but more tenacious of a vindictive purpose than a Corsican mountaineer; they are most eager to extend the bounds of their knowledge in the arts and sciences, yet they have shut themselves out from all intercourse with those nations from whom alone they could expect to receive that information which they most desire to obtain.

When we come to ask ourselves what we really do know of Japan, we find that we know both more and less than we had supposed until we sat down to express our information in a precise form. It would be simple enough in a few pages to relate the fantastic legends of their early mythology. All this can be found in the introductory pages to the Japanese Annals, which were brought to Europe by President Titsinghe. We can tell when and how the mystic doctrines of Buddhism, and the calmer ethics of Confucius, passed into the hearts and minds of the Japanese—we can speak of their Kami—the objects of their primitive adoration. We know how the sceptre passed from the hands of the ecclesiastical emperor, the descendant of the Sun Goddess at Meaco, into the firmer grasp of the Ziogoon at Jedo—how in turn the successors of this ‘Mayor of the Palace’ have become mere puppets in the hands of a kind of Venetian oligarchy, which is described as the Council of State—and how, again, the members of this nominally Supreme Council are in their turn kept in the strictest subservience to that hoary custom which alone constitutes the supreme authority in Japan. We know in general outline the system under which the princes, or great feudal magnates of the empire, are held in subjection, and a good deal of the organization of that general system of espionage amidst which Fouché would have felt himself at home, and which constitutes one of the distinguishing features of the Japanese Government. It will be our duty presently, for the assistance and, we fear, to the confusion of all pains-taking book-

makers, to indicate those existing sources of information from which all requisite particulars of the ceremonies and social customs of this singular people may be obtained. Birth, marriage, and death are the three most important points in a man’s life. In these books we shall find how the red crape shawl is with great state and formality bound beneath the bosom of a Japanese wife whose pregnancy has been declared; how after giving birth to her child bags of rice are placed under her arms that she may be maintained in a sitting posture, and how she is not suffered to close her eyes for nine whole days and nights, lest she should change this constrained attitude; how the children of both sexes and of all ranks are at first educated together in primary schools—something on the Prussian system—until the time has arrived when the sons of the nobility and gentry are removed to finishing establishments, in which they are indoctrinated in the mysteries of good-breeding and the science of etiquette, and, above all, in the sublime knowledge of the Hara-kiri, or ‘happy despatch.’ By this phrase is meant the art of abdomen-ripping, or suicide. The young Japanese noble is carefully instructed as to the occasions on which it is proper that he should put an end to his own existence, whether out of regard to his personal dignity, or to avoid for his descendants the consequences which would ensue from tainted blood—the result of conviction for particular crimes. We may follow then the young Japanese through his morning calls and his making of presents—both matters of the most vital importance—his water parties and his *sakee*-revels, until he decides that his wild oats are sown out, and that it is time to settle down into respectability. We shall find the Japanese Romeo running to the house of his lady love with the bough of a particular shrub. If the young lady dislike the suitor, the branch is suffered to wither and die; if, on the contrary, she smile complacently on his passion, the Juliet of Nippon instantly blackens her teeth, withholding the crowning favor of plucking out her eye-brows until the wedding day. A time must unhappily come, even in Japan, when the funeral baked meats have to take the place of the gay wedding-banquet. On that sad occasion Romeo’s family and friends will array themselves in the deepest white to indicate their grief; all the screens and doors in the house will be turned topsy-turvy, and the clothes of the assistants be worn inside out. The belief which recommends a plate of snakes as a

national dish at Jedo in the faith that the wisdom of the serpent may be communicated to its aspiring gastronomists, is akin to the superstition which raises the price of tiger's flesh in the Chinese market: in neither case very encouraging instances of the higher philosophy of diet.

We must not, however, give way to the luxury of describing. Our purpose simply is, by the mention of half-a-dozen of the strangest customs which obtain among this singular people, to indicate that there exist sources of information which would satisfy the curiosity of the future Adams or Potter of the Japanese Empire. Ample descriptions, too, will be found of the five great imperial towns,—Jedo, Meaco, Okosaka, Nangasaki, and Sakai. Naturally the information relative to Nangasaki is more precise, as that town is the solitary point of permanent contact between Japan and so much of the world as is not Japan. It is not a very great stretch of assumption to presume that the municipal arrangements of other great towns throughout the empire are similar to those which prevail at Nangasaki, and with these—thanks to the prisoners in the Dutch Factory at Dezima—we are so familiar, that any industrious compiler might fairly undertake at the present moment the article 'Nangasaki' for that 'Handbook of Japan' which we already see looming in the not far distant future. Then, again, the great perfection to which the roads and highways of the empire have been brought give evidence of constant intercourse between the most distant points of the empire, and, consequently, of a considerable degree of civilization. But these and other matters of equal interest we are compelled for the moment to pass over with nothing more than this cursory notice.

The population of Japan has been estimated by different writers at sums varying from 15,000,000 to 45,000,000, and even to 50,000,000. Looking only to the broad features of evidence in the case, namely, the extent of territory contained in the four islands of Kin-Sin, Sikok, Nippon, and Jezo, and to the concurrent testimony of all travellers in Japan, from Kœmpfer down to Siebold, we appear justified in taking the population as equal to that of the British Isles. In this conclusion we are supposed to acquiesce, even more upon the authority of ancient than of modern writers. If Kœmpfer's statements as to the amount of the swarming population be correct, then—as the empire has enjoyed profound peace for two centuries, and as the acquiescence of the inhabi-

tants in their enforced system of isolation may be accepted for proof that population in Japan has not pressed unduly upon the means of subsistence,—there is every reason to suppose that Kœmpfer's millions must have increased during the last four and five generations in a very creditable ratio. Large towns are not wanting. The population of Jedo, the capital, is, they say, not inferior to that of London at the present moment. Captain Golownin, upon hearsay, talks of 8,000,000, but the calculation involves too many and too transparent absurdities to merit serious notice.

We will devote but a few words to the probable origin of this singular people. There are, of course, two ordinary methods of arriving at a conclusion upon such a point as this, namely, by the evidence of form and the evidence of language. A glance at the portraits given in Siebold's great work 'Nippon' will suffice to show that the Japanese belong to the Mongolian or Tartar variety of the human race. The shape of the forehead, the high cheek bones, the obliquely placed eyes, the expression of the lips, offer unmistakable proof of the fact. Truth, however, compels us to add, that Siebold's Japanese Beauty is a far more comely personage in European eyes than any Mongolian belle whose features we have yet seen delineated, at the same time that there is considerable delicacy and dignity about the portrait of the man which is engraved upon the same page. There is no doubt a strong resemblance of form between the Chinese and the Japanese; the difference is of degree, but of a very high degree. When we turn again to the evidence of language, we must frankly confess that we are unable to offer any suggestions of our own upon this point; but we find in the pages of Klaproth an authoritative statement that the languages of China and Japan are essentially different in their radicals and their structure. As is well known, the Chinese language is monosyllabic, that of Japan polysyllabic to excess. The inference, then, to be drawn from these two statements amounts to this, that although the Japanese may belong to the same variety of mankind with the Chinese, yet they are an essentially different people. It is very true that from time to time Chinese colonists have imported the arts and knowledge of China into Japan, but the Japanese incorporated them with their own civilization, after the same fashion as the Romans did the learning and philosophy of the Greeks. The tribes of Latium were not Hellenes, because

Cicero was familiar with the dialectic system of Socrates, and because Jupiter was worshipped in the Roman Capital; nor are the Japanese Chinese, although they hold the doctrines of Confucius in extreme respect, and although old Bouddha is worshipped among them with a fervor which would gladden the hearts of the Lamas of Thibet. This last statement does not rest purely on hypothesis; there are yet existing legends which refer to the early introduction among the Japanese of civilization from China, if, indeed, there were not intrinsic evidence to prove the fact. Certainly there has never been anything like a successful invasion of Japan from the side of China. Something of the sort was attempted by that dread lord of Coleridge's poem who held summer-state in Xanadu. But Kublai Khan was a Mongolian, not a Chinese. The invasion was no more a Chinese invasion, than the French invasion of Russia in 1812 was a Saxon or a Neapolitan invasion because Saxon and Neapolitan troops had been pressed under Napoleon's banners. The armament met with the same fate as the Spanish Armada, which caused so much anxiety to the counsellors of Elizabeth: three only of the combatants who set out with such swelling hopes of conquest returned to their Mongolian master to relate the tale of their defeat and his humiliation. In the earlier annals of the Japanese we find abundant mention of endless squabbles between the Government of Japan and the Celestials upon the subject of various States of the Korean Peninsula. Just as the smaller States of Greece at the outbreak and during the course of the Peloponnesian War were perpetually oscillating in their dependence between Athens and Lacedæmon, so was it with these petty Korean principalities; hence diplomatic entanglements, and actual collisions without end.

But we are again reminded, that the imperfect statements we may venture to offer upon the past history of Japan itself must be of the briefest kind. We purpose, then, to say a few words upon the singular manner in which this Empire became known to Europeans, and, after pointing out the various works from which all requisite information on the subject of Japan can be obtained, to devote a very few pages to the discussion of the singular constitution under which this Empire is at present governed. This done, we would pass on at once to that point which is of the greatest interest to Europeans at the present moment, namely, the isolation of Japan from the comity of nations. Strange

and singular as everything we have heard about Japan undoubtedly is, nothing is so strange or so singular as the determination of the inhabitants to resist all intercourse with their fellow-creatures, except it be the fact that they have been able to act upon the resolution with effect during upwards of two centuries. It is this consideration which sheds a tinge of romance about the operations of the American Squadron. The attack upon Japan is more than an expedition, it is an adventure. In the midst of the all-absorbing prose of the every-day world we suddenly feel as if we were at once transported to the domain of Ariosto and of Knight-errantry. The founders of the system did ill to enlist against their cause the principle of curiosity, the most constant and powerful impulse of frail humanity. Let the plainest woman in the three kingdoms cover her face with a thick brown veil, and appear to shun observation, and she will soon be followed by an inquisitive crowd. The flavor of forbidden fruit has smacked racily on mortal lips from the days of Eve downwards. Be the impulse right or wrong it exists, and as it will most surely be acted on, it must not be ignored. The affair, however, is one of far too vital importance to be treated in a light or jesting spirit, for we have every reason to suppose, and to fear, that the resistance of the Japanese to the invaders will be of the most determined character. Great bloodshed and great misery will probably precede the "opening up" of Japan. However necessary and however justifiable such a step may be, we are not of those who can contemplate the slaughter of a gallant people, however mistaken their cause, without a pang of regret.

It would be difficult to convey a better idea of the physical conformation of Japan than by describing it as a peninsula of islands. From the Straits of Diemen on the south to the nearest point of Kamschatka, this fantastic peninsula extends. For a considerable portion of the distance, from Cape Lopatka to the Straits of La Perouse, the Kurile Islands, indeed, constitute rather stepping-stones to Japan than Japan itself. The territory of the Empire may be said to begin with the great island of southern Jezo; although the island was for a long time reckoned a mere tributary of the Empire, and its government was confided to the Prince of Matsmai. It is to the illustrious navigator La Perouse we owe the knowledge that Kin Island is separated by an arm of the sea from southern Jezo. In the year 1787, he suc-



ceeded in effecting a passage between the two; and the Russian Captain Krusenstern has completed his work. We will venture then to include the island of southern Jezu in the enumeration of the territories of Japan proper since it has received an imperial governor, although, substantially, the strength of the empire lies in the great island of Nippon, in which the ecclesiastical and civil capitals lie, continued across the Straits of Van-der Capellen by the island of Kin-Sin. In this island is situated Nangasaki, the only port of the empire to which strangers are admitted. This port—the Liverpool of Japan—can dispose of its statistical returns of exports and imports by heading in the bills of lading, and invoices of the return cargoes, for two Dutch trading-ships, and ten Chinese Junks every year. These two islands then, Nippon and Kin-Sin, together with the island of Sikok, which is thrown in to fill up a curve described by the united sea-boards of the two, constitute the only Japan with which European nations, save Russia, are for the moment concerned. It would be mere idleness to detain the reader upon the 3000 or 4000 rocks and islets which Japanese geographers and statisticians include in their maps and returns. Marco Polo has left it on record, that in his day the Chinese navigators talked of 7,440 such dependencies of the great empire of ‘Cipango;’ but we will confine our attention to four alone. We presume that a Japanese reviewer who was preparing an ‘article’ upon the three kingdoms for the information of the grave heads at Jedo, or the amusement of the polished circles of Meaco, would scarcely detain his audience upon the islands of Arran, and Colonsay, and Jura, and Mull, or even upon Skye, despite of the interest which would naturally attach in the eyes of the Japanese fair to the famous rough terriers which bear its name.

Nippon, Nipon, Zipon, Zipagnou, or Cipango—for by all these names the island which is the seat of the Japanese Empire has been known—was in former years the bait which tempted Christopher Columbus to give his sails to the wind in the harbor of Palos. According to his calculation this rich island of ‘Cipango,’ with all its treasures, lay 750 leagues to the westward of the Canaries. He steered west, missed his object, but stumbled on the New World. It was on the famous 14th of November, 1492, that he landed on what he called ‘Cipango, which the Indians style Colba (Cuba).’ The discovery of the real Cipango was not to *take place for another half-century*, and even

then through accident rather than design. Three Portuguese merchants, being on their way to China, who were driven out of their course by stormy winds, were the first Europeans who ever set foot upon Japanese soil. The names of these three merchants should be preserved from oblivion; Anton Mata, Francesco Zeimata, and Anton Pexata. It is a curious coincidence, if true, that in the very same year a Chinese junk should have visited Japan for the first time. We have as guarantee for the truth of the fact the word of Fernand Mendez Pinto, a writer who enjoyed a somewhat evil reputation until late years; but, as with Abyssinian Bruce, his fame for veracity is on the increase. The Portuguese were well received. From the year 1542, the date of their landing, until 1611, they, together with the Spaniards, carried on a most lucrative, and well-nigh unrestricted commerce with Japan. In 1611, the Dutch succeeded in supplanting their rivals. In the year 1613, privileges, set forth in certain articles to which we shall have occasion to allude, were granted by Ogoshosama, Emperor of Japan, to Captain John Saris on behalf of the ‘Honorable and Worshipful Adventurers to the East Indies.’ These concessions were not violated on the part of the Japanese, but were gradually suffered to fall into desuetude by the English themselves. After many years’ cessation of intercourse, and subsequently to the marriage of our Charles II. with the Portuguese Infanta, the English presented themselves to seek a renewal of commerce, but they were balked of their purpose by the Dutch. The Portuguese and Christianity had been expelled definitively from Japan in 1640. The Dutch had merely to represent to the Court at Jedo that the English Monarch had connected himself by marriage with the Portuguese Royal Family, and that the interests of the two nations were identical. For upwards of two centuries Japan has remained a sealed book to European nations, but for the information we have derived from persons attached to the Dutch Factory at Dezima. Slight attempts at intrusion have been made by the Russian Government, by Sir Stamford Raffles from Batavia, by isolated Americans and Englishmen, but they have invariably been foiled by the Japanese. Until now the Governments of the world have respected their secret.

We must at this point indicate the sources of information to which the student who desires to acquire ampler information on the subject of Japan than can be jotted down in a few



pages should have recourse. Our knowledge of the internal condition of Japan comes to us mainly from the factory physicians, who have been connected with the establishment at Dezima. Dr. Kœmpfer is the first of these in order of time. His work, which is contained in two folios, is more formidable from its bulk and shape than from its contents. It is in point of fact light 'gossippy' reading enough; and when due abatement is made for the space occupied by the fantastic maps and engravings, and by matter irrelevant to his Japanese experience, the work need not frighten any but the most timid reader. Dr. Kœmpfer spent two years in Japan; he twice accompanied the Embassies to Jedo in 1690—92. The narrative of this writer is second in fidelity and clearness to no other. For ourselves, we must confess, even after the study of the works we are about to name, a lingering partiality for the quaint folios of old Kœmpfer. The next work of this kind is from the pen of Dr. Thunberg, a Swede, who in the year 1775 was attached to the Factory in the same capacity of physician. He also visited Jedo, and appears to have had a considerable intercourse with the Japanese. There is marvellous correspondence between this writer and his predecessor. Every thing, however, is so immutable in this Empire, that things remain at the present moment in Japan pretty much as they were in Kœmpfer's time. Indeed, the modern Japanese have expressed their astonishment at the accuracy and extent of information collected two hundred years ago, but which holds good even at the present day. The third and last of these medical writers is Doctor von Siebold. The plates and engravings which accompany his great work 'Nippon' are indeed a splendid addition to our stock of Japanese knowledge. Here we are introduced at once to Japanese ladies and gentlemen, to soldiers, sailors, and artificers in their proper costume. We find representations of their houses, their furniture, their pottery, their saddlery,—in short, all that can be desired in a collection of this kind. Above all, the work contains many excellent sketches of Japanese scenery, which do more to impress the mind with the realities of things in Japan than volumes of letterpress. A morning spent over this interesting book is the best substitute for a visit to the Japanese Museum at the Hague. Of Siebold's text we would be glad to speak in terms of equal praise, but in point of fact the matter is so ill-digested, and so destitute of arrangement, that no reader but for a very

special purpose would be troubled with the work. In the courses of the years 1839—40, there appeared in the 'Asiatic Journal' a very pleasing compilation from the works of these Factory writers, mainly from Siebold, which contains much matter of interest in a very readable form. We are indebted for this work to the industry of a lady.

These three physicians are not, however, the only persons who have raised their voice from Dezima. Heer Izaak Titsinghe was President or Opperhoofd of the Dutch factory towards the close of the last century. His contributions towards our Japanese knowledge are valuable in this particular, that they consist of annals written by the Japanese themselves. These *Fasti* come before us in a most uninviting form, however intrinsically valuable they may be, and would infallibly repel the curiosity of any ordinary student. They profess to furnish us with brief memoranda of the succession of the ecclesiastical and civil emperors, and of the most remarkable occurrences in Japan for many centuries past—nothing more. They constitute an index to history rather than history itself—still, taking them for what they are, they will prove an inestimable treasure to any writer, who may hereafter venture upon so formidable a task as the history of the Japanese Empire. Then again, we have what the sea has spared of the collections of President Doeff, who remained a longer time at Dezima than any other European had done. During twenty years he accumulated slowly, and with infinite pains, a very valuable collection of Japanese curiosities. This gentleman was the opponent of Sir Stamford Raffles, and contrived to hold Dezima for the Dutch at a time that this factory constituted all that was left of Holland in the world. It is then not a little singular that when he left Dezima for Europe his Japanese collections should have perished at sea, and that Sir Stamford's collections should have met with the same fate, when he set forth on his return home for the last time. We can admire strenuous patriotism even when its operations are directed against the interests of our own country, and shall have occasion again to advert to Heer Doeff's ingenious manœuvres to foil the attempts of the English to open a commercial intercourse with Japan, when Java had capitulated to the British flag. In addition to these there are two other works by persons connected with the Dutch factory; one by President Meylan, the other by Warehouse-Master Fischer, in which any student conversant with the Dutch language will find



impart. The book has been so popular and is so well known that it may be dismissed with a very cursory mention of the adventures of the writer, and the circumstances under which his information was collected. At the beginning of the present century the Russians had possessed themselves of certain of the northern Kurile Islands. About the same time they sent Count Resanoff to Nagasaki, to see if it would be possible to open regular diplomatic intercourse with the Court of Jedo. The overtures were rejected with a civil negative. In revenge for this disappointment a Russian naval officer, Chwostoff, was directed to make a foray upon one of the southern Kuriles, at least such is the probability of the story, although the intervention of the Russian government was strongly denied throughout the course of the negotiations for the release of Golownin and his companions. In the year 1811 Captain Golownin in a Russian ship of war, having previously touched at one or more of the southern Kuriles, finally put into the port of Kunaschier to obtain a supply of water and other necessaries. He was imprudent enough to trust himself with some half-a-dozen companions in the hands of the governor of the town. At a given signal the mask of friendship was thrown off and they were attacked. Through opposing numbers they made their way to the sea-shore; but alas! when they arrived there the tide had receded and left their boat high and dry. They submitted without further struggle to an inevitable captivity, and with their hands tightly and painfully bound behind them, from the elbows downwards with small cord, were led away first to Chakodape, and then to Matsmai, until the government of Jedo should decide as to their ultimate destiny. In this captivity they remained two years, and in the course of the time managed on one occasion to break prison and have a run through the island, but were at last recaptured and brought back. Golownin relates, very naturally, what he actually saw and heard, and as contributions to our knowledge of Japanese character the two first volumes are invaluable; for the third, which professes to give an account of the internal condition of Japan, and the distinctive customs of the people, we are of opinion that any day-laborer in the world of books, with the help of the Factory writers, might easily have compiled a more valuable production. The introduction to the third volume contains a *rifaccimento* by the translator from the tracts of William Adams, and Captain Saris, the

names of which will be found at the head of the present paper. The appendix on Japan attached to Sir Stamford Raffles' "History of Java," is, as might be expected, from the reputation of the author, a careful and well-digested report on the subject of which he professes to treat. It is mainly upon an official report made by the Baron von Imhoff that he relies. The authors we have named will furnish the ordinary reader with abundant materials for the gratification of his curiosity. For the benefit of those who may feel disposed to push their researches further, we would add that in the introduction to Kœmpfer will be found a copious list of Japanese, Dutch, and Jesuit authors, whose works united with those of the modern writers just specified would form a very perfect Japanese library.

We pass at once to the form of government which will be found existing in Japan. There is a good deal of popular error on the subject. If we are not mistaken, the answer which would be given by any ordinary student on the subject would be in effect that the supreme power in Japan was divided between two sovereigns, an ecclesiastical and temporal emperor; we should be told that the ecclesiastical emperors were in former times supreme in Japan, but that becoming gradually enervated by the listless indolence of the purple, the temporal sceptre slipped from their feeble fingers into the firmer grasp of their Generals-in-chief, who now exercise substantial dominion in their place. The title of the Ecclesiastical Emperor is "Mikado,"—he reigns in Meaco—that of the Temporal Emperor, "Ziagoon," or "Kubo,"—the seat of his authority is at Jedo. We are surprised that so well-informed a writer as Sir John Davis should not, in the sketch of Japan which he has affixed to his recent work on China, have thought it worth his while to explain that all real authority has departed from the Ziagoon in turn. What the Ziagoon is to the Mikado, his Council of State is to the Ziagoon. It would, in point of fact, be scarcely too much to assert that the supreme authority in Japan is exercised by the President of the Council, although no doubt he acts in theory in the name of his liege lord. For all substantial purposes the Ziagoon is relegated as a mere cipher to the luxurious seclusion of the palace at Jedo, given up to self-indulgence, to ceremonial, and to ennui.

The account so far as it goes is correct; but it stops short of the truth.

It is impossible to have any clear notion



of the anomalous position of the two sovereigns of Japan without clearly understanding the sequence of events which led to the maintenance of the old, and to the establishment of a new dynasty by its side. The result might be stated, analogously, pretty much as follows. Suppose that Napoleon Bonaparte, when First Consul, had thought it a stroke of policy, previous to his seizure of the imperial crown, to recall Louis XVIII. from Hartwell to Versailles. Suppose that he had surrounded him there with all the pomp and state of a court, but carefully debarred him from all interference with the affairs of government, limiting his duties to the single necessity of wearing the crown of Saint Louis for a given number of hours every day in the Salle des Maréchaux, with the solemn condition attached that during the time of the ceremonial he should not move his head or turn his eyes one hair's breadth to the right or left,—then Louis XVIII. would have been the Mikado of France, the idol of the Faubourg, the incarnation of legitimacy. He would have given himself up to literature, written longs and shorts, and quoted Horace on every occasion, and so he would have done his duty. All the *littérateurs* of France, from Chateaubriand down to Frederic Soulie, would have been forthcoming at the Court of this Roi Fainéant, or his successors. Meanwhile the Ziogoon of the Luxembourg,—of the Tuileries and the Malmaison,—the son of his own works,—would have carried out his schemes of policy and conquest in his own way, placed the imperial diadem upon his head, and contented himself with honoring the incarnate principle of legitimacy at Versailles with a complimentary deputation once a year at first, and then less frequently for economy's sake. Thus it was supposed that the honor shown to hereditary authority in the person of the Mikado would also be recognized for the benefit of the usurping dynasty which had possessed themselves of all the realities of sovereign power.

Our sketch however of the position of the Mikado would be incomplete did we not refer to his ecclesiastical authority. He is not altogether a fiddling Count René of Provence, he has in him a dash of the Pope, or rather of the Grand Lama. His ecclesiastical power bears however merely upon doctrinal matters. The Ziogoons of Jedo were far too practical statesmen not to have imitated our own Constitutions of Clarendon on the other side of the globe. In all questions turning upon the temporalities, whether of the

Sintoists or any other religious sect, the two imperial "Judges of the Temples" at Jedo—the "Dsi Sin Bugios" are supreme. In order to make clear this peculiar position of the Mikados, we must, in a few brief sentences, indicate their origin. Their sanctity has not come to them by succession to an office, as with the Popes, nor by the transfusion or transmigration into them of a Divine Being, as with the Grand Lamas, but simply because they are descendants of the Sun Goddess, the tutelary deity of Japan.

The history of Japan, like that of most other nations, is divided into three periods. They have their successions of gods, of demigods, and finally of men like the rest of us who crawl about the earth at the present day. The first epoch takes in an indefinitely vast period, during which seven pure spirits successively ruled over the world of Japan. This is the incomprehensible epoch. The three first of these spirits were bachelors, the four last were married. The last of the succession was called Isanagi no Mikotto; the name of his wife was Isanami no Mikotto. Their eldest son was called Ten Sio Dai Dsin; and from him all the Japanese, without exception, are supposed to have sprung, as his brothers and sisters left no issue. The present Mikado claims as his right the hereditary throne of Japan, because he can trace his descent, from eldest son to eldest son, to this Ten Sio Dai Dsin, who was the Adam of Japan. So it is asserted, although we see certain hitches in the pedigree, which probably are considered mysteries at Meaco. Tradition is silent as to the names of his wife and the wives of his successors. It would be proper to add, that the succession of demigods is continued through five persons, each of whom reigned any number of years the fantastic imagination of the authors of these wild legends might suggest. In the year B.C. 660—that is to say, a century or so later than the commencement of the era of the Olympiads and the legendary date assigned to the foundation of Rome—we find ourselves on firmer ground. The historical succession of the Mikados commences with Syn Mu, the founder of the empire of Japan.

Not to detain the reader longer than is absolutely necessary upon the dry chronicles of the Japanese, we will at once leap over seventeen centuries. In the reign of Konjei LXXVI., Ecclesiastical Emperor, the whole empire of Japan was given up to the wildest confusion. The great feudatories of the empire were waging against each other a war

more dire than anything known to the French chroniclers before the policy of Louis XI. had in some measure emasculated the strength of the nobility of France. The Mikado was feeble in council, and still more unfit for war. In order to restore something like tranquillity to the country, he was obliged to entrust plenary powers to his General-in-chief, JORITOMO. This soldier, when he found himself invested with powers such as Ferdinand conferred upon Wallenstein in a similar hour of distress, acted as the Duke of Friedland would have done had he not been met by counteracting force without and treachery within. He saved the empire; but for himself—not for his master. He sided with that party among the belligerent princes which he deemed the most proper to second his own ambitious views. With their help he crushed their rivals, and then crushed them in turn. The result was, that Joritomo became the first secular Emperor, or Ziogoon of Japan. This event happened A.D. 1152.

But the old Ecclesiastical Emperors did not the less hold empty state at Meaco, because Joritomo and his successors reigned in Jedo. Nay, their authority was not so completely shorn of splendor, as happened about four centuries afterwards, in the year 1585, in the days of Ookimatz CVII., Mikado. At this time there was a certain FIDE JOSI, the son of a peasant, who in early life had served in the humble capacity of porter in the family of a Japanese noble. By valor and by policy he raised himself to the highest distinction. Ookimatz, unwarned by the experience of his predecessor, confirmed him unhesitatingly in the post of Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the Empire. He acted as Joritomo had acted on the like occasion, and repaid the confidence by reducing under his own authority the few provinces which had yet held fast in their allegiance to the Mikado. As Joritomo was the first Ziogoon, so Fide Josi, or TAIKO-SAMA, as he was afterwards called, was first Ziogoon of the whole of Japan. He stands twenty-ninth on the list. But neither his policy nor his valor could avail to maintain his succession beyond the grave.

The aged warrior left behind him a son of tender years. To ensure his succession of the Crown, Taiko-Sama had caused his son to be married to the young daughter of Jejos-Sama, his prime favorite and chief councillor. But when death had once removed the powerful Monarch from the scene, all was forgotten in the presence of the great

temptation. The minister dethroned the son of his great benefactor—the husband of his own daughter—and reigned in his stead, under the name of GONGEN-SAMA. He is the lineal ancestor of the reigning Ziogoon of Japan. The usurpation took place at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

From this time the power of the Mikado has been but as the shadow of a shadow. His existence is a recognition of the principle of legitimacy amongst a people who are the willing slaves of custom and tradition. He is treated with almost divine honors, which amount, in fact, to a most painful and tedious punishment. He may not touch the earth with his foot, but is carried about from place to place on his attendants' shoulders. So sacred is his person that it may not be exposed even to the cheering rays of the sun. His hair is sacred, his beard is sacred, his nails are sacred—it would be a profanation to admit the services of a hair-cutter or barber. But pious souls in Japan have discovered a way to free the object of their adoration from his holy superfluities. When he is asleep some one or other of his attendants commits a theft upon his sacred person, pares his nails, and reduces his hair and beard to comfortable proportions. He may not eat twice off the same plate, nor must any profane person use it after him; he may not wear the same clothes twice, nor may any attendant appropriate them as perquisites. The plate must be broken and the dress destroyed. A convict in Norfolk Island is probably dissatisfied with his condition: let him think of the Mikado of Japan and the Grand Lama of Thibet, and be thankful.

It was, however, improbable that the despotism of the Ziogoon should not have contained within itself the seeds of its own destruction from the moment it had become fairly established, and had conquered all opposition. The Court of the Mikado had ceased to count as a political power—nothing remained but the scattered antagonism of the princes or great feudatories of the empire. Every precaution has been taken to prevent them from forming such combinations as might become formidable to the central authority at Jedo. They are compelled to reside in the capital, under the eye of the Ministers of State, and only permitted to visit their estates at rare intervals. Even during their absence their wives and families are retained as hostages. In the case of the Governors, who are entrusted with great commands it is usual to appoint two—and occasionally, if our recollection serves us, even

more—to hold the same office ; one is required to reside at Jedo, whilst the other discharges the duties of the office upon the spot. Every year the order is reversed—the absentee takes the place of the resident, and is again brought within the watchful supervision of the Council of State at Jedo. It would *a priori* seem probable that the effective working out of such a system as this must be entrusted to the watchfulness of Ministers of State, who, if allowed to hold their offices for any length of time, would become the Richelieus or Mazarins of their helpless sovereign. Such, in fact, has been the case. The once all-powerful Ziogoon has dwindled down into the creature of his own councillors—nothing remains to him of authority but the name. He is the victim of a code of ceremonies somewhat less tiresome than those which affect his brother monarch of Meaco. Like him, he must submit to his lot, and remain the butt and object of never-ceasing compliments and prostrations to his life's end.

There is one extraordinary constitutional custom in Japan, which we cannot pass over without a cursory notice. The Ziogoon has the right of interposing with “*le Roi s'avisera!*” when the Council of State present any resolution for his assent which may be displeasing to him. His veto, however, is not conclusive. If the council persist in their resolution, and the Ziogoon in his negative, the matter is referred for arbitration to persons named according to custom, and who invariably comprise certain near relatives of the Ziogoon. The consequence of their decision is fatal to one or other of the contending parties. If they arbitrate in favor of the Council, the Monarch must abdicate in favor of his next heir ; if in favor of the Ziogoon, the President of the Council is bound upon the instant to rip up his abdomen ; and his fellow councillors can do little better than follow his example. No retraction is allowed on either side. This strange custom is, according to our phraseology, somewhat in the nature of a “Conference between the Houses.” We mention the custom, however, not only on account of its singularity, but as a proof of the weight accorded to the deliberations of the Council of State according to the present constitutional theory of Japan.

The universal system of espionage is another point which well deserves notice. Spies in Japan are not what spies are in other countries. The Government compels the nobles of the land to undertake the task,—if, indeed,

compulsion is necessary when it is known to be a valid title in the eyes of the Council that a spy should have successfully denounced an absent governor or *employé*, and have petitioned to succeed him in his office. Every man is a spy upon his neighbor, and the odious service would appear to carry with it no social degradation or contempt. We will not dwell longer upon this topic ; but, as the best illustration of the nature of Japanese espionage, simply transcribe the following passage from President Meylan's work, which is quoted in the very interesting papers in the ‘*Asiatic Journal*,’ to which we have before alluded :—‘Complaints of the Governor of Matsmai had reached the Court, which took its own measures for ascertaining the truth. The agreeable tidings that the Governor was displaced were speedily received, but it was not without astonishment that the capital, Matsmai, recognized in his successor a journeyman tobacco-cutter, who some months before, had disappeared from his master's shop. The journeyman tobacco-cutter had been personated by a noble of the land, who had assumed that disguise in order to exercise the office of a spy, for which he had been sent to Matsmai by the Court.’ Only conceive a state of things amongst ourselves in which Lord Ellenborough should take a small cigar shop in Dame Street, Dublin, in order to gather matter of accusation against Lord Eglintoun. We must suppose further that Lord Derby, when the point was made out to his satisfaction, should appoint Lord Ellenborough to the Lieutenancy of Ireland, vacant by the suicide of Lord Eglintoun, who could not, according to the doctrines of the happy ‘despatch,’ avoid the painful necessity of slitting up his own abdomen in the presence of Lady Eglintoun, his family, and his attendants. That would be a sample of life in Japan.

With regard to the great feudal nobles of Japan it is furthermore proper to add, that the jealous policy of the Council of State has missed no opportunity of weakening their strength by continuous subdivisions of the most important fiefs. Besides, no device is left untried to keep them in poverty, as poverty is the best guarantee for their subjection. They are required not only to raise and maintain troops for the defence of their own territories, in a manner somewhat akin to our old military arrangements, but also to provide a quantity of troops specifically for Imperial service. They are moreover compelled to maintain a state and display which must materially interfere with the balance at

their bankers. If their fortune should survive all these attacks, the Ziogoon would simply invite himself to dine with them in his own palace at Jedo. The payment of the expenses incurred for this entertainment will speedily remove all causes of apprehension.

Brief as this sketch necessarily is, we cannot omit all mention of the various forms of religion which prevail in Japan. The doctrine professed by the Established Church is Sintoism. As it is described by Kœmpfer, the professors of this creed do not trouble themselves much as to their ultimate destiny beyond the grave. They have obscure notions of the immortality of the soul, and even of a future state of misery and bliss. They do, indeed, admit the existence of a Supreme Deity, who inhabits the highest heavens, and of deities somewhat inferior in dignity, whose seats are in the starry firmament. But to these sublimer powers they address no prayers. Their happiness is too transcendent to be ruffled by the sound of mortal supplication. The Japanese are men of practical piety, and will offer their petitions only to those lesser powers, from whose influence they have something to hope or something to dread. To those,—

“ The elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,  
And those that on the sand with printless foot  
Do chase the cbbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back,”—

they willingly raise the voice of supplication or thanksgiving. But these beings of supernatural essence are not the only objects of the adoration of the Sintoist. The Deified Heroes of his own country are the chief objects of his devotion. They have been beatified in swarms which would try the imagination of a Greek of days gone by, or of a devout Roman Catholic of the present time. Such distinguished persons are called Kami, and it is for these that the orthodox Sintoist reserves his chief homages for eleven months of the year. During the twelfth he is silent, as all the Kami are supposed to be on a visit to the Dairi, or Court of the Mikado. They are habitually worshipped in Mias, or Temples: in the Japanese language, we are told, this word “Mia” signifies the dwelling of a living soul. It would require more space than we can well afford to dwell upon their ceremonial worship. One custom alone would appear to deserve notice. When the Sintoist presents himself in his place of worship, he kneels down and offers up his prayers and supplications before a mirror. As plainly as he dis-

cerns his own features in that mirror, so plainly do the beings to whom his prayers are addressed discern and comprehend the spiritual and temporal wants of their votary. There is something striking in the custom, although it might lead to abuse if introduced among devout ladies at the present day. It was not until after the Christian Era that Buddhism penetrated into Japan, nor until A. D. 543 that it made any considerable progress. Before that time the Japanese had been divided between their ancient idols and the philosophic opinions of Confucius, but the doctrines of Bouddha contained a positive promise of eternal bliss, which it was not in the nature of the human mind to reject. It is not within the scope of these observations to dwell longer on this interesting subject. Suffice it to say that Sintoism has remained the state religion of Japan, to which even those who adhere to the doctrines of Bouddha or the tenets of Confucius must outwardly conform. Christianity had at one time made considerable progress in this empire. One century, however, witnessed its introduction and expulsion. In the year 1542 of our era it came in with the Portuguese, and in the year 1640 with the Portuguese it was expelled from Japan. The last spark of the Christian religion was quenched in the blood of the victims of Sinabara. Whenever it shall be judged proper to attempt its re-introduction, the Reformed Churches will have a great advantage over the emissaries of the Roman Propaganda. The Japanese hold the name of a Roman Catholic priest in abhorrence, as French children, in the successive periods of European history, used to abhor the names of Talbot, of Marlborough, and of Wellington.

We know not if these few observations will be sufficient to conjure up the image of Japan, as it is, before the mind of the English reader. For the present we are compelled to pass on to that portion of the subject which is of more immediate interest; namely, the records of English intercourse with this singular people,—by whom it was commenced, how it ceased, what attempts have been made from time to time at a renewal of the interrupted friendship, what has been the value of the trade in the hands of the Dutch, and what it may prove in the future, if the ports of Japan should be once thrown open to the world. When the English negotiated for the opening of the Chinese ports, and the removal of those oppressive regulations which had stopped all rational intercourse between China and other



nations, they acted in the cause of every civilized country,—not of Great Britain alone. Canton was not to remain the only port of communication with the empire. The Hong monopoly was to be abolished. The fiscal regulations upon foreign trade generally were to be revised. The tyrannical jurisdiction claimed by the Chinese over Europeans was to be brought to an end. The degrading tone of superiority assumed by the Chinese over the Western nations in the course of negotiation was to be surrendered. We can reflect with pride on the course taken by our Government on this occasion. Let us hope that the liberality of the English in China may be imitated by the United States negotiators at Jedo; if, indeed, the honor of breaking down the Brazen Wall with which the Japanese had encircled their empire is reserved for them. They should consider that they are not gone merely to obtain redress for grievances inflicted on their own citizens, nor simply to open Japan to their own commercial operations.

The first English intercourse with Japan took place on the 19th of April, 1600. It was on that day that William Adams, pilot, whose name will be found at the beginning of this paper, arrived on the coasts of the Empire in a Dutch ship, the last of five which had been fitted out by the Dutch East India Company for a mercantile cruise upon a large scale. The little fleet entered the Pacific Ocean by the Straits of Magellan, but on coasting up along the sea-board of Chili and Peru they met with so many and such dire calamities, that at length they could not muster more men than an insufficient complement for a single ship. Under these circumstances they determined to stand over for Japan, to dispose of the woollens, which formed a large part of their cargo, and which, as they supposed, would meet with a rapid sale among the Japanese. That they were disappointed in their expectation appeared by the result, but they had no ground in any other respect to complain of the reception they met with from the inhabitants of this distant land. The Europeans present in Japan did their utmost to persuade the Emperor that William Adams and his companions should be put to death. A Portuguese Jesuit\* came on board the ship, and when he returned to his Japanese friends coolly as-

sured them that Adams and his friend Timothy Shotton were pirates, and ought instantly to be crucified. The result was that Adams was sent for to court.

From the first moment a man turns his attention to Japanese subjects he cannot fail to be struck with what followed, as it is given in the simple narration of the old pilot himself. It must be remembered that the Spanish and Portuguese—and latterly the Dutch—were the only Europeans who had any access to the Japanese. During the half century this intercourse had lasted they had abundant time for setting proper machinery to work, in order to gain their ends. Human nature is the same in Japan as elsewhere; bribes, no doubt, and intrigues are not wholly without avail. Well, William Adams, this waif, this mere human *flotsam and jetsam*, was cast upon the Japanese shores, without a patron, without a friend, without an interpreter on whom he could rely. He was examined and reexamined. There was no shift or device the activity of commercial malice could suggest that was not employed by his implacable enemies. These men seemed to have an instinctive idea of the future commercial greatness of England. They dreaded the presence of an Englishman, and resolved that he should never return alive to tell the tale of what he had seen. For weeks and weeks they plied the Japanese Emperor with every suggestion most calculated to extort from his anger or his policy a sentence of death against the helpless stranger. Even the Dutchmen, Adams's own shipmates, joined in the machinations of his enemies, but all in vain; the sentence of the Emperor was, "As yet these strangers have done no damage to me or to my subjects. It were against reason and against justice that I should put them to death!" Not only were their lives spared, but Adams rose into high favor with the Emperor, who employed him to build a ship for him, and covered him with honors and wealth. He was willing to grant him any favor but the one the kind-hearted old seaman most desired—permission to return to Wapping or Deptford. It was in one or other of these dingy swamps that his wife and two children were, or might yet be, living, and all the glories of Jedo grew pale in comparison with the remembered comforts of a racy Thames fog and his own fire-side. Escape was impossible; it was not until after

\* Neither Portuguese nor Dutch scrupled at any instrument or means which offered them a prospect of driving us from the East. Sir John Malcolm attributes the failure of the embassy of Sir Thomas Roe at the court of Ajmeer, in 1614, mainly to the

intrigues of the Portuguese missionaries: and on the massacre at Amboyna, by the Dutch, in 1622, the English abandoned the commerce of the Eastern islands.



many attempts that poor Adams succeeded in despatching a letter to Java, addressed to "My unknown friends and countrymen." This letter reached Bantam, and "was read to all the merchants, that they might take notice of the hopes there were of trade with Japan."

Amongst others, Captain John Saris was present in Bantam at the time. The account of this officer, as detailed by himself, will be found of the most interesting kind. The title of his narrative is also marked at the commencement of this paper, together with a notice of the collection of travels in which it is to be found. We may as well say that Mr. John Cocks, Cape merchant, whose name will be found in conjunction with that of Captain Saris, was his substitute when he was absent from Firando at the Court of the Emperor, as well as later, when he had quitted Japan. But to return: Captain Saris had sailed from England in April, 1611, had reached Bantam in October, 1612, and with one ship only, the crew of which consisted of twenty-four Englishmen, one Spaniard, one Portuguese, and five Indians, sailed from Java for Japan, which he sighted on the 9th of June, 1613. We are particular in marking the date, as this was the first time an English vessel had ever approached the shores of Japan.

His appearance was a signal for the renewal of the same attempts which had taken place in the case of William Adams. The English were represented in the most gloomy colors to the Japanese, as mere pirates, buccaneers, &c., but all was in vain. Captain—or, as he is styled, "The General"—Saris appears to have gone on admirably from the first with Old King Foyne, the king of the Island of Firando, who forwarded his message requesting the honor of an interview to the Court of the Emperor. We wish it were possible, within the limits to which we are necessarily confined, to give an idea of Saris's proceedings with the Japanese in his own quaint manner. What the Japanese were in his day they appear to have been since. There was the same genuine anxiety and desire to oblige, tempered with the same abject fear of "what would be said" at headquarters. Much the same kind of precaution appears to have been used, and the same spirit displayed in the time of Captain Saris, as the other day when Sir Edward Belcher visited the port of Nangasaki in the "Samarang." All this, however, we are compelled most unwillingly to pass over, in order that we may lay before our readers the copy of a

charter, or, rather, permission to trade, which will show on what kind of footing the English trade with Japan once stood, and what it might have become if we had had the wit to profit by the occasion.

"Privileges granted by Ogohosama, Emperor of Japan, unto the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Smith, Knight, Governor, and others the Honorable and Worshipful Adventurers to the East Indies.

"I. Imprimis, We give free license to the subjects of the King of Great Britain, viz., Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and company of the East Indian merchants and adventurers, for ever safely to come into any of our ports of our empire of Japan, with their shippes and merchandizes, without any hindrance to them or their goods. And to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their owne manner, with all nations; to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasure."

"II. Item, We grant unto them freedom of custom, for all such merchandizes as either now they have brought, or hereafter shall bring into our kingdome, or shall from hence transport to any foreign part. And doe authorize those shippes that hereafter shall arrive, and come from England, to proceed to present sale of their commodities, without further coming or sending up to our court.

"III. Item, If any of their shippes shall happen to lie in danger of shipwrecke, we will our subjects not only to assist them, but that such part of shippes and goods as shall be saved, be returned to their captains, or Cape merchants, or their assignees. And that they shall or may build one house or more for themselves in any part of our empire, where they shall think fittest, and at their departure to make sale thereof at their pleasure.

"IV. Item, If any of the English merchants, or other, shall depart this life, within our dominions, the goods of the deceased shall remaine at the disposal of the Cape merchant. And that all offences committed by them shall be punished by the said Cape merchant, according to his discretion: and our laws take no hold of their persons or goods.

"V. Item, We will that ye, our subjects, trading with them for any of their commodities, pay them for the same, according to agreement, without delay, or returne of their wares again unto them.

"VI. Item, For such commodities as they have now brought, or shall hereafter bring, fitting for our service and proper use, we will that no arrest be made thereof, but that the price be made with the Cape merchant, according as they may sell to others, and present payment upon delivery of the goods.

"VII. Item, If in discovery of other countries for trade, and returne of their shippes, they shall neede men or victuals, we will that ye our subjects, furnish them for their money, as their needs shall require.

"VIII. Item, And that without other passport, they shall and may set out upon the discovery of Yeadzo, or any other part in or about our empire.

"From our castle in Surunga, the first day of ninth month, and in the eighteenth

year of our Dary, according to our computation. Sealed with our broad Seale.

Underwritten,

Minna Mottono.

Yei. Ye. Yeas."

In consequence of this charter an English factory was established at Firando, and was left by Captain Saris under the superintendence of Richard Cocks, to whom three Englishmen—among whom was our old friend William Adams—were given as assistants. In the course of the year 1614, when Captain Saris had left Japan, we find the directors of the factory endeavoring to open a trade with Corea, and later with Siam and the Loo Choo Islands. Indeed, it is said, that the chief motive with the English East India Company for sanctioning the establishment of the factory at Firando, was that they might introduce themselves to the Chinese markets, and cover the losses incurred by the direct trade with Japan, by fostering a general trade between China, Japan, Corea, &c. In this expectation they were baffled, and prematurely, as it turned out, resolved, in the year 1623, to withdraw their establishment altogether from Japan; a false step which they have never been able to retrace.

We must, at this point, mention the expulsion of the Portuguese from Japan, as without a proper appreciation of this point it would be difficult to comprehend the difficulties thrown by the Japanese in the way of a renewed intercourse with the English. The Portuguese had for a long time driven a most thriving trade with Japan, but, as we explained in a former portion of this paper, by the intrigues of the Jesuits, and their own unbridled appetency for gain, they had rendered themselves obnoxious to the then sovereign powers. They ventured moreover to mix themselves up in a conspiracy with a party among the Japanese, the object of which was the dethronement of the reigning Ziogoon. The plot was detected, partly it is said, by the agency of the Dutch, who intercepted a letter at sea which contained a full revelation of the conspiracy, and handed it to the authorities at Jedo, in hopes that it would give them advantage over their commercial rivals. The letter certainly produced the desired effect, for it drew forth the edict by which Japan has continued a sealed book to all foreign nations for upwards of two centuries. The Dutch only were exempted from the ban in return for the service they had rendered to the Government. The effect of this edict is stated by Kœmpfer as follows: "No Japanese ship or boat whatsoever, nor

any Japanese born, shall dare to go out of the country. All who disobey the order shall be punished with death; the ship with her cargo shall be affected with sequestration. All Japanese who return home from abroad shall suffer death; a reward of five hundred pieces of silver is offered for the discovery of a Christian priest, for a Christian layman in proportion. All persons who spread the Christian doctrines, or bear so scandalous a name, are to be imprisoned. Finally, all the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and all their property, shall be transported to Macao." The Portuguese ventured to send an embassy from Macao to see if something could not be done to repair the mischief. They were dismissed with a threat that all Portuguese, whether forming part of an embassy or not, who ventured, after this solemn warning, to set foot on Japanese soil should suffer the penalty of death. Another embassy was sent, and the Japanese showed with what terrible fidelity they adhere to engagements of this nature. The detail of this horrible transaction will be found at length in "Charlevoix."

It was not until half a century after their abandonment of their factory at Firando, that the East Indian Company endeavored to renew their intercourse with Japan. It may be, that the perpetual confusion in which England had been kept in consequence of the wars of the Commonwealth had somewhat impeded the course of commercial enterprise. But in the year 1673 the good ship 'Return' was sent to Japan, with an assorted cargo, to endeavor, if possible, to renew a commercial connection, which, it was hoped, was not broken up for ever. On their arrival at Nangasaki they found that the Dutch were the only representatives of the western nations left in Japan, and, of course, all their influence was exerted to procure the exclusion of their English rivals. The fortunes of the war had thrown an apt occasion in the way. Our Charles II. had intermarried with the Portuguese Infanta. The representatives of Holland in Japan assured the authorities that England or Portugal was all one since this union between the two Courts. In vain the captain of the 'Return' pleaded the charter, he only received the decisive answer, 'that there could be no trade between the Japanese and the subjects of a king who had married the daughter of their greatest enemy. With the first fair wind they must quit the shores of Japan, and return no more.' The Captain asked, if they might return again when circumstances had

changed. The nuptial bed of Charles was a barren one, and all connection between England and Portugal must soon be definitely broken off, might the English, then, try again? He was told, 'They had better not.' Since that time there have been various scattered attempts on the part of the English to procure a renewal of intercourse. In 1791 the 'Argonaut,' merchantman, tried and failed. Then there was the 'Providence,' surveying-vessel, Captain Broughton, 1796, —no one permitted to land. The 'Frederick,' merchantman, from Calcutta, in 1803, with a cargo, ordered away in twenty-four hours. In the year 1808, the 'Phantom Frigate,' under Captain Pellew, entered Nangasaki Bay, and well nigh drove the local authorities out of their wits. The Governor and several of his officers were obliged to perform the ceremony of the *hara-kiri*. This brings us to the great attempt made by Sir Stamford Raffles from Batavia at the time of the British occupation, but it will first be proper to say a word on the situation of the Dutch in their factory at Dezima.

The position of the Dutch at Nangasaki has been far more humiliating than any thing endured by the representatives of English commercial interests at Canton in the worst of times. The amount of their trade is limited, nor are they permitted to despatch more than two ships every year. The factory at Nangasaki stands on the little island of *Dezima*, which is connected by a narrow causeway with the main land. Within its walls the Dutch residents are strictly confined, nor are they permitted to go out for a walk in the city or its environs without a special permission from the governor, nor even then without such a train of guards and attendants—all of whom must be highly fed and paid—as render them very reluctant to profit by the nominal privilege. They are subjected to the laws of Japan during their stay. Their ships on coming into harbor are compelled to deliver up all their ammunition, weapons of war, and religious books. Their movements are constantly watched, and their steps dogged by spies, even within the limit of their own factory. There are not many positions in the world which could be quoted as so unenviable or so hampered with tedious restraints of every kind, as that of an unfortunate Dutch *employé* in the factory at *Dezima*. We must not, of course, pass over in silence the journey of homage from *Dezima* to *Jedo*, to which the Dutch were at first annually subjected. It was upon these occasions that the factory physicians had

such good opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the internal constitution of Japan. Therefore we have every reason to be thankful for the arrangement. Since the close of the last century these State journeys have been limited to one every fourth year, but the presents are required to be despatched annually, as before. For an account of the ceremonials at *Jedo*, and for the strange sights met with on the road, we must refer our readers to the 'Pencilings by the Way,' which bear the signatures of Kœmpfer, Thunberg, and Siebold.

With regard to the value of the trade, for which the Dutch have endured so many humiliations, we have very full information in a most valuable report from Baron Van Imhoff, which has been dissected by Sir Stamford Raffles in the Appendix to his 'History of Java.' It appears that for some years after the events of 1640, and until the Dutch lost possession of the island of Formosa in 1661, decent respect was shown to them. The loss of this island, which involved the loss of naval supremacy in the Japanese waters, threw the factory at *Firando* completely into the hands of the Government at *Jedo*. Still, despite of the humiliations to which they were subjected, the trade appears to have been a most profitable one for many years afterwards, as will result from the statements of Van Imhoff, which we here abridge. In the beginning, the returns from Japan consisted of silver and copper. In the year 1640 orders were issued to the factors at Japan requiring gold as a return. So successfully was this operation carried through, that the profits made upon the returns of gold coin alone amounted, during the two years 1670, 1671, to one million of florins. The exportation of silver was soon prohibited, but this mattered but little, as the great profits were made upon the exportation of gold. In 1685 the Japanese Government intervened, with a far more arbitrary regulation, limiting the trade of the Dutch to 300,000 *tahils*, two-thirds of which were to take place on piece goods and weighable articles, the other third on silks. In 1689, in place of an unlimited exportation of copper, the supply was limited to a very moderate provision. In 1700, not more than four or five ships were allowed to be sent instead of six or seven, as before; this number was finally reduced, in 1717, to two ships, and in 1743 to one ship, and one half of the cargo. The Dutch writers, however, complain of nothing so much as of constant alterations made by the Japanese in the value of

their currency, coupled with an arbitrary and compulsory valuation of their imports. The impression, however, resulting from a careful perusal of the statements made by them upon this subject is, that the fault lay mainly with the Dutch factors themselves, who did not shape their imports according to the exigencies of the time, and demand exports of such a kind as were most consistent with the political and commercial circumstances of Japan. Added to this, we have the authority of Dutch writers themselves for stating, that the ruin of the Company's affairs was far more attributable to the illicit and private trading of their own agents, to the shameful venality and peculation of the authorities at Batavia and Dezima, than to any cause over which the Japanese had control.

In the year 1813, when Sir Stamford Raffles was Lieutenant-Governor of Java, he despatched two ships to Nangasaki, as the annual traders, in hopes that he might be able to effect the shifting of the commerce from the hands of the Dutch to those of the English without exciting any jealousy on the part of the Japanese. Heer Cassa was named to succeed Heer Doeff as president of the factory. Two commissioners accompanied the expedition, one Dutch, Wardenaar, the other English, Dr. Ainslie, who were empowered to make all necessary arrangements upon the spot. Heer Doeff, however, refused to give credence to the story either of the surrender of Java, or of the recent occurrences in Europe, and determined to maintain Dutch authority at Dezima, if it existed no where else. He gained over to his cause the authorities of the place, who well knew what consequences must ensue to themselves for having permitted the entry of English vessels into the harbor of Nangasaki. Having operated successfully on their fears, he next endeavored to appeal to the prudence and moderation of the English agents, and with success. Why could they not return next year, and bring him full and proper assurances of the surrender of Java, and the political extinction of Holland? Meanwhile he would do what he could, he would negotiate with the Japanese for the sale of the cargoes that had been brought to Japan, as also for suitable returns. Thus nothing would be lost, and he would enjoy the satisfaction of having been faithful to his duty, and true to his allegiance to the last. A year's delay mattered little. The Commissioners assented, and went their way; but when they returned next year Heer Doeff had com-

pletely got the local authorities into his power. Any detection of the trick to which they had been parties must infallibly lead to their instant death. In conjunction with them he manœuvred so successfully, that the Commissioners were compelled to retreat a second time *re infecta*. Meanwhile news had been received of the probable and speedy restoration of her colonies to Holland at the conclusion of the war, and so Sir Stamford Raffles was foiled.

It is evident enough upon the most cursory consideration that any statement of the comparatively trifling value of the trade between the Japanese and the Dutch factory at Dezima for the last few years can have but little interest in the eyes of commercial men. The present produce of a trade conducted with such manifest disadvantages on either side can offer no fair index to what it might become under more favorable conditions. Japan will not have, like Labuan, to trust only or principally to its coal. Common sense would inform us that a free and dignified commercial intercourse with an industrious and intelligent population of 30,000,000, or thereabouts, cannot be a matter of indifference to the producers, manufacturers, or merchants of the three kingdoms. It does not fall within our province to suggest the details of future cargoes; such matters are best left to the practised intelligence of commercial men. But we know that the Japanese islands experience great varieties of climate, and consequently the inhabitants require many and various articles which the British manufacturer can readily supply. Nor is it possible that suitable returns are not readily within reach of our merchants if they have but the discretion to accommodate their demands to the natural productions of the country, and to the industry of the inhabitants. Many tokens would seem to indicate that the Japanese themselves—that is, the population, not the Government—are prepared for the change, and anxiously desire to see themselves relieved from the spell which has hitherto kept them secluded from all intercourse with foreign nations, and to enter within the walls of the next Crystal Palace. They are too ingenious and too acute a people not to appreciate the full superiority of European progress over their own; and in the limited intercourse that has been permitted them with the factory-physicians, and others, they have always shown the greatest desire for obtaining information of every kind. Nor need we limit our assertion of Japanese anxiety for European inter-



course simply to scientific and mechanical questions. When, in the year 1819, Captain Gordon arrived in the Bay of Jedo, and remained there for eight days, his ship was constantly thronged with hundreds of persons, who were most anxious to trade had not the sternness of their national customs stood in the way. The testimony of Gollownin, too, may be admitted without scruple to the same effect. When he tells us of the extreme value the Japanese, even in that remote quarter of the empire, seemed to set upon the most trifling European article, it would naturally follow that to repress this desire in the richer and more populous districts of the empire must require the constant and unceasing solicitude of the Government at Jedo.

It is not for us to predict the exact results that may follow from the particular expedition which has been announced as about to sail from the ports of the United States against the shores of Japan. Before doing this we should require to know a little more of the condition of the attacking armament, as well as of the actual means of resistance at the command of the Ziogoon's ministers. It would be madness to affect a doubt as to the result if the warlike skill and discipline of Europe or the United States are once fairly pitted against the resources of any Asiatic power. The military genius and hardy frames of the mountain tribes of Upper India could not save them from defeat when they were opposed to the serried ranks and powerful artillery of the British army. The same thing may happen in the case of Japan. All human presumptions would seem to indicate that if Commodore Perry's expedition is conducted in the same spirit of prudence and courage which has hitherto presided over the warlike operations of the United States Government, the hours of Japanese seclusion are already numbered. We have, however, the authority of English officers who have served with great distinction in those distant waters for stating that they place a wide difference between an attack upon Japan and any similar operation which has been carried out either in China or in any other district of the Indian Seas. The Japanese are a proud and warlike race. They are careless of danger and indifferent to life; where one combatant falls another will take his place, and another, and another, as though the only object of their assault were to exhaust the fire of their enemies, and then overpower them by sheer numbers. We can scarcely think, if Commodore Perry should decide to

advance into the interior with the small force at his disposal, that the first attempt will end in favor of the expedition. The army of Japan consists, by the latest accounts, of 300,000 foot soldiers and 50,000 cavalry. In artillery they are of course miserably deficient, and their powder is of a most inferior quality. Still they have at their disposal an enormous population, proud of their traditions and of their native land, and determined, we should imagine, to defend it to the last drop of their blood against the invaders from beyond the dark sea.

It may be—and at this point we admit most freely that we have nothing more secure than conjecture to guide us—that the government of Jedo might be convinced of the impossibility of ultimate resistance, and would endeavor to make the best terms they could with the invader. It is certain that they are perfectly well acquainted with the rapid success of the British arms in China in 1841-42; and they may well anticipate, in their own case, an analogous result. But why should they confine their attention to China alone? there is scarcely a square mile of Asia, from the Persian Gulf to the Chinese Sea; from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, which should not also be suggestive of prudence while it is yet time. That prudent negotiation would be the right course for those who would maintain the integrity of Japan, no one can doubt; but that it will be adopted, is a supposition sadly inconsistent with what history has yet told us of the march of human affairs.

Thus then we have endeavored, in a few brief pages, to indicate to the English reader a few of the most interesting points connected with the past history and present position of Japan. What constant self-restraint it has required on the part of the writer to confine his narrative within such slender space, only those can tell who have found delight and instruction in the records we possess of this singular and gallant people. Chapters must be condensed into sentences, and many points of great interest omitted altogether—the story, for instance, of the connexion between China and Japan, and the nature of the intercourse between the sovereign country and such dependencies as the important group of Loo Choo Islands. It is, however, our comfort to reflect that all readers unacquainted with the subject will not miss what is absent, while students of the Japanese Annals will comprehend the embarrassment of those who are compelled to confine their observations to the few leading points which may best at-

tract the attention of a reader who is approaching the subject for the first time. At least we have endeavored most conscientiously to discharge one part of our duty, which is to point out those sources from which all requisite information on Japan can be derived by those who feel further curiosity upon the subject.

The moment is rapidly drawing near when those who have anxiously looked for the opening of this sealed book may hope to hear more of the strange customs and fashions of Japan. But it is not from purely literary or fantastic considerations of this kind that we regard with satisfaction the speedy restoration of Japan to the comity of nations. The compulsory seclusion of the Japanese is a wrong not only to themselves, but to the civilized world. Every one is so far master at home, that the Law of Nations has been

hitherto very tender of authorizing a country to force its commerce or its society upon another. But the rights of independent sovereignty must be so construed as to be reconcilable with the great principles upon which all titles of property or jurisdiction ultimately depend. It is difficult to entertain a doubt that, after so long and so patient a delay, other nations are justified in demanding intercourse with Japan, as a right of which they are unjustly deprived. The Japanese undoubtedly have an exclusive right to the possession of their territory; but they must not abuse that right to the extent of debarring all other nations from a participation in its riches and virtues. The only secure title to property, whether it be in a hovel or an empire, is, that the exclusive possession of one is for the benefit of all.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## THE GAMES OF THE ANCIENTS.

WE propose devoting a few columns to the rational amusements of antiquity. Recreation, at once the first and sole occupation of our infancy, continues to be more or less agreeable during life. Laborious toil and brutish drudgery are the melancholy lot of the lowest, the most wretched, and also the most numerous class of mortals—a mode of existence which is totally at variance with the general design and wish of nature. Man can only *then* be pronounced sound in body and mind, active, full of vigorous health, and in the true enjoyment of life, when all his employments, corporeal and mental, prove to him, as it were, a recreation and source of pleasure. Artists toy with nature, poets with their fancy, philosophers with ideas, hypotheses, and oft chimæras, beauties with our hearts, and kings, alas! with nothing less than our heads, unless it be our purses. Man is a combative animal, and he must do battle, if not for a real, then for a fancied advantage—if not in actual, then in mimic strife.

Now, in the nature of the varied games, and in the mode of conducting them, lies the main distinction that decides their ameliorating or debasing influence, and determines

their salutary or their noxious effects; and it is this very circumstance that confers on them a degree of importance in investigating the characteristics of nations and epochs. The true philosopher despises nothing; at least, nothing that, in the remotest degree, bears upon the welfare of the human species. Whatsoever promises to detect the secret springs of motive, to assist in revealing the mysterious mechanism of the heart, must necessarily be dear to him. And when can man be said to be less artificial, or rather more thoroughly natural, than at his pastimes? Wherein is the genius of a nation correctly mirrored, if not in the spirit of its games? It has often struck us that Plato's observation in treating of the history of national music, is equally applicable to the recreations of a people; no change takes place in one or other that is not also the forerunner or the result of some important alteration in the features of their condition, social or political!

The invention of dice, as a means of amusement, has been ascribed to no less a personage than the putative father of all the arts and sciences, viz: Theut, or Hermes, of the

Egyptians. To this supposition Plato lends his testimony, when, in his "Phædrus," he makes Socrates hold an imaginary dialogue between Theut and the Egyptian king Thamos. Though not at all conclusive evidence of the accuracy of the above assertion, the sentence in Plato goes far to prove the origin of the invention in question to have been lost in the obscurity of ages.

Another game in vogue with the ancients, respectively termed "Mourre" by the French, "Mora" by the Italians, "Digitis Micare" by the Romans, and which, in all probability, was closely connected with the time-honored practice of counting on the fingers, is said to have been devised by fair Helen, to serve as a pastime to herself and the other Trojan ladies during the protracted siege of their city. This mode of calculation, probably the most ancient because the most rude and natural, was gradually so far improved and refined that, it is on record, the players could count up to a million by relatively varying the position of fingers, knuckles and joints. The ingenuity involved consisted in the superior dexterity of one or other of the players, the numerical query propounded on the fingers being more or less speedily solved. A modification of the game, but not so elaborate in its machinery, still exists in "odd and even." Which of these amusements Læda's fair daughter originated is not now to be determined with any degree of certainty; but one suggestion is obvious: whoever ascribed such an invention to the lady is innocent of all flattery towards the lords and knights that constituted the court of old Priam. On the other hand, it is maintained that Palamedes invented, or, at least, introduced, these same games for the recreation of the Greek generals encamped before Troy, whose time must have hung as heavily on their hands as it did on those of the Spaniards at the memorable blockade of Gibraltar. Herodotus, who really seems to have entertained quite a *penchant* for extravagant tales, and who delighted in telling them word for word as he had heard them, attributes the origin of most of the amusements popular with the Greeks to the fertile brain of a certain early Lydian king, rejoicing in the name of Atys, who, according to the received chronology of Freret, reigned about 250 years prior to the Trojan war. According to the historian's account Herod. Clio, cap. 94), famine had desolated the empire; unable to minister to his subjects' necessities, Atys sought to plan some measures of relief, which, if they did not absolutely alleviate public dis-

tress, might at least divert the popular mind from dwelling too keenly upon the existing calamity.

The committee of management, including the sovereign, the minister, and the leading wits of the day, accordingly resolved on introducing various games, calculated, by affording exciting employment to the passions, to distract the brooding gloom of a starving country. Divided into two classes, the people played and fed on alternate days: the players of to-day dining on the morrow. Freret, who takes occasion to quote this anecdote in his treatise on the chronology of the Lydian empire, considers the tradition improbable, and refuses to accept a statement which makes amusement the offspring of famine. Yet, granted the story is odd, we see no reason to take greater exception to it than to Plato's version of Scarcity (or Poverty) being the mother of Love, as he alleges in his "Banquet."

Homer tells us in his Odyssey (I. 106) that a game played by means of iron balls, called "pessos," perhaps the only thing the Lydians do not claim as their invention, was so common among the Greeks about the period of the siege of Troy, that Minerva, on paying a visit to the palace of Ulysses, in the disguise of King Menthes, found the suitors of Penelope thus engaged before the portico.

For a detailed account of this singular amusement, the reader is referred to the learned table-talk of Athenæus (Book I. cap. 14). Homer describes various other games, in which hard-hearted Penelope's suitors indulged; they are, however, mostly of the gymnastic and military character, which, if we except the sports of the lovely Muses and Graces, seemed to be the exclusive mode of recreation in favor with the Greeks.

The tradition which makes Palamedes the inventor of the game with the *pessi*, has led not a few writers of note to commit the egregious error of assigning to this Grecian prince the more ingenious invention of chess. Probably some Latin translator of Achaia rendered the Greek word *pessi* by *latrunculi*; and other Latinists of modern times made bad worse by calling chess the *ludum latrunculorum*—the actual soldier's game; a term with which the Romans were sufficiently familiar, and which differed as widely in all its details from the amusement of the Homeric suitors as from chess itself.

The game of chess bears a much later date, and was entirely unknown in Europe prior to the time of the Crusades; it may be said to be essentially an Eastern game. The ear-



liest traces of any writer of the West making mention of it, are connected with the compilers of the Knightly Tales of the Round Table; whilst among the Greeks, the famous Princess Anna Comnena is the first who treats of it (under the term *zatrikion*) as a game imported into her country by the Persians. These, again, do not claim to be the inventors,\* but confess to having borrowed it from India about the time when the great Chosra flourished, some time in the second half of the sixth century.

By way of collateral proof it may be stated that about the same time, being the epoch of Wu-Ti, the Chinese declare that they too borrowed it from the Indians; and the account these latter give is, that about the close of the fourth century, in our chronology, a certain Brahmin, Nassir (Arabicè, Sissa), the son of Daher, originated the game under the following curious circumstances. A youthful monarch of India, Behram, whose sway was extensive, had committed the mistake common to impetuous sovereigns, of over-estimating his own power and resources, and of under-rating the importance of his subjects. Desirous of instructing the throne in the language of truth, Nassir wished to inculcate this axiom on the young monarch:—"A prince must inevitably incur the fate of being check-mated, when deserted by his people."

At the same time, it was necessary, from prudential motives, to proceed in this undertaking with great delicacy and caution. Many noble souls, Rajahs and Brahmins, bent on the same mission, had unreservedly opened their minds to the monarch, but their communications, either in the matter or the manner, had given so great offence, that not a few paid the penalty of their honest bluntness with their lives. But matters were becoming critical; the oppressed subjects evinced unequivocal symptoms of exhausted patience, whilst several tributary princes were already instituting preparations for turning the anticipated confusion to account. At this critical juncture, Nassir resolved to open the eyes of royalty to the abyss that yawned so near. But in order to secure himself against the fate which his incautious predecessors had met, and to insure the success of his cherished design, he determined to avoid wounding the king's vanity—he allowed his royal master himself to make the discovery of the above axiom. He invented the royal

*game of chess*; wherein it is clearly shown that the schah, or king, the most important piece on the board, is in himself absolutely powerless either for attack or defence, when unaided by his subjects; also, that the common soldiers perform the most necessary as well as dangerous services, and should, accordingly, be cared for as much as possible, since the loss of even one of their number may occasionally involve serious injury to, if not the total destruction of, men of superior rank, and go far to compromise the safety of the king himself. The new game speedily became popular. The king heard of it, and expressed a wish to learn it from the inventor. The Brahmin was called to Court, and under the pretext of illustrating the rules of the game to his Highness, he found means delicately to inculcate all those truths for the inopportune enunciation of which the injudicious Rajahs and Brahmins had forfeited their lives. Thus do Arabian authors relate the story of the invention of chess. After considerable investigation we have been unable to discover the name this game bore in India. On its introduction into Persia it received the appellation "*schatreng*"—the king's game; by which name it continued to be known among the Arabs, through whose means, in all probability, it came into Spain in the middle ages. The Spaniards call it "*xadrang*," or, with the Arabic article, "*Al xadres*," by corruption, "*axadres*." The Greeks, who, we are strongly inclined to believe, first learnt the game from the Arabs during the Bagdad Caliphate, called it "*zatrikion*," the French, "*le jeu des echecs*," the Germans, "*schachspiel*" (the former deriving the term from the Arabic "*schek*" or "*scheik*," the latter from the Persic "*schah*" or "*schach*"), the modern Latinists, "*ludum schachorum*," and the Italians, "*scacchi*." The learned Saumaise, without any reasonable ground of conjecture, has made the Greeks inventors of a game purely Eastern in all its elements. His argument is couched as follows:—"Who is ignorant of the fact that we owe the invention of this amusement to the Greeks? From them (he adds with equal force) the Persians got both their knowledge of the game and its appellation."\* The Princess Anna Comnena, who was likely to be at least equally well informed on the subject, makes a statement in direct opposition to this remark. In speaking of a conspiracy set on foot against her father, Alexius, she takes occasion to mention that the

\* Hyde, de Ludis Orientalium. Freret, de l'Origine du Jeu des Echecs.

\* Exercit: in Solin. Page 795.

Emperor owed the discovery of the conspiracy to his custom of playing at chess during some of his sleepless nights; "a game," she adds, "invented by the Assyrians, and *borrowed by us* from them." But "Assyrians" was the Greek term for those Arabs who at that time possessed the old Assyrian and Persian kingdoms. That she was not more intimately acquainted with all the circumstances relative to the real origin of the game, does not, in the least, vitiate her historical trustworthiness; if "zatrikion" had really been a Greek game, no one would have been more competent to judge of this than the princess, who, under these circumstances, would not have been induced to impute the merit of its discovery to the Assyrians. How far Nassir, the Brahmin, may have been instrumental in correcting the dispositions and conduct of monarchs generally by his ingenious invention, it were difficult to determine: in this, at least, he succeeded, in establishing it as a favorite amusement among the princes and grandees of the East, and as such it continues to this day.

In illustration of the all-absorbing power of this game, it will be sufficient to select one or two from the vast collection of anecdotes that the curious industry of ages has collected and stored up. To commence with one related by the historian Elmakin: The Caliph Al-Amir, sixth of the Abbasyd dynasty, was playing at chess with his favorite Kuter, in the innermost chamber of his palace, when a messenger ran in breathless, with difficulty announcing that the enemy, who had for some months past encamped before Bagdad, was on the point of striking a decisive blow for the mastery of the town. "I will attend to the foe without," replied the Caliph coolly to the officer's earnest entreaties, "as soon as I have check-mated Kuter."

Seneca (Epist. 14) gives a similar instance in connexion with the so-called *military game*, whilst engaged at which Julius, a noble Roman, condemned to a cruel death by the tyrant Caligula, received the summons to meet his fate. On the instant he got up, and requesting the officer to be a witness whilst he counted the remaining pieces, "See," he exclaimed, "thou canst not, friend, after my death, boast of having had the best of the game."

Onsori, a Persian bard, pays a high-flown tribute to Sultan Mahmoud, the son of Sebukteghin, whose resources and manœuvres are said to have been as amply and successfully exhibited in chess as were his celebrated tactics in the field; the distich runs thus:—

With thousand princes *chess* King Mahmoud plays,  
And each *checkmates* in thousand different ways!

Since its introduction into Europe by the princes and knights of the West returning from the Crusades, this game has maintained undiminished popularity among the nobles of every country. Hence the origin of the varied splendor with which both pieces and board have, from time to time, been invested, as the fancy or the purse of individuals dictated; not altogether uninfluenced, perhaps, by the gorgeous specimens of taste imported from the East. To such an extent, indeed, was oriental extravagance sometimes carried, that the historian, Medsendi, generally a very respectable authority, tells us of Cosru, a Persian king, the son of Perviz, who had in his possession a set of chess-men of which one half consisted of pure hyacinth, the other of emeralds; whilst of another Persian monarch it is recorded, that in his miscellaneous collection of gems was included a set of chess-men of the immense value of which some estimate may be formed from the circumstance that the smallest pieces, the pawns, were worth 3000 gold dinars (ducats) each.

If the romances and *fabliaux* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were at all entitled to credence on the score of historical merit, the introduction of chess into Europe would date from a period considerably prior to that adduced by Freret. But the writers of these legends are, for the most part, so accustomed to the grossest violations of chronology, geography, and history, that it seems to cost them no more ado to represent the knights at King Arthur's table engaged at this game, than it does to transplant the site of Babylon to Egypt, to dub the emirs of the Arabs admirals, or to make Charlemagne undertake a crusade to Palestine. An allegation laying claim to more faith has, however, been advanced by those who insist on this game's earlier date, as a European importation, founded on the *echiquier* with large ivory men curiously carved in arabesque, found among the treasures of St. Denys' Abbey, and said to have been the property of Charlemagne, to whom it was presented by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. Now, unfortunately for this supposition, two circumstances militate against its probability. First, it has been found on examination, that the arabesque characters are not formed after the Oriental manner, but are evidently executed in the European style of imitation of that period; and the maker's name, Joseph Nicolas, goes far to warrant the belief that they are the

production of some later Greek artist ; second, it seems improbable that they were Charlemagne's at all, since Eginhard, who minutely describes his domestic life, does not mention the matter in his copious chronicles of that prince.

Having dwelt thus long on chess, we proceed to offer a few additional remarks upon the Roman game, with which it has been so frequently confounded. In the days of Plautus and Ennius, when the language of the Romans differed very widely from the more luxuriant speech of the Augustan age, *latro* signified a soldier, *fur*, a slave. Even in Cicero's time, however, we know that both of these words, probably on account of the proverbial knavery of these classes of the community, had lost their proper meaning in the phraseology of every-day life, *latro* degenerating into robber, *fur*, into vagabond. When the *ludus latronum* first came into vogue, and formed the staple amusement of Roman officers and soldiers in camps, *latro* was still in good odor ; whilst for all time the game continued to retain its pristine appellation, though the word itself had survived all associations of dignity and moral worth. It was played on a draughtboard, called, in Seneca, *tabula latruncularia*, by means of pieces, called *latrunculi*. The term, "soldier's game," may be considered, then, a literal rendering of its Roman title, whilst it serves to define an essential element of its nature.

It was, from the first, intended to be a purely military game, suitable in all respects to the genius and spirit of the Roman character. The mode of playing it furnished both contending parties every opportunity of exhibiting their respective judgment and skill : such as shutting up the opponent in a corner, making a covert attack, falling upon him with an organized and irresistible force, retrieving a lost position, &c. ; in short, it was a mimic warfare, a system of mutual attack and defence, and so far it resembled chess—but in the disposition as well as construction of the pieces it differed *in toto*. The distinc-

tion of color was, of course, kept up in order to afford each party due facilities for reconnoitering his game at a glance ; but each piece moved and looked like its neighbor. They gradually marched up in a straight line, and, it is worthy of especial notice, that two were required to take an enemy prisoner ; hence it was requisite to have a piece stationed immediately behind each man moving forward for the sake of protection. Here, again, the partial resemblance to draughts rather than chess is apparent.

The object of the player was to deprive his opponent of as many pieces as possible, or, at least, so to close (tie) them up as to render their moving impracticable, this latter operation being called *alligare* ; whilst, on the other hand, his (the opponent's) ingenuity was evinced in his attempts to extricate himself from captivity, and retort upon his would-be enslaver. To this the passage in Seneca (Epis. 117) evidently refers : "He to whom, as he looks on a game of • *latrunculi*," it is told that his house is on fire, does not stop to examine the board, neither does he care how the tied-up piece is to be extricated." The remark occurring in a quotation we gave above from the same author (De Tranquil. An., c. 14) shows that, whoever had a numerical superiority over his antagonist, had reasonable grounds for expecting the victory. From an account given by Vopiscus of the singular manner in which Proculus was installed in the purple by the Gauls, we learn that the appellation of the successful player was "imperator ;" as the object in chess is to checkmate, so in this game each tried to be dubbed "imperator" (*quis imperator exiret?*) It was on such an occasion, if Vopiscus is to be credited, that the inhabitants of Lugdunum (Lyons) made Proculus emperor—a man who, by his personal prowess and enterprising spirit, had raised himself from an obscure position—his father had been one of an organized set of desperadoes—to the command of several Roman legions in Gaul during the stormy times of Aurelian.

From the Westminster Review.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE.\*

COMMENTING on the seeming incongruity between his father's argumentative powers and his ignorance of formal logic, Tristram Shandy says:—"It was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them." Sterne's intended implication that a knowledge of the principles of reasoning neither makes, nor is essential to, a good reasoner, is doubtless true. Thus, too, is it with grammar. As Dr. Latham, condemning the usual school-drill in Lindley Murray, rightly remarks:—"Gross vulgarity is a fault to be prevented; but the proper prevention is to be got from habit—not rules." Similarly there can be little question that good composition is far less dependent upon acquaintance with its laws, than upon practice and natural aptitude. A clear head, a quick imagination, and a sensitive ear will go far towards making all rhetorical precepts needless. He who daily hears and reads well-framed sentences, will naturally more or less tend to use similar ones. And where there exists any mental idiosyncrasy—where there is a deficient verbal memory, or but little perception of order, or a lack of constructive ingenuity—no amount of instruction will remedy the defect. Nevertheless, some practical result may be expected from a familiarity with the principles of style. The endeavor to conform to rules will tell, though slowly. And if in no other way, yet, as facilitating revision, a knowledge of the thing to be achieved—a clear idea of what constitutes a beauty, and what a blemish—cannot fail to be of service.

No general theory of expression seems yet to have been enunciated. The maxims con-

tained in works on composition and rhetoric are presented in an unorganized form. Standing as isolated dogmas—as empirical generalizations, they are neither so clearly apprehended, nor so much respected as they would be were they deduced from some simple first principle. We are told that "brevity is the soul of wit." We hear styles condemned as verbose or involved. Blair says that every needless part of a sentence "interrupts the description and clogs the image;" and again, that "long sentences fatigue the reader's attention." It is remarked by Lord Kaimes, that "to give the utmost force to a period, it ought, if possible, to be closed with the word that makes the greatest figure." That parentheses should be avoided, and that Saxon words should be used in preference to those of Latin origin, are established precepts. But, however influential the truths thus dogmatically embodied, they would be much more influential if reduced to something like scientific ordination. In this, as in other cases, conviction will be greatly strengthened when we understand the *why*. And we may be sure that a perception of the general principle of which the rules of composition are partial expressions, will not only bring them home to us with greater force, but will discover to us other rules of like origin.

On seeking for some clue to the law underlying these current maxims, we may see shadowed forth in many of them, the importance of economizing the reader's or hearer's attention. To so present ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort, is the desideratum towards which most of the rules above quoted point. When we condemn writing that is wordy, or confused, or intricate—when we praise this style as easy, and blame that as fatiguing, we consciously or unconsciously assume this desideratum as our standard of judgment. Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts, the

\* 1. *Elements of Rhetoric*. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. John W. Parker.

2. *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*. By Hugh Blair, D.D.

3. *The Philosophy of Rhetoric*. By George Campbell, D.D.

4. *Elements of Rhetoric*. By Lord Kaimes.



greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires part of this power: to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for the realization of the thought conveyed. Hence the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea; and the less vividly will that idea be conceived. How truly language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by mimetic signs. To say "Leave the room," is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, "Do not speak." A beck of the hand is better than "Come here." No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. Again, it may be remarked that when oral language is employed, the strongest effects are produced by interjections, which condense entire sentences into syllables. And in other cases, where custom allows us to express thoughts by single words, as in *Beware*, *Heigho*, *Fudge*, much force would be lost by expanding them into specific verbal propositions. Hence, carrying out the metaphor that language is the vehicle of thought, there seems reason to think that in all cases the friction and inertia of the vehicle deduct from its efficiency; and that in composition the chief if not the sole thing to be done, is to reduce this friction and inertia to the smallest possible amount. Let us then inquire whether economy of the recipient's attention is not the secret of effect, alike in the right choice and collocation of words, in the best arrangement of clauses in a sentence, in the proper order of its principal and subordinate propositions, in the judicious use of simile, metaphor, and other figures of speech, and in even the rhythmical sequence of syllables.

The superior forcibleness of Saxon English, or rather non-Latin English, first claims our attention. The several special reasons assignable for this may all be reduced to the general reason—economy. The most important of them is *early association*. A child's

vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. He says, *I have*, not *I possess*—*I wish*, not *I desire*; he does not *reflect*, he *thinks*; he does not beg for *amusement*, but for *play*; he calls things *nice* or *nasty*, not *pleasant* or *disagreeable*. The synonymes which he learns in after years never become so closely, so organically connected with the ideas signified, as do these original words used in childhood; and hence the association remains less powerful. But in what does a powerful association between a word and an idea differ from a weak one? Simply in the greater ease and rapidity of the suggestive action. It can be in nothing else. Both of two words, if they be strictly synonymous, eventually call up the same image. The expression—it is *acid*, must in the end give rise to the same thought as—it is *sour*: but because the term *acid* was learnt later in life, and has not been so often followed by the thought symbolized, it does not so readily arouse that thought as the term *sour*. If we remember how slowly and with what labor the appropriate ideas follow unfamiliar words in another language, and how increasing familiarity with such words brings greater rapidity and ease of comprehension, until, from its having been a conscious effort to realize their meanings, their meanings ultimately come without any effort at all; and if we consider that the same process must have gone on with the words of our mother tongue from childhood upwards, we shall clearly see that the earliest learnt and oftenest used words, will, other things equal, call up images with less loss of time and energy than their later learnt synonymes.

The further superiority possessed by Saxon English in its comparative brevity obviously comes under the same generalization. If it be an advantage to express an idea in the smallest number of words, then will it be an advantage to express it in the smallest number of syllables. If circuitous phrases and needless expletives distract the attention and diminish the strength of the impression produced, then do surplus articulations do so. A certain effort, though commonly an inappreciable one, must be required to recognize every vowel and consonant. If, as we so commonly find, the mind soon becomes fatigued when we listen to an indistinct or far removed speaker, or when we read a badly written manuscript; and if, as we cannot doubt, the fatigue is a cumulative result of the attention required to catch successive syllables; it obviously follows that attention is in such cases absorbed by each

syllable. And if this be true when the syllables are difficult of recognition, it will also be true, though in a less degree, when the recognition of them is easy. Hence, the shortness of Saxon words becomes a reason for their greater force, as involving a saving of the articulations to be received.

Again, that frequent cause of strength in Saxon and other primitive words—their imitative character, may be similarly resolved into the more general cause. Both those directly imitative, as *splash, bang, whiz, roar, &c.*, and those analogically imitative, as *rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin, hard, crag, &c.*, by presenting to the perceptions symbols having direct resemblance to the things to be imagined, or some kinship to them, save part of the effort needed to call up the intended ideas, and leave more attention for the ideas themselves.

The economy of the recipient's mental energy into which we thus find the several causes of the strength of Saxon English resolvable, may equally be traced in the superiority of specific over generic words. That concrete terms produce more vivid impressions than abstract ones, and should, when possible, be used instead, is a current maxim of composition. As Dr. Campbell says, "The more general the terms are, the picture is the fainter; the more special they are, the brighter." We should avoid such a sentence as:

— In proportion as the manners, customs, and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe.

And in place of it we should write:

— In proportion as men delight in battles, tourneys, bull-fights, and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, beheading, burning, and the rack.

This superiority of specific expressions is clearly due to a saving of the effort required to translate words into thoughts. As we do not think in generals but in particulars—as, whenever any class of things is referred to, we represent it to ourselves by calling to mind individual members of it—it follows that when an abstract word is used, the hearer or reader has to choose from among his stock of images, one or more, by which he may figure to himself the genus mentioned. In doing this, some delay must arise—some force be expended; and if, by employing a specific term, an appropriate image can be at once suggested, an economy is achieved, and a more vivid impression produced.

Turning now from the choice of words to

their sequence, we shall find the same general principle hold good. We have, *à priori*, reason for believing that there is usually some one order of words in a sentence more effective than every other, and that this order is the one which presents the elements of the proposition in the succession in which they may be most readily put together. As in a narrative, the events should be stated in such sequence that the mind may not have to go backwards and forwards in order to rightly connect them; as in a group of sentences, the arrangement adopted should be such, that each of them may be understood as it comes, without waiting for subsequent ones; so in every sentence the sequence of words should be that which suggests the component parts of the thought conveyed, in the order most convenient for the building up that thought. To duly enforce this truth, and to prepare the way for applications of it, we must briefly inquire into the mental process by which the meaning of a series of words is apprehended.

We cannot more simply do this than by considering the proper collocation of the substantive and adjective. Is it better to place the adjective before the substantive, or the substantive before the adjective? Ought we to say with the French—*un cheval noir*; or to say as we do—a black horse? Probably, most persons of culture would decide that one is as good as the other. Alive to the bias produced by habit, they would ascribe to that the preference they feel for our own form of expression. They would suspect those educated in the use of the opposite form of having an equal preference for that. And thus they would conclude that neither of these instinctive judgments is of any worth. There is, however, a philosophical ground for deciding in favor of the English custom. If "a horse black" be the arrangement used, immediately on the utterance of the word "horse," there arises, or tends to arise, in the mind, a picture answering to that word; and as there has been nothing to indicate what *kind* of horse, any image of a horse suggests itself. Very likely, however, the image will be that of a brown horse; brown horses being equally or more familiar. The result is that when the word "black" is added, a check is given to the process of thought. Either the picture of a brown horse already present in the imagination has to be suppressed, and the picture of a black one summoned in its place; or else, if the picture of a brown horse be yet unformed, the tendency to form it has to be stopped. Whichever be the case, a certain amount of



hindrance results. But if, on the other hand, "a black horse" be the expression used, no such mistake can be made. The word "black" indicating an abstract quality arouses no definite idea. It simply prepares the mind for conceiving some object of that color; and the attention is kept suspended until that object is known. If then, by the precedence of the adjective, the idea is conveyed without the possibility of error, whereas the precedence of the substantive is liable to produce a misconception, it follows that the one gives the mind less trouble than the other, and is therefore more forcible.

Possibly, it will be objected that the adjective and the substantive come so close together, that practically they may be considered as uttered at the same moment; and that on hearing the phrase, "a horse black," there is not time to imagine a wrongly colored horse before the word "black" follows to prevent it. It must be owned that it is not easy to decide by introspection whether this be so or not. But there are facts collaterally implying that it is not. Our ability to anticipate the words yet unspoken is one of them. If the ideas of the hearer kept considerably behind the expressions of the speaker as the objection assumes, he could hardly foresee the end of a sentence by the time it was half delivered; yet this constantly happens. Were the supposition true, the mind, instead of anticipating, would be falling more and more in arrear. If the meanings of words are not realized as fast as the words are uttered, then the loss of time over each word must entail such an accumulation of delays as to leave a hearer entirely behind. But whether the force of these replies be, or be not admitted, it will scarcely be denied that the right formation of a picture will be facilitated by presenting its elements in the order in which they are wanted; and that, as in forming the image answering to—a red flower, the notion of redness is one of the components that must be used in the construction of the image, the mind, if put in possession of this notion before the specific image to be formed out of it is suggested, will more easily form it than if the order be reversed: even though it should do nothing until it has received both symbols.

What is here said respecting the succession of the adjective and substantive is obviously applicable, by change of terms, to the adverb and verb. And without further explanation, it will be at once perceived, that in the use of prepositions and other particles most lan-

guages spontaneously conform with more or less completeness to this law.

On applying a like analysis to the larger divisions of a sentence, we find not only that the same principle holds good, but that the advantage of respecting it becomes marked. In the arrangement of predicate and subject, for example, we are at once shown that as the predicate determines the aspect under which the subject is to be conceived, it should be placed first; and the striking effect produced by so placing it becomes comprehensible. Take the often quoted contrast between—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and—Diana of the Ephesians is great. When the first arrangement is used the utterance of the word "great" arouses those vague associations of an impressive nature with which it has been habitually connected; the imagination is prepared to clothe with high attributes whatever follows; and when the words—"Diana of the Ephesians" are heard, all the appropriate imagery which can, on the instant, be summoned, is used in the formation of the picture: the mind being thus led directly, without error, to the intended impression. When, on the contrary, the reverse order is followed, the idea—"Diana of the Ephesians," is conceived in any ordinary way, with no special reference to greatness; and when the words—"is great," are added, the conception has to be entirely remodelled—whence arises a manifest loss of mental energy, and a corresponding diminution of effect. The following verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," though somewhat irregular in structure, well illustrates the same truth.

*"Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony."*

Of course the principle equally applies when the predicate is a verb or a participle. And as effect is gained by placing first all words indicating the quality, conduct, or condition of the subject, it follows that the copula should have precedence. It is true, that the general habit of our language resists this arrangement of predicate, copula, and subject; but we may readily find instances of the additional force gained by conforming to it. Thus in the line from "Julius Cæsar"—

*"Then burst this mighty heart,"*

priority is given to a word embodying both

predicate and copula. In a passage contained in "The Battle of Flodden Field," the like order is systematically employed with great effect.

"The Border slogan rent the sky!  
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;  
Loud were the clanging blows;  
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose;  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
It wavered 'mid the foes."

Pursuing the principle yet further, it is obvious that for producing the greatest effect, not only should the main divisions of a sentence observe this sequence, but the subdivisions of these should be similarly arranged. In nearly all cases, the predicate is accompanied by some limit or qualification called its complement; commonly, also, the circumstances of the subject, which form its complement, have to be specified: and as these qualifications and circumstances must determine the mode in which the ideas they belong to shall be conceived, precedence should be given to them. Lord Kaimes notices the fact, that this order is preferable; though without giving the reason. He says,—"When a circumstance is placed at the beginning of the period, or near the beginning, the transition from it to the principal subject is agreeable; is like ascending or going upward." A sentence arranged in illustration of this may be desirable. Perhaps the following will serve.

—Whatever it may be in theory, it is clear that in practice the French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest.

In this case were the first two clauses up to the word "practice" inclusive, which qualify the subject, to be placed at the end instead of the beginning, much of the force would be lost; as thus:

—The French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest; in practice at least, if not in theory.

The effect of giving priority to the complement of the predicate, as well as the predicate itself, is finely displayed in the opening of "Hyperion."

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn  
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star  
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone."

Here it will be observed, not only that the predicate "sat" precedes the subject "Sa-

turn," and that the three lines in italics constituting the complement of the predicate, come before it, but that in the structure of that complement also, the same order is followed; each line being so arranged that the qualifying words are placed before the words suggesting concrete images.

The right succession of the principal and subordinate propositions in a sentence will manifestly be regulated by the same law. Regard for economy of the recipient's attention which, as we find, determines the best order for the subject, copula, predicate and their complements, dictates that the subordinate proposition shall precede the principal one when the sentence includes two. Containing, as the subordinate proposition does, some qualifying or explanatory idea, its priority must clearly prevent misconception of the principal one; and must therefore save the mental effort needed to correct such misconception. This will be clearly seen in the annexed example:

—Those who weekly go to church, and there have doled out to them a quantum of belief which they have not energy to work out for themselves, are simply spiritual paupers.

The subordinate proposition, or rather the two subordinate propositions, contained between the first and second commas in this sentence, almost wholly determine the meaning of the principal proposition with which it ends; and the effect would be destroyed were they placed last instead of first.

The general principle of right arrangement in sentences which we have traced in its application to the leading divisions of them, equally determines the normal order of their minor divisions. The several clauses of which the complements to the subject and predicate generally consist, may conform more or less completely to the law of easy apprehension. Of course with these as with the larger members, the succession should be from the abstract to the concrete.

Now however we must notice a further condition to be fulfilled in the proper combination of the elements of a sentence; but still a condition dictated by the same general principle with the other; the condition, namely, that the words and expressions most nearly related in thought shall be brought the closest together. Evidently the single words, the minor clauses, and the leading divisions of every proposition, severally qualify each other. The longer the time that elapses between the mention of any qualifying member and the member qualified,

the longer must the mind be exerted in carrying forward the qualifying member ready for use. And the more numerous the qualifications to be simultaneously remembered and rightly applied, the greater will be the mental power expended and the smaller the effect produced. Hence, other things equal, force will be gained by so arranging the members of a sentence that these suspensions shall at any moment be the fewest in number, and shall also be of the shortest duration. The following is an instance of defective combination.

—A modern newspaper-statement, though probably true, would be laughed at, if quoted in a book as testimony; but the letter of a court-gossip is thought good historical evidence, if written some centuries ago.

A re-arrangement of this, in accordance with the principle indicated above, will be found to increase the effect. Thus:

—Though probably true, a modern newspaper-statement quoted in a book as testimony, would be laughed at; but the letter of a court-gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence.

By making this change some of the suspensions are avoided and others shortened; whilst there is less liability to produce premature conceptions. The passage quoted below from "Paradise Lost" affords a fine instance of sentences well arranged, alike in the priority of the subordinate members, in the avoidance of long and numerous suspensions, and in the correspondence between the order of the clauses and the sequence of the phenomena described, which by the way is a further prerequisite to easy comprehension, and therefore to effect.

"As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd, and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb."

The habitual use of sentences in which all or most of the descriptive and limiting elements precede those described and limited, gives rise to what is called the inverted style; a title, which is, however, by no means confined to this structure, but is often used

where the order of the words is simply unusual. A more appropriate title would be the *direct style*, as contrasted with the other, or *indirect style*—the peculiarity of the one being that it conveys each thought into the mind step by step with little liability to error, and of the other that it gets the right thought conceived by a series of approximations.

The superiority of the direct over the indirect form of sentence, implied by the several conclusions that have been drawn, must not, however, be affirmed without limitation. Though up to a certain point it is well for all the qualifying clauses of a period to precede those qualified, yet, as carrying forward each qualifying clause costs some mental effort, it follows that when the number of them and the time they are carried become great, we reach a limit beyond which more is lost than is gained. Other things equal, the arrangement should be such that no concrete image shall be suggested until the materials out of which it is to be made have been presented. And yet, as lately pointed out, other things equal, the fewer the materials to be held at once, and the shorter the distance they have to be borne, the better. Hence in some cases it becomes a question whether most mental effort will be entailed by the many and long suspensions, or by the correction of successive misconceptions.

This question may sometimes be decided by considering the capacity of the persons addressed. A greater grasp of mind is required for the ready comprehension of thoughts expressed in the direct manner, where the sentences are anywise intricate. To recollect a number of preliminaries stated in elucidation of a coming image, and to apply them all to the formation of it when suggested, demands a considerable power of concentration and a tolerably vigorous imagination. To one possessing these, the direct method will mostly seem the best; whilst to one deficient in them it will seem the worst. Just as it may cost a strong man less effort to carry a hundred-weight from place to place at once, than by a stone at a time; so to an active mind it may be easier to bear along all the qualifications of an idea and at once rightly form it when named, than to first imperfectly conceive such an idea, and then carry back to it, one by one, the details and limitations afterwards mentioned. Whilst, conversely, as for a boy the only possible mode of transferring a hundred-weight, is that of taking it in portions; so for a weak mind the only possible mode of

forming a compound conception may be that of building it up by carrying separately its several parts.

That the indirect method—the method of conveying the meaning by a series of approximations—is best fitted for the uncultivated, may indeed be inferred from their habitual use of it. The form of expression adopted by the savage as in “Water—give me,” is the simplest type of the approximative arrangement. In pleonasms, which are comparatively prevalent among the uneducated, the same essential structure is seen; as, for instance, in—“The men, they were there.” Again, the old possessive case—“The king, his crown,” conforms to the like order of thought. Moreover, the fact that the indirect mode is called the natural one, implies that it is the one spontaneously employed by the common people—that is, the one easiest for undisciplined minds.

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it should be remarked that even when addressing the most vigorous intellects, the direct style is unfit for communicating thoughts of a complex or abstract character. So long as the mind has not much to do, it may be well able to grasp all the preparatory clauses of a sentence, and to use them effectively; but if some subtlety in the argument absorb the attention—if every faculty be strained in endeavoring to catch the speaker’s or writer’s drift, it may happen that the mind, unable to carry on both processes at once, will break down, and allow all its ideas to lapse into confusion.

Turning now to consider figures of speech, we may equally discern the same general law of effect. Underlying all the rules that may be given for the choice and right use of them, we shall find the same fundamental requirement—economy of attention. It is indeed chiefly because of their great ability to subserve this requirement, that figures of speech are employed. To bring the mind more easily to the desired conception, is in many cases solely, and in all cases mainly, their object.

Let us begin with the figure called Synecdoche. The advantage sometimes gained by putting a part for the whole is due to the more convenient, or more accurate, presentation of the idea thus secured. If, instead of saying “a fleet of ten ships,” we say “a fleet of ten *sail*,” the picture of a group of vessels at sea is more readily suggested; and is so because the sails constitute the most conspicuous part of vessels so circumstanced: whereas the word *ships* would very

likely remind us of vessels in dock. Again, to say “All *hands* to the pumps” is better than to say, “All *men* to the pumps;” as it suggests the men in the special attitude intended, and so saves effort. Bringing “*gray hairs* with sorrow to the grave,” is another expression, the effect of which has the same cause.

The occasional increase of force produced by Metonymy may be similarly accounted for. “The low morality of *the bar*” is a phrase both briefer and more significant than the literal one it stands for. A belief in the ultimate supremacy of intelligence over brute force, is conveyed in a more concrete, and therefore more realizable form, if we substitute *the pen* and *the sword* for the two abstract terms. To say, “Beware of drinking!” is less effective than to say, “Beware *the bottle!*” and is so, clearly because it calls up a less specific image.

The Simile, though in many cases employed chiefly with a view to ornament, yet whenever it increases the *force* of a passage, does so by being an economy. Here is an instance.

— The illusion that great men and great events came oftener in early times than now, is partly due to historical perspective. As in a range of equidistant columns, the furthest off look the closest, so the conspicuous objects of the past seem more thickly clustered the more remote they are.

To construct, by a process of literal explanation, the thought thus conveyed, would take many sentences; and the first elements of the picture would become faint whilst the imagination was busy in adding the others. But by the help of a comparison all effort is saved; the picture is instantly realized, and its full effect produced.

Of the position of the Simile,\* it needs only to remark, that what has been said respecting the order of the adjective and substantive, predicate and subject, principal and subordinate propositions, &c., is applicable here. As whatever qualifies should precede whatever is qualified, force will generally be gained by placing the simile before the object to which it is applied. That this arrangement is the best, may be seen in the following passage from the “Lady of the Lake:”—

\* Properly the term “simile” is applicable only to the entire figure, inclusive of the two things compared and the comparison drawn between them. But as there exists no name for the illustrative member of the figure, there seems no alternative but to employ “simile” to express this also. The context will in each case show in which sense the word is used.



"As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,  
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
And at the monarch's feet she lay."

Inverting these couplets will be found to diminish the effect considerably. There are cases, however, even where the simile is a simple one, in which it may with advantage be placed last; as in these lines from Alexander Smith's "Life Drama":

"I see the future stretch  
All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

The reason for this seems to be, that so abstract an idea as that attaching to the word "future," does not present itself to the mind in any definite form, and hence the subsequent arrival at the simile entails no reconstruction of the thought.

Nor are such the only cases in which this order is the most forcible. As the advantage of putting the simile before the object depends on its being carried forward in the mind to assist in forming an image of the object, it must happen that if, from length or complexity, it cannot so be carried forward, the advantage is not gained. The annexed sonnet, by Coleridge, is defective from this cause.

"As when a child, on some long winter's night,  
Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees,  
With eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight  
Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees,  
Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell;  
Or of those hags who at the witching time  
Of murky midnight, ride the air sublime  
And mingle foul embrace with fiends of hell;  
Cold horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear  
More gentle starts, to hear the beldame tell  
Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,  
Murder'd by cruel uncle's mandate fell:  
Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,  
Ev'n so, thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart."

Here, from the lapse of time and accumulation of circumstances, the first part of the comparison becomes more or less dim before its application is reached, and requires re-reading. Had the main idea been first mentioned, less effort would have been required to retain it, and to modify the conception of it in conformity with the comparison, than to retain the comparison, and refer back to the recollection of its successive features for help in forming the final image.

The superiority of the Metaphor to the Simile is ascribed by Dr. Whately to the fact that "all men are more gratified at catching the resemblance for themselves, than in hav-

ing it pointed out to them." But after what has been said, the great economy it achieves will seem the more probable cause. If, drawing an analogy between mental and physical phenomena, we say,

— As, in passing through the crystal, beams of white light are decomposed into the colors of the rainbow; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colorless rays of truth are transformed into brightly-tinted poetry;—

it is clear that in receiving the double set of words expressing the two portions of the comparison, and in carrying the one portion to the other, a considerable amount of attention is absorbed. Most of this is saved, however, by putting the comparison in a metaphorical form, thus:

— The white light of truth, in traversing the many-sided transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry.

How much is conveyed in a few words by the help of the Metaphor, and how vivid the effect consequently produced, may be abundantly exemplified. From "A Life Drama" may be quoted the phrase

"I spear'd him with a jest,"

as a fine instance among the many which that poem contains. A passage in the "Prometheus Unbound," of Shelley, displays the power of the Metaphor to great advantage:

"Methought among the lawns together  
We wandered, underneath the young gray dawn,  
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds  
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains  
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind."

This last expression is remarkable for the distinctness with which it realizes the features of the scene; bringing the mind, as it were, by a bound to the desired conception.

But a limit is put to the advantageous use of the Metaphor, by the condition that it must be sufficiently simple to be understood from a hint. Evidently, if there be any obscurity in the meaning or application of it, no economy of attention will be gained; but rather the reverse. Hence, when the comparison is complex, it is usual to have recourse to the Simile. There is, however, a species of figure, sometimes classed under Allegory, but which might perhaps be better called Compound Metaphor, that enables us to retain the brevity of the metaphorical form even where the analogy is intricate. This is



done by indicating the application of the figure at the outset, and then leaving the mind to continue the parallel itself. Emerson has employed it with great effect in the first of his "Lectures on the Times":—

"The main interest which any aspects of the Times can have for us, is the great spirit which gazes through them, the light which they can shed on the wonderful questions, What we are? and Whither do we tend? We do not wish to be deceived. Here we drift, like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea; but from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal, or floated to us some letter in a bottle from afar. But what know they more than we? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No; from the older sailors nothing. Over all their speaking-trumpets the gray sea and the loud winds answer—Not in us; not in Time."

The division of the Simile from the Metaphor is by no means a definite one. Between the one extreme in which the two elements of the comparison are detailed at full length and the analogy pointed out, and the other extreme in which the comparison is implied instead of stated, come intermediate forms, in which the comparison is partly stated and partly implied. For instance:

—Astonished at the performances of the English plough, the Hindoos paint it, set it up, and worship it; thus turning a tool into an idol; linguists do the same with language.

There is an evident advantage in leaving the reader or hearer to complete the figure. And generally these intermediate forms are good in proportion as they do this; provided the mode of completing it be obvious.

Passing over much that may be said of like purport upon Hyperbole, Personification, Apostrophe, &c., let us close our remarks upon construction by a typical example. The general principle that has been enunciated is, that the force of all verbal forms and arrangements is great in proportion as the time and mental effort they demand from the recipient is small. The special applications of this general principle have been severally illustrated; and it has been shown that the relative goodness of any two modes of expressing an idea may be determined by observing which requires the shortest process of thought for its comprehension. But though conformity in particular points has been exemplified, no

cases of complete conformity have yet been quoted. It is indeed difficult to find them; for the English idiom scarcely permits the order which theory dictates. A few, however, occur in Ossian. Here is one:—

"As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Inisfail."

\* \* As the troubled noise of the ocean when rolls the waves on high; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of the battle."

Except in the position of the verb in the first two similes, the theoretically best arrangement is fully carried out in each of these sentences. The simile comes before the qualified image, the adjectives before the substantives, the predicate and copula before the subject, and their respective complements before them. That the passage is more or less open to the charge of being bombastic proves nothing; or rather proves our case. For what is bombast but a force of expression too great for the magnitude of the ideas embodied? All that may rightly be inferred, is, that only in very rare cases, and then only to produce a climax, should *all* the conditions of effective expression be fulfilled.

Passing on to a more complex application of the doctrine with which we set out, it must now be remarked, that not only in the structure of sentences, and the use of figures of speech, may economy of the recipient's mental energy be assigned as the cause of force, but that in the choice and arrangement of the minor images, out of which some large thought is to be built, we may trace the same condition of effect. To select from the sentiment, scene, or event described, those typical elements which carry many others along with them, and so by saying a few things but suggesting many, to abridge the description, is the secret of producing a vivid impression. Thus if we say:—Real nobility is "not transferable;" besides the one idea expressed several are implied; and as these can be thought much sooner than they can be put in words, there is gain in omitting them. How the mind may be led to construct a complete picture by the presentation of a few parts, an extract from Tennyson's "Mariana" will well show.

"All day within the dreamy house,  
The door upon the hinges creaked,  
The fly sung i' the pane; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about."

The several circumstances here specified bring with them hosts of appropriate associations. Our attention is rarely drawn by the buzzing of a fly in the window, save when everything is still. Whilst the inmates are moving about the house, mice usually keep silence; and it is only when extreme quietness reigns that they peep from their retreats. Hence, each of the facts mentioned presupposing numerous others, calls up these with more or less distinctness, and revives the feeling of dull solitude with which they are connected in our experience. Were all these facts detailed instead of suggested, the attention would be so frittered away, that little impression of dreariness would be produced. And here, without further explanation, it will be seen that, be the nature of the sentiment conveyed what it may, this skilful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest, is the key to success. In the choice of component ideas, as in the choice of expressions, the aim must be to convey the greatest quantity of thoughts with the smallest quantity of words.

Before inquiring whether the law of effect, thus far traced, will account for the superiority of poetry to prose, it will be needful to notice some supplementary causes of force in expression that have not yet been mentioned. These are not, properly speaking, additional causes, but rather secondary ones, originating from those already specified—reflex manifestations of them. In the first place, then, we may remark that mental excitement spontaneously prompts the use of those forms of speech which have been pointed out as the most effective. “Out with him!” “Away with him!” are the natural utterances of angry citizens at a disturbed meeting. A voyager, describing a terrible storm he had witnessed, would rise to some such climax as “Crack went the ropes, and down came the mast.” Astonishment may be heard expressed in the phrase, “Never was there such a sight!” All which sentences are, it will be observed, constructed after the direct type. Again, every one will recognize the fact that excited persons are given to figures of speech. The vituperation of the vulgar abounds with them; often, indeed, consists of little else. “Beast,” “brute,” “gallows rogue,” “cut-throat villain,”—these, and other like metaphors and metaphorical epithets, at once call to mind a street quarrel. Further, it may be remarked that extreme brevity is one of the characteristics of passionate language. The sentences are generally incomplete; the particles are

omitted, and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context. Great admiration does not vent itself in a precise proposition, as “It is beautiful,” but in a simple exclamation, “Beautiful!” He who, when reading a lawyer’s letter, should say, “Vile rascal!” would be thought angry; whilst “He is a vile rascal,” would imply comparative coolness. Thus we see that alike in the order of the words, in the frequent use of figures, and in extreme conciseness, the natural utterances of excitement conform to the theoretical conditions of forcible expression.

Hence, then, the higher forms of speech acquire a secondary strength from association. Having, in actual life, habitually found them in connexion with vivid mental impressions; and having been accustomed to meet with them in the most powerful writing; they come to have in themselves a species of force. The emotions that have from time to time been produced by the strong thoughts wrapped up in these forms, are partially aroused by the forms themselves. They create a certain degree of animation; they induce a preparatory sympathy; and when the striking ideas looked for are reached, they are the more vividly realized.

The continuous use of these modes of expression that are alike forcible in themselves and forcible from their associations, produces the peculiarly impressive species of composition which we call poetry. Poetry, we shall find, habitually adopts those symbols of thought, and those methods of using them, which instinct and analysis agree in choosing as most effective, and becomes poetry by virtue of doing this. On turning back to the various specimens that have been quoted, it will be seen that the direct or inverted form of sentence predominates in them, and that to a degree quite inadmissible in prose. And not only in the frequency, but in what is termed the violence of the inversions will this distinction be remarked. In the abundant use of figures, again, we may recognize the same truth. Metaphors, similes, hyperboles, and personifications, are the poet’s colors, which he has liberty to employ almost without limit. We characterize as “poetical” the prose which repeats these appliances of language with any frequency; and condemn it as “over florid” or “affected” long before they occur with the profusion allowed in verse. Further, let it be remarked that in brevity—the other requisite of forcible expression which theory points out and emotion spontaneously fulfils—poetical

phraseology similarly differs from ordinary phraseology. Imperfect periods are frequent, elisions are perpetual, and many of the minor words which would be deemed essential in prose are dispensed with.

Thus poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech, and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. Whilst the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair, vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher phases of these feelings; so the poet develops from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiment, those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented.

There is one peculiarity of poetry conducting much to its effect—the peculiarity which is indeed usually thought to be its characteristic one—still remaining to be considered: we mean its rhythmical structure. This, unexpected as it may be, will be found to come under the same generalization with the others. Like each of them, it is an idealization of the natural language of emotion, which is known to be more or less metrical if the emotion be not violent; and like each of them it is an economy of the reader's or hearer's attention. In the peculiar tone and manner we adopt in uttering versified language may be discerned its relationship to the feelings; and the pleasure which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognized. This last position will scarcely be at once admitted; but a little explanation will show its reasonableness. For if, as we have seen, there is an expenditure of mental energy in the mere act of listening to verbal articulations, or in that silent repetition of them which goes on in reading—if the perceptive faculties must be in active exercise to identify every syllable—then any mode of combining words so as to present a regular recurrence of certain traits which the mind can anticipate, will diminish that strain upon the attention required by the total irregularity of prose. In the same manner that the body, in receiving a series of varying concussions, must keep the muscles ready to meet the most violent of them, as not knowing when such may come; so the mind in receiving unarranged articu-

lations must keep its perceptive active enough to recognize the least easily caught sounds. And as, if the concussions recur in a definite order, the body may husband its forces by adjusting the resistance needful for each concussion; so, if the syllables be rhythmically arranged, the mind may economize its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable. Far-fetched as this idea will perhaps be thought, a little introspection will countenance it. That we *do* take advantage of the metrical language to adjust our perceptive faculties to the force of the expected articulations, is clear from the fact that we are balked by halting versification. Much as at the bottom of a flight of stairs, a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock, so, too, does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable. In the one case, we know that there is an erroneous pre-adjustment; and we can scarcely doubt that there is one in the other. But if we habitually pre-adjust our perceptions to the measured movement of verse, the physical analogy lately given renders it probable that by so doing we economize attention; and hence that metrical language is more effective than prose, simply because it enables us to do this.

Were there space, it might be worth while to inquire whether the pleasure we take in rhyme, and also that which we take in euphony, are not partly ascribable to the same general cause.

A few paragraphs only can be devoted to a second division of our subject that here presents itself. To pursue in detail the laws of effect, as seen in the larger features of composition, would exceed both our limits and our purpose. But we may fitly indicate some further aspect of the general principle hitherto traced out, and hint a few of its wider applications.

Thus far, then, we have considered only those causes of force in language which depend upon economy of the mental *energies*: we have now briefly to glance at those which depend upon economy of mental *sensibilities*. Indefensible though this division may be as a psychological one, it will yet serve roughly to indicate the remaining field of investigation. It will suggest that besides considering the extent to which any faculty or group of faculties is tasked in receiving a form of words and realizing its contained idea, we have to consider the state in which this faculty or group of faculties is left; and how the reception of subsequent sentences and images will be influenced by that state.

Without going at length into so wide a topic as the exercise of faculties and its reactive effects, it will be sufficient here to call to mind that every faculty (when in a state of normal activity) is most capable at the outset; and that the change in its condition, which ends in what we term exhaustion, begins simultaneously with its exercise. This generalization, with which we are all familiar in our bodily experiences, and which our daily language recognizes as true of the mind as a whole, is equally true of each mental power, from the simplest of the senses to the most complex of the sentiments. If we hold a flower to the nose for long, we become insensible to its scent. We say of a very brilliant flash of lightning that it blinds us; which means that our eyes have for a time lost their ability to appreciate light. After eating a quantity of honey, we are apt to think our tea is without sugar. The phrase, "a deafening roar," implies that men find a very loud sound temporarily incapacitates them for hearing faint ones. Now, the truth which we at once recognize in these, its extreme manifestations, may be traced throughout; and it may be shown that alike in the reflective faculties, in the imagination, in the perceptions of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sublime, in the sentiments, the instincts, in all the mental powers, however we may classify them—action exhausts; and that in proportion as the action is violent, the subsequent prostration is great.

Equally, throughout the whole nature, may be traced the law that exercised faculties are ever tending to resume their original state. Not only, after continued rest, do they regain their full power—not only do brief cessations partially reinvigorate them—but even whilst they are in action, the resulting exhaustion is ever being neutralized. The two processes of waste and repair go on together. Hence, with faculties habitually exercised as the senses in all, or the muscles in a laborer, it happens that, during moderate activity, the repair is so nearly equal to the waste, that the diminution of power is scarcely appreciable; and it is only when the activity has been long continued, or has been very violent, that the repair becomes so far in arrear of the waste as to produce a perceptible prostration. In all cases, however, when, by the action of a faculty, waste has been incurred, some lapse of time must take place before full efficiency can be re-acquired; and this time must be long in proportion as the waste has been great.

Keeping in mind these general truths, we shall be in a condition to understand certain causes of effect in composition now to be considered. Every perception received, and every conception realized, entailing some amount of waste—or, as Liebeg would say, some change of matter in the brain—and the efficiency of the faculties subject to this waste being thereby temporarily, though often but momentarily, diminished—the resulting partial inability must affect the acts of perception and conception that immediately succeed. And hence we may expect that the vividness with which images are realized will, in many cases, depend on the order of their presentation; even when one order is as convenient to the understanding as the other. We shall find sundry facts which alike illustrate this, and are explained by it. Climax is one of them. The marked effect obtained by placing last the most striking of any series of images, and the weakness—often the ludicrous weakness—produced by reversing this arrangement, depends on the general law indicated. As immediately after looking at the sun, we cannot perceive the light of a fire, whilst by looking at the fire first and the sun afterwards we can perceive both; so after receiving a brilliant, or weighty, or terrible thought, we cannot appreciate a less brilliant, less weighty, or less terrible one, whilst, by reversing the order, we can appreciate each. In Antithesis, again, we may recognize the same general truth. The opposition of two thoughts that are the reverse of each other in some prominent trait insures an impressive effect; and does this by giving a momentary relaxation to the faculties addressed. If, after a series of images of an ordinary character, appealing in a moderate degree to the sentiment of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, the mind has presented to it a very insignificant, a very unworthy, or a very ugly image—the faculty of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, as the case may be, having for the time nothing to do, tends to resume its full power; and will immediately afterwards appreciate a vast, admirable, or beautiful image better than it would otherwise do. Improbable as these momentary variations in susceptibility will seem to many, we cannot doubt their occurrence when we contemplate the analogous variations in the susceptibility of the senses. Referring once more to phenomena of vision, every one knows that a patch of black on a white ground looks blacker, and a patch of white on a black ground looks whiter, than else-



where. As the blackness and the whiteness must really be the same, the only assignable cause for this is a difference in their action upon us, dependent on the different states of our faculties. It is simply a visual antithesis.

But this extension of the general principle of economy—this further condition of effect in composition, that the power of the faculties must be continuously husbanded—includes much more than has been yet hinted. It implies not only that certain arrangements and certain juxtapositions of connected ideas are best; but that some modes of dividing and presenting the subject will be more effective than others; and that, too, irrespective of its local cohesion. It shows why we must progress from the less interesting to the more interesting; and why not only the composition as a whole, but each of its successive portions, should tend towards a climax. At the same time, it forbids long continuity of the same species of thought, or repeated production of the same effects. It warns us against the error committed both by Pope in his poems and by Bacon in his essays—the error, namely, of constantly employing the most effective forms of expression; and it points out that as the easiest posture by and by becomes fatiguing, and is with pleasure exchanged for one less easy; so the most perfectly constructed sentences will soon weary, and relief will be given by using those of an inferior kind. Further, it involves that not only should we avoid generally combining our words in one manner, however good, or working out our figures and illustrations in one way, however telling, but we should avoid anything like uniform adherence, even to the wider conditions of effect. We should not make every section of our subject progress in interest: we should not always rise to a climax. As we saw that, in single sentences, it is but rarely allowable to fulfil all the conditions of strength; so in the larger portions of composition we must not often conform entirely to the law indicated. We must subordinate the component effects to the total effect.

In deciding how practically to carry out the principles of artistic composition, we may derive help by bearing in mind a fact already pointed out—the fitness of certain verbal arrangements for certain kinds of thought. The constant variety in the mode of presenting ideas which the theory demands will in a great degree result from a skilful adaptation of the form to the matter. We saw how the direct or inverted sentence is spontaneously used by excited people; and how their

language is also characterized by figures of speech and by extreme brevity. Hence these may with advantage predominate in emotional passages, and may increase as the emotion rises. On the other hand, for complex ideas, the indirect sentence seems the best vehicle. In conversation, the excitement produced by the near approach to a desired conclusion will often show itself in a series of short, sharp sentences; whilst, in impressing a view already enunciated, we generally make our periods voluminous by piling thought upon thought. These natural modes of procedure may serve as guides in writing. Keen observation and skilful analysis would, in like manner, detect many other peculiarities of expression produced by other attitudes of mind; and by paying due attention to all such traits, a writer possessed of sufficient versatility might make some approach to a completely organized work.

This species of composition which the law of effect points out as the perfect one, is the one which high genius tends naturally to produce. As we found that the kinds of sentence which are theoretically best are those generally employed by superior minds, and by inferior minds when excitement has raised them; so we shall find that the ideal form for a poem, essay, or fiction, is that which the ideal writer would evolve spontaneously. One in whom the powers of expression fully responded to the state of mind would unconsciously use that variety in the mode of presenting his thoughts which Art demands. This constant employment of one species of phraseology, which all have now to strive against, implies an undeveloped faculty of language. To have a specific style is to be poor in speech. If we glance back at the past, and remember that men had once only nouns and verbs to convey their ideas with, and that from then to now the growth has been towards a greater number of implements of thought, and consequently towards a greater complexity and variety in their combinations, we may infer that we are now, in our use of sentences, much what the primitive man was in his use of words, and that a continuance of the process that has hitherto gone on must produce increasing heterogeneity in our modes of expression. As now in a fine nature the play of the features, the tones of the voice and its cadences, vary in harmony with every thought uttered; so in one possessed of a fully developed power of speech, the mould in which each combination of words is cast will similarly vary with, and be appropriate to, the sentiment. That a perfectly



endowed man must unconsciously write in all styles, we may infer from considering how styles originate. Why is Addison diffuse, Johnson pompous, Goldsmith simple? Why is one author abrupt, another rhythmical, another concise? Evidently in each case the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature. The predominant feelings have by use trained the intellect to represent them. But whilst long, though unconscious, discipline has made it do this efficiently, it remains, from lack of practice, incapable of doing the same for the less powerful feelings; and when these are excited, the usual modes of expression undergo but a slight modification. Let the powers of speech be fully developed, however—let the ability of the intellect to convey the emotions be complete—and this fixity of style will disappear. The perfect writer will express himself as Junius, when in the Junius frame of mind; when he feels as Lamb felt, will use a like familiar speech;

and will fall into the ruggedness of Carlyle when in a Carlylean mood. Now he will be rhymetrical and now irregular; here his language will be plain and there ornate; sometimes his sentences will be balanced and at other times unsymmetrical; for a while there will be considerable sameness, and then again great variety. From his mode of expression naturally responding to his state of feeling, there will flow from his pen a composition changing to the same degree that the aspects of his subject change. He will thus without effort conform to what we have seen to be the laws of effect. And whilst his work presents to the reader that variety needful to prevent continuous exertion of the same faculties, it will also answer to the description of all highly organized products both of man and of nature; it will be not a series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition, but one whole made up of unlike parts that are mutually dependent.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE KING OF YVETOT.

THERE are few of our countrymen who have travelled in France but must frequently have heard proverbial allusion made to a certain monarch of Yvetot; and still fewer must be those who, having the slightest knowledge of French literature, are unacquainted with Béranger's happy lyric—

There reigned a monarch in Yvetot  
But little known in story,  
Who, stranger all to grief and woe,  
Slept soundly without glory;  
His night-cap tied by Jenny's care  
(The only crown this king would wear),  
He'd snooze!

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!  
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

His jolly court he held each day,  
'Neath humble roof of rushes green;  
And on a donkey riding gay,  
Through all his kingdom might be seen:  
A happy soul, and thinking well,  
His only guard was—sooth to tell—  
His dog!

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!  
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

No harsh exacting lord was he,  
To grasp more than his folks could give;  
But, mild howe'er a king may be,  
His majesty, you know, must live;  
And no man e'er a bumper filled,  
Until the jovial prince had swilled  
His share!

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!  
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

He ne'er sought to enlarge his states,  
But was a neighbor just and kind;  
A pattern to all potentates,  
Would they his bright example mind.  
The only tears he e'er caused fall,  
Fell when he died—which you'll not call  
His fault.

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!  
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

It is well known that Béranger's song, from which we have extracted the preceding four verses, as translated by Anderson, was a friendly, though rather satirical remonstrance with Napoleon—of course we mean *the* Napoleon—touching his ambitious and bellicose policy. But it is not so well known, that

there really was a kingdom of Yvetot, and that its several dynasties reigned peacefully for upwards of eleven centuries. Anderson, in a note to the song, says: "Yvetot, a district in the north of France, possesses a monarch of its own, a sort of burlesque personage, whose royal charger is a donkey; his guard, a dog; his crown, a night-cap; and his revenue, a gratuitous draught of *wine* at the *ale* houses of his liege subjects!" Young, another translator of Béranger, not any better informed, tells us that 'the Lords of Yvetot claimed and exercised, in the olden time, some such fantastical privileges as are here alluded to.'

The translators have some excuse for their ignorance regarding the king of Yvetot; for few Frenchmen of the present day, with the exception of antiquaries, consider him to have been anything else than a popular myth. Be it our task, then, to jot down some authentic notices of that ancient, and now extinct monarchy.

Yvetot, a town and commune of ancient Normandy (Pays de Caux), in the department of Seine-Inférieure, now traversed by the railway leading from Havre de Grâce to Rouen, was, in the sixth century, the seignior of one Vauthier, chamberlain to Clotaire I., the royal son of Clovis and Clotilda. Nothing whatever is known of the earlier part of Vauthier's history, more than that he held the fief of Yvetot from Clotaire by the feudal tenure of military service. An able and trustworthy statesman in the council-chamber, a valiant and skilful commander in the battle-field, the chamberlain lived on terms of the most intimate familiarity with his king, who ever lent a ready ear to his sage suggestions. This high honor, however, being not at all agreeable to the other followers of the court, they entered into a conspiracy to ruin the favorite chamberlain. Taking advantage of his absence, they perfidiously vilified him to the king. The chroniclers do not state what were the exact charges brought against him, but they must have been weighty and artfully insinuated, for the rude and truculent Clotaire swore that he would, with his own hand, slay the Sieur of Yvetot, when and wherever he should chance to meet with him. The reader must not be surprised at such a vow: in those days, sovereigns frequently indulged in a plurality of offices, and could upon occasion perform the duty of the executioner as well as that of the judge. Vauthier happened to have a friend at court, who sent him timely warning of this state of affairs; and not thinking it by

any means prudent to expose himself to the lethal fury of a king who had unscrupulously killed his own nephews, he left the country, and joined the army of the north, then fighting against the Thuringian pagans, the enemies of Clotaire and his religion, such as it was.

After ten years of arduous service and heroic exploits, Vauthier, crowned with glory, and hoping that time had mollified the malignant feelings of the king, turned his face once more towards his native country. But at that period bad passions were not so easily effaced; besides, the accusers of Vauthier were now doubly interested in keeping him at a distance. The Lord of Yvetot, hearing how matters stood, to make sure of a favorable reception, proceeded, in the first instance, to Rome, where he made a friend of Pope Agapet, who sent him with letters to Clotaire, in the capacity of an envoy. Under the shield of so sacred a function, Vauthier had no hesitation in repairing to Soissons, and presenting himself before the king; yet, to be still more secure, he chose for that occasion the solemnities of Good Friday—the anniversary of the great day of Christian mercy. Clotaire was at the high altar of the cathedral, celebrating the holiest rites of the church before a crucifix veiled in mourning, when Vauthier made his presence known. Throwing himself on his knees in humble supplication, he presented the letters of the sovereign pontiff, and implored pardon, if he had been guilty, by the merits of Him who, on the same day, had so freely shed his blood for the salvation of all mankind. The ferocious and implacable king recognized the suppliant, and, without regard to the sanctity of either the place or the day, drew his sword, and, with one blow, struck the unfortunate chamberlain dead on the stone pavement, at the very steps of the altar.

Violent passions have, generally speaking, rapid revulsions. Scarcely was Vauthier's body cold, when the king repented his hasty deed. The clergy read to him the letters from Pope Agapet, which attested the innocence of his former favorite; and they represented to him, that he had committed the grossest description of sacrilege, the sin from which the sovereign pontiff alone could absolve. In a short time the barbarous Clotaire passed from a state of rabid fury to one of the most abject despair, so that he required little persuasion from the clergy ere he sent a messenger to Rome, bearing rich presents, to beg for absolution from the pope. The messenger arrived at Rome just as Agapet

was at the point of death ; yet the business being urgent, and the presents valuable, he was ushered into the sick chamber of the dying head of the Christian church. Supported by attendants, the pope proceeded to pronounce, in a feeble voice, the penitential discipline of Clotaire. He said that the king could not expect pardon unless he gave the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of the murdered man : but here a fit of coughing attacked and carried off his holiness, so that whatever penance he intended to inflict was never known. Clotaire, however, determined to expiate his crime, long pondered upon the meaning of the pope's dying words, and at last concluded that, as there was nothing higher than a king, the words 'highest satisfaction' meant that he should raise the heir of Vauthier to the royal dignity. Accordingly, he by charter erected the seignior of Yvetot into a kingdom—an act in perfect consonance with the ancient French feudal law, which enfranchised the family of the vassal from all homage and duty, if his lord laid violent hands upon him.

From that time until the latter part of the eighteenth century, the descendants of Vauthier reigned as independent sovereigns of their little kingdom of Yvetot, owing neither tribute, service, nor allegiance to any other power. Consequently, until the great Revolution, which, like the bursting of a pent-up deluge, changed the features of the whole country, the inhabitants of Yvetot paid no taxes to the government of France.

Historians and jurisconsults have written many grave and learned dissertations on the curious position of this little kingdom shut up in a greater one ; and, though they differ in some trifling respects, they all coincide in concluding, that the king of Yvetot, being independent of any other potentate, was never obliged to engage in quarrels which did not concern him, and accordingly lived in peace with his neighbors, whom he never pretended to frighten. Moreover, in spite of courtiers and counsellors, statecraft and politics were unknown in Yvetot ; thus the king remained neuter during the various wars that raged around him, though he could bring an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops into the field. The seriousness of these disquisitions has been occasionally enlivened by a spice of pleasantry. We are told how the king of Yvetot kept his own seals, and was his own minister of finance ; that his court consisted of a bishop, a dean, and four canons, not one of whom ranked higher in the church

than a parish curé ; four notaries, dignified by the title of judges, representing the states of the kingdom, formed the senate, and composed his majesty's privy council ; four of the best-looking of the tenants' daughters were ladies of the bed-chamber and maids of honor to the queen ; four stalwart bodyguards attended on all occasions of ceremony—at other times, they worked as agricultural laborers on the royal farm ; a footman performed the duty of chamberlain, and, when necessary, that of herald ; a groom was master of the horse ; a gardener superintended the woods and forests. This, however, is only a traditionary account of the court of Yvetot ; and, lest the reader should think it all a joke, we shall specify some of the documentary evidence still extant respecting that little kingdom.

A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, executed in the year 1392, mentions the king of Yvetot ; and various letters-patent, granted by monarchs of France in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the title. In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Normandy was under English rule, one John Holland, an Englishman, claimed, in the name of his master Henry VI., certain taxes and feudal duties from the kingdom of Yvetot. Strange to say, in those semi-barbarous days, the case was tried in a court of law, and the issue given against Holland, the court fully recognizing the Lord of Yvetot as an independent king. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the queen of Yvetot, is still in existence. In one of the many episodes of the wars of the League, it happened that Henry IV., compelled to retreat, found himself in Yvetot, and determined not to recede further, he cheered his troops by jocularly saying : ' If we lose France, we must take possession of this fair kingdom of Yvetot.' At the coronation of his second wife, Mary de Medici, the same monarch rebuked the grand chamberlain for not assigning to Martin du Belley, then king of Yvetot, a position suitable to his regal dignity. The Belley dynasty reigned in Yvetot for 332 years. The last king of that petty kingdom was D'Albon St. Marcel, who, when at the court of Louis XVI., modestly assumed no higher rank than that of a prince. The Revolution, as we have already intimated, swept away the ancient crown, and the King of Yvetot is now nothing more than the title of a song, with its burden—

Ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho !

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## WINE AND WINE-DRINKERS.

Wine which maketh glad the heart of man.—*Psalmist*.

FILL up a bumper of good, rich, generous wine—hold it to the light, and admire the bright ruby tint—see the delicate, gauzy, and almost imperceptible bees-wing floating up and down it like a gossamer in the calm air of a summer's day—approach it to your nostrils and inhale the deliciously fragrant aroma—lower it slowly and reverently to your lips, take one good sip, neither too small nor too copious a one, and let the exquisite liquor flow gently and smoothly over your tongue and palate, and glide in a warm and exhilarating stream down to your accommodating œsophagus. It is gone—aye, but not its influence, not its diviner part—not its soul—its “farewell flavor,” as it was once happily termed by a poetically disposed wine-merchant. That same “farewell flavor” still lingers on your palate, and is more perfect, more delicious, more delicate than when the juice of the grape itself was on your tongue. You have drunk a splendid glass of rare old port—be thankful for it! And now let us see where it came from, and trace its history from its embryo condition in the grape to its final perfection in the well-crusted black bottle.

Port-wine is the name given to all the wine shipped from Oporto in Portugal; but the country itself produces an immense variety of wines, many of them strongly assimilating to Burgundy and claret, very unlike what we are accustomed to as port, and, indeed, entirely unknown in this country. The only other wines of Portugal known to us here, are Figueira, Bucellas, and Lisbon; while those which cross the Bar of the Douro have no other name for us than port.

Nearly two centuries ago port wines were first introduced into this country; and the character of those wines resembled that of Burgundy or claret. They were grown on the banks of the Douro, but in the lower part, below the river Corgo (which flows into the Douro) towards the sea. This river

Corgo now serves as the boundary line, separating the original, or lower, district from the augmented district of the present day. The wines of the lower district were those known originally as port wine, and are still lightly brandied. The district has gradually increased, and now extends to nearly eight leagues. The character of the wine in the *original* district is the same as it used to be; but according to the prevailing law, that no port wine shall be allowed to be exported to Great Britain that does not possess certain qualities, which cannot be derived from the grape itself, as a matter of course, all the beautiful, elegant, exhilarating wine of the ancient district, or Lower Corgo, are placed in the second, or sometimes the third quality. The result, therefore, is, that as the law of Portugal distinctly declares that wines for England, called first quality, shall have immense color, great body, and great richness, to enable them to serve for blending with other red wines of other countries, so the greater part of the upper district is now planted with the class of vine to produce, as far as possible, that which is required by law.

The Portuguese wine-farmer is free to cultivate his ground without any restriction whatever; the merchant may purchase his grapes, and make the wines according to the quality and character he may consider requisite for his business; but no sooner are the wines housed, no sooner has the farmer to feel grateful for an abundant harvest, than the Wine Company's tasters flock up to the Alto Douro in a shoal, pounce down upon his property, sample every one of his vats, mark and number those samples; and then the tasters are congregated in a large room, where smoking and other little amusements of the kind are tolerated, if not permitted, and here, one after the other, the samples are submitted to the judgments of these men, many of whom have no knowledge whatever



of wine, much less of wine five or six weeks old. There is a mixture called Jeropiga, which is an adulteration used for bringing up the character of ports; this is tasted indiscriminately with the various delicate varieties of wine we have alluded to, and then the worthy tasters set to work to select four qualities of wine (and four *only* as directed by law) out of all they have tasted. The first quality, which ought to be the best, for Europe; the second, for ports out of Europe; the third, for consumption at home; and the fourth, refuse for distillation.

We have spoken of Jeropiga—let us explain what it is. Jeropiga is composed of two-thirds must, or grape juice, and one-third spirit—that is, brandy distilled from port wine, and which brandy is about 20 per cent. above British proof; then sweetening matter in every variety and elder-berry is added, for the purpose of coloring it and giving it a body. This judicious mixture is principally employed to gratify the taste of our Transatlantic cousins, as it makes capital negus, requires only the addition of boiling water, and no sugar, has plenty of body and color, and so goes a long way. It is often used for adulterating the lower class of ports sent to England, but America is the only country that receives it “neat,” and delights in the “genuine article.”

Now imagine, good reader—*figurez-vous*, as the French would say—picture to yourself half-a-dozen coarse brutes, with palates as dull as those of a night-cabman naturally, sitting down and imbibing this delectable compound, and afterwards, or at the same time, tasting a score or two of the most racy and delicate wines, and then deciding on their merits, and settling which is the first quality, or rather the especial quality suited to the taste of your worthy self—John Bull! Is it not disgusting? is it not horrifying? But, you will say, how comes it that, after all, we don't get such very bad stuff sent us—or, at least, that we get some very good stuff too, such as we endeavored faintly to describe in the outset of these our labors. We will show you as we proceed.

The tasters divide the wines into four qualities. The first must have *para si e paradar*, or *para beneficiar outros*—that is to say, qualities more than enough for themselves (*viz.*, body, flavor, color, and richness to spare) for the purpose of doctoring other wines—such are the words of the law or regulation. A regulation made by the Oporto Wine Company, and sanctioned by the Por-

tuguese Government, which kindly imagines that port wines are not known or drunk at all in England as port wines, but are really used simply for making artificial ones.

The second quality is designated as wine *que tem para si, só*; that is, it must be a beautiful, pure, simple, unloaded wine; but as it will not serve for a “doctor,” or for cutting or blending with other wines, it is neither allowed to be shipped here nor to any port of Europe.

The third quality is a simple light wine, *que nem para si tem*, that is, not enough for itself, with little body and color, but admirably adapted for table drinking, off-draught, and might be shipped with very little brandy added at a cheap rate. This wine is the only wine used to any extent in Portugal itself, from royalty to the peasant. Indeed, it is kept entirely for home consumption, and no other country in the world is allowed to taste this beautiful, racy, exhilarating, health-inspiring wine.

The fourth quality is termed *refugo*, or refuse, and is generally set aside for the purpose of distillation.

From these classifications, it is evident that no pure wine is allowed to be exported to this country, or, indeed, to any country of Europe. It follows that the Oporto exporters, being most of them men of character and honor, and many of them our own countrymen, are compelled to evade the law by a process something very like smuggling, or else to deal in abominations and adulterations. They choose the former as the lesser evil, and they accomplish it thus:—

*Bilhettes*, or permissions to export, are granted by the Portuguese Wine Company; they are limited in number, and they confine their permission to the particular class of wine above described as “first quality.” These *bilhettes* are granted to the farmer in qualification of his wine. A merchant, desirous of exporting wine to England, purchases one of these *bilhettes* from the farmer for a stipulated sum—say £3: he then substitutes the beautiful wine manufactured by himself in place of the miscalled “first quality,” brings down the wine to Oporto, and then has no difficulty in shipping it to England. By this little juggling process, we are enabled to taste good, fine, healthful port, instead of the muddled, heady, black, sweet stuff, which the Portuguese Government choose kindly to think best suited to our tastes.

After all, however, our supplies, whether of good or bad port, are limited by the arbitrary regulations of the Portuguese Wine



Company. For instance, in 1851, there were 94,123 pipes of all sorts submitted to the tasters. Of those the tasters classified as "first quality" 41,403 pipes, when, in order to raise the price of the wines, and to keep down deposits, the government decreed that only 20,000 pipes (less than half) should be exported to ports in Europe. So that the sapient government of Portugal first chooses our wine for us, and then limits its supply.

There is a great variety of grapes grown in the wine-districts of Portugal. Some are a light and delicate grape naturally producing light and delicate wines. These wines we have alluded to as produced in the district of the Lower Corgo. In the upper country, or above that district, the soil is exceedingly different: the aspect also changes; there is but little depth of soil—consequently the wines of that district superabound in saccharine, and are deficient in water; the result being that such wines, when judiciously selected, well made, and fermented as far as possible (where no radical defect exists in the grapes), are of full body, high flavor, and very deep color, but certainly not black nor strong, although possessing a quantity of alcohol generated from the saccharine naturally existing in the grape. These, from their exposure and the nature of the cast, as it is termed, of the grapes, vary in character from the wine deep in color as well as in astringency, but without much flavor, into a wine full in flavor as well as deep in color and full of body. These wines have latterly and truly been considered as the type of the first quality: but as the Portuguese law distinctly states that they must have qualities more than nature will allow them to possess—hence it is that those adulterations are resorted to, to produce in them what nature has denied them.

These very fine wines, therefore, are made by speculators, or parties, anxious in Portugal to make their fortunes by speculating in bilhettes. A man says thus:—"I will expend 1*l.* in elder-berry, and thus produce in my wine the color the law requires for the first quality. I shall then get my billette—that is worth 3*l.*—so that I shall gain 2*l.* by it." From this system the exporting merchants (and principally the British merchants), disgusted at the abuses and the manner in which they are carried out, have in self-defence been compelled to purchase grapes themselves, to lease farms, and even to purchase estates, and endeavor as much as possible to get the grapes into their own hands,

so that they know they can supply the British consumer with pure wine. This system is now practised to a great extent, and it is quite a rare circumstance for a British house to confine their purchases direct from the farmer; most of them finding it essentially necessary to prevent sacrificing their credit as men of honor, and shipping an adulterated wine, go at once to the farmer and purchase his grapes. The qualities we have alluded to have reference to the grapes alone.

Color from the grape may be extracted to a great extent, according to the manipulation of the wine-coloring matter existing in the *husk* and not in the juice; and if the wine be perfectly fermented, as a matter of course decomposition of the husk takes place with the juice of the grape, and the whole fermenting in a mass, the coloring matter is extracted. From the character of the grape in the upper country where the cultivation of the vine is carried on to a great extent, and at an enormous expense, and the highest priced wines in consequence of that expense are produced, there is no necessity for additional coloring matter if this simple system of fermentation be carried out in perfection; but in order to produce the other two qualities—namely, the strength and sweetness—the fermentation is very frequently checked, by which the wine is not properly attenuated, the saccharine is not converted into its proper alcohol, and the residue of this unconverted saccharine remains suspended in the imperfect wine; and hence to prevent a reaction when the deposit takes place, brandy must be thrown into it, as well as to give it the strength and body required by law. If any further coloring matter be absolutely requisite for the speculator, the elder-berry is the only dye made use of, and costs an enormous sum of money. Thus the sweetness arises from checked fermentation; the strength from the addition of spirit; and the coloring, if insufficient from the grape husk, from elder-berries.

The different varieties of port wine contain different proportions of brandy or alcohol. The least proportion imported into this country is about three gallons of brandy in a pipe of 115 gallons; the heavy rich wine containing about sixteen or seventeen gallons of brandy in the pipe. Yet it seems that this addition of brandy is not absolutely necessary for the preservation of the wine, but is the consequence of a vitiated taste in this country for strong wine. At all events, the taste is not so vitiated as the Portuguese

Government would suppose. We don't like blak, sweet, heavy wines. Who does not prefer a rich ruby color, to the black-looking stuff that seems to sleep in the bottle, and when aroused tries to go to sleep again? Who does not prefer fruitiness, without lusciousness, and enticing *bouquet* and a sort of freshness or exhilarating lightness, and clearness of flavor, to the sweetness and heaviness of the stuff our worthy caterers would send us? We never see a bottle of "heavy black" port, without regarding it as a kind of black-draught made for the propagation of gout and apoplexy.

It is rather amusing to trace what was the origin of this Oporto Wine Company, which decides on the British taste for port, and fixes it at a standard which is the main incitement to adulteration. The company was positively established to *prevent* adulteration. Its history is briefly this:—In the year 1754, 1755, and 1756, such was the depression in the port wine trade at Oporto, that previous to those years—for example in 1753—when 21,107 pipes were exported, in the last three mentioned years only 12,500 were exported. This gave rise to the establishment of the "Companhia da Agricultura das Vinhas da Alto Douro" (Company for the Agriculture of the Vineyards of the Alto Douro), under the Marquis of Pombal, with a monopoly of the trade secured to them by government. The pretext was that adulterations had crept in, and that, therefore, this company should be established in order to preserve the pure character of port wines. Then there was a law, rendering it a crime, which subjected the delinquent, on being convicted of making use of elder-berry, or adulterations of any kind, or mixture of any kind in the wines, to transportation to the colonies for life. This continued for seventy-seven years, and during that time—viz., up to 1833—there was very little adulteration known in port wines. In 1820, however, adulterations began, and were carried on to a limited extent until the abolition of the Wine Company in 1833 by Don Pedro.

Amongst other laws which this old wine company procured to be enacted, was one rendering it a felony and punishable by transportation for life, with confiscation of goods, if a single elder-tree should be found on the premises, or within five miles of the boundary line of the wine district. This law was repealed when the old company was abolished in 1833. Since then great quantities of elder-trees have been planted by the wine-growers.

The old company was abolished, and an enormous quantity of their property was destroyed by the great fire of Oporto. Thereupon their creditors petitioned government to pay the company's debts, which the government was not disposed to do; but effected a compromise by establishing a new company on the same basis as the old one in 1843, and allowing them half of the result of the revenue derived from the exportation of port wines.

The new company has nearly the same powers as the old one, except that it is unsupported by the law against elder-trees, and the most obnoxious of its powers is that of limiting the exportations; as, for instance, in 1848, when 111,349 pipes were produced in the country, and only 7,000 were allowed by the company to be exported, thus creating an artificial price, to the great loss of John Bull.

Port wine forms about 40 per cent. of all the wine annually consumed in Great Britain. And yet it is found to be gradually decreasing. It is ~~certainly~~ made as expensive as possible by the duties imposed both on its importation here and its exportation from Portugal, and also by the absurd regulations and limitations made in the latter country. A pipe of port wine exported to England pays 6*l.* duty to the Portuguese Government; the same quantity exported to America, Australia, &c., pays only 6*d.* The duty imposed on it by the English Government amounts to 33*l.* per pipe, which is at the rate of more than 300 per cent. on the value of some of it, and more than cent. per cent. on the highest priced. How delightful to live in a highly-taxed country! The writer has drunk in a distant English colony, better port wine at 21*s.* a dozen, than he could procure here for 48*s.* or 50*s.*, though, in the former case, it had travelled at least ten times the distance from the place of its manufacture.

The cost of the wine in Portugal varies with the quality and the vintage. It may be purchased for 7*l.* a pipe, and it frequently fetches 20*l.* or 25*l.* The year 1820 was an extraordinary vintage, one that effected a revolution in the public taste for port wine. In that year the grapes produced a magnificent wine, full of flavor, body, and color; one of those vintages, which fully carried out the generally misapplied expression of the law, *que tem para si, e para beneficiar outros*. Subsequently, every one who had tasted the wines of that vintage, naturally wished to obtain some of a similar quality; and wines

of similar quality (naturally or artificially produced) had to be procured. This caused a great portion of the new, or Upper Corgo, district to be planted with vines producing similar qualities of wine to the vintage of 1820. Last year, 1851, was a vintage equally remarkable; but of course its effects are not yet felt. Should you chance to know, good reader, a man who has still some 1820 port in his cellar, never refuse an invitation to dine with him. As a contrast to it we will give you the ingredients of some port wine, which most of us have doubtless tasted at some time or other, when scarcity of "Australian staple" in our pockets, or any other cause, has taken us to a cheap tavern or hotel, and we have ventured on the gross absurdity of ordering a "pint of port." Here they are:—

"Twelve gallons of strong port (veritable), 6 of rectified spirit, 3 of cognac brandy, 42 of fine rough cider, elder-berry or logwood *ad libitum*, according to the color required, and the whole put in a well-sulphured cask."

Take another specimen:—

"Forty-five gallons of cider, 6 of brandy, 8 of port wine, 2 gallons of sloes, stewed in 2 gallons of water, and the liquor pressed off. If the color is not good, add tincture of red sanders or cudbear. Bottle it, and a teaspoonful of powder of catechu being added to each, a fine crusted appearance on the bottles will soon follow."

Such are two of the recipes of the "Victuallers' Guide," a little book which you may buy in London without much trouble, if you are curious in such matters. By the bye, soaking the ends of the corks in a decoction of Brazil wood must not be forgotten, and then you will have "fine old crusted port at 18s. a dozen."

No doubt the reader will imagine, that any good judge of wine (and is there an Englishman who does *not* consider himself a good judge of wine or horses?) would detect adulteration to any extent. And yet the Prince Regent, whose taste was tolerably keen in such things, was grossly deceived. He had a small quantity of magnificent old port in the cellars of Carlton House; he valued it highly, and so did his household, for they drank it all. On one occasion the Prince, being about to entertain some choice friends at dinner, ordered that some of this particular port should be served. Great was the consternation in the household, when the appalling fact was discovered that only two bottles remained! What was to be done? The Prince was a

man of good palate; it would be useless to bring him some from another bin, and swear that it was the wine he ordered. The butler was in despair; till at length he decided, as a last chance, to go to a merchant in the city, state his dilemma, and seek his advice.

He found the man he sought.

"How many bottles do you say there are yet remaining of the wine?" asked the merchant.

"Two," was the reply.

"Send me one of them immediately. Say the day for which the wine is required. I will imitate it, and no one will discover the difference."

In gratitude and joy the butler returned to Carlton House, and did as the merchant desired.

The dinner-party took place. The "particular old port" was called for and produced (at least its imitation). The royal host and his guests sipped it and praised it, and were delighted. So was the butler, who saw himself extricated from a dilemma which threatened to be serious.

Time passed on; and at another dinner party his Royal Highness called for some more of this "particular old port." The butler was in dismay again; but recovered when he recollected that he had still several bottles of the imitation left. He produced it. The royal host and his guests again sipped it; but no sooner had it passed their lips than they sputtered and spat, and seemed to have tasted filth. And so they had; the imitation was worthless now that it had been kept; it was good only for the day on which it was ordered. The trick was discovered, and great was the royal wrath; though it may be doubted whether the annoyance of finding his palate so much at fault on the first occasion was not even greater than that of being robbed of his "particular old port."

The great favor shown in England for port wine, and the high price of it, naturally causes it to be adulterated in a variety of ways. A great number of substitutes for it have been tried, but none with much success when sold in their own name. Most of them, however, have passed very well when called port, and perhaps mixed with the veritable wine of that name. The South of France produces a great variety of wines that might be mistaken for port by any but the best and keenest of judges. Roussillon wines are of that class and character, and so are the Benecarlo.

With regard to the former, a great attempt

has been made to substitute Masdeu for port, calling the former legitimately by its own name, and selling it at its own natural price. As to its success there are many opinions. Some say it is to be obtained equal to the finest port; others pooh-pooh! its pretensions. One anecdote, however, is much to the point.

A gentleman in the wine-trade went to Port Vendres, which is the port for shipping Masdeu wine—on business. On arriving there he found very extensive warehouses, though the place itself seemed outlandish and deserted, and contained not more than about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. This struck him as remarkable; and he inquired why all these warehouses were erected, and he was told that they were built by the present proprietor's father. The present proprietor is now in his eighty-four or eighty-fifth year. He still inquired for what purpose the father had built them, and was informed that he had done so in connection with an Englishman, a Mr. Ireland. The traveller had never heard of Mr. Ireland: but upon inquiry he was told that Mr. Ireland and Monsieur Duran's father had had large transactions together in wine, and that Mr. Ireland had stated, that he wanted it for the supply of the troops and the navy. The traveller asked if it was fine old wine he had wanted, or such wine as is usually supplied to the troops and the navy. He was told that it was fine old wine.

The traveller returned to this country, and went to a very old gentleman whom he knew in the wine-trade, and asked him if he remembered anything of a Mr. Ireland. The old gentleman recollected him very well. He had commenced life in Bristol, in a very obscure position, and had died one of the richest men in it. "What course of trade did he follow?" "He was an importer of red wines." "Of port wines?" "Port wines!" "What reputation had his wines in the market?" "They were of the very highest class." And yet, strange to say, the old gentleman could not tell why, but the house had suddenly suspended its operations at one particular period. The traveller supplied the missing link; he *could* tell why the house of Ireland and Co. could sell no more first-class port wines. It was that the first French revolution had then broken out, and cut off his supply of Roussillon wines!

Notwithstanding this powerful testimony in its favor, we cannot say that Masdeu, as such, has come greatly into notice or estima-

tion. The importers of it say that this has arisen from the circumstance of immense quantities of very inferior wine being imported and sold under its name.

At the time when Don Miguel and Don Pedro were contesting the supremacy of Portugal, an importer of Masdeu wine suggested to the gentleman who then had the management of the Oporto Wine Company's affairs in this country, that in the event of Don Pedro's success, the company's monopoly would cease; and that therefore it might be for the advantage of their mercantile establishment here rather to adopt the wines of France and continue their trade, than lose the valuable connexion they had formed. For that object he sent them in a cask of Masdeu to be examined. It was racked into a fresh-emptied cask, bearing the brand of "T x C."—one of the highest and best. A neighboring merchant shortly after applied to purchase a cask of that particular mark, knowing that the Oporto house had several at the time in their cellars. By mistake the cellarman drew from the particular cask containing the French (Masdeu) wine, and exhibited it as the finest wine of Portugal. It was tasted, and at once bought at eighty guineas per pipe, cash, without discount.

In 1835 Masdeu was first prominently introduced into this country through an advertisement of one of the most respectable London houses. In 1836 and 1837 such was the progress which the trade had made that the importations of one house alone equalled the whole of the other wines derived from France. This naturally attracted the attention of other houses, and fictitious wines were introduced and sold largely for the purpose of supplanting Masdeu. They did so, and being of an inferior quality, they got it a bad name in the market. Be it observed, the vineyard of Masdeu itself can produce only about 700 pipes a year; but there are vineyards in its neighborhood capable of producing an almost illimitable supply, and of a quality nearly or quite as good.

In November, 1849, a London wine-merchant had an associated dinner of twenty brothers in the trade. He thought it would be a fair opportunity to test the relative merits of the wines of France and Portugal. Therefore he put two bottles of Masdeu on the table after dinner, and two bottles of the best port his cellar could afford. Every gentleman at table, without exception, pushed away the port and drank the Masdeu.

Port wine appears first to have been in-



troduced into England about the end of the seventeenth century. In a "Farewell to Wine," published in 1693, occur the following lines:—

"Some claret, boy!"

"Claret, sir!—Lord, there's none!—  
Claret, sir, why, there's not a drop in town:  
But we've the best red port."

"What's that you call  
Red port?"

"A wine, sir, comes from Portugal,—  
I'll fetch a pint."

In 1686 a gentleman in Devonshire writing to his friend in London, says: "If you come down here and see me, I will give you some of that thick stuff called port wine:" adding, "I cannot come to London to drink bowls of claret; I wish I could."

The English people, however, don't seem to have taken to port with very great gusto at first. The poet Prior, who died in 1720, makes frequent uncomplimentary allusions to it:—

Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men  
Might drink thick port.—*Alma*, 1st Canto.

Again:—

Or in a cottage or a court,  
Drink fine champagne or muddled port.  
*Alma*, 3rd Canto.

And again, in another place, describing a young squire coming to London, and the events of his life, he says:—

——Or if he chance to meet  
With folks that have more wealth than wit,  
He drinks cheap port, or double bub,  
And then he joins the Hum-drum Club.  
*Chameleon*.

We have referred to the home-manufacture of abominations sold under the name of port wine. Let us now give a specimen of the sort of mixtures that are made of the wines of different countries, cheaper than port itself, with some of the genuine wine, in order to form a compound which can be sold at greater profit than the wine it professes to be.

Two pipes of Beni Carlos, 230 imperial gallons at 38*l.* per pipe, cost 76*l.*; two pipes of figueiras, 230 gallons at 45*l.* per 115 imperial gallons, cost 90*l.*; one and a half pipes of red cape, 137 imperial gallons at 32*l.* per 91 imperial gallons, cost 48*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; one and a half pipes of stout good port, 165 imperial gallons at 76*l.* per 115 imperial gal-

lons, cost 109*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*; one pipe of common port, 115 gallons at 63*l.*, cost 63*l.*; mountain wine, 20 imperial gallons at 60*l.* per 105 imperial gallons, cost 11*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*; brandy-cowe, that is, washings of brandy casks, 20 imperial gallons, coloring 3 imperial gallons, probably of elder-berry, cost 3*s.* 1*d.*, et ceteras, two and a half pounds of salt of tartar, and three pounds of gum-dragon, cost 4*s.*; extra allowance for loss by bottoms, 3*l.* Total, 8 pipes of port, 115 gallons each pipe, 920 imperial gallons, 401*l.*

By this ingenious mixture a wine merchant is enabled to turn out a pipe of "port" for just 50*l.*, and he can sell it for 80*l.*

An industrious and inventive genius, named Blumenthall, once hit upon a novel plan of "raising the wind," thus:—he made some compound having the color of port wine, filled it into casks and bonded it. He then borrowed 30*l.* on each cask (being under the duty). He was unfortunate enough to be detected by some defrauded money-lender, and, we believe, that he sailed to Botany Bay at the government expense,

"Leaving his country for his country's good."

The question suggests itself to our very untradesmen-like mind, how far there is any moral difference between the offence of Mr. Blumenthall and that of the respectable wine merchants who sell to the unsuspecting, as genuine first-class port, the mixture we have just chronicled?

The consumption of port wine has been decreasing of late. There is no doubt about the fact, though a variety of reasons are suggested. Some impute it to the income-tax; some to the repeal of the corn-laws and the consequent diminution of the incomes of landed proprietors; some to the growing taste of French wines; and some, on the contrary, believe that though less real port is consumed than formerly, the quantity of wine drunk as port has not diminished, but that adulterations have been more frequent and a larger quantity of French and red Sicilian wines approximating to it in color and flavor, have been introduced for the purpose of blending and selling as port. Thus they account both for the decrease of the latter as shown by the official returns, and for the increase of consumption of French wines as evinced by the same documents. But this is scarcely a satisfactory solution of the question, and does not accord with our own, nor probably with our reader's experience. We certainly always see not only less wine drunk



after dinner than of yore; but of what is drunk, the larger proportion is now claret at the same tables where port alone (except on the rarest occasions) used to figure. Dr. Johnson gave his opinion of the relative virtues of the two wines and of spirits, thus:—"Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes, sir!" The doctor evidently regarded the end and aim of wine-drinking to be to convey a certain quantity of alcohol into the stomach, and on this principle he allows the hero the strongest drink, as having the strongest head to bear it. We fear that too many wine-bibbers think likewise, but they don't confess it. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that a taste for good wine, and not for alcohol, is increasing among us. Scarcely an Englishman goes to Paris that does not return with the liveliest recollections of the delicious juice of the grape he has sipped at the "Trois Frères," or the "Café de Paris." Even the Frenchman's enthusiasm for London "haf-an'-haf," does not exceed it.

A London wine merchant, writing to the "Times" about a year ago, says:—

"Our tastes have become very much vitiated, but a decided change for purer and less brandied wine is taking place, the causes of which are: 1. The numbers who now visit the continent (and no one can do so even for a month without finding all our wines, scarcely excepting our claret and other wines from France, disagreeably loaded and heavy): 2. The fear of every one with any regard for his character, lest he should appear intoxicated—a contrast to times not long past: 3. That instead of dining about five o'clock as formerly, and remaining many hours at table, the usual dinner-hour is about half-past six and later. The facts of much more white wine being drunk during dinner, and the abandonment of the habit of sitting for any length of time after it, are showing, moreover, their effects on the consumption of port. This old custom is peculiar to ourselves, and like other singularities of individuals and nations, is falling before the influence of civilization, and greater intercourse with others."

Most people are aware that Madeira wine is frequently sent to the East or West Indies to mellow its flavor before it is brought to England; but it is a fact, not equally well known, that a great quantity of port wine drunk in England has first been sent to America—not for any reason connected with its flavor, but for economy. Thus: the dues payable on wines exported from Oporto to Great Britain are, as we have said, 6*l.* per

pipe; the dues payable on wines exported from Oporto to America, or any port out of Europe, are 6*d.* only per pipe. Consequently, by shipping wine first to America and re-shipping it thence to England, the heavy dues are evaded, and the difference of freight not exceeding about 3*l.* per pipe, the other 3*l.* per pipe is saved to the importer. The Oporto Wine Company have made many absurd regulations to prevent this system of evasion, but none of them have answered the purpose, and about 8,000 pipes are annually brought to our shores by this circuitous route.

It is rather a common error to suppose that a taste for French wines is of modern growth in Great Britain; the truth is, that the taste for port wine is of far more recent date. From 1675 to 1678 (inclusive of both years) England consumed 31,141 tuns of French wine, and only 478 of Portuguese.

There was a prohibition in 1679 of all French wine, and from that year to 1685, inclusive, only four tuns of French wine were introduced, and 58,862 tuns of Portuguese displaced it. So that, in fact, the trade in port wine was at first forced. The French trade was re-opened in 1686, and in the four ensuing years French wine had risen to 53,515 tuns, and the Portuguese had fallen in turn to 1,640 tuns.

Prior to the first of the years above mentioned the demand for French wines amounted to 20,000 tuns per annum. The introduction of port was greatly opposed; and there is an account of 5,000 hogsheads of claret having been smuggled into Cornwall, Devon, and Dorset, at the time the prohibition took place of French wines. This made a great noise at the time it occurred, and the government of the day took measures to put a stop to it.

We have mentioned Beni Carlos as a red wine used for blending with and creating a semi-spurious port. This is a Spanish red wine; and Spain produces many such. At La Mancha (who does not remember the name of the place which gave birth to Don Quixote?) a beautiful red wine is produced called Manzanares wine. It may be bought on the spot retail at 2*d.* a bottle. It has scarcely even found its way to England on account of the difficulties of transit; but the late Duke of Wellington had some of it in his cellar. As La Mancha is situate 300 miles from the sea, it must have been brought all that distance on the backs of mules, for as yet there are no other means of transport. There must have been some trouble, too, in procuring casks in which to

carry it; for casks are a luxury unknown in that part of the country. The wine is generally stored in great earthen tanks. Cocks are put into them at different heights, and the wine is drawn off into hog-skins pitched inside, and these are slung on the backs of mules. But pitch is a flavor hardly adapted to English palates, and therefore the Duke's wine was brought in casks. When we take into consideration the expense of these, of the overland journey to Cadiz, of the freight and export dues from thence and the import duties levied in England, which amount to nearly 1s. per bottle, we may guess that the Duke's wine stood him in a very different figure from the original 2d. a bottle at La Mancha.

Port wine is not a mere luxury; it has high medicinal properties. It is a tonic, and it has great astringency. During the disastrous Walcheren expedition there were at one place 250 men out of 500 of one regiment in the hospital. The surgeons declared that wine—port wine—was needed, and none had been sent. "We have typhoid and typhus fever," they said, "mixed with that of the Walcheren. The greater part of these men are down, and will die for want of wine." In cases of typhus fever an immense quantity of wine is given to the patient—in fact, port wine is frequently the only means of saving life, and from one to even two bottles a day are given to the sufferer. White wine will not serve in such cases, because of the absence from it of tannin, which causes the required astringency.

In making white wine they place the grapes layer upon layer without the stems, and sprinkle gypsum, which takes up the malic acid in the wine. In red wine they

tread the grapes to bring out the color, and bruise the stems and the pips.

Among the many wines blended to imitate port, is a red wine called pontac, grown at the Cape. It is probably never seen on the table in England under its own name, and, indeed, such as is imported would not be greatly relished, as it is certainly a very bad imitation of port. But like other sorts of Cape, it is occasionally made very good in the country of its production, but it more resembles a Burgundy than a Portugal wine. Brandied and mixed with a little genuine port, it is occasionally reshipped from the docks to Guernsey or Jersey, and then brought back to England as port.

A great deal has lately been said on the subject of reducing the import duties on wine. At present it is 5s. 9d. a gallon. There are some people who think it should be lowered to 1s., and they declare that the increased consumption that would follow, would make up the deficiency which would otherwise take place in the revenue. We are not political economists, and our little sketch is not intended to enter on such disquisitions; but if such an immense increase of demand were to take place, a very natural question occurs,—would the wine countries which we now patronize, be able to supply us with the additional quantity required? It is clear that under the present absurd regulations of the Oporto Wine Company, Portugal would not send us five or six-fold the present quantity of port wine; for they already limit our supply, both as to quantity and quality. But supposing the wine company to withdraw their regulations, as they probably would if we imposed but a shilling duty, could the country supply all we might want? On this point there is no doubt at all.

**BELGRAVIA AND ITS LIBRARY.**—On passing St. George's Hospital, the attention is at once attracted to the commanding row of mansions devoted to business purposes immediately fronting Hyde Park, in the most prominent of which, will be found the extensive and well-selected stock of Mr. Westerton, who has here collected a large and valuable library, embracing the newest and best works in English and Foreign Literature. The proprietor having adopted a liberal scale of sub-

scription, the library will be found of great advantage to the denizens of this highly aristocratic neighborhood, and cannot fail to insure for Mr. Westerton a well-merited success. Here, also, may be had every variety of ornamental stationery, as also Church services, Bibles, prayer-books, and other elegant works, suitable for presentation, and all works published in connexion with the Great Industrial Exhibition in Hyde Park.—*London as it is.*

From the British Quarterly Review.

## SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY.\*

It is an ancient and inspired saying, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and we feel constrained to offer a frank confession of having experienced not a little of this unpleasant feeling, in regard to the latter of the two voluminous books which stand at the head of this article. For months had its intended publication been announced, for months was it "*in the press*," and for months was it "*nearly ready*." Inquiries as to its progress were so frequently made, and so frequently answered in the same encouraging manner, followed uniformly by the same discouraging delay, that we became at length sullenly skeptical as to the ultimate appearance of the work at all. Not by any means that we doubted either the good faith of the publishers or of the illustrious author; but as we were fully aware of the precarious health of the latter, entailing, as it does, both frequent and protracted suspensions of labor, we could not resist occasional apprehensions that this painful circumstance might possibly postpone the issue of the work to an indefinite period, if not forever. Our eager anticipations would have been unreasonable if the work were simply to have been a reprinted collection of the articles on miscellaneous subjects contributed by Sir W. Hamilton to

the *Edinburgh Review*, for with them we had cultivated a fond and profitable familiarity for years. But according to the character of the announcement, new material was to appear in the shape of corrections, vindications, and enlargements. Students of philosophy were panting for fresh light upon some of the most difficult problems connected with that science; and theologians were wondering in what manner the Scottish professor would clear himself of the numerous charges preferred against him by Archdeacon Hare,—charges which have been long before the public, which are serious in their character, and regarded by many as not admitting of successful refutation.

The bulky volume before us contains six articles on philosophy, two on literature, and eight on education, all of which are reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*; it also comprises three invaluable appendices, respectively entitled philosophical, logical, and educational. Thus, the matter which is now published for the first time, extends to upwards of one half of that published before.

It would be marvellous, if, indeed, numerous illustrations, from Bacon downwards, had not familiarized our minds with similar facts, that the merits of Sir W. Hamilton have not been more extensively recognized in his own country. Out of Britain he has received abundant honor. His chief contributions have been translated into French by M. Peisse, and into Italian by S. Lo. Gatto. But though his speculations have been published for years, it is only now, that is, at a period when the spirit of philosophical inquiry is reviving, that they are exciting a profounder and more extensive interest. The social and religious aspects of our country have at length roused it in some degree from the gross and all but universal materialism of thought and feeling into which it had sunk, and in spite of some little temporary alarm and detriment, we are truly thankful for such awakening. Never, perhaps, in the history of our country has there been

\* (1.) *The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D., now fully collected, with Selections from his unpublished Letters. Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations.* By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Advocate, Master of Arts (Oxford), &c.; of the Institute of France, the Latin Society of Jena, and many other literary bodies, foreign and British; Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Text collated and revised; useful distinctions inserted; leading words and propositions marked out; allusions indicated; quotations filled up.

Prefixed, STEWART'S *Account of the Life and Writings of Reid; with Notes by the Editor.* Copious Indices subjoined. Edinburgh. 1846.

(2.) *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform.* Chiefly from the *Edinburgh Review*. Corrected, vindicated, enlarged, in Notes and Appendices. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. London. 1852.

so wide-spread a regard for a philosophical literature as at present. The rudiments of psychology are now incorporated with the general course of education at some of our best schools; young men who have left the "*status pupillaris*," stimulated and aided by such popular expositions as Lewes' *Biographical History of Philosophy*, and Morell's *History of Modern Philosophy*, are pursuing the same study, while, *mirabile dictu*, symptoms of the philosophical spirit have actually made their appearance once more at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, though we cannot compliment the latter on the ethical writings of its representative, Dr. Whewell. But we will moderate our censures upon the manifest incompetence and failure in the department of philosophy of this illustrious mathematician, in the hope that some of his colleagues possessing a higher philosophical genius, and a profounder and more accurate erudition, will redeem that university from the disgrace, in this respect, in which it has been so long involved.

It is well known that Sir William Hamilton has been for many years the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, which has long enjoyed the distinction of supremacy in this department of philosophy above all the other great seats of learning in Britain. His entrance upon the duties of his chair marks an epoch in the history of logical and psychological speculations among the youth of Scotland; while the celebrity of his lectures has not failed to attract a considerable number from the southern division of the empire. It is no uncommon thing for those who have been educated in other universities to spend a session, or more, in Edinburgh, for the purpose of conducting their philosophical studies under the guidance of the accomplished baronet. And we may be allowed to state, as the result of personal experience, and the accumulated testimonies of many who have enjoyed the privilege of receiving his instructions, that to him—his spirit, public lectures, and private suggestions—his students owe their chief obligations for whatever of enthusiasm, patient labor, and discipline they may possess. His spirit is diffused through his class to an extent which is but seldom realized, even in cases where the subjects discussed are of a less abstruse and a more attractive character. Nor does this arise in any degree from his eloquence or rhetoric; for it is no secret to those who have read any of his productions, that in his fastidious en-

deavor to attain the most rigid accuracy in the expression of his thoughts, he sacrifices in a degree sufficient to rouse the shades of Blair and his æsthetical fraternity, all the graces of ordinary literature. Whether he might not effect a combination between accuracy and style, and thus atone, in some measure, by the fire and beauty of his language, for the inherent abstruseness of his subject, we do not presume to decide; we only affirm, that the powerful influence he exerts over his students is not attributable to any such incidental adornments.

During their delivery, his lectures are, for the most part, incomprehensible, both on account of the novel nomenclature, and the manifold distinctions, in which they abound; and yet so fully alive are the students to the philosophical value which, on private and careful examination, they will find to attach to every sentence he has uttered, that it is common for several of them to compare the notes they have hurriedly taken, with the view of supplementing deficiencies, and thus obtaining an accurate transcript of the day's prelection. Nor is this expedient useless in another respect; for lectures and examinations upon them succeed each other on alternate days; and it behoves all who are ambitious of the honor to be conferred by the suffrages of the students at the close of the session, to labor with unwearying assiduity to master the lectures they have heard. We say with *unwearying assiduity*, for the difficulties are great, numerous, and constant. The student who, as the result of patient toil, has acquitted himself well to-day, in the presence of his associates, by rendering a faithful account of the last lecture, is not for that reason discharged from equal application for some time to come. Two days hence he may be summoned to the same conspicuous and trying position again, for the principle which regulates the examination is one of chance. On the professor's table is a jar containing cards, bearing respectively the letters of the alphabet. After mixing them together, he takes the first which comes to hand, and the inscribed letter becomes a summons to all whose surnames it commences to stand up and reproduce the previous lecture.

To the study of metaphysics Sir William has brought that which is indispensable to eminence in any pursuit, whether speculative or practical, a strong and indomitable passion, a passion arising from the very structure of his mind; for it is as true of the metaphysician as of the poet—he is born,



and not made. Doubtless, there are multitudes who, by an amateur devotion to either, may attain to a respectable standing as critics, may incorporate with their general education both a knowledge of philosophical systems, their individual features and relative dependence, and of the whole cyclopædia of poets, ancient and modern, but they do not become on this account either sage or poet. The new truth, whether poetical or philosophical, will still emanate only from the natural genius, from him who, by a predilection not less imperative than a necessity of nature, rises towards poetry or philosophy as his special and inevitable mission. It is allowed, that new error as well as new truth may spring from the same source, and that the greatest errors have frequently the privilege of pleading a most respectable parentage—the greatest men; but let it be remembered, in mitigation of this fact, that an error which to the mass of mankind has an egregious magnitude, is often, for the most part, the generalized result of an amount of evidence, which is unseen by all but the few who have encountered it, as the consequence of the very extent and profundity of their investigations.

The slightest perusal of Sir William's philosophical writings will be sufficient to convince the reader that he is in intercourse with a mind of the most extraordinary comprehension and acuteness. He combines, in a degree unequalled since the time of Aristotle (of whom, indeed, he is a devout, though not a blind and indiscriminating worshipper), the powers of analysis and generalization. Indeed, there are some portions of his writings, such as occasional paragraphs, in notes B and C, in which he seems to be laboriously multiplying distinctions which have no appreciable difference. But a more careful scrutiny never fails to reveal the reality of the discrimination which he sought to signalize. Some may be tempted to denounce such passages as disfigured by hair-splitting: but he never performs such feats, unless they are imposed upon him by the demands of philosophical truth, and then, it surely is no mean praise to say, that he performs them most successfully. The classification he has given us, and that, too, without aid from previous philosophers, of the various theories of representation which have, at successive periods, been fabricated for the purpose of explaining the manner in which we become cognizant of the outer world, is a remarkable illustration of his power to catch and express in

appropriate terms the slightest shades of variation in philosophical opinions, while the same fragment affords an equally wonderful illustration of the facility with which he can elicit from those same opinions their common element, and thus rise at once to a comprehensive and correct generalization. The degree in which these two counter powers of analysis and generalization exist in any mind, together with their relative proportion, determines a man's philosophical character.

But we have only spoken of the original endowments of Sir William Hamilton. With these alone he would have been a philosopher, and it would have been not a little interesting to see a work from his pen which should have been the genuine result of his own speculations, unaffected and unmodified by their contact with the historic developments of philosophy. But if native power and learning were commensurable quantities, it would be a problem difficult of solution, which of them in his case preponderates. The erudition displayed, both in his edition of Reid, and in his more recent volume, is unequalled in any philosophical publication of which our country can boast; and it may be questioned whether even our German brethren will not be somewhat jealously alarmed at the appearance of so formidable a stranger upon the field of that learned philosophical criticism which for many years they have almost exclusively cultivated. Nor is this erudition confined to the department of metaphysics. It embraces an acquaintance with all collateral truth.\* He would

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\* It gives us pleasure to confirm the estimate we have pronounced of Sir William by a citation of the opinions of illustrious foreigners. M. Peisse, to whom reference has been already made, thus writes of Hamilton in his Preface to the *Fragments de Philosophie*:—'Il n'est pas peut-être en Europe un homme qui possède une connaissance aussi complète et aussi minutieuse, une intelligence aussi profonde des livres, des systèmes et des philosophes d'Allemagne.'—p. lxxxii.

'L'érudition de M. Hamilton n'est pas cette érudition morte qui s'occupe plus des livres que des idées, et qui étouffe l'esprit philosophique au lieu de le nourrir; c'est une érudition active qui laisse à la pensée toute son indépendance; elle n'est pas à elle-même sa propre fin, mais seulement un instrument pour la recherche de la vérité. Quoique infiniment variée, car elle embrasse presque tout le champ des sciences morales et rationnelles et de la littérature générale, elle est en même temps complète et profonde, principalement en philosophie ancienne et moderne et en matière d'instruction publique. Peu d'hommes en Europe sont aussi familiers avec la philosophie et en particulier avec Aristotle.'—p. lxxxiii.



seem to have prosecuted his studies upon the principle 'Difficile est in philosophia, pauca esse ei nota, cui non sint aut pleraque aut omnia.' His singular and elaborate dissertation on common sense, embracing an historical sketch of the doctrine from the dawn of speculation to the present day; his physiological notes illustrative of the three-fold distinction of the properties of matter into primary, secundo-primary, and secondary; his critical discussion of the text of Aristotle; his celebrated article on logic; the curious, and we believe, successful attempt to ascertain the authorship of the *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; and his articles on education and university reform, combine to establish for him a reputation for erudition unsurpassed, if equalled, since the days of the elder Scaliger. And the marvel is, that possessing these accumulated stores of knowledge, he should have retained his own freedom and independence of thought, and have given to the world a system of philosophy which, both in its *formal* development, and in certain distinctive results, bears the stamp of his own individuality, and will, we are confident, be identified with his name, as combining in one harmonious whole, the best results of the Scottish and German schools. It is a source of profound regret that qualifications so manifold and extraordinary should not have been devoted to the preparation of a history of philosophy, such as should have guided the student through the speculations of upwards of 3000 years, and have rescued this department of our national literature from the disgrace which now rests upon it.

One of the most remarkable features of the works under review is, the peculiar nomenclature, which Sir William has partly created, and partly revived. It is a lamentable circumstance, that up to the present day, philosophy should lack an adequate vehicle for the expression of its truths. It is notorious that our ethical, metaphysical, and theological literature is almost everywhere disfigured by carelessness and vacillation in the employment of terms. Many of the ponderous polemical terms which have been mercilessly inflicted upon the 'gentle' and 'courteous' reader would never have seen the light but for misconceptions of the meaning of words. Champions of the same

truth have been the valiant yet luckless antagonists of each other, on the ground of mere verbal differences, and the somewhat humbling conclusion of such an encounter has been, that a little preliminary settlement as to definitions would have obviated the whole dispute. In geometry and in algebra we have a symbolic language which is adequate to the expression of the processes and relations with which the science of mathematics is conversant. They are not liable either to expansion or compression. Their connotation is simple and invariable. Ignorance, passion, prejudice, peculiarities of mental constitution, varieties of education, and the many unconscious but powerful influences which act upon us, have here no room for operation. Hence, at least in some measure, the comparative perfection which this science, and others based upon its results, have attained. However strange it may seem, the fact is unquestionable, that the right use of language is one of the latest attainments in philosophical speculation. It is so in the life of the individual; it will be so in the literature of a nation. It is not until the man has been conversant for years with the tricks which an abusive employment of terms, whether by others or himself, has played upon him, that he begins to invest each with a fixed signification. At the outset, he philosophizes with a Protean nomenclature; it is only in the end that he learns to discriminate and define. And the language of philosophy will then become a fitting medium for the transmission and circulation of truth, when its words approach nearest to the fixity of mathematical signs. Since the days of Locke, who stands distinguished as well by his incomparable chapters on the proper and improper use of language, as by his practical violation of principles so clearly expounded, there has been a manifest improvement in the style of our philosophical literature. But we are persuaded that in no work, since the dawn of modern speculation, do we find anything which will contribute so materially to the settlement of a precise and permanent terminology as the philosophical fragments published by Sir W. Hamilton.

It is granted that many of his words wear a somewhat novel and grotesque aspect, but they amply vindicate their right to existence by the accuracy with which they express the ideas and theories which have hitherto either not been discriminated at all, or else signalized by lengthened periphrastic descriptions. And while it is nothing but pedantic

M. Cousin calls him, in his *Fragments Philosophiques*, 'Le plus grand critique de notre siècle.'

And M. Brandis, who is himself the most learned Aristotelian on the continent, denominates him 'Le grand maître du Peripatetisme.'

impertinence for any writer, be his attainments what they may, to swell needlessly the vocables of a language, we are under a manifest obligation to the writer who, as the result of profounder and more comprehensive investigations into any department of truth, elicits new relations, and, if needs be, gives them expression in words invented for the purpose. The privilege which has been enjoyed without reclamation by discoverers and systematizers in physical science, may surely be pleaded by mental philosophers.

We shall now proceed to present the chief points in Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy, indicating at the same time the manner in which they are developed from his fundamental doctrine of consciousness.

In common with Aristotle, Descartes, and Locke, and in opposition to Reid, Stewart, and Royer Collard, he regards consciousness, not as a special faculty, holding only a co-ordinate rank with other powers of the mind, from which it can be numerically distinguished, but as the universal condition of all intelligence, underlying and sustaining every mental act, operation, state, mode, modification, or by whatever other name the phenomena of the soul may be designated. To the degradation of consciousness from its important, because fundamental position, into that of a separate, occasional, and intermittent faculty, he justly traces the confusion which marks the details of the Scottish philosophy, as expounded by Reid and his immediate disciple; and it is from the due analysis of all the phenomena revealed in consciousness, together with their just classification, and an enlightened induction patiently and carefully drawn from them, that he confidently expects a true system of mental philosophy will emerge.

It will be manifest from this simple statement, that by philosophy he understands something wholly different from that cloudy and ever-changing ontology which has become the idol of our Teutonic brethren. Essence, the substratum of all phenomena, whether mental or physical, he declares to lie far beneath the reach of human understanding and reason. The science of the absolute is exposed, as a fruitless rebellion against the restrictions which the Divine Being has laid upon our nature—an expenditure of that time, strength, skill and patience, in attempting to disclose the undiscoverable arcana of being, which might be successfully employed within the sphere of the phenomenal and conditioned.

As in religion, the theologian demands—

"what saith the scripture?" so in psychology, Sir William demands—what saith consciousness?—this is the law, this the testimony. Nothing is known, nothing can be known, except under the conditions of consciousness. Neither inner nor outer world is anything to us except as manifested in and through this indispensable and universal faculty. But the facts of consciousness must be intelligently investigated, or the appeal to them will issue in no truthful result, and no investigation can claim the character of intelligent or fair which does not extend to the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts of consciousness. Neglect upon any one of these points has never failed to be fruitful of manifold errors in philosophical speculations. If it be inquired, for what reason the testimony of consciousness is accounted final, and appeal is not made to a higher tribunal, the answer is prompt and conclusive, there is no higher tribunal. In the language of Cousin—

"The fundamental principle of knowledge and intellectual life is *consciousness*. Life begins with consciousness, and with consciousness it ends; in consciousness it is that we apprehend ourselves; and it is in and through consciousness that we apprehend the external world. Were it possible to rise above consciousness, to place ourselves, so to speak, behind it, to penetrate into the secret workshop where intelligence blocks out and fabricates the various phenomena, there to officiate, as it were, at the birth, and to watch the evolution of consciousness, then might we hope to comprehend its nature, and the different steps through which it rises to the form in which it is actually revealed. But as all knowledge commences with consciousness, it is able to remount no higher. Here a prudent analysis will therefore stop, and occupy itself with what is given."

Thus, all our knowledge is found at last to repose on *faith*, faith in the veracity of those fundamental cognitions, facts, or feelings, which are seen in the last analysis of all our mental operations, and which being primordial in their character, are alike incapable of *demonstration* by any resolution into simpler principles, and of *authentication* by comparison with any authority of *greater* or *equal* certainty. That this assumption of the existence of "certain bases of knowledge in the mind itself" is not unwarrantable, is *practically admitted* even by such as *theoretically disallow* it; for while they vindicate to experience the honor of being the exclusive source of all our knowledge, they are compelled to retreat at last upon some universal and connate principles, whose exist-

ence constitutes their own authority and warrant. In nothing perhaps has this truth been more clearly illustrated than in the various abortive attempts which have been made to find an empirical genesis for our ideas of space, time, and causality, for in all such endeavors there is either seen the most signal misconception of the real problem at issue, or else there always remains a certain stubborn residuum which no ingenuity can dispose of, except by referring it at once to the class of original mental laws.

In the first dissertation appended to his edition of Reid, the following propositions respecting consciousness are given as either self-evident, or easily demonstrable :

' 1. The end of philosophy is truth ; and consciousness is the instrument and criterion of its application. In other words, philosophy is the development and application of the constitutive and normal truths which consciousness immediately reveals.

' 2. Philosophy is thus wholly dependent on consciousness ; the possibility of the former supposing the trustworthiness of the latter.

' 3. Consciousness is to be presumed trustworthy until proved to be mendacious.

' 4. The mendacity of consciousness is proved, if its data, immediately in themselves, or mediately in their necessary consequences, be shown to stand in mutual contradiction.

' 5. The immediate or mediate repugnance of any two of its data being established, the presumption in favor of the general veracity of consciousness is abolished, or rather reversed. For while on the one hand, all that is not contradictory is not therefore true ; on the other, a positive proof of falsehood in one instance establishes a presumption of probable falsehood in all ; for the maxim '*falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*,' must determine the credibility of consciousness as of every other witness.

' 6. No attempt to show that the data of consciousness are either in themselves or in their necessary consequences mutually contradictory has yet succeeded, and the presumption in favor of the truth of consciousness and the possibility of philosophy has therefore never been reargued. In other words, an original, universal, dogmatic subversion of knowledge has hitherto been found impossible.

' 7. No philosopher has ever formally denied the truth, or disclaimed the authority of consciousness ; but few or none have been content implicitly to accept and consistently to follow out its dictates. Instead of humbly resorting to consciousness to draw from thence his doctrines and their proof, each dogmatic speculator looked only into consciousness, there to discover his pre-adopted opinions. In philosophy, men have abused the code of natural, as in theology the code of positive revelation ; and the epigraph of a great Protestant divine on the book of Scripture, is cer-

tainly not less applicable to the book of consciousness :

' *Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque  
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.*

' 8. The first and most obvious consequence of this procedure has been the multiplication of philosophical systems, in every conceivable aberration from the unity of truth.

' 9. The second, but less obvious consequence has been the critical surrender, by each several system, of the possibility of philosophy in general. For as the possibility of philosophy supposes the absolute truth of consciousness, every system which proceeded on the hypothesis that even a single deliverance of consciousness is untrue, did, however it might eschew the overt declaration, thereby invalidate the general credibility of consciousness, and supply to the skeptic the premises he required to subvert philosophy, in so far as that system represented it.

' 10. And yet although the past history of philosophy has, in a great measure, been only a history of variation and error, (*variassæ erroris est*) ; yet the cause of this variation being known, we obtain a valid ground of hope for the destiny of philosophy in future. Because, since philosophy has been hitherto inconsistent with itself only in being inconsistent with the dictates of our natural beliefs,

' For truth is catholic and nature one,'

it follows that philosophy has simply to return to natural consciousness, to return to unity and truth.'

In doing this, we have only to attend to the three following maxims or precautions :—

1. That we admit nothing [which is] not either an original datum of consciousness, or the legitimate consequence of such a datum.

2. That we embrace all the original data of consciousness, and all their legitimate consequences.

3. That we exhibit each of these in its individual integrity, neither distorted nor mutilated, and in its relative place, whether of pre-eminence or subordination.—(Note A. § 1, pp. 746-747.)

But the inquiry at once emerges—By what marks shall we be able, out of the vast multitude of our thoughts, feelings, and beliefs, to distinguish those principles of common sense upon which Sir William proposes to rear the whole structure of his philosophy ? The existence of such principles he has established beyond a doubt, but they are of no philosophical value unless they can be discriminated by some essential features from our secondary and derived convictions. Is it left to individual ignorance or caprice to determine which of our strong beliefs shall be installed in the high position of regal and primary truths, or are there catholic criteria by which in every man the primordial and sim-

ple may be satisfactorily separated from the secondary and compounded? The importance of this question has not escaped the accomplished baronet, and, accordingly, he has specified four such criteria:—1. Incomprehensibility. 2. Simplicity. 3. Necessity and absolute universality. 4. Their comparative evidence and certainty.

'1. In reference to the first: A conviction is incomprehensible when there is merely given us in consciousness—*That its object is* (ὅτι ὅτι); and when we are unable to comprehend through a higher notion or belief *why or how it is* (διότι ὅτι); when we are able to comprehend why or how a thing is, the belief of the existence of that thing is not a primary datum of consciousness, but a subsumption under the cognition or belief which affords its reason.

'2. As to the second: It is manifest that if a cognition or belief be made up of, and can be explicated into, a plurality of cognitions or beliefs, that, as compound, it cannot be original.

'3. Touching the third: Necessity and universality may be regarded as coincident. For when a belief is necessary, it is, *eo ipso*, universal; and that a belief is universal, is a certain index that it must be necessary. (See *Leibnitz, Nouveaux Essais*, L. i., § 4, p. 32.) To prove the necessity, the universality must, however, be absolute; for a relative universality indicates no more than custom and education, howbeit the subjects themselves may deem that they follow only the dictates of nature. As St. Jerome has it, 'unaquaque gens hoc legem naturæ putat, quod dicit.'

'4. The fourth and last character of our original beliefs is their comparative evidence and certainty. This, along with the third, is well stated by Aristotle: 'What appears to all, that we affirm to be; and he who rejects this belief will assuredly advance *nothing better deserving of credence*.' And again, 'If we know and believe through certain original principles, we must know and believe these with *paramount certainty*, for the very reason that we know and believe all else through them.'—(Note A. § 4, pp. 754, 755.)

The defence which our author institutes of the scientific and philosophical character of the argument from common sense, we must by no means omit, as it has been the fashion with too many of our modern writers to sneer at the philosophy of Reid as an unscientific transference of the problems of metaphysics to the decision of the vulgar. And, indeed, in reference to the Scottish philosophy in the hands of Reid and Stewart, we are compelled to endorse the statements of M. Peisse.

"L'argument du sens commun, en effet, n'était entre ses mains, ainsi qu'il l'ai dit ailleurs, qu'une fin de non-recevoir, et avait plus l'air d'une

défaite ou d'un déni de justice que d'une solution philosophique."—(*Préface*, lxxx.)

But we are happy to cite the same authority to the fact, that these objections are now effectually removed by the scientific character which the philosophy of common sense has assumed in the hands of Sir W. Hamilton.—(*Vide Préface, passim*.)

With respect to the charge that the appeal to common sense is unscientific, our author writes—

"Nor is it true that the argument from common sense denies the decision to the judgment of philosophers, and accords it to the verdict of the vulgar. Nothing can be more erroneous. We admit, nay, we maintain, as D'Alembert well expresses it, 'that the truth in metaphysics, like the truth in matters of taste, is a truth of which all minds have the germ within themselves; to which, indeed, the greater number pay no attention, but which they recognize the moment it is pointed out to them. . . . But if in this sort all are able to understand, all are not able to instruct; or, to employ the words of the ingenious Lichtenberg, 'Philosophy, twist the matter as we may, is always a sort of chemistry' (Scheidungskunst). The peasant employs all the principles of abstract philosophy, only *enveloped, latent, engaged*, as the men of physical science express it; the philosopher exhibits the *pure principle*.'—(*Hinterlassene Schriften*, vol. ii. p. 67.)

"The first problem of philosophy—and it is one of no easy accomplishment—being thus to seek out, purify, and establish, by intellectual analysis and criticism, the elementary feelings or beliefs in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession; and the argument from common sense being the allegation of these feelings or beliefs, as explicated and ascertained, in proof of the relative truths and their necessary consequences; this argument is manifestly dependent on philosophy as an art, as an acquired dexterity, and cannot, notwithstanding the errors which they have so frequently committed, be taken out of the hands of the philosophers. Common sense is like common law; each may be laid down as the general rule of decision; but in the one case it must be left to the jurist; in the other, to the philosopher to ascertain what are the contents of the rule; and though in both instances the common man may be cited as a witness, for the custom or the fact, in neither can he be allowed to officiate as advocate or as judge."—(Note A. § 3, pp. 751, 752.)

Such, then, is the foundation of that philosophy of which Sir William is partly the expounder and partly the creator. On the mind of man—on those essential and regulative principles of all thought, when resolved into its ultimate elements; in other words, on the "*ipse intellectus*" of the celebrated philosophical aphorism of Leib-



nitz, he believes that the true philosophy will be found at last to stand.

Let us now proceed to show in what manner the doctrine of common sense thus stated, explained, and defended, is applied to the philosophy of external perception, and of the will.

### 1. External perception.

Are we, or are we not, *immediately* percipient of an external world? To this question, the great majority of philosophers in every age have replied in the negative, while at the same time they have one and all admitted that consciousness declares our knowledge of material qualities to be intuitive. The *fact* that the assertion of consciousness has been unambiguously in favor of the immediate perception has been allowed; but the *veracity* of this assertion has not only been called in question, but distinctly denied. The cross-examination to which consciousness has been unworthily subjected, and the unsustained contradictions with which its decisions have been met, have sprung, we conceive, from two sources; from the presumed deceptions of sense, all of which may be easily referred to premature inferences on the part of the judgment from the data actually furnished; and from the disposition which has so extensively prevailed from an early period, to hold that mind and matter are so contrasted with each other as existences, that the latter can only be known by the former through certain representative media. And yet, in truth, nothing is more gratuitous than the assumption that the mind can only be immediately conscious of its own operations, and that its intercourse with the outer world must be through vicarious phenomena. This prejudice (for an intelligent inference it cannot be) has given birth to all the varieties of representational theories which are classified and discriminated with such exquisite precision in Note C. Nor can we wonder at the multitude of hypotheses which have been framed to bridge over the interval between the *ego* and the *non-ego*, when once the explicit testimony of consciousness to the fact of an immediate perception of the external world has been rejected. Many of them are the Herculean tasks which nature imposes as penalties on the speculative faculties of men, when they refuse to accept as absolutely true the simple utterances of consciousness.

'There are three possible forms of the representative hypothesis, all of which have been actually maintained.

'1. The representative object *not* a modification of mind.

'2. The representative object a modification of mind depending for its apprehension, but not for its existence, on the act of consciousness.

'3. The representative object a modification of mind, non-existent out of consciousness—the idea and its perception being only different relations of an act (state) really identical.

'In the *first*, the various opinions touching the nature and origin of the representative object; whether material or immaterial, or between both; whether physical or hyperphysical; whether propagated from the external object, or generated in the medium; whether fabricated by the intelligent soul, or in the animal life; whether infused by God or angels, or identical with the Divine substance;—these afford in the history of philosophy so many subordinate modifications of this form of the hypothesis. In the *two latter*, the subaltern theories have been determined by the difficulty to connect the representation with the reality in a relation of causal dependence; and while some philosophers have left it altogether unexplained, the others have been compelled to resort to the hyperphysical theories of Divine assistance, and a pre-established harmony. Under the *second*, opinions have varied whether the representative object be innate or factitious.'—*Discussions on Philosophy, &c.*, p. 56.

In opposition to all these representative systems, Sir William maintains the doctrine, that we are *immediately* conscious of the outer world—that the non-ego is *presented* not *represented* to the ego; and this he does in accordance with the principles expounded in his *Dissertation on Common Sense*. His appeal lies to consciousness, and to consciousness alone; and the response of consciousness, when interrogated on the point in question, is categorical and clear.

'When I concentrate my attention,' he says, 'in the simplest act of perception, I return from my observation with the most irresistible conviction of *two facts*, or rather two branches of the *same fact*—that *I am*; and *that something different from me exists*. In this act, I am conscious of myself as the perceiving subject, and of an external reality as the object perceived; and I am conscious of both existences in the 'same indivisible moment of intuition.' The knowledge of the subject does not precede nor follow the knowledge of the object; neither determines, neither is determined by the other.

'The two terms of correlation stand in mutual counterpoise and equal independence; they are given as connected in the synthesis of knowledge, but, as contrasted in the antithesis of existence. Such is the 'fact' of perception revealed in consciousness; and as it determines mankind in general in their equal assurance of the reality of an external world, and of the existence of their own minds. 'Consciousness declares our knowledge of material qualities to be intuitive.' Nor is the fact 'as given,' denied even by those who disallow its truth. So clear is the deliverance, that even the philosophers who reject an intuitive per-

ception, find it impossible not to admit that their doctrine stands decidedly opposed to the voice of consciousness, and the natural conviction of mankind.—*Ibid.*, pp. 53, 54.

Again:

"In perception consciousness gives, as an ultimate fact, a belief of the knowledge of the existence of something different from self. As ultimate, this belief cannot be reduced to a higher principle; neither can it be truly analyzed into a double element. We only believe that this something exists, because we believe that we know (are conscious of) this something as existing; the belief of the existence is necessarily involved in the belief of the knowledge of the existence. Both are original or neither. Does consciousness deceive us in the latter, it necessarily deludes us in the former; and if the former, though a fact of consciousness be false; the latter because a fact of consciousness is not true. The beliefs contained in the two propositions:

"1. *I believe that a material world exists.*

"2. *I believe that I immediately know a material world existing* (in other words, *I believe that the external reality itself is the object of which I am conscious in perception*); though distinguished by philosophers, are thus virtually identical."—*Ibid.*, pp. 86, 87.

But, it may be asked—Does our author claim for man the power of perceiving the external world as it is in itself? No. He thus guards himself from misapprehension—

"Existence absolutely and in itself is to us as zero; and while nothing is, no nothing is known to us, except those phases of being which stand in analogy to our faculties of knowledge. These we call qualities, phenomena, properties, &c. When we say, therefore, that a thing is known in itself, we mean only that it stands face to face, in direct and immediate relation to the conscious mind; in other words, that, as existing, its phenomena form part of the circle of our knowledge—exist since they are known, and are known because they exist."—*Ibid.*, p. 53.

But, while our author repudiates all pretensions to an immediate perception of the essence of the outer world, he still maintains, as an indispensable and fundamental condition of his doctrine, that some of its relations are the objects of a direct and uninferred perception; and he still further maintains, that the representative hypotheses, whether gross or refined, have not, on the one hand, vindicated their right to existence by showing cause why the integral testimony of consciousness was not accepted; whereas, on the other hand, they lack the only thing which can impart to them philosophic credibility; the guarantee of that very consciousness whose truthfulness they have gratuitously impeached. Neither of these charges have the advocates of any of

the forms of representation endeavored to repel, and accordingly the system of natural realism, or real presentationism, as espoused and defended by Sir William, stands alone in its conformity with the primary laws of intelligence.

The only position which it is logically competent to occupy in assailing this philosophy, is the denial of the fact which Sir William has repeatedly stated, viz. that "*consciousness declares our knowledge of material qualities to be intuitive.*"

The admission of this, unless the mendacity of consciousness can be successfully shown, annihilates the ground upon which alone a representative hypothesis can be reared.

Before we pass on to other aspects of our author's philosophy, it will contribute to throw still further light on his doctrine of perception, if we bring together a few of his general and condensed statements upon the subject, reminding the reader meanwhile, that the full bearings of it can only be comprehended by a careful study of Sir William's expositions themselves; and especially of Note D, on the distinction between the primary, secundo-primary, and secondary, qualities of matter.

"All perception is a sensitive cognition; it therefore apprehends the existence of no object, out of its organism, or not in immediate correlation to its organism; for thus only can an object exist, *now and here* to sense."—Note D.\* p. 879.

"Sensation proper is the *conditio sine qua non* of a perception proper of the primary qualities. For we are only aware of the existence of our organism, in being sentient of it, as thus or thus affected, and are only aware of its being the subject of extension, figure, division, motion, &c., in being percipient of its affections, as like or as unlike, and as out of, or locally external to each other."—Note D.\* p. 880.

"Above a certain point, the stronger the sensation the weaker the perception; and the distincter the perception the less obtrusive the sensation; in other words—though perception proper and sensation proper only exist as they co-exist, in the degree or intensity of their existence they are always found in an inverse ratio of each other."—*Ibid.* p. 880.

"The organism is the field of apprehension, both to sensation proper and perception proper, but with this difference, that the former views it as of the *ego*, the latter as of the *non-ego*; that the one draws it within, the other shuts it out from, the sphere of self. As animated, as the subject of affections of which I am conscious, the organism belongs to me; and of these affections which I recognize as mine, *sensation proper* is the apprehension. As material, as the subject of extension, figure, divisibility, and so forth, the organism does not belong to me, the *conscious*

omit; and of those properties which I do not recognize as mine, *perception proper* is the apprehension."—*Ibid.* p. 880.

"A perception of the primary qualities does not, originally and in itself, reveal to us the existence, and qualitative existence, of aught beyond the organism apprehended by us as extended, figured, divided, &c."—*Ibid.* p. 881.

"The existence of an extra-organic world is apprehended, not in a perception of the primary qualities, but in a perception of the quasi-primary phasis of the secundo-primary; that is, in the consciousness that our locomotive energy is resisted, and not resisted by aught in the organism itself. For in the consciousness of being thus resisted is involved as a correlative, the consciousness of a resisting something external to our organism. Both are, therefore, conjointly apprehended."—*Ib.* p. 882.

Our remaining space will only allow us to present to the reader our author's speculations on the doctrine of the will. For upwards of two thousand years has this subject been debated in schools both philosophical and theological; but truth demands the acknowledgment that it is in the latter that it has excited the most intolerant and unseemly rancor. The charity inculcated by our Redeemer and his apostles as the most distinguishing and attractive feature of true religion, has been forgotten in the hot 'strife of words,' and it has been too manifest that the spirit of the combatants has often subordinated the interests of truth to those of a controversial triumph. One peculiar feature in the history of the doctrine of free-will, with its counter doctrine, necessarianism, is the repetition which has characterized the arguments adduced in support of them both. Each succeeding age has supplied its speculators upon themes which are too obtrusive to escape the attention of thinking men, and whose fascination, though in the inverse ratio of their fruitfulness, is so powerful, that Milton represents part of the ruined angels as sitting

... On a hill retired  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoning high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

The result of their profound meditation is also significant:

'And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

And yet, notwithstanding the volumes which have been written upon the will, we are as far as ever from attaining to a metaphysical solution of the difficulties which beset it on every hand. The earliest speculators

anticipated almost everything which the most recent have advanced in support of the conflicting theories. There has been absolutely no progression towards that light which should clear up the mystery which envelopes the point of conciliation between divine prescience and human responsibility. And this fact ought to have been sufficient to terminate investigations so unpromising of satisfactory results, while it should have been more than sufficient to shame and silence the dogmatism which, if inappropriate anywhere, is egregiously so when it intrudes into the most hazy department of metaphysical philosophy.

Nor has the controversy lacked its share of confusion of thought. Many have mistaken the very nature of the problem; and the majority of those who have assailed the doctrine of freedom have either wasted their valor on a phantom of their own creation, or else have transferred their notions of causation, with its correlative words, *necessary, necessity, certainty, inevitable, &c.*, into the region of mind, with an inflexibility and absoluteness of meaning, which is only justified when restricted to physical philosophy. And thus, under the garb of honest controversy, they have concealed the assumption of the very point in dispute. For what is it but the commission of this logical fallacy, when, in vindication of the assertion 'the will is not free,' it is averred that all *material* changes happen under an inviolable law of causation, and that all *mental* changes are subject to the same adamant law? The former statement may be admitted, but the latter, so far from bringing with it adequate evidence, stands exposed to the grave charge of violating the testimony of consciousness itself. Let it once be established that all things in the universe lie beneath the jurisdiction of the great law of causation, and that *intelligent spirits are in no degree exempt from its most stringent operation*, then, of necessity, we surrender the fact of freedom, whether in man, angels, or God; and we surrender, also, the possibility of personality, agency, accountability, merit, and guilt, and we shall be impelled to the conclusion that consciousness, conscience, languages, and laws have all combined to bear testimony to a lie!

It is an illustration of the common aphorism, 'extremes meet,' that atheists and some eminent Christians have, with equal zeal, though for widely different purposes, assailed the doctrine of freedom. Without attempting an exhaustive classification of the different forms which the neces-

sarian hypothesis has assumed, we may observe that some have maintained it in theory, but (whether consistently or not) have vindicated the accountability of man; others have intrepidly carried it out to its most remote and disastrous consequences—to the entire abolition of responsibility; while a third party have claimed freedom for all *unfallen intelligences*, denied it to the sinful, and yet affirmed their amenableness to moral law. The same necessarianism has, in the hands of the infidel, annihilated the *possibility of sin*, and in the hands of the imprudent theologian has exalted the grace of God; the former maintaining that, as man is not free, there is no sin in him to be forgiven; the latter, that, as man is not free, there is *nothing but sin* within him, and *can be nothing* else until he become the possessor of liberty. Between two such applications of the doctrine of necessity in its rigid form, we can be at no loss to arbitrate, and to yield a favorable decision to the infidel, who, on the supposition that man's actions fall under the inexorable law of causation, is undoubtedly correct in affirming that any human action is no more a sin, seeing it is determined by *insuperable* motives, than is the revolution of a water-wheel a sin, seeing it is determined to that rotation by the weight of falling water. And it is no successful attempt to escape the pressure of this analogy to urge that the necessitation which determines a man to sin is *not wholly from without*. For, allow any proportion of it to be within the man, his affections, intelligence, conscience, any, or all, yet the question still recurs: Does this internal contribution to the necessitation arise from freedom or not? If it do, then the doctrine of necessity is surrendered in favor of, at least, a modified liberty: if it do not, then the distinction between the internal and external elements that combine in invincibly constraining the will to action becomes superfluous and nugatory. The question whether man is free or not is identical, in fact, with other questions, such as, Is he responsible or not? Is he a person or a thing? Is he co-ordinate with the material and unconscious creation, or is he above it? Are his motives *absolute causes*, or are they stimulating conditions or occasions? Does consciousness testify that the will is *passively determined* in this or that way, or that the *will acts* in this or that way, *in the presence of motives*? Is man the subject of moral government or not? These and kindred queries not only serve to elicit and bring into clear light the nature of the problem at issue, but, in our judgment, to in-

dicade the direction in which the truth is to be found.

In common with Reid and Stewart, Sir William is a believer in the fact of the freedom of the will; but the freedom which he maintains is that not only of *doing* what we will (to which the most thorough-going necessarian may subscribe), but of *willing* what we will. The *inconceivableness* of such a liberty he once and again acknowledges, but along with this acknowledgment he not only maintains that what is incapable of being construed to the mind as a *theory* may nevertheless be true as a *fact*, but that the theoretical basis of necessarianism is as inconceivable as that of liberty. He thus translates the whole question from the province of metaphysics, in which 'the champions of the opposite doctrines are at once resistless in assault and impotent in defence; in which each is hewn down, and appears to die under the home-thrusts of his adversary; but each again recovers life from the very death of his antagonist, and, to borrow a simile, both are like the heroes of Valhalla, ready in a moment to amuse themselves anew in the same bloodless and interminable conflict.'

And, in strict keeping with the rest of his philosophy, Sir William appeals, in vindication of the *fact* of liberty, to the immediate or mediate evidence of consciousness itself. Thus he has not attempted to render any *metaphysical* solution of this mighty problem; but he has accomplished a work which is scarcely of inferior value in assigning distinctly the reasons why no *such* solution can be given, by the limited faculties of man. His speculations upon the will, though occurring in occasional hints in his notes on Reid, receive fuller expansion in the article on causality, which is now published for the first time in the volume more specially under review. He has there, in his usual manner, classified the various opinions which have obtained upon the genesis of our notions of the causal relation, and, after disposing of five of them as incompetent, there are two whose rival claims still remain to be considered.

These two are (1), that which maintains the causal judgment to be a primary datum, a *positive revelation of intelligence*; and (2), that which analyzes the judgment of causality into a form of the mental law of the conditioned.

'To the first are to be referred the relative theories of Leibnitz, Reid, Kant, Stewart, Cousin, and the majority of recent philosophers. To this class Brown likewise belongs; inasmuch as he idly refers what remains in his hands of the evacuated



phenomenon to an original belief. Without descending to details, it is manifest in general that against the assumption of a special principle, which this doctrine makes, there exists a primary presumption of philosophy. This is the law of parsimony; which prohibits without a proven necessity, the multiplication of entities, powers, principles, or causes; above all, the postulation of an unknown force where a known impotence can account for the phenomenon. We are, therefore, to apply 'Occam's razor' to this theory of causality, unless it be proved impossible to explain the causal judgment at a cheaper rate, by deriving it from a common, and that a negative principle. On a doctrine like the present is thrown the burden of vindicating its own necessity, by showing that unless a special and positive principle be assumed, there is no competent mode to save the phenomenon. The opinion, therefore, can only be admitted provisionally, and it falls, of course, if what it would explain can be explained on less onerous conditions. . . . The remaining theory, which has not hitherto been proposed, comes recommended by its cheapness and simplicity. It postulates no new, no express, no positive principle. It merely supposes that the mind is limited; the law of limitation,—the law of the conditioned constituting, in one of its applications, the law of causality. The mind is astricted to think in certain forms; and, under these, thought is possible only in the conditioned interval between two unconditioned contradictory extremes or poles, each of which is altogether inconceivable, but of which, on the principle of excluded middle, the one or the other is necessarily true. In reference to the present question, it need only be recapitulated, that we must think under the condition of *existence*—*existence relative*—and *existence relative in time*. But what does *existence relative in time* imply? It implies (1), that we are unable to realize in thought, on the one pole of the irrelative, either an *absolute* commencement, or an *absolute* termination of time; as, on the other, either an *infinite* non-commencement, or an *infinite* non-termination of time. It implies (2), that we can think, neither, on the one pole, an *absolute* minimum, nor, on the other, an *infinite* divisibility of time. Yet these constitute two pairs of contradictory propositions, which, if our intelligence be not all a lie, cannot both be true, whilst, at the same time, either the one or other necessarily must. But, as not relatives, they are not cogitables.

"Now the phenomenon of causality seems nothing more than a corollary of the law of the conditioned, in its application to a thing thought under the form or mental category of *existence relative in time*. We cannot know, we cannot think a thing, except under the attribute of *existence*; we cannot know or think a thing to exist, except as *in time*; and we cannot know or think a thing to exist in time, and think it *absolutely to commence*. Now this at once imposes on us the judgment of causality. And thus:—An object in question is given us, either by our presentative or representative faculty. As given, we cannot but think it existent, and existent in time. But to say that we cannot but think it to exist, is to

say, that we are unable to think it non-existent—to think it away—to annihilate it in thought. And this we cannot do. We may turn away from it; we may engross our attention with other objects; we may, consequently, exclude it from our thought. That we need not think a thing is certain; but thinking it, it is equally certain that we cannot think it not to exist. So much will be at once admitted of the present, but it may probably be denied of the past and future. Yet if we make the experiment, we shall find the mental annihilation of an object equally impossible under time past, and present, and future. To obviate, however, misapprehension, a very simple observation may be proper. In saying that it is impossible to annihilate an object in thought; in other words, to conceive as non-existent what had been conceived as existent, it is, of course, not meant that it is impossible to imagine the object wholly changed in form. We can represent to ourselves the elements of which it is composed, divided, dissipated, modified in any way; we can imagine anything of it, short of annihilation. But the complement, the quantum, of existence, thought as constituent of an object, that we cannot represent to ourselves, either as increased, without abstraction from other entities, or as diminished, without annexation to them. In short, we are unable to construe it in thought, that there can be an atom absolutely added to, or absolutely taken away from, existence in general.

. . . . . What is our thought of creation? It is not a thought of the mere springing of nothing into something. On the contrary, creation is conceived, and is by us conceivable, only as the evolution of existence from possibility into actuality, by the fiat of the Deity. Let us place ourselves in imagination at its very crisis. Now, can we construe it to thought, that the moment after the universe flashed into material reality, into manifested being, there was a larger complement of existence in the universe and its author together, than, the moment before, there subsisted in the Deity alone? This we are unable to imagine. And what is true of one concept of creation, holds of our concept of annihilation. We can think no real annihilation—no absolute sinking of something into nothing. But, as creation is cogitable by us, only as a putting forth of divine power, so is annihilation by us only conceivable, as a withdrawal of that same power. . . . .

"I have hitherto spoken only of one inconceivable pole of the conditioned, in its application to its existence in time, of the absolute extreme, as absolute commencement and absolute termination. The counter or infinite extreme, as infinite regress or non-commencement, and infinite progress or non-termination, is equally unthinkable. With this latter we have, however, at present nothing to do. . . . . It is the former and more obtrusive extreme,—it is the absolute alone which constitutes and explains the mental manifestation of the causal judgment. An object is presented to our observation which has phenomenally begun to be. But we cannot construe it to thought, that the

object, that is, this *determinate complement of existence*, had really no being at any past moment; because, in that case, once thinking it is existent, we should again think it as non-existent, which is for us impossible. What then can we, must we, do? . . . There is for us only one possible way. We are compelled to believe that the object (that is, the certain *quale* and *quantum* of being) whose *phenomenal* rise into existence we have witnessed, did *really* exist, prior to this rise, under other forms. But to say that a thing previously existed under different forms, is only to say, in other words, that *a thing had causes*.

"I must, however, now cursorily observe, that nothing can be more erroneous in itself, or in its consequences more fertile in delusion than the common doctrine, that the casual judgment is elicited only when we apprehend objects in consecution, and uniform consecution. No doubt the observation of such succession prompts and enables us to assign particular causes to particular effects. But this assignation ought to be carefully distinguished from the judgment of causality, absolutely. This consists, not in the empirical and contingent attribution of this phenomenon as cause, to that phenomenon, as effect; but in the *universal necessity* of which we are conscious, to think causes for every event, whether that event stand isolated by itself, and be by us referable to no other, or whether it be one in a series of successive phenomena which, as it were, spontaneously arrange themselves under the relation of effect and cause. On this, not sunk-en, rock, Dr. Brown and others have been shipwrecked.

"The preceding doctrine of causality seems to me the one preferable, for the following among other reasons:—

"In the first place, to explain the phenomenon of the causal judgment, it postulates no new, no extraordinary, no express principle. It does not even proceed on the assumption of a *positive power*; for while it shows that the phenomenon in question is only one of a class, it assigns, as their common cause, only a *negative impotence*. In this respect it stands advantageously contrasted with the only other theory which saves the phenomenon, but which saves it, only on the hypothesis of a special principle, expressly devised to account for this phenomenon alone. But nature never works by more and more complex instruments than are necessary; and to excogitate a *particular force*, to perform what can be better explained on the ground of a *general imbecility*, is contrary to every rule of philosophizing.

"But, in the second place, if there be postulated an express and positive affirmation of intelligence, to account for the mental deliverance—that existence cannot absolutely commence, we must equally postulate a counter affirmation of intelligence positive and express, to explain the counter mental deliverance—that existence cannot infinitely not commence. The one necessity of mind is equally strong as the other; and if the one be a positive datum, an express testimony of intelligence, so likewise must be the other. On

this theory, therefore, the root of our nature is a lie. By the doctrine, on the contrary, which I propose, these contradictory phenomena are carried up into the principle of a limitation of our faculties. Intelligence is shown to be feeble, but not false; our nature is thus not a lie, nor the author of our nature a deceiver.

"In the third place, the simple and easier doctrine avoids a most serious inconvenience which attaches to the more difficult and complex. It is this. To suppose a positive and special principle of causality, is to suppose that there is expressly revealed to us, through intelligence, an affirmation of the fact that there exists no free causation, that is, that there is no cause which is not itself merely an effect, existence being only a series of determined antecedents and consequents. But this is an assertion of fatalism. Such, however, many of the partisans of that doctrine will not admit. An affirmation of absolute necessity is, they are aware, virtually the negation of a moral universe. But this is atheism. Fatalism and atheism are indeed convertible terms. The only valid arguments for the existence of a God and for the immortality of the soul, rest on the ground of man's moral nature; consequently, if that moral nature be annihilated (which in any scheme of thoroughgoing necessity it is), every conclusion established on such a nature is annihilated likewise. Aware of this, some of those who make the judgment of causality a positive dictate of intelligence, find themselves compelled, in order to escape from the consequences of their doctrine, to deny that this dictate, though universal in its deliverance, should be allowed to hold universally true; and accordingly they would exempt from it the facts of volition. Will, they hold to be a free cause, a cause which is not an effect; in other words, they attribute to it the power of absolute origination. But here their own principle of causality is too strong for them. They say that is unconditionally promulgated, as an express and positive law of intelligence, that every origination is an apparent only, not a real, commencement. Now to exempt certain phenomenon from this universal law, on the ground of our moral consciousness, cannot validly be done. For, in the first place, this would be an admission that the mind is a complement of contradictory revelations. If mendacity be admitted of some of our mental dictates, we cannot vindicate veracity to any. If one be delusive, so may all. Absolute skepticism is here the legitimate conclusion. But, in the second place, waving this conclusion, what right have we on this doctrine to subordinate the positive affirmation of causality to our consciousness of moral liberty—what right have we, for the interest of the latter, to derogate from the former? We have none. If both be equally positive, we are not entitled to sacrifice the alternative which our wishes prompt us to abandon.

"But the doctrine which I propose is not obnoxious to these objections. It does not maintain that the judgment of causality is dependent on a *power* of the mind, imposing as necessary in thought what is necessary in the universe of

existence. On the contrary, it resolves this judgment into a mere mental *impotence*—an impotence to conceive either of two contradictories. And as the one or the other of these contradictories must be true, while both cannot, it proves that there is no ground for inferring a certain fact to be impossible, merely from *our inability to conceive it possible*. At the same time, if the causal judgment be not an express affirmation of mind, but only an incapacity of thinking the opposite, it follows that such a negative judgment cannot counterbalance the express affirmative—the unconditional testimony of consciousness,—that we are, though we know not how, the true and responsible authors of our actions, not merely the worthless links in an adamant series of effects and causes. It appears to me, that it is only on such a doctrine that we can philosophically vindicate the liberty of the human will—that we can rationally assert to man, ‘*fatis avolsa voluntas.*’ *How* the will can possibly be free must remain to us, under the present limitation of our faculties, wholly incomprehensible. We are unable to conceive an absolute commencement; we cannot therefore conceive a free volition. A determination by motives cannot, to our understanding, escape from necessitation. Nay, were we even to admit as true what we cannot think as possible, still the doctrine of a motiveless volition would be only casualism, and the free acts of an indifferent [will] are morally and rationally as worthless as the pre-ordered passions of a determined will. *How*, therefore, I repeat, moral liberty is possible in man or God, we are utterly unable *speculatively* to understand. But, *practically*, the fact that we are free is given to us in the consciousness of an uncompromising law of duty, in the consciousness of our moral accountability; and this fact of liberty cannot be redargued on the ground that it is incomprehensible, for the philosophy of the conditioned proves against the necessitarian that things there are, which *may*, nay, *must* be true, of which the understanding is

wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility.

“Specially, in its doctrine of causality this philosophy brings us back from the aberrations of modern theology to the truth and simplicity of the more ancient church. It is here shown to be as irrational as irreligious, on the ground of human understanding, to deny, either, on the one hand, the foreknowledge, predestination, and free grace of God, or, on the other, the free will of man; that we should believe both, and both in unison, though unable to comprehend either even apart. This philosophy proclaims with St. Augustine, and St. Augustine in his maturest writings, ‘If there be not free grace in God, how can he save the world? and if there be not free will in man, how can the world by God be judged?’ (Ad Valentinum, Epist. 214.) Or, as the same doctrine is perhaps expressed even better by St. Bernard: ‘Abolish free will, and there is nothing to be saved; abolish free grace, and there is nothing wherewithal to save.’” (De Gratia et Libero Arbitrio, c. 1.)

The manifold practical applications of which this portion of our author’s philosophy is susceptible, it were easy to signalize, but our space is exhausted. The same reason imposes silence in regard to the logical and educational articles contained in these “Discussions.” It only remains for us to commend the work to the reader, and to express an earnest hope that its illustrious author may be spared to complete his edition of Reid, and thus give into the hands of youth a book which, for learning, profundity, accuracy, and acuteness, will be unrivalled in the literature of our country, and be a guide to thoughtful men through the bewildering mazes of philosophical speculation.

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From the London Times.

## SWIFT, STELLA, AND VANESSA.\*

GREATER men than Dean Swift may have lived. A more remarkable man never left his impress upon the age, immortalized by his genius. To say that English history supplies no narrative more singular and original than the career of Jonathan Swift, is to assert little. We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish for example and in-

struction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illustrious and so small. Before the eyes of his contemporaries, Swift stood a living enigma. To posterity he must continue forever a distressing puzzle. One hypothesis—and one alone—gathered from a close and candid perusal of all that has been transmitted to us from this interesting subject, helps us to ac-

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\* Stella and Vanessa: a Romance. By M. de Wailly.



count for a whole life of anomaly, but not to clear up the mystery in which it is shrouded. From the beginning to the ending of his days Jonathan Swift was more or less MAD.

Intellectually and morally, physically and religiously, Dean Swift was a mass of contradictions. His career yields ample materials both for the biographer who would pronounce a panegyric over his tomb, and for the censor whose business it is to improve one generation at the expense of another. Look at Swift with the light of intelligence shining on his brow, and you note qualities that might become an angel. Survey him under the dark cloud, and every feature is distorted into that of a fiend. If we tell the reader what he was, in the same breath we shall communicate all that he was not. His virtues were exaggerated into vices, and his vices were not without the savor of virtue. The originality of his writings is of a piece with the singularity of his character. He copied no man who preceded him. He has not been successfully imitated by any who have followed him. The compositions of Swift reveal the brilliancy of sharpened wit, yet it is recorded of the man that he was never known to laugh. His friendships were strong, and his antipathies vehement and unrelenting, yet he illustrated friendship by roundly abusing his familiars, and expressed hatred by bantering his foes. He was economical and saving to a fault, yet he made sacrifices to the indigent and poor sternly denied to himself. He could begrudge the food and wine consumed by a guest, yet throughout his life refuse to derive the smallest pecuniary advantage from his published works, and at his death bequeath the whole of his fortune to a charitable institution. From his youth Swift was a sufferer in body, yet his frame was vigorous, capable of great endurance, and maintained its power and vitality from the time of Charles II. until far on in the reign of the second George. No man hated Ireland more than Swift, yet he was Ireland's first and greatest patriot, bravely standing up for the rights of that kingdom when his chivalry might have cost him his head. He was eager for reward, yet he refused payment with disdain. Impatient of advancement, he preferred to the highest honors the state could confer, the obscurity and ignominy of the political associates with whom he had affectionately labored until they fell disgraced. None knew better than he the stinging force of a successful lampoon, yet such missiles were hurled by hundreds at his head without in any way disturbing his bodily tranquil-

lity. Sincerely religious, scrupulously attentive to the duties of his holy office, vigorously defending the position and privileges of his order, he positively played into the hands of infidelity by the steps he took, both in his conduct and writings, to expose the cant and hypocrisy which he detested as heartily as he admired and practised unaffected piety. To say that Swift lacked tenderness, would be to forget many passages of his unaccountable history that overflow with gentleness of spirit and mild humanity; but to deny that he exhibited inexcusable brutality where the softness of his nature ought chiefly to have been evoked—where the want of tenderness, indeed, left him a naked and irreclaimable savage—is equally impossible. If we decline to pursue the contradictory series further, it is in pity to the reader, not for want of materials at command. There is, in truth, no end to such materials.

Swift was born in the year 1667. His father, who was steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dublin, died before his birth, and left his widow penniless. The child, named Jonathan, after his father, was brought up on charity. The obligation due to an uncle was one that Swift would never forget, or remember without inexcusable indignation. Because he had not been left to starve by his relatives, or because his uncle would not do more than he could, Swift conceived an eternal dislike to all who bore his name, and a haughty contempt for all who partook of his nature. He struggled into active life, and presented himself to his fellow-men in the temper of a foe. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, and four years afterwards, as a *special-grace*—for his acquisitions apparently failed to earn the distinction—the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him. In 1682, the year in which the war broke out in Ireland, Swift, in his twenty-first year, and without a sixpence in his pocket, left college. Fortunately for him, the wife of Sir William Temple was related to his mother, and upon her application to that statesman the friendless youth was provided with a home. He took up his abode with Sir William in England, and for the space of two years labored hard at his own improvement, and at the amusement of his patron. How far Swift succeeded in winning the good opinion of Sir William may be learnt from the fact that when King William honored Moor Park with his presence, he was permitted to take part in the interviews, and that when Sir William was unable to visit the King, his



*protégé* was commissioned to wait upon his Majesty, and to speak on the patron's authority and behalf. The lad's future promised better things than his beginning. He resolved to go into the church, since preferment stared him in the face. In 1692 he proceeded to Oxford, where he obtained his Master's degree, and in 1694, quarrelling with Sir William Temple, who coldly offered him a situation worth £100 a year, he quitted his patron in disgust, and went at once to Ireland to take holy orders. He was ordained, and almost immediately afterwards received the living of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, the value of the living being about equal to that of the appointment offered by Sir William Temple.

Swift, miserable in his exile, sighed for the advantages he had abandoned. Sir William Temple, lonely without his clever and keen-witted companion, pined for his return. The prebend of Kilroot was speedily resigned in favor of a poor curate, for whom Swift had taken great pains to procure the presentation; and with £80 in his purse, the independent clergyman proceeded once more to Moor Park. Sir William received him with open arms. They resided together until 1699, when the great statesman died, leaving to Swift, in testimony of his regard, the sum of £100 and his literary remains. The remains were duly published and dedicated to the King. They might have been inscribed to his Majesty's cook, for any advantage that accrued to the editor. Swift was a Whig, but his politics suffered severely by the neglect of his Majesty, who derived no particular advantage from Sir William Temple's "remains."

Weary with long and vain attendance upon Court, Swift finally accepted at the hands of Lord Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. In the year 1700 he took possession of the living at Laracor, and his mode of entering upon his duty was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He walked down to Laracor, entered the curate's house, and announced himself as "his master." In his usual style, he affected brutality, and having sufficiently alarmed his victims, gradually soothed and consoled them by evidences of undoubted friendliness and good will. "This," says Sir Walter Scott, "was the ruling trait of Swift's character to others; his praise assumed the appearance and language of complaint; his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature." "The ruling trait"

of Swift's character was morbid eccentricity. Much less eccentricity has saved many a murderer in our days from the gallows. We approach a period of Swift's history when we must accept this conclusion, or revolt from the cold-blooded doings of a monster.

During Swift's second residence with Sir William Temple, he had become acquainted with an inmate of Moor Park, very different to the accomplished man to whose intellectual pleasures he so largely ministered. A young and lovely girl—half ward, half dependent in the establishment—engaged the attention and commanded the untiring services of the newly made minister. Esther Johnson had need of education, and Swift became her tutor. He entered upon his task with avidity, condescended to the humblest instruction, and inspired his pupil with unbounded gratitude and regard. Swift was not more insensible to the simplicity of the lady than she to the kind offices of her master; but Swift would not have been Swift had he, like other men, returned everyday love with ordinary affection. Swift had felt tender impressions in his own fashion before. Once in Leicestershire he was accused by a friend of having formed an imprudent attachment, on which occasion he returned for answer, that "his cold temper and unconfined humor" would prevent all serious consequences, even if it were not true that the conduct which his friend had taken for gallantry had been merely the evidence "of an active and restless temper, incapable of enduring idleness, and catching at such opportunities of amusement as most readily occurred." Upon another occasion, and within four years of the Leicestershire pastime, Swift made an absolute offer of his hand to one Miss Waryng, vowing in his declaratory epistle, that he would forego every prospect of interest for the sake of his "Varina," and that "the lady's love was far more fatal than her cruelty." After much and long consideration, Varina consented to the suit. That was enough for Swift. He met the capitulation by charging his Varina with want of affection, by stipulating for unheard-of sacrifices, and concluding, with an expression of his willingness to wed, "*though she had neither fortune nor beauty*," provided every article of his letter was ungrudgingly agreed to. We may well tremble for Esther Johnson, with her young heart given into such wild keeping.

As soon as Swift was established at Laracor, it was arranged that Esther, who possessed a small property in Ireland, should take up her abode near to her old preceptor. She

came, and scandal was silenced by a stipulation insisted on by Swift, that his lovely charge should have a matron for a constant companion, and never see him except in the presence of a third party. Esther was in her seventeenth year. The vicar of Laracor was on his road to forty. What wonder that even in Laracor the former should receive an offer of marriage, and that the latter, wayward and inconsistent from first to last, should deny another the happiness he had resolved never to enjoy himself? Esther found a lover whom Swift repulsed, to the infinite joy of the devoted girl, whose fate was already linked for good or evil to that of her teacher and friend.

Obscurity and idleness were not for Swift. Love, that gradually consumed the unoccupied girl, was not even this man's recreation. Impatient of banishment, he went to London, and mixed with the wits of the age. Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot became his friends, and he quickly proved himself worthy of their intimacy by the publication, in 1704, of his *Tale of a Tub*. The success of the work, given to the world anonymously, was decisive. Its singular merit obtained for its author everlasting renown, and effectually prevented his rising to the highest dignity in the very church which his book labored to exalt. None but an inspired madman would have attempted to do honor to religion in a spirit which none but the infidel could heartily approve.

Politicians are not squeamish. The Whigs could see no fault in raillery and wit that might serve temporal interests with greater advantage than they had advanced interests ecclesiastical; and the friends of the Revolution welcomed so rare an adherent to their principles. With an affected ardor that subsequent events proved to be as premature as it was hollow, Swift's pen was put in harness for his allies, and worked vigorously enough until 1709, when, having assisted Steele in the establishment of the *Tattler*, the Vicar of Laracor returned to Ireland and to the duties of a rural pastor. Not to remain, however. A change suddenly came over the spirit of the nation. Sacheverell was about to pull down by a single sermon all the popularity that Marlborough and his friends had built up by their glorious campaigns. Swift had waited in vain for promotion from the Whigs, and his suspicions were aroused when the Lord Lieutenant unexpectedly began to caress him. Escaping the damage which the marked attentions of the old Government might do him with the new, Swift started for England in 1710, in order to survey the turning of the

political wheel with his own eyes, and to try his fortune in the game. The progress of events was rapid. Swift reached London on the 9th of September; on the 1st of October he had already written a lampoon upon an ancient associate; and on the 4th he was presented to Harley, the new Minister.

The career of Swift from this moment, and so long as the Government of Harley lasted, was magnificent and mighty. Had he not been crotchety from his very boyhood, his head would have been turned now. Swift reigned. Swift was the Government. Swift was Queen, Lords and Commons. There was tremendous work to do, and Swift did it all. The Tories had thrown out the Whigs, and had brought in a Government in their place quite as Whiggish, to do Tory work. To moderate the wishes of the people, if not to blind their eyes, was the preliminary and essential work of the Ministry. They could not perform it themselves. Swift undertook and accomplished it. He had intellect and courage enough for that, and more. Moreover, he had vehement passions to gratify, and they might all partake of the glory of his success; he was proud, and his pride revelled in authority; he was ambitious, and his ambition could attain no higher pitch than it found at the right hand of the Prime Minister; he was revengeful, and revenge could wish no sweeter gratification than the contortions of the great who had neglected genius and desert when they looked to them for advancement, and obtained nothing but cold neglect. Swift, single-handed, fought the Whigs. For seven months he conducted a periodical paper in which he mercilessly assailed, as none but himself could attack, all who were odious to the Government, and distasteful to himself; not an individual was spared whose sufferings could add to the tranquillity and permanence of the Government. Resistance was in vain; it was attempted, but invariably with one effect—the first wound grazed, the second killed.

The public were in ecstasies. The laughs were all on the side of the satirist, and how vast a portion of the community these are, needs not be said. But it was not in the *Examiner* alone that Swift offered up his victims at the shrine of universal mirth. He could write verses for the rough heart of a nation to chuckle over and delight in. Personalities to-day fly wide of the mark; then they went right home. The habits, the foibles, the moral and physical imperfections of humanity, were all fair game, provided the shaft were dipped with gall as well as venom.

Short poems, longer pamphlets—whatever could help the Government and cover their foes with ridicule and scorn, Swift poured upon the town, with an industry and skill that set eulogy at defiance. And because they did defy praise, Jonathan Swift never asked and was never too grand to accept it.

But he claimed much more. His disordered yet exquisite intellect acknowledged no superiority. He asked no thanks for his labor; he disdained pecuniary reward for his matchless and incalculable services; he did not care for fame; but he imperiously demanded to be treated by the greatest as an equal. Mr. Harley offered him money, and he quarrelled with the Minister for his boldness. "If we let these great Ministers," he said, "pretend too much, *there will be no governing them.*" The same Minister desired to make Swift his chaplain. One mistake was as great as the other. "My Lord Oxford, by a second hand, proposed my being his chaplain, which I, by a second hand, refused. I will be no man's chaplain alive." The assumption of the man was more than regal. At a later period of his life he drew up a list of his friends, ranking them respectively under the heads, "Ungrateful," "Grateful," "Indifferent," and "Doubtful." Pope appears among the grateful; Queen Caroline among the ungrateful. The audacity of these distinctions is very edifying. What autocrat is here, for whose mere countenance the whole world is to bow down and be "grateful!"

It is due to Swift's imperiousness, however, to state that, once acknowledged as an equal, he was prepared to make every sacrifice that could be looked for in a friend. Concede his position, and for fortune or disgrace he was equally prepared. Harley and Bolingbroke, quick to discern the weakness, called their invulnerable ally by his Christian name, but stopped short of conferring upon him any benefit whatever. The neglect made no difference to the haughty scribe, who contented himself with pulling down the barriers that had been impertinently set up to separate him from rank and worldly greatness. But, if Swift shrank from the treatment of a client, he performed no part so willingly as that of a patron. He took literature under his wing, and compelled the Government to do it homage. He quarrelled with Steele when he deserted the Whigs, and pursued his former friend with unflinching sarcasm and banter; but, at his request, Steele was maintained by the Government in an office of which he was about to be de-

prived. Congreve was a Whig, but Swift insisted that he should find honor at the hands of the Tories, and Harley honored him accordingly. Swift introduced Gay to Lord Bolingbroke, and secured that nobleman's weighty patronage for the poet. Rowe was recommended for office, Pope for aid. The well-to-do, by Swift's personal interest, found respect, the indigent money, for the mitigation of their pains. At Court, at Swift's instigation, the Lord Treasurer made the first advances to men of letters, and, by the act, made tacit confession of the power which Swift so liberally exercised for the advantage of everybody but himself. But what worldly distinction, in truth, could add to the importance of a personage who made it a point for a Duke to pay him the first visit, and who, on one occasion, publicly sent the Prime Minister into the House of Commons to call out the First Secretary of State, whom Swift wished to inform that he would not dine with him if he meant to dine late.

A lampoon directed against the Queen's favorite, upon whose red hair Swift had been facetious, prevented the satirist's advancement in England. The see of Hereford fell vacant in 1712. Bolingbroke would now have paid the debt due from his Government to Swift, but the Duchess of Somerset, upon her knees, implored the Queen to withhold her consent from the appointment, and Swift was pronounced by Her Majesty as "too violent in party" for promotion. The most important man in the kingdom found himself in a moment the most feeble. The fountain of so much honor could not retain a drop of the precious waters for itself. Swift, it is said, laid the foundations of fortune for upwards of forty families who rose to distinction by a word from his lips. What a satire upon power was the satirist's own fate! He could not advance himself in England one inch. Promotion in Ireland began and ended with his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick, of which he took possession, much to his disgust and vexation, in the summer of 1713.

The summer, however, was not over before Swift was in England again. The wheels of Government had come to a dead lock, and of course none but he could right them. The Ministry was at sixes and sevens. Its very existence depended upon the good understanding of the chiefs, Bolingbroke and Harley, and the wily ambition of the latter, jarring against the vehement desires of the former, had produced jealousy, suspicion, and now threatened immediate disorganization.



A thousand voices called the Dean to the scene of action, and he came full of the importance of his mission. He plunged at once into the vexed sea of political controversy, and whilst straining every effort to court his friends, let no opportunity slip of galling their foes. His pen was as damaging and industrious as ever. It set the town in a fever. It caused Richard Steele to be expelled from the House of Commons, and it sent the whole body of Scotch peers, headed by the Duke of Argyll, to the Queen, with the prayer that a proclamation might be issued for the discovery of their libeller. Swift was more successful in his assaults than in his mediation. The Ministers were irreconcilable. Vexed at heart with disappointment, the Dean, after his manner, suddenly quitted London, and shut himself up in Berkshire. One attempt he made in his strict seclusion to uphold the Government and save the country, and the composition is a curiosity in its way. He published a proposition for the exclusion of all dissenters from power of every kind, for disqualifying Whigs and Low Churchmen for every possible office, and for compelling the presumptive heir to the throne to declare his abomination of Whigs, and his perfect satisfaction with Her Majesty's present advisers. Matters must have been near a crisis when this modest pamphlet was put forth, and so they were. The intrigues of Bolingbroke had triumphed over those of his colleague, and Oxford was disgraced. The latter, about to retire into obscurity, addressed a letter to Swift, entreating him, if he were not tired of his former prosperous friend, "to throw away so much time on one who loved him as to attend him upon his melancholy journey." The same post brought him word that his own victory was won. Bolingbroke triumphant besought his Jonathan, as he loved his Queen, to stand by her Minister, and to aid him in his perilous adventure. Nothing should be wanting to do justice to his loyalty. The Duchess of Somerset would be reconciled, the Queen would be gracious, the path of honor should lie broad, open, and unimpeded before him. Bolingbroke and Harley were equally the friends of Swift. What could he do in his extremity? What would a million men, taken at random from the multitude, have done, had they been so situated, so tempted? Not that upon which Swift, in his chivalrous magnanimity, at once decided. He abandoned the prosperous to follow and console the unfortunate. "I meddle not with Lord Oxford's faults," is his *noble language*, "as he was a Minister of

State, but his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all men when he was great." Within a few days of Swift's self-denying decision Queen Anne was a corpse, Bolingbroke and Oxford both flying for their lives, and Swift himself hiding his unprotected head in Ireland, amidst a people who at once feared and hated him.

During Swift's visit to London in 1710, he had regularly transmitted to Stella, by which name Esther Johnson is made known to posterity, an account of his daily doings with the new government. The journal exhibits the view of the writer that his conduct invariably presents. It is full of tenderness and confidence, and not without coarseness that startles and shocks. It contains a detailed, minute account, not only of all that passed between Swift and the government, but of his changeful feelings as they arose from day to day, and of physical infirmities that are commonly whispered in the ear of the physician.

If Swift loved Stella in the ordinary acceptance of the term, he took small pains in his diary to elevate the sentiments with which she regarded her hero. The journal is not in harmony throughout. Towards the close it lacks the tenderness and warmth, the minuteness and confidential utterance that are so visible at the beginning. We are enabled to account for the difference. Swift had enlarged the circle of his female acquaintance whilst fighting for his friends in London. He had become a constant visitor, especially at the house of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had two daughters, the eldest of whom was about twenty years of age, and had the same Christian name as Stella. Esther Vanhomrigh had great taste for reading, and Swift, who seems to have delighted in such occupation, condescended, for the second time in his life, to become a young lady's instructor. The great man's tuition had always one effect upon his pupils. Before Miss Vanhomrigh had made much progress in her studies she was over head and ears in love, and, to the astonishment of her master, she one day declared the passionate and undying character of her attachment. Swift met the confession with a weapon far more potent when opposed to a political foe than when directed against the weak heart of a doting woman. He had recourse to raillery, but, finding his banter of no avail, endeavored to appease the unhappy girl, by "an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship founded on the basis of a virtuous esteem." He might with equal success have attempted to put out a conflagration with a



bucket of cold water. There was no help for the miserable man. He returned to his deanery at the death of Queen Anne, with two love affairs upon his hands, but with the stern resolution of encouraging neither and overcoming both.

Before quitting England, he wrote to Esther Vanhomrigh, or Vanessa, as he styles her in his correspondence, intimating his intention to forget every thing in England, and to write to her as seldom as possible. So far the claims of Vanessa were disposed of. As soon as he reached his deanery, he secured lodgings for Stella and her companion, and reiterated his determination to pursue his intercourse with the young lady upon the prudent terms originally established. So far his mind was set at rest in respect of Stella. But Swift had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon his plans before Vanessa presented herself in Dublin, and made known to the Dean her resolution to take up her abode permanently in Ireland. Her mother was dead, so were her two brothers; she and her sister were alone in the world, and they had a small property near Dublin, to which it suited them to retire. Swift, alarmed by the proceeding, remonstrated, threatened, denounced—all in vain. Vanessa met his reproaches with complaints of cruelty and neglect, and warned him of the consequences of leaving her without the solace of his friendship and presence. Perplexed and distressed, the Dean had no other resource than to leave events to their own development. He trusted that time would mitigate and show the hopelessness of Vanessa's passion, and in the meanwhile he sought, by occasional communications with her, to prevent any catastrophe that might result from actual despair. But his thoughts for Vanessa's safety were inimical to Stella's repose. She pined and gradually sank under the alteration that had taken place in Swift's deportment towards her since his acquaintance with Vanessa. Swift, really anxious for the safety of his ward, requested a friend to ascertain the cause of her malady. It was not difficult to ascertain it. His indifference and public scandal, which spoke freely of their unaccountable connection, were alone to blame for her sufferings. It was enough for Swift. He had passed the age at which he had resolved to marry, but he was ready to wed Stella, provided the marriage was kept a secret and she was content to live apart. Poor Stella was more than content, but she overestimated her strength. The marriage took place, and immediately afterwards the hus-

band withdrew himself in a fit of madness, which threw him into gloom and misery for days. What the motives may have been for the inexplicable stipulations of this wayward man, it is impossible to ascertain. That they were the motives of a diseased, and at times utterly irresponsible judgment, we think cannot be questioned. Of love, as a tender passion, Swift had no conception. His writings prove it. The coarseness that pervades his compositions has nothing in common with the susceptibility that shrinks from disgusting and loathsome images in which Swift revelled. In all his prose and poetical addresses to his mistresses, there is not one expression to prove the weakness of his heart. He writes as a guardian—he writes as a friend—he writes as a father, but not a syllable escapes him that can be attributed to the pangs and delights of the lover.

Married to Stella, Swift proved himself more eager than ever to give his intercourse with Vanessa the character of mere friendship. He went so far as to endeavor to engage her affections for another man, but his attempts were rejected with indignation and scorn. In the August of the year 1717, Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house and property near Cellbridge. Swift exhorted her to leave Ireland altogether, but she was not to be persuaded. In 1720, it would appear that the Dean frequently visited the recluse in her retirement, and upon such occasions Vanessa would plant a laurel or two in honor of her guest, who passed his time with the lady reading and writing verses in a rural bower built in a sequestered part of her garden. Some of the verses composed by Vanessa have been preserved. They breathe the fond ardor of the suffering maid, and testify to the imperturbable coldness of the man. Of the innocence of their intercourse there cannot be a doubt. In 1720, Vanessa lost her last remaining relative—her sister died in her arms. Thrown back upon herself by this bereavement, the intensity of her love for the Dean became insupportable. Jealous and suspicious, and eager to put an end to a terror that possessed her, she resolved to address herself to Stella, and to ascertain from her own lips the exact nature of her relation with her so-called guardian. The momentous question was asked in a letter, to which Stella calmly replied by informing her interrogator that she was the Dean's wife. Vanessa's letter was forwarded by Stella to Swift himself, and it roused him to fury. He rode off at once to Cellbridge, entered the apartment in which

Vanessa was seated, and glared upon her like a tiger. The trembling creature asked her visitor to sit down. He answered the invitation by flinging a packet on the table, and riding instantly away. The packet was opened; it contained nothing but Vanessa's letter to Stella. Her doom was pronounced. The fond heart snapped. In a few weeks the hopeless, desolate Vanessa was in her grave.

Swift, agonized, rushed from the world. For two months subsequently to the death of Vanessa his place of abode was unknown. But at the end of that period he returned to Dublin calmer for the conflict he had undergone. He devoted himself industriously again to affairs of State. His pen had now a nobler office than to sustain unworthy men in unmerited power. We can but indicate the course of his labors. Ireland, the country not of his love, but of his birth and adoption, treated as a conquered province, owed her rescue from absolute thralldom to Swift's great and unconquerable exertions on her behalf. He resisted the English Government with his single hand, and overcame them in the fight. His popularity in Ireland was unparalleled, even in that excited and generous-hearted land. Rewards were offered to betray him, but a million lives would have been sacrificed in his place before one would have profited by the patriot's downfall. He was worshipped, and every hair of his head was precious and sacred to the people who adored him.

In 1726, Swift revisited England, for the first time since the death of Queen Anne, and published, anonymously as usual, the famous satire of *Gulliver's Travels*. Its immediate success heralded the universal fame that masterly and singular work has since achieved. Swift mingled once more with his literary friends, and lived almost entirely with Pope. Yet courted on all sides, he was doomed again to bitter sorrow. News reached him that Stella was ill. Alarmed and full of self-reproaches, he hastened home to be received by the people of Ireland in triumph, and to meet—and he was grateful for the sight—the improved and welcoming looks of the woman for whose dissolution he had been prepared. In March, 1727, Stella being sufficiently recovered, the Dean ventured once more to England, but soon to be resummoned to the hapless couch of his exhausted and most miserable wife. Afflicted in body and soul, Swift suddenly quitted Pope, with whom he was residing at Twickenham, and reaching his home, was doomed to

find his Stella upon the verge of the grave. Till the last moment he continued at her bedside, evincing the tenderest consideration, and performing what consolatory tasks he might in the sick chamber. Shortly before her death part of a conversation between the melancholy pair was overheard. "Well, my dear," said the Dean, "if you wish it, it shall be owned." Stella's reply was given in few words. "*It is too late.*" "On the 28th of January," writes one of the biographers of Swift, "Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," the second victim of one and the same hopeless and consuming passion.

Swift stood alone in the world, and for his punishment was doomed to endure the crushing solitude for the space of seventeen years. The interval was gloomy indeed. From his youth the Dean had been subject to painful fits of giddiness and deafness. From 1736, these fits became more frequent and severe. In 1740, he went raving mad, and frenzy ceased only to leave him a more pitiable idiot. During the space of three years the poor creature was unconscious of what passed around him, and spoke but twice. Upon the 19th October, 1745, God mercifully removed the terrible spectacle from the sight of man, and released the sufferer from his misery, degradation, and shame.

The volumes which have given occasion to these remarks are a singular comment upon a singular history. It is the work of a Frenchman, who has ventured to deduce a theory from the *data* we have submitted to the reader's notice. With that theory we cannot agree; it may be reconcilable to the romance which M. de Wailly has invented, but it is altogether opposed to veritable records that cannot be impugned. M. de Wailly would have it that Swift's marriage with Stella was a deliberate and rational sacrifice of love to principle, and that Swift compensated his sacrificed love by granting his principle no human indulgences; that his love for Vanessa, in fact, was sincere and ardent, and that his duty to Stella alone prevented a union with Vanessa. To prove his case M. de Wailly widely departs from history, and makes his hypothesis of no value whatever, except to the novel reader. As a romance, written by a Frenchman, *Stella and Vanessa* is worthy of great commendation. It indicates a familiar knowledge of English manners and character, and never betrays, except here and there in the construction of the plot, the hand of a foreigner. It is quite free

from exaggeration, and inasmuch as it exhibits no glaring anachronism or absurd caricature, is a literary curiosity. We accept it as such, though bound to reject its highest claims. The mystery of Swift's amours has yet to be cleared up. We explain his otherwise unaccountable behavior by attributing his cruelty to prevailing insanity. The career of Swift was brilliant, but not less wild than

dazzling. The sickly hue of a distempered brain gave a color to his acts in all the relations of life. The storm was brewing from his childhood; it burst forth terribly in his age, and only a moment before all was wreck and devastation, the half-distracted man sat down and made a will, by which he left the whole of his worldly possessions for the foundation of a lunatic asylum.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SOUVESTRE'S FICTIONS FOR FIRESIDES. \*

Has a Frenchman a fireside, in the English sense of the word? Time was, not yet remote, when no true Briton would acknowledge the existence of such an anomaly as a French fireside. Not all the coals that ever crammed colliers, not all the fuel in the forests of Ardennes, would make one. No; the belief was strong—a belief which long survived the popular conviction that all Frenchmen wore wooden shoes, and fed exclusively on frogs—that no fire ever blazed in France save to heat curling irons or cook a fricassee. Contrivances there doubtless were—stoves, charcoal-boxes, and the like—for promoting the circulation of chilly Gauls; but as for a cheerful circle round a bright hearth, how should that be found in a country where the men lived in coffee-houses, and where dress and dancing were the women's sole pursuits? Time confirms the prejudices of fools, but dissipates those of the wise. We have learned a thing or two of late years. We have learned to like our neighbors better as we knew them better. And perhaps the French, although not apt to admit that they have taken a lesson, will own that they have benefited by our example in some things, and that, whilst adopting into their language the purely English word "Comfort," they have also adopted some of the things it implies and comprehends. National calamities, too, may not have been uninfluential in this respect. When tyranny

and mistrust stalk abroad, the citizen takes refuge at his chimney corner, and seeks solace in domestic joys. The less the freedom a people enjoys, the more domestic will its habits generally be found. At the present day the Russians are an example of this; as are also the Jews, in those countries where they still encounter intolerance. Men gladly avert their gaze from national suffering or degradation to fix it on a happy home, and the family circle at least excludes the police spy and the gendarme. As a nation the French have lately lowered themselves in the eyes of the world. Were we to seek amongst individuals, we should perhaps find that adversity has had its uses, and, whilst saddening, has sobered many.

Whatever our former creed, we are bound to admit the fireside and its tranquil joys to be realities in France, when we find a Frenchman, a man of letters and a man of sense, writing books intended expressly for it. We should have prefixed to the present paper the name of the amiable author of *Les Derniers Paysans*,\* but that such a title might be held to announce either an analysis of his style and talent—whose peculiarities are less salient than in the case of some of his more renowned contemporaries—or a general examination of his rather numerous works. Many of these deserve praise on account of both their literary ability and of the correctness of their tone and tendency; but, not having read all of them, we abstain from generalizing the eulogium we can honestly pass on those with which we are acquainted.

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\* *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, (A Philosopher in a Garret.) Par EMILE SOUVESTRE. Paris, 1851.  
*Au Coin du Feu*, (At the Chimney Corner.) Par le meme. Paris, 1852.

*Sous la Tonnelle*, (In the Arbor.) Par le meme. Paris, 1852.

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\* *Vide* "The Rural Superstitions of Western France." Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCCCXXXV.

Emile Souvestre is a thoughtful and painstaking writer, pleasing rather than brilliant, more anxious to observe good taste than to produce startling effects, and consequently less prized by vulgar readers than the more melodramatic and unscrupulous of his rivals. His writings occupy a respectable position amongst the current literature of France, although not put forward by French booksellers and circulating librarians with the same exaggerated encomiums lavished upon a new romance by Sue or Dumas. In England he enjoys but a very limited celebrity, even amongst habitual readers of French novels; and, whatever favor he has found, dates but little farther back than the appearance of the first of the three volumes named at foot of the last page. *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, which won its kindly-hearted author an honorable distinction from the French Academy, was much read and justly admired on this side of the Channel. It owed its popularity to its tone and sentiment, not to plot or incident, for of these latter it has scarcely any. A poor but contented man, without friend or relative, dwells in an attic, and supports himself by the modest wages of a clerkship. Detached from the world and its passions, self-excluded from society, he has yet an observant and sympathizing eye for all that passes around him. We were wrong to say that he is without friends, for he makes friends of all who approach him—humble friends, but true. From the portress at the house door—to whom he acts as secretary when she would send a letter to her sailor son—up to the mutilated old soldier who inhabits the next attic, and to whose tales of the Imperial campaigns he complaisantly listens, all his poor neighbors love the gentle serviceable man who, having little, yet often finds means to give a little. He keeps a journal, in which small incidents stand for great events, and one year of it is found in the present volume. This is made up of touching domestic episodes, of reminiscences, more often pensive than gay, and of the reflections and observations of the solitary philosopher. By little sacrifices, cheerfully made, he contrives to do good to all around him, and in the hour of sickness and suffering he finds his reward. The seed he has sown has fallen in grateful soil. The veteran, who has gathered experience in military hospitals, nurses him through his long weeks of fever and delirium; the portress, whose letters he has written, attends to his slender wardrobe; the fruit woman, with whose sorrows he has condoled, installs

herself as his cook, and prepares delicate dishes for the invalid. One humble friend brings him a bottle of cordial wine, husbanded for great occasions; another, fresh eggs from her own fowls; finally his fellow clerks divide his work amongst them, and by that means preserve to him the place he would otherwise lose. The thread of the narrative is slight, the incidents are of the most artless description, but the effect of the whole is extremely pleasing, and the moral evident to all.

It is, perhaps, the undisputable success that attended this graceful little sketch, that has induced M. Souvestre to devote himself latterly to a class of literature not much cultivated in France at the present day, and which contrasts strongly with the style of fiction that of late years has been most run upon in that country. A clever English comedian, in a pamphlet which, amongst much amusing impertinence, contains some home-truths, has lately taken the body of French dramatists roundly to task for the indecency, immorality, and revolting monstrosities of their productions. It would have been neither wise nor prudent of M. Souvestre openly to address a like reproach to his brethren, the novelists of France, but he seems to hint his perception of the objectionable nature of their writings when he dwells, in the prefaces to two of his latest publications, on the great difficulty of finding books of amusement which may be read aloud in the family circle—books interesting to all ages, and injurious to none. *Au Coin du Feu* was an attempt to supply this want—the first instalment of a series entitled *Romans des Familles*. It was welcomed by the French public, soon reached a second edition, and was quickly followed by *Sous la Tonnelle*, and by a third volume, entitled *Dans la Prairie*. Of these three books only the two former have reached us. Each of them contains twelve or fourteen short tales and sketches, displaying M. Souvestre's talent for embellishing the most ordinary incidents by the grace and *naïveté* of his style. All the tales inculcate some home-truth or moral precept. The lessons they convey have no pretensions to novelty. Since the world began they have been repeated millions of times in various forms. M. Souvestre trusts they will not be less useful or acceptable in the form of fireside tales than if couched in solemn homilies. One is certainly not much in the habit of seeking either wisdom or morality in the guise of French novelettes; and the author of these deserves credit for showing, what



few of his literary countrymen have of late been at the pains to prove, that it is possible to provide entertainment in inoffensive tales as well as in highly-wrought and licentious romances.

Some of the chapters of *Au Coin du Feu* are more particularly adapted to young persons, but all have interest for those of mature age, and are excellently adapted for domestic perusal. The first, entitled *The Interior of a Diligence*, is clever and amusing, as are also *The Poet and the Peasant*, and *The Sculptor of the Black Forest*. The incidents of any one of them might be sketched in three lines; but such skeletons would be uninteresting, for it is the style and handling that constitute their chief attraction.

As a specimen we will extract a short one entire, and select for that purpose the one that has pleased us best, entitled

#### THE TWO MOTTOES.

In the coach-office at Cernay stood two young men, who had just taken their places for Kaysersberg. They were of the same age—each about four-and-twenty; but there were remarkable differences in their physiognomy and general appearance. The shorter of the two was dark, pale, quick in his movements, and of an impatient vivacity of manner, which betrayed, at a first glance, his southern origin. His companion, on the contrary, tall, fair, and ruddy, was a perfect type of that mixed Alsatian race, in which French expansiveness is happily blended with German good humor. On the ground at their feet were two small portmanteaus, upon which cards of address were fastened with sealing-wax. On one of these cards was inscribed—

HENRY FORTIN, *Marseilles*,  
and at its four corners a seal had impressed upon the wax the motto *Mon Droit*.

On the other card was written—

JOSEPH MULZEN, *Strasburg*,  
and the motto of the seal was *Caritas*.

The office-keeper had entered their names in his book, and added the words *with two portmanteaus*, when Henry demanded that these should be weighed. They would be weighed at Kaysersberg, the office-keeper replied. The young man said it would be inconvenient to be delayed by that formality at the moment of their arrival. It was his right, he maintained, to have them weighed at once. The office-keeper, thus hard pressed, grew obstinate in his turn. In vain did

Joseph interfere, and remind Henry that they had barely time to dine before departure. In virtue of his motto, the Marseillaise never gave way when he thought he was in the right; and he always thought that. At last the office-keeper, weary of the dispute, beat a retreat, and escaped into his dwelling-house. Henry would have continued the discussion with the porter, but fortunately the porter spoke nothing but German. So he was fain to accompany his friend to the inn, venting upon him by the way the superabundance of his ill-humor.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as they were in the street, "you would make a saint swear! What! you would not back me against that obstinate fellow!"

"It seems to me," replied Joseph, with a smile, "that it was rather he who was in want of a backer: you brought forward as formidable an array of arguments as if your fortune or your honor had been at stake!"

"In your opinion, then, I should have done better not to defend my right?"

"When the right is not worth defending."

"Ah, how like you!" interrupted Henry warmly; "you are always ready to yield; one must be walking over your body before you think of defending yourself. Instead of considering the world as a battle-field, you take it to be a drawing-room for the interchange of courtesies."

"Not so," replied Joseph, "but a great ship, all the passengers by which owe each other reciprocal friendliness and toleration. Every man is my friend until he has declared himself my enemy."

"For my part, I consider every man my enemy until he has declared himself my friend," replied the Marseillaise. "It is a prudent system, which I have always found answer, and I advise you to adopt it at Kaysersberg. There we shall find ourselves face to face with our uncle's other heirs, who will not fail to appropriate all they can of the inheritance. For my part, I am determined to concede nothing to them."

Thus conversing, the cousins reached the White Horse Inn, and entered the public dining-room, which was unoccupied, save by the hostess, who was laying, for three persons only, a large table at one end of the apartment. Henry ordered two more knives and forks to be laid for himself and Joseph.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman, "but you cannot dine here."

"Why so?" inquired the young man.

"Because the three persons for whom we have just laid this table desire to dine alone."

"Let them dine in their own room, then," replied Henry, abruptly. "This is the public room and the public table; here every traveller has a right to enter and to dine."

"What matter," said Joseph, "whether we dine here or in another room?"

"And what does it matter to those three persons whether we dine here or not?" retorted Henry.

"They came before you, sir," objected the hostess.

"Then, in your inn, it is the first comers who lay down the law?" cried Henry.

"Besides that, they are persons whom we know."

"And you care more for them than for us?"

"You understand, sir, that when customers are in the case . . . ."

"All other travellers must submit to their caprices?"

"Your dinner shall be laid elsewhere."

"Yes, with the broken meat from your favorites' table, I suppose?"

The hostess was hurt by this imputation upon her establishment.

"If the gentleman is afraid of getting a bad dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns at Cernay," said she.

"I was just thinking so," replied Henry, quickly, taking up his hat. And, without listening to Joseph, who tried to detain him, he darted out of the room and disappeared.

Mulzen knew by experience that the best plan in cases like the present, was to let his cousin's ill humor burn itself out, and that any attempt to recall him to reason served only to aggravate his pugnacity. He resolved, therefore, to let him seek his dinner elsewhere, and ordered his own to be served up in an adjoining apartment. But just as he was about adjourning to it, the three expected guests entered the public room. These were an old lady and her niece, and a gentleman about fifty years of age. The hostess, who was telling them what had just occurred, stopped short at sight of Joseph, who bowed, and was withdrawing, when the gentleman detained him. "I am grieved, sir," said he, urbanely, "to learn the dispute that has occurred. In desiring to dine alone, our object was to avoid the society of persons whose conversation and manners might have shocked these ladies. But, certainly, we were far from desiring to drive away customers from the White Horse, as your friend perhaps believed; and, in proof of what I say, I beg you to do us the favor of sitting down to dinner with us."

Joseph would have refused, declaring himself in no way offended by a precaution which he found quite natural; but Mr. Rosman (it was thus the two ladies called their companion) pressed his invitation in so cordial and friendly a manner, that he ended by accepting.

The old lady, who seemed little accustomed to travel, sat down opposite to him, with her niece, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You are tired, Charlotte?" said Mr. Rosman.

"Tired, indeed!" replied the old woman; "as well I may be, after being shaken up for a whole day in that crazy coach, getting my meals irregularly, and running all manner of dangers; for I know not how we escaped being upset twenty times, the diligence was always leaning to one side or the other! I would give a year of my life that our journey were at an end."

"Fortunately the bargain is impossible!" cried the young girl, smiling and kissing her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you laugh at my troubles," said Miss Charlotte, in a half grumbling, half affectionate tone; "young girls, now-a-days, fear nothing! They travel by railway and steamboat—they would travel by balloons, if they could get places. It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before that, the bravest amongst them travelled only in carts, or on ass-back; and even then, only when they had pressing business. I have heard my poor mother say that she never would travel in any other way than on foot."

"Yes," observed Mr. Rosman, "and therefore, her farthest journey was only to the chief town of her canton."

"That did not prevent her being a worthy and happy woman," replied Miss Charlotte. "When the bird has built his nest, he stays there. The present custom of passing one's time upon the high-road, impairs one's love of home and family; people get a habit of being at home everywhere. It may be more advantageous to society at large, but it renders individuals less good, and less happy."

"Come, come, Charlotte," said Mr. Rosman, gaily; "your late jolting has set you against all journeys, but I hope your discontent will disappear before this excellent soup. I appeal to your impartiality whether a better can be got, even at Fontaine."

The dialogue continued in this strain of affectionate familiarity. Joseph at first maintained a discreet silence, but Mr. Rosman spoke to him several times, and conversation had become general, when the waiter came

in to say that the diligence was about starting. They paid for their dinner, and hastened to the coach-office.

On arriving there, Joseph saw his cousin hurrying up. Whilst Mulzen had dined, Henry had run from one tavern to another, finding nothing ready at any of them, and at last, pressed for time, he had been fain to buy a roll and some fruit, which he ate as he ran.

As may be imagined, the frugal repast had done little to sweeten his temper. Joseph observed this, and abstained from questioning him. Indeed he had no time, for the way-bill was already being called over, and the travellers were about to take their places, when the office-keeper discovered that he had made a mistake, had booked two persons too many, and that the coach was full without Mulzen and Fortin.

"Full!" cried Henry; "but I paid you my fare!"

"I will return it to you, sir," replied the clerk.

"Not at all," answered the young man. "Having once taken my money, there is a contract between us. I have a right to a place, and a place I will have."

And so saying, he grasped a strap and ascended the imperial, where was a place as yet unfilled. The traveller to whom it belonged protested against this usurpation; but Henry persisted, declaring that none had a right to make him get down, and that if any attempted it, he would repel violence by violence. Joseph in vain endeavored to compromise the matter; the Marseillaise, whose humor had been by no means mended by his bad dinner, persisted in his resolution.

"To every one his right," cried he; "that is my motto. Yours is 'Charity.' Be as charitable as you please; for my part, I am satisfied with justice. I have paid for this place; it belongs to me. I shall keep it."

The traveller, whose place he filled, objected his priority of possession; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied by quotations from the code. There was a sharp interchange of violent explanations, recriminations, and menaces. Miss Charlotte, who heard everything from her place in the *coupé*, groaned and sighed her alarm, and recommenced her diatribes against travelling in general, and public vehicles in particular. At last Joseph, perceiving that the dispute became more and more envenomed, proposed to the office-keeper to have a horse put to a cabriolet which stood in the yard, and in which he and the dispossessed traveller

would continue their journey. The expedient was adopted by the parties concerned, and the diligence set off.

It was in the month of November; the air, damp, and chilly at the moment of departure, grew colder still as night approached. Henry Fortin, accustomed to the sun of Provence, was anything but comfortable in his exposed place upon the top of the diligence. In vain did he button his great-coat to the very chin; he shivered like a leaf in the frigid evening fog. His lips were blue, his teeth chattered! Soon a small icy rain, driven full in his face by the wind, penetrated his clothes. His neighbor, protected by an ample blanket-coat, might easily have spared him a portion of it, and been no worse off himself; but the neighbor was a corpulent shopkeeper, very tender of his own person, and extremely careless of the comfort of others. When Fortin refused to give up the place of which he had taken possession, the fat man applauded, declaring that "every one travelled for his own account, and should look after his own interests;" principles which the young man found then perfectly reasonable, and from whose application he now suffered. About the middle of the journey, the stout traveller put his head out of his cloak, looked at his neighbor, and said—

"You seem very cold, sir?"

"I am wet to the skin," replied Fortin, who could hardly speak.

The fat man shook himself in his huge wrapper, as if intensely enjoying the warmth, and dryness it secured him.

"It is very bad for the health to get wet," said he philosophically. "Another time I advise you to bring a cloak like mine; it is very warm, and not dear."

Having given this sensible advice, he withdrew his comfortable countenance within his snug garment, and relapsed into a luxurious doze.

It was long after night-fall when the diligence arrived at Kayzersberg. Half dead with cold, Fortin scrambled down from the roof, and sought refuge in the inn-kitchen, where a large fire blazed. On entering, he found a group of travellers already assembled round the cheerful hearth, and amongst them, to his surprise, were his cousin and the traveller whom he had deprived of his place. The cabriolet had taken them by a cross road, which was a short cut, and they had been an hour at the inn.

On remarking his cousin's deplorable plight, Mulzen at once gave up his chair to him; as for the traveller whom Fortin had

dispossessed at Cernay, he could not restrain a hearty laugh.

"Upon my word!" he cried, "I must thank this gentleman for having driven me from the imperial of the diligence; for, had he not done so, I should now be wet and half frozen as he is, instead of being warm and comfortable as I am."

Fortin's position was altogether too bad to admit of a retort; he sat down before the fire, and tried to warm himself.

As soon as he was a little revived, he asked for a room and a bed; but the Kayzersberg fair was only just over, and the inn was full of persons who were to leave next morning. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived before the diligence, had found but one small bed vacant, which the former had generously given up to the latter. However, after much inquiry and investigation, it came out that there was another bed disengaged; but this stood in a room with four others, occupied by four pedlars, who refused to admit a stranger into the apartment.

"Did they engage the room for themselves alone?" inquired Fortin.

"By no means," replied the innkeeper.

"Then you have a right to dispose of the unoccupied bed?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit a fifth person into the room?"

"No reason at all; but they are four rough-looking fellows, and nobody cared to have a quarrel with them."

Fortin rose quickly from his seat.

"That is weakness," cried he. "For my part, I certainly will not sleep upon a chair, because four strangers think proper to monopolize five beds. Show me their room. They must be made to hear reason."

"Have a care, Henry," said Mulzen. "They are brutal, ill-conditioned fellows."

"Does their brutality entitle them to make us sit up all night?" sharply demanded the native of Marseilles. "No, *pardieu*! I will go to bed in spite of them."

He put on his travelling cap, and was leaving the room in company with the innkeeper, when Mr. Rosman, who, whilst seeking a man to carry his baggage, had overheard the conversation, approached the two cousins.

"I perceive, gentlemen," said he, with his friendly, smiling air, "that you have difficulty in finding beds for to-night."

"I shall not be long without one," replied Henry, passing on.

"One moment," said Mr. Rosman. "Those men will perhaps reply to your reasons with insults, and you may have difficulty in getting them to admit your right. Had you not better accept beds at my house, gentlemen? I live but a few yards off, and shall have great pleasure in receiving you."

Fortin and Mulzen bowed, and returned their thanks for this hospitable invitation—but in very different tones. That of Mulzen was grateful and joyous; that of his companion constrained, although polite. Henry had not yet forgotten that Mr. Rosman was the primary cause of the meagreness of his dinner at Cernay.

"You are too obliging, sir," said he, softening his voice; "but I would not on any account occasion you so much trouble. It is well, besides, to give a lesson to these people, and to teach them to respect the rights of travellers."

Having thus spoken, he again bowed, and betook himself to the apartment occupied by the pedlars. Mulzen, fearing a quarrel, followed him; but whether it was that the hawkers did not care much about the matter, or that they were daunted by the Provençal's resolute mien, they contented themselves with a little grumbling, in spite of which Henry installed himself in the fifth bed. His cousin, relieved of his apprehensions, then re-descended the stairs and joined Mr. Rosman, who had been so obliging as to wait for him.

Miss Chartotte and her niece Louisa were preparing the tea before a crackling fire of fir-cones. Mulzen's guide spoke a few words in a low voice to the two ladies, who received the young man with courteous kindness. They made him sit down at table, and Louisa filled the cups. As to Miss Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the fatigue of her journey; seated in her arm-chair, she fancied she still felt the jolts of the diligence, and heard the rattle of the wheels in the singing of the kettle. She did not forget, however, to inquire what had become of the young man who had carried the imperial of the diligence by assault at Cernay, and Mr. Rosman related what had just occurred at the inn.

"Bless me!" cried Miss Charlotte, "he passes his life in search of quarrels and litigation! He is a man to be avoided like a pestilence!"

"It is impossible to have a better heart or more upright character," replied Mulzen; "but he makes a point of acting up to his motto: *To every one his rights.*"



"Whereas your motto is *Charity*," rejoined the old lady with a smile. "Oh! I overheard all that passed at Cernay."

"You travel together?" inquired Mr. Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied Mulzen, "and we have come to Kayzersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow."

"A will!" repeated Miss Charlotte in a tone of surprise.

"The will of our uncle, Doctor Harver."

The two ladies and Mr. Rosman looked at each other.

"Ah! you are the doctor's relatives?" said Mr. Rosman, gazing at the young man with a certain degree of interest. "Chance could hardly have directed you better, sir, for I was his eldest and most intimate friend."

This sort of mutual recognition naturally led the conversation to the subject of the deceased doctor. Mulzen had never seen him, but he felt for him that sort of respectful regard which instinct establishes between members of the same family. He talked a long time of the doctor; listened with interest to details of his life and of his last moments; and at last, after one of those intimate conversations in which heart and mind throw off disguise, and display themselves as they really are, he retired to bed, delighted with his hosts, who, on their part, were equally pleased with him.

Tired with his journey, it was late when he awoke next morning. He hastened to dress himself, in order to seek his cousin, whom he was to accompany to the notary with whom the will was deposited. But on going down into the breakfast-room he found the notary there, with Mr. Rosman and Fortin, for whom a messenger had been sent. Miss Charlotte and Louisa soon appeared. When all were assembled, Mr. Rosman turned to the two young men, and said, with a smile:

"All here present are interested in the matter which brings you to Kayzersberg, gentlemen; for my sister-in-law, Miss Charlotte Revel, and her niece, Louisa Armand, whose guardian I am, have come hither like yourselves, to witness the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr. Harver."

The two young men bowed to Miss Charlotte and Miss Louisa, who returned their salutation.

"Since accident has brought together all the parties concerned," continued Mr. Rosman, "I thought the doctor's last wishes

might be made public here as well as at the notary's office."

Fortin made a sign of assent. Everybody sat down, and the notary was about to break the seal of the will, when he checked himself.

"This will," he said, "is of old date, and, during the latter months of his life, Dr. Harver told me several times that it was his intention to destroy it, so that each of his heirs might receive the share regulated by law. The non-execution of his intention I can explain only by the suddenness of his death. I deem it my duty to declare this; and now I ask all the interested persons here present whether they are disposed to fulfil the doctor's expressed intention, and to cancel this will with one consent, before any know whom the document enriches."

This unexpected proposal was followed by a pause of some moments' duration. Mulzen was the first to break silence.

"As far as I am concerned," said he, modestly, "having no particular claim upon the good will of the deceased, I cannot consider that I make a sacrifice in agreeing to an equal division of the property, and I am quite willing to consent to it."

"For my part," said Miss Charlotte, "I make no objection whatever."

"In the name of my ward," said Mr. Rosman, "I give my consent."

"Then," said the notary, turning to Henry, "there is only this gentleman . . . ."

Fortin seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Like my cousin," he at last said, "I have no ground to expect that the will favors me, but that is the very reason why I should be guarded in my decision. Whatever may have been the doctor's intentions, his will alone can now be considered to express them; to neutralize beforehand his testamentary dispositions, is to infringe both on the rights of the will and on those of the unknown legatee."

"Let us say no more about it," interrupted the notary. "Prompt and perfect unanimity could alone make legitimate my proposition. Let us remain within the strict limits of legal right—as you, sir, propose; and now be pleased to listen."

With these words he tore the envelope, opened the will, and read as follows:—

"Of the four persons who can lay claim to my inheritance, I know but two:—my sister Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louisa Armand. But these two, long united by the strictest affection, have but one common in-

terest, and may be considered, in fact, to constitute but one person; with respect to them, therefore, I have only Louisa to consider. My first intention was to bequeath to her all I possess; but it afterwards occurred to me that one of my two nephews might be equally worthy of my regard. The sole difficulty is to find out which of the two it is.

"Unable to investigate this point myself, and well knowing the intelligence and right-mindedness of my niece, Louisa, I refer the matter to her judgment; and I constitute my sole heir that one of the two cousins whom she shall select for her husband.

"HARVER."

When the notary paused, after completing the perusal of the will of the eccentric but well-meaning doctor, a silence of some duration ensued. The two young men looked embarrassed, and Louisa held down her head.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Miss Charlotte at last, "the doctor has bequeathed a very difficult task to my niece."

"Less difficult than you think, sister," said Rosman, smiling. "I have long been well acquainted with the contents of Harver's will, and I made inquiries in consequence. The result of those inquiries convinced me that, whatever her choice, there was nothing to fear for Louisa."

"Then let Miss Armand decide," said the notary laughing. "Since there is safety in either case, she has but to consult her inspirations."

"I will beg my aunt to decide for me," murmured the young girl, throwing herself into Miss Charlotte's arms.

"I decide?" cried the old lady; . . . "it is very perplexing, my dear, and I really do not know . . ."

But whilst uttering these words with an air of indecision, Miss Charlotte's first glance was at Mulzen. Fortin perceived this.

"Ah, Madam," cried he quickly, "I see that your choice is made, and, whatever my regrets, I cannot but approve it. Mademoiselle," he continued, taking Mulzen's hand and leading him to Louisa, "your aunt has seen and judged rightly; my cousin is more deserving than I am."

"Your present conduct proves the contrary," said Miss Charlotte, touched by this generosity; "but we already know Mr. Mul-

zen a little; and then—in short, you deserve to hear the whole truth . . ."

"Tell it me, by all means, interrupted Fortin.

"Well, then, his motto encourages, whilst yours deters me; he promises indulgence, and you justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for angels, but men have need of charity."

"You are perhaps right, madam," said Henry Fortin, thoughtfully; "yesterday and to-day everything seems to combine to give me a lesson. The rigid defence of my right has always turned against me, whilst my cousin's benevolence has in every instance profited him. Mulzen was in the right: his motto is better than mine, for it is nearer to the law of God. Christ did not say, *To every one his rights*; but rather, *Love your neighbor as yourself*."

Thus prettily does M. Souvestre illustrate and enforce a precept. We are constantly asked by parents and guardians, having a wholesome horror of modern French literature, to recommend to them books at once unexceptionable and entertaining. Young ladies must learn French, and will *not* read *Telemachus* more than six or seven times through—a number of perusals which may well nauseate the most enthusiastic admirer of that very admirable and particularly wearisome production. But it will be admitted that modest maidens of a tender age can hardly with propriety be left to seek their own literary pasture upon the shelves of a French bookshop. An appeal to the librarian's discrimination is apt to be responded to by a recommendation of the books most run upon; books whose plot, incident, and language, are often as grotesquely revolting as those of any of the *petites comédies* rightfully denounced by Mr. Matthews of the Lyceum. In England and in Germany, the publisher's name is perhaps the best guide in the selection of books of any class. In the case of French novels and romances, it is safer to look to that of the author. This, of course, implies a certain familiarity with the French literature of the day. Those who have not time and opportunity of acquiring it, will hardly err, judging from the books before us, and from the one we reviewed a few months ago, in inscribing upon their "safe" list the name of Emile Souvestre.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THERE is nothing so apparently easy for every one to arrive at and portray, and yet so impossible to obtain, as a genuine picture of private and domestic life. For the present, one scarcely prizes such a thing, it is so common-place, so universal. But have the private domestic life of one century or age daguerreotyped for the contemplation and amusement of the century after—this makes a *chef-d'œuvre*. Novels do not do this, or have not done it. Does Fielding give a true picture of his age? I hope and believe not. Does Richardson? We know he does not. Does Smollet? A smile must answer. The memoirs of great people tell but the libels of the great, and these are told discreetly. Even amidst the ocean of French memoirs, how few are there that give a faithful and interesting sketch of private and domestic life? Marmontel is charming, but his autobiography savors of the pastoral. Rousseau is abominable. We have in record the life of a soldier, that of a courtier, of a lawyer, of the artist and goldsmith, as in Benvenuto, of a man of letters, of the actor. But a vivid representation of *bourgeois* life, that we have not.

Had we been told that Alexandre Dumas would have treated the world to such a picture, we should not have believed it. The dramatist, always seeking to surprise, the novelist ever revelling in the fabulous, the portrayer of court and military adventurers and duellists, of all kinds of extraordinary and bustling scenes and character, to sit down and give us the picture of village life. George Sand may do that, we should say, but Dumas never. Yet it is this precisely that Dumas has done. He spent the first fifteen years of his life in a little town, Villers Coterets, about sixty miles north-east of Paris. And he has given a most detailed and pictorial history of this village, or rather town, during ten or twelve years, from the middle of Napoleon's reign to the middle of Louis the Eighteenth's. Dumas's memoirs are of course an *Olla Podrida*, a mixture of everything, politics, literature, courts and *coulisses*, dramas, and *coups d'état*. But amidst such a world of stirring scenes and

personages there is nothing so charming or so interesting as the sketches from the life of the friends and acquaintances who illumined his young days, from the humble tradesman and smart *modiste*, to the lords and ladies of the *chateaus* in his vicinity.

In this minute picture of a French town, its habits, ways, troubles, prejudices, amusements, and opinions, there is nothing fabulous, improbable, exaggerated, or given for effect. It is the simple truth, told of himself and others, by one who artistically knows that in the representation of that section of life, truth, the simple truth, is the greatest of all charms.

Considerable and universal laughter was indulged in at the expense of Dumas by his acquaintances, and even his admirers, when, on the occasion of a certain trial, he gave in his name as Davy Marquis de la Pailleterie. His memoir commences with the proof of his right to this title. His great grandfather bore the appellation of Marquis de la Pailleterie, and had been second to the Marshal Duc de Richelieu, in his well known duel with the Prince de Lixen. He sold his lands and emigrated to St. Domingo in search of fortune: there, by a woman of color, whom, Dumas asserts, his grandfather married, he had the future General Dumas, the father of our man of letters. This mulatto giant, a Hercules in form, agreed but ill with his father, although they both returned to France together; and when there, to be independent of his father, he enlisted in a dragoon regiment, dropping his claim to the future title of Davy de la Pailleterie, and assumed merely the name of his mother, Dumas. The Revolution found him a sergeant, but in a very short time made him a colonel and a general. Of the great courage, activity, and strength of General Dumas there cannot be a doubt. Commanding a division, or under any leader, he was invaluable, as he proved in Italy and in the Tyrol; but as Commander-in-chief he evidently had some defects or characteristics, which but too naturally escaped the discernment of his son, but which prevented him remain

even two months consecutively in command. That of La Vendée, indeed, the republican government were inclined to leave him; but he declined the task of reducing the royalist insurrection of these provinces with a republican army, that had abandoned itself to cruelty and rapine. The capture of the Alpine forts of Piedmont, the siege of Mantua, and the advance through the Tyrol, from Botzen to Brixen, were the military struggles in which General Dumas chiefly distinguished himself. His defence of a bridge single-handed in the Tyrol, caused him to be presented to the Directory as the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol. His son may be allowed some pious exaggeration in recounting these *faits d'armes*. Dumas claims for his father the merit of having surprised and seized, in the intestines of a spy, a letter of General Alvinzi's, addressed to the governor of Mantua, and announcing his intention of forcing the heights and fighting the battle of Rivoli. If so, Bonaparte had the advantage of entering upon that action, aware of the intention and manœuvres of his enemy. Bonaparte, however, gave Dumas no thanks, no promotion, not even a sabre of honor. Still he was too brave an officer not to be employed, and Bonaparte brought Dumas with him to Egypt, where his swarthy complexion and gigantic form commanded immense respect from the Egyptian race. His son gives him credit for having, by personal exertion, put down the insurrection of Cairo, whilst Bonaparte himself, after Kleber's assassination, *non erat inventus*.

Every one has seen the large picture of Girodet, representing the quelling of the insurrection of Cairo. When first ordered, General Dumas, the real hero of the day, was also to be the hero of the picture. But, by subsequent orders, he was omitted altogether, the fine figure of the French general being replaced by that of a fair-haired and gallant hussar, the likeness of no officer in the army, and thus belying the historical fact which the picture was intended to illustrate. Dumas was so recalcitrant, so open-mouthed against Bonaparte and his ambition, that the latter allowed Dumas to set sail before himself to Europe. He was captured at Naples, thrust into prison, and made to endure all kinds of ill-treatment, of which continued attempts to poison him were the worst feature. General Dumas got free at the peace, but with a constitution destroyed by the drugs given *him in the Neapolitan prison, and with all hopes of advancement cut off by the eleva-*

tion of Bonaparte, between whom and him there was a gulf of enmity. Dumas could never get even the arrears of his pay accruing during his imprisonment. Neither could he ever obtain indemnity or employ. He retired to Villers Coterets, where he had married, and in the neighborhood of which he lived till his death.

Dumas's mother, the wife and widow of the General, was the daughter of the chief innkeeper of Villers Coterets, but nevertheless allied to the gentry of the country round as well as to the *bourgeoisie* of the town. And nothing can so fully depict the strange originality (to us) of French society, as the pictures of a young man, Dumas, equally intimate with Madame de Valence and her society, M. Deviolaine, Inspector of Forests, and his society, and withal the hail-fellow-well-met with every one, even the lowest tradesfolk, male or female, of the town. In England, with its rules of caste, this were impossible. In Villers Coterets it was quite natural. Not only did young Dumas go from a visit to Villers Hellon, and from the society of Madame de Valence and of M. Leuven to that of the worthy tradespeople of the town, but the persons of these different classes met at the same *fête*, and joined in the same dance, many a time and oft, without the one derogating from their rank, or the other presuming upon the familiarity so as to cause an inconvenient result. One of the persons whom Dumas met in this society, was Marie Capelle, then a child, granddaughter of M. Collard, and descended illegitimately from Philip Egalité. Marie Capelle, the reader will recollect, was afterwards Madame Laffarge, and claimed relationship, by descent, with the family of Orleans, reigning at the time of her trial and condemnation. The death of Madame Laffarge has just been announced in the French papers, and it will be seen that a Mademoiselle Collard, to be noticed also in these volumes, attended her not only in her last moments, but her last years. Villers Coterets, it should be noted, was the country residence of the House of Orleans, was to it what Versailles was to the King. Hence all the people of Villers Coterets were especially interested in the family of Orleans, and it in them. So that Dumas is able, from the mere traditions heard by his juvenile ear, to give a great many anecdotes and particularities of the family. Young Dumas had even seen Madame de Montesson, wife and widow of the Duke of Orleans, father of Philip Egalité. Madame de Genlis was her niece.



The Duke returning home suddenly one day, found M. de Valence on his knees before his wife, Madame de Montesson. The marriage was one by the *left hand*, that did not make the lady a duchess. She conjured away her husband's surprise, by exclaiming, that M. de Valence was on his knees to her, supplicating that she might use her influence to procure for him the hand of Pulcherie, daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke de Chartres. This saved M. de Valence from a scrape, and endowed him with a wife. And hence the descent of these families, the Collards and Capelles, from Philip Egalité. Madame de Genlis used to pay visits now and then to her descendants at Villers Coterets. Dumas was present at one of these visits, and avows that the impression left on him by the authoress of the "*Veillées du Château*," was that of a witch.

The memoir contains some charming pictures of village *fêtes* and rustic festivities, with full-length portraits of the personages, so truly done as to interest the reader as much as if he had accompanied, and was destined to accompany them, through sixteen volumes of a harrowing and diluted story. Another powerful portion of the volume consists of sporting stories,—the description of the boar-hunts especially in the forest of Villers Coterets. Dumas gives minute portraits of every *garde chasse*, and does not spare us a dog, much less a boar, each of which is painted as Sneyders or Landseer might delight to do. These hunting expeditions are, indeed, *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way.

Among the most prominent in these sketches, of the living friends of Dumas, were M. Ribier de Leuven and his son Adolph. The eldest of these personages had been engaged with Ankerstrom in the conspiracy to kill the King of Sweden. The crime of this king, at least in the opinion and belief of his subjects, was his love of minions. A number of nobles did not fear to hint to the monarch their suspicions, and to declare to him their belief, that his flagitious conduct was the cause of there being no heir to the throne. Instead of indignantly rejecting the imputation, and avenging it on the utterers, the monarch, it is said, retaliated by introducing one of his minions, named Monk, to the queen, and recommending him as a gallant. The consequence was, that the crown-prince born soon after was considered illegitimate, was finally deposed, and died in exile, leaving behind him a progeny, called Princes and Princesses

of Vasa, of one of whom lately the world has heard as likely to share the imperial throne of France with Louis Napoleon. Ribier de Leuven escaped with confiscation and exile, but, as a regicide, was driven from country to country, till he settled at Villers Coterets. His son, Adolph, a little the senior of Dumas in years, but much his senior in worldly education, being given to versifying and dramatizing, inoculated our autobiographer at the time with those tastes and occupations, which have since constituted his profession and his renown. The De Leuven were intimate friends of Arnault, the Napoleonite poet and dramatist. There needed little more to decide young Dumas's vocation. An amusing chapter recounts a visit, in which Dumas accompanied his father to see Pauline, sister of Napoleon, then separated from Prince Borghese. She is depicted as very beautiful, very fair in skin, very small, and weakly. The hounds in full cry having passed the windows of the *chateau*, the General proposed to her to get out and look at them. "I have no objection," Pauline replied, "if you convey me, but otherwise I would not take the trouble to move." And General Dumas accordingly carried the Princess in his arms to the window, a circumstance that made its impression on our autobiographer.

Having picked up a smattering of Latin, with the knowledge of French literature, that always makes part of a youth's education in that country, young Dumas entered as clerk to a notary. His father's half-paying with him, poor Dumas's mother and himself had nothing left but an insignificant sum, too small to produce any income at interest. Still they lived on, the boy gaily enough, his time divided between sporting, rhyming, and, of course, love-making; the scenes of the latter are about as un-English as could be well supposed. An interesting portion of these memoirs, is the description of the political feeling which prevailed in a French provincial town from 1805 to 1820. At the commencement of this period every Frenchman was enraptured and in love with Napoleon, except, indeed, those who, like General Dumas, had known him intimately, and had crossed his ambition or his temper. A few years later the adoration was turned to execration, in the breasts, at least, of the female population. Mothers cursed him,—there were hundreds in every town from whom their sons had been torn, without return or tidings. Heaven help Napoleon in those days, had he had to be tried for any

effence by a jury of French matrons; they would have hanged him without delay or remorse. The male population remained, however, fascinated by his glory and exploits. Then came the Russian reverses,—the German struggle,—and the sentiments of the people, even of the women, rallied back to the great and now unfortunate commander, to the man who had represented the Revolution, and carried its conquests to the remotest parts of Europe. So generous, indeed, were the French to him, that new legions would have sprung up, at the stamp of his foot, to replace his perished veterans, had enough remained of the young population to furnish forth the legions. But the great campaign had exhausted the country, and in his last great expedition to Russia, with nearly a million of men, he committed the great military fault of marching forth his all, and leaving no reserve, not even in the growing youth of the land. The attraction of the Frenchman for Napoleon is in no one better exemplified than in Dumas himself, whose gallant father Bonaparte not only grossly neglected, but cruelly injured. Still Alexandre Dumas flings up his cap for Napoleon upon a hundred occasions. He afterwards became a clerk or secretary in the household of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, and the place was given him by the duke out of a kind veneration for the memory of his father. Nevertheless, with every reason to revere Louis Philippe and execrate Bonaparte, Dumas does precisely the reverse, not from calculation or ingratitude, but from the French impulse, exaggerated, no doubt, by the susceptibility of the poet.

Although Madame Dumas got a tobacco shop, a place in the gift of the government, it did not suffice for her wants and those of her son, who had not steadiness or a vocation for the place of notary's clerk. The youth accordingly gathered up all the letters he could find, addressed by men in power to his father, when living, and set off with them to Paris, calculating that if one of them made a hit, it would repay the effort. Murat and Brune had been old friends of his father; but they had both perished. Marshal Sebastiani was another, and he was one of the first to whom young Dumas hied. But Sebastiani would have nothing to say to the son of his old comrade. Victor, Duke de Belluno, was another whose letters called his father friend. He wrote, and waited and rewaited on the Duke de Belluno, who could not plead want of power, for he was

Minister of War. But the Duke of Belluno would not recollect the name of Dumas, or pay any attention to the claim of his son. Beaten down by disappointment, but driven on by hunger, the youth, as a last resource, tried General Foy. Foy saw him instantly, questioned him, took an interest in him. What did he know? What could he do? The answers were little satisfactory. But Foy was a man of heart and of his word, and but a few days passed ere the General had procured for Dumas a situation of clerk, first at 48*l.* soon to be 60*l.* a year, in the office of the private affairs of the Duke of Orleans. Thus was achieved the great object of every young Frenchman's ambition, the getting livelihood and a *pied à terre* in Paris.

Admitted into the private *bureaux* of the Palais Royal, Dumas gives amusing sketches of his brother clerks, and of the head *employés*, and of some of the habits and peculiarities of Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans. There was nothing about which he was more particular than about his correspondence; whilst Louis the Eighteenth wrote his billets and epigrams on the smallest pieces of paper, Louis Philippe seldom condescended to employ his serene pen on anything less than an in-folio page. Carlisle is said to have written his "History of the French Revolution," or his notes for it, on myriads of pieces of paper, each the size of a crown-piece, or a bay-leaf, so that a gust of wind often proved a serious derangement of his ideas. There was no fear of Louis Philippe's ideas being so deranged, at least those he placed on paper. The folding and sealing of a letter were also objects of grave care and consideration with him. And the only regret he is said to have expressed on Dumas's first leaving him was, that the fellow knew how to seal a letter in perfection! Louis Philippe was a great stickler for method and punctuality, and he had no idea of one of his clerks being anything but a clerk. Hence he was highly offended on learning that a young gentleman in his office had had the impertinence not only to write verses, but to compose a drama. His words were characteristic: "M. Alexandre Dumas has thought fit to turn to literature, he cannot possibly perform his duties as my clerk." Perhaps his Royal Highness was right as to clerkship; but he allowed his librarians, Vatout and Delavigne, to indulge in literature as they pleased. In his library this was not misplaced, but at the desk of a copying clerk it was.

The future king's taste came rather from a desire of patronizing the fine arts and the Muses, than from the intrinsic love of them. He was always in his *loge* at the "Français" during a first representation, affecting to support the national drama, whilst he left the opera to the Duke of Berry and the ultra-royalists. In art he employed Horace Vernet to cover the walls of Versailles with canvas painted *à la toise*. When a patron wants discernment and taste, what is to be expected of the artist? We hear a great deal of the universality and acuteness of French taste for the arts; and yet we find certain facts tell terribly against any such assumption. Such, for instance, is the story of poor Gericault, whose last moments, or last days, are told in these memoirs. Gericault could find no purchaser for his "Shipwreck of the Medusa," now one of the most incontestable ornaments of the Louvre. After his death the government was induced to pay an insignificant price for it, in order that they might have the heads cut out to serve as models for the public schools of design. What Vandalism was here? For, if painter and picture were really not first rate, why give his works as models to the rising generation? If he was first rate, or even second rate, why mutilate his picture? Gericault died of the same disease that poor D'Orsay died of, *carie des vertèbres*, which he got in a curious and negligent way. The French have a bad custom of wearing a steel buckle behind to tighten the waistband of their trowsers. As this would not fasten, Gericault tied his, and made a knot of the straps. His horse threw him; these made a bruise or wound on his back-bone, and it ended in a *caries* which carried him off.

Henceforth Alexandre Dumas gave himself to the Drama, and gave himself to it as a man ought to do in order to succeed, that is, with his whole soul. Any books that he ever wrote were subsidiary to the drama, or *excerpta*, bits torn or saved from it. Now, Dumas is an excellent dramatist, at least he possesses some of the highest qualities of the drama, and had he sobriety, patience, taste, would have left *chefs-d'œuvres* for the stage. And yet, in our opinion at least, it is as a narrator, a *conteur*, that Dumas excels; that is, in the quality which is the reverse of the dramatic. There is no writer who can be so powerful or *entraînant* in narrating, as the readers of his interminable novels can tell. But there is no *corps* of novelists, no temple of mere letters; whereas there is a *corps* of dramatists, and they have not one

temple, but a thousand. A dramatist or an actor is, therefore, in Dumas's eyes, the first character in existence, the first personage of his age, and as Corneille eclipses Richelieu, and the fame of Sophocles that of even Pericles, so Dumas would say to Thiers, to Guizot, or to Louis Napoleon himself, in their chairs of pre-eminence and state, "*Oste-toi, que je m'y mette.*" The autobiography of Dumas is thus, in truth, a history of the drama in France, its writers, and its actors. And in this history of them is a great deal to interest; there is also much that is *seccatura*. We willingly read accounts and anecdotes of Talma, Georges, and Duchesnois, as well as of three or four of the first dramatists. But of the *hoc genus omne*, of whom Dumas speaks, and at considerable length, the English reader at least cares not one button. There will thus be much to skip for a reader, to shorten for a translator. The portraiture of Talma, and the sketches of his conversations and acquaintances, are charming. Georges and Talma were, indeed, the only great *artistes* of Napoleon's age. He would have given millions for first-rate talent in any department of literature,—that is, if the talent would make homage and obeisance to him, as Chateaubriand did, and as De Stüel did not. But his reign produced, besides his own victories and civic achievements, nothing truly great or sublime, save an actor and three actresses. Strange, that there should be the rare coincidence in England and in France, of great theatrical talent, and such small dramatic genius to support or feed it. Our Kembles, Keans, and Siddons were unfortunate in having no Dumas to see them in his days of young enthusiasm, and theirs of mature perfection, in order to their being chronicled and depicted.

The literary sketches are fewer than the dramatic, but some of them are characteristic. That in Madame Girardin's saloon, where Hugo suggests to Theophile Gautier his verses on Corneille, which Arsene Housaye the director demands, and which the censor forbids, is a striking scene of yesterday life. The political anecdotes are neither good nor original. But the history of Maria Stella will be read with interest, as Dumas, from having copied the papers respecting her in the bureau of the Duke of Orleans, became fully aware of the facts. The story, often alluded to, but never told, is, that Egalité, Duke of Orleans, travelling in Italy with his family, his Duchess was confined of her first-born. It was a girl, the

story goes, and was exchanged for a male child, born at the same time to the wife of the jailer of the town. It is an easily and, we believe, an oft-invented story. But the curious part of it is, that Maria Stella, who was trained up as the jailer's daughter, brought her cause before the Italian courts, with such testimony to support it, that she obtained judgment in her favor, pronouncing her the eldest child of the House of Orleans, thereby declaring Louis Philippe supposititious. Maria Stella came to France with these proofs, and Louis Philippe gave himself all the trouble in the world to refute them. In the midst of the dispute he became king, and Maria Stella died in a garret, though certainly a well-conditioned garret, of the Rue Rivoli, looking on the Tuileries. Many may remember her windows, which were covered in front with wire, so as to form an aviary, and to attract whole legions of sparrows. This concourse of volatiles drew more eyes upon Maria Stella and her abode, than did her claim to be a princess of the House of Orleans.

This autobiography, which has appeared in the *feuilletons*, or the daily numbers of "La Presse," and which have only just been collected in volumes, have not as yet come down to 1830. The writer is still immersed in the theatrical and literary doings of Louis the Eighteenth's reign, including his own early dramas, and the struggle which he and Hugo undertook against the classics. *Apropos* of these he gives an interesting sketch of Madame Dorval, the great actress of the rising romantic school. In the pages of Dumas, she appears an angel of beauty and voice. In our recollection, she was one of the most powerful of actresses, but her features were vulgar, and the want, or the apparent want of a roof to her mouth, gave to her voice an expression perfectly hideous, which it required all her talent to redeem. Dumas's career and successes as a dramatist deserve, however, to be treated specially and apart. He himself has as yet scarcely

entered on the subject, and has but sketched the character of his predecessors. His portraiture of Delavigne, rather of the harshest, has led to some controversy. For whilst St. Beuve in his "Causeries de Lundi" has partly taken up the defence of Delavigne, Salvandy has published a long essay in the "Débats," not merely defending, but apotheosizing his friend. French writers of the present day, indeed, knowing they have been forbidden to touch on politics, have transferred their combats to the literary soil. And the merits of Paul Louis Courier or Chateaubriand have become the kind of topics which engross the essayist and the critic.

Of the highest power in such a tournament, Dumas is not so successful on other topics. For example, when he sketches England, Dumas is rudely ignorant. He has three chapters on Byron full of nonsense and error. As many on the Emperor Alexander are mere book-making. And yet even in these there is that charm of vivacious and agreeable narrative, which compels the reader to continue. It is remarkable how intensely French, one may say, indeed, how narrowly French some of the best French writers are. Dumas, Hugo, Sue, Scribe, are all French in their prejudices and ignorance, as well as in the higher qualities of vivacity, force, and dramatic power. Madame Sand is not so ultra-French, and Lamartine, the best writer of all, perhaps is cosmopolite. The most interesting part of this autobiography will be, no doubt, where it begins to treat of his illustrious cotemporaries, with some of whom he is on the worst, but, with others, on the best of terms. But Dumas is free-spoken. He promises full-length pictures of all his literary friends and acquaintances. And as the "Presse" owes its great vogue and sale to these publications, which are at the same time the main sheet of poor Dumas's resources in his present exile, we may expect even more life and interest from what is to come, than from the parts already written.



From the Eclectic Review.

## THE BARONESS D'OBERKIRCH.\*

THE Baroness D'Oberkirch was born in June, 1754, in Upper Alsace, and was the daughter of Francis Louis, Baron de Walder, who held in succession several military appointments, and was president of the resident nobility in the circle of Suabia. He was a Protestant; and his daughter, we are told, was baptized in the parish church, "in the holy evangelical Protestant faith." Her mother died when she was only three or four years old; and her early training was, in consequence, confided to her godmother, who appears to have discharged the trust with discretion and diligence. Speaking of her father's castle, Schweighausen, she tells us:—"We lived there in quiet and retirement, receiving the visits of our relatives and friends, praying to the Lord, and practising his holy religion; listening to the spoken word of God, and treasuring it up in our bosoms. Every evening we assembled round my father, who endeavored to repay, by the extreme tenderness of his affection, the loss we had sustained in my mother. We listened to his conversations with my uncles or the pious clergymen who often visited us at the castle. He related historical facts, the high deeds of our ancestors and of the people of Alsace, who have never bent beneath a foreign yoke, and scorned to admit a master." At the age of fifteen she was introduced to the family of Duke Frederick Eugene de Wurtemberg, who had then just taken up his residence at Montbéliard, and the intimacy ripened into a lasting friendship between herself and the eldest daughter of the Duke, who afterwards became the wife of Paul, the Emperor of Russia. "I was as much at home," she says, "with this royal family, as if I had lived with them all my life. She who was to ascend the throne of the Czars, she who was to be mistress of half Europe, treated me as a sister—as an equal. She lavished on me the tenderest affection and the most unbounded confidence,

and allowed me to enjoy all the sweet familiarities of a mutual affection." Under these circumstances, we are not surprised at the somewhat exaggerated terms in which the Baroness speaks of the Princess Dorothea. This intimacy was maintained through very chequered scenes, and contributed largely to the introduction of the former to the highest circles of French society. Her natural temperament, and the character of her early training, may be gathered from the following brief extract:—

"My father wished to go to Strasburg this year, 1776. We were delighted with our visit; the society was of the highest fashion, numerous and exceedingly gay. I began to love balls and fêtes; it was natural at my age; however, I have never transgressed the bounds of the severe morality in which I was educated, nor swerved for a moment from the hereditary dignity of my family. We Protestants are accused of stiffness; we certainly set a high value upon reserve in the conduct of women, and strict moral principles. We are convinced that the purest happiness is to be found in domestic life, in a close adherence to the rules of honor, and a solemn respect for the holiness of the marriage tie. We are, perhaps, on that account, less fascinating, but more trustworthy."—Vol i., pp. 73, 74.

In the same year she was married to Baron D'Oberkirch, an estimable man, who, though nearly twenty years older than herself, contributed greatly to her happiness by unceasing kindness and much deference to her wishes. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, for whose special edification these "Memoirs" were written. They are composed from three journals, kept in 1782, 1784, and 1786, in the first of which years she accompanied the Princess Dorothea, then travelling with her husband, the Archduke, under the title of the Count and Countess du Nord; and in the last two she was at Paris, on the urgent invitation of the Duchess de Bourbon. "I shall often be obliged," she says, "to relate things alike repugnant to my feelings and my principles, but which portray the epoch in which we live. I will, however, avoid low gossip, not

\* *Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison.* Written by herself, and Edited by her Grandson, the Count de Montbrison. In 3 volumes. London: Colburn and Co.

possessing a talent for that style of writing which gives such things currency. I record facts either more or less serious, and I will have at least the merit of an exact adherence to truth."

It has been necessary to premise thus much, in order that our readers may duly estimate the opinions which are expressed; and we must further report, for their information, that the Baroness was not a whit behind her contemporaries in the importance she attached to hereditary distinctions, then approaching so terrible a crisis. She was amongst the most ardent worshippers of an interminable genealogy, and sometimes exhibits this weakness in a ridiculous, if not an offensive form. Such things were characteristic of her class and times; nor have we altogether escaped the infection. Other idols have, indeed, arisen. Our commercial character enables wealth to compete with genealogy; but the same radical evil may be traced under the various forms assumed. It is an unhealthy, and must be a pernicious state of things, when the accidents of birth are received as substitutes for personal qualities, and constitute a passport to society, if not to respect, whatever the folly or the vices with which they are connected. "I ask," says the Baroness, referring to her daughter's marriage, "in my son-in-law only high birth; there is a remedy for every defect but the want of that." Had her wish been gratified—and we know not whether it was so—she might still have had a knave or a fool for her son-in-law,—so short-sighted and absurd are such preferences. We are not disposed to underrate the value of "high birth," nor are we the abettors of a levelling theory. Let not hereditary distinctions, however, be unduly exalted. Above all, let them never be substitutes for personal merit, or an occasion of reflecting on those whose virtues and genius point them out as the true nobility of our race.

The period of Madame D'Oberkirch's entrance into public life was deeply interesting in whatever light it be viewed. It was towards the close of the reign of Louis XV., whose vices had rapidly matured the disaffection of his subjects. A slave to his mistresses, their caprice became a law to his kingdom, and the corruption of the court spread like a terrible infection through the land. Few monarchs were more worthless. There were no redeeming qualities in his character or policy; and his licentiousness was sometimes indulged in forms so gross as to make the stoutest worshippers of royalty

tremble and blush. This monarch died in 1774, having accomplished no other end than that of preparing the tragedy which followed. Our fathers were horrified at the atrocities of the first French Revolution. We do not wonder at it. Such deeds had never been perpetrated before. Individuals may have equalled the wickedness of some of the Jacobin leaders; but history records no parallel of a great people surrendered to the domination of furious and malignant passions, or rather of the scum of a populous city carrying on for a time a successful crusade against the luxuries of wealth, the distinctions of rank, and the yet nobler endowments of intellect and virtue. Looking at the barbarities daily practised, our fathers could not find terms sufficiently strong to express their abhorrence of the revolutionists. In their horror at what they heard and saw, they forgot the mitigating circumstances which might have been pleaded, and which go to show that though the Robespierres and the Marats of the revolution cannot be cleared of the foulest crimes, their guilt was shared with their victims, and grew out of the example and influence of the higher orders of society. The tragedy enacted under Louis XVI. was the terrible retribution of a maddened and imbruted people for ages of misgovernment. It was not in the nature of things that the Sansculotism of Paris should start at once full grown on its diabolical career. It had been nurtured from ancient times. Kings and queens, the noblesse and the clergy, had contributed to its growth. With a blindness for which it is difficult to account, they had heaped up wrath against the day of wrath; and when at length the hour of vengeance came, their own frivolities and crimes had prepared the instruments of their torture. So brutal and ferocious a community could be formed only by grinding oppression, the lowest grade of poverty, unparalleled ignorance, and a strong conviction of the immoralities and baseness of the higher orders of society. The leaders of the French had sown the wind, and it was not, therefore, strange that they reaped the whirlwind.

The chief interest of such works as the present consists in the illustrations they afford of the preparation silently going on for this terrible consummation. Madame D'Oberkirch was no genius. Her mental powers were not above the ordinary level; she was incapable of seeing further than other people; and her morality, though superior to her class, was not so rigid and high-toned as to make her fully sensible of the corrup-

tion and worthlessness which reigned about her. Yet she was a woman of quick observation, and happily adopted the plan of noting down much of what she saw and heard. She was admitted to the best society, and supplies many touching, though undesigned, illustrations of the process which was destined to elicit so dark and tragical a result. Many of her records are mere trifles with which we could readily dispense, were it not that they yield a glimpse into the hollowness and corruption of the society whose exterior was so fascinating. It was the whiteness of the sepulchre, the beauty of consumption. Men gazed upon it with admiration, and lived on its smile; but when its hour came they saw only the contents of the grave, or the ghastly hue of death. But it is time we turn to the volumes themselves; and we are mistaken if our readers, amidst much that is worthless, will not discover many things to interest and inform them.

Marie Antoinette is one of those historical personages about whom it is difficult to ascertain the truth. Her personal beauty and tragical death invest her with a charm against which the most phlegmatic are not proof, while they array in her defence the chivalry of gallant and noble natures. The sublime genius of Burke found here an inspiring theme; and even the rigid moralist, in censuring the frivolities and evil counsels of the queen, is unconsciously influenced by admiration of the woman. She was married to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., in 1770, and is described as of exquisite beauty. Her popularity was at first great; she was the idol of the court, and the people sympathized with their superiors. "The queen," says our author, in the year 1784, "looked more than usually beautiful; and she was very well received, for she was then beloved; people had not yet begun to calumniate her, or if they did it was not publicly." Our author's introduction to the queen was under advantageous circumstances. She was in attendance on the Countess du Nord, which induced her majesty to dispense with the ordinary form of presentation. The Russian court were engaged to dine with the royal family, and the following brief sketch introduces a brilliant scene, of which history records few parallels:—

"The grand-duchess shone at this dinner, and displayed an intelligence and tact very uncommon at her age. The etiquette observed at public receptions at court is so fatiguing and wearisome to princes that I do not know how they can ever

become reconciled to it. After dinner, the entire court assembled in the saloon 'de la paix,' where there was to be a concert. There were places in the gallery for persons who had been presented, but had not received invitations from the queen. The palace was all brilliantly illuminated, as on days of high ceremonial. A thousand chandeliers depended from the ceilings, and every bracket supported a branch holding forty wax-lights. The effect was magical. It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the splendor and richness of the decorations, of the magnificence of the dresses, or of the matchless beauty of the queen, who lent a grace and charm to everything around her.

"Her majesty was told that I had the honor of being the intimate friend of the grand-duchess, but that, not being a Russian, I could not be presented with her. She immediately sent me an invitation to her concert, and whilst we were at dinner, a lady of the court called on me to say that the queen would dispense with the ceremony of my presentation.

"Madame," said the queen to the Countess du Nord, 'it would have been a strange oversight in me to have separated you from your friend at the very moment that I was seeking to surround you with everything that could give you pleasure.

"Her majesty received me with excessive goodness and amiability, and said—

"Madame, I do not know which I ought to envy most, you the friendship of the Countess du Nord, or her the possession of so faithful a friend, as I understand you to be.'

"Never shall these words be effaced from my remembrance, nor the gentle glance by which they were accompanied.

"The queen made me sit behind her and the Countess du Nord, between Madame de Beckendorf and Madame de Vergennes, and did me the honor of addressing me five or six times during the concert.

"You come from a province, baroness, that I thought very beautiful and very loyal when I passed through it. I never can forget that I was there first greeted by the French; that it was there they first called me their queen.'

"She asked me, a little while after, how many children I had, and when I replied that I had but one daughter, she said—

"It is a pity that you have not a son; but I hope that you will have one, as I am sure that he would serve the king as faithfully as his ancestors have done."—*ib.* pp. 242—244.

Louis XVI. was, in many respects, the opposite of his queen. He was "very timid, and always a little embarrassed by ceremonials." His habits, moreover, were simple; and had he fallen on other times, and been surrounded by councillors whom he might safely have trusted, he would have possessed the good-will, though he could never have commanded the admiration or respect of his people. It was his unhappiness to inherit the odium due to the misgovernment and

vices of his predecessors, and his own infirmity of purpose and feebleness of character unfitted him to stem the torrent which had at length risen above its artificial embankments. He had no settled principles, was weak and vacillating, and stood aghast at the tempest which was raging, in absolute ignorance of the wants of his people, and of the character of the epoch which had arrived. He was the tool of his court, and was swayed to and fro, according to the caprice or passion of his queen.

"As a recreation, Madame Bombelles took me to visit the apartments and cabinets of the king, which I had not yet seen. They were not so handsome or as much ornamented as those of the queen. The simplicity of Louis XVI.'s taste is seen in everything about him. We ascended by a private staircase to a small room at the very top of the palace, where the king works as a locksmith, an occupation in which he takes great pleasure. As I entered this apartment, filled with tools, I was greatly impressed by these evidences of the simple tastes of so great a monarch."—*Ib.* p. 257.

Such tastes, unassociated with other qualities of a regal order, were not adapted to an age of unbridled licentiousness, in which the worst forms of vice were practised. Never was a community more thoroughly corrupt than Paris at this time. It was the nearest approach to pandemonium which modern history presents. From the throne to the garret or the cellar, from the noble of ancient lineage to the poorest mechanic, it was one mass of evil. Selfishness, rapacity, lust, matrimonial infidelity, brutalizing ignorance, and the most grovelling superstition, were the reigning divinities, and their temples were crowded by worshippers who were earnest in nothing else. Of this state of things the baroness affords an occasional and partial glimpse:—

"One of the ulcers of society, which is every day becoming more envenomed, and which will prove fatal if a remedy be not applied, is the attention paid by gentlemen to actresses and to women who disregard the ties of marriage. They devote a great deal of their time to them, not publicly, for they dare not do that, but in private. How many men ruin their properties to deck such women with gold and jewels! It is an unparalleled scandal, repugnant to every upright mind, and to which no remedy has been yet applied, notwithstanding the lamentations of families. I have no desire to set myself up as a moralist, but I confess that I have often congratulated myself upon not having a son, that I may be free of this and other embarrassments.

"A spirit of unbridled license is abroad. The

free-and-easy manners which gentlemen acquired in the society of these 'demoiselles' have spread their contagion in circles within which deference should never be laid aside. Loose expressions are used in presence of the most respectable women. This is a trait of manners that I would not wish to omit, and of which the source is very remote. Volumes may be written on this truth, which is 'too true,' as Figaro says."—*Ib.* pp. 320, 322.

The character of Joseph II. of Austria, brother of Marie Antoinette, is thus briefly sketched. He was at this time on a visit at Montbéliard:—

"We were afterwards presented to Joseph, who made a most agreeable impression on me. He seemed to be proud—not of his high position, but of his personal superiority. He was very tall, but held himself perfectly straight. He wore a wig, which he sometimes, unconsciously, pulled awry. His manners were noble and simple, too simple, perhaps; and certainly his visit did no service to France, where it tended to bring royalty into discredit by putting kings on a level with the lower classes of society, who were not slow to profit by the circumstance. Joseph II.'s sense of justice, his moderation, his humanity, made him adored by his subjects, whilst his gracious and unaffected manners inspired at first sight as much affection as respect. I have already expressed this opinion, and I now repeat it. I have but one reproach to make him, it is on the subject of philosophic tendencies. He ambitioned, it is said, to walk in the footsteps of the great Frederick. He wished to digest and put into operation a new plan of government conformable to his new ideas. As far as my limited knowledge would allow me to judge, I think that he made a mistake. All philosopher as he was, he did not call to see M. de Voltaire, at Ferney, a loss for which the patriarch could scarcely console himself."—*Ib.* pp. 172, 173.

Of the character of Paul we have a much more favorable account than is usual. He is known to history as an eccentric and impulsive monarch, whose reign did not realize its early promise. His assassination in 1801 dissolved the Baltic coalition, which had seriously threatened British interests. By our countrymen his faults have been magnified by the medium through which he has been viewed. His early secession from the northern alliance, the embargo he laid on English vessels in Russian ports, and the friendly disposition he cherished towards Bonaparte, have served to magnify our estimate of his faults, and to conceal the better qualities of his character and policy. At the time of his marriage to the Princess Dorothea in 1776, he was under the imperious rule of his mother, who was exceedingly jealous of power,



and sought to prevent his taking part in political affairs. The princess, shortly after her marriage, speaks of him in terms of impassioned affection, as "the most adorable of husbands;" and six years afterwards, when he was twenty-eight years of age, he is thus described by our author:—"His first appearance was not prepossessing. He was very small, and his face would be considered plain even among the northern races; but on a nearer view, his features revealed an expression of intelligence and refinement, his eyes were brilliant and animated, and, notwithstanding the astute smile that played about his lips, his countenance wore an habitual air of calmness and repose."

The following anecdote is a thousand times more interesting than the notices given of the salons and beauties of Paris. It exhibits, in a most favorable light, the character of the distinguished personages to whom it relates, and increases our regret that the arch-duke was not placed in circumstances suited to develop and mature the better qualities of his mind. Speaking of a visit to the collegiate church of Aix-la-Chapelle, the baroness tells us:—

"At the moment that we came out of the church, one of the children attached to the choir, and who was attending the clergyman engaged in doing the honors to their imperial highnesses, gave an affectionate salute to a poor woman who was sitting at the foot of a column. She held upon her knees a crippled child covered with a few rags. The grand-duke, whose glance nothing can escape, saw the sign of recognition, and observed the poverty of the poor woman: he stopped, and asked if this child was hers. The poor creature, astonished at being addressed by so great a personage, appeared stupefied, and neither rose nor answered. The canon repeated the question a little more sharply.

"Softly, softly, M. Canon," said the prince, "do not embarrass this poor woman; she will comprehend better in a minute. Is this child yours, my good woman?"

"Oh yes, sir, it is indeed mine! but it would not be alive now but for that little angel that is standing there behind his reverence."

"Every eye was now turned towards the little choir-boy, who drew back quite ashamed.

"Do not be ashamed of performing a good action," said the prince. "Come, tell us what this child has done for you, and we will see if there be any means of recompensing him, by aiding him in his work of charity. Is he a relation of yours?"

"No, sir, he is not a relation; but I love him as much as I do my daughter."

"And then the poor woman, who had quite recovered from her embarrassment, related how, on Palm-Sunday, she was returning from the

gate of the church, where she had been asking alms, and how she found herself and her little daughter entangled amid a crowd of carriages belonging to the Bishop of Liege, who officiated on that day. Very much alarmed, she attempted to run, her foot slipped, she fell on the pavement, and her child was thrown forward at some paces distant. The little girl's arm was broken, and she would have been trampled under foot by the horse were it not for little Hans, who sprang towards her, and bore her away at the peril of his own life. Since that day he shared with the mother and daughter the fruits of his labors: himself an orphan, and without relations, he adopted those that Providence had sent him, and endeavored to support those whose lives he had saved. He was bound to a wheelwright, and earned fifteen sous per day, besides what he gained at the chapter. All his earnings were given to his adopted mother; but as the little girl had never recovered the effects of her accident, the entire was expended at the apothecary's in drugs. He had scarcely enough to eat, and was almost destitute of clothing; but the generous Hans cheerfully submitted to every privation. The grand-duchess, with tearful eyes, poured the contents of her purse into the apron of the poor woman; who, having never before seen so much money, thought that it was all a dream.

"I am sure that in doing this, I recompensed Hans more largely than if I gave him twice that sum for himself. But he shall not be forgotten."

"Their imperial highnesses purchased for Hans the establishment of a wheelwright, which was to be worked for him until he should be of an age to undertake the management of it himself."—Vol. ii. pp. 130-132.

The frivolity and unreflecting joyousness of the Parisians are frequently noticed; and those who looked only at the surface, and estimated the state of things in France by the standard of other countries, might well mistake the signs of the times. "All were so gay," remarks our author, "cries of joy, hurrahs, and shouts of applause, re-echoed from all sides. They drank and sang to their full content, while some danced to the sound of music." Who could foresee in this gaiety and lightness of heart the ferocity and blood-thirstiness which were so soon to render Paris an Aceldama? The earth was clothed with beauty; and the gay walkers upon it knew nothing of the terrible convulsion whose materials were gathering below. The same features continued to distinguish French society at a later period. Speaking of 1784, the baroness tells us:—"After the opera, we went to the Tuileries, then the fashionable promenade; but as the Parisians do everything through caprice, they selected one alley, and would not take a step in any of the others. All were suffocating; some persons almost fought. The butlers of the

gentlemen's coats carried off the lace trimming of the ladies' mantelets; falbalas were torn by the pommels of swords, and flounces of point lace were sometimes seen dangling from the end of a scabbard."

Some few men of profounder reflection than ordinary looked beyond the present moment, and dreaded the storm that was gathering. Society was, indeed, corrupted to its very core; and, as is common at such times, a host of strange fantasies were abroad, each of which had its zealous abettor. Even such observers as Madame D'Oberkirch could not at all times free themselves from gloomy apprehensions. "Is it not strange," she asks, "that this century, so immoral, so philosophically boastful, and so skeptical, has, as it approaches its close, become not believing, but credulous, superstitious, and inclined to the marvellous? It is like an aged sinner who trembles at the thought of hell, and fancies that he repents because he fears. Around, one can scarce see anything but sorcerers, adepts, prophets, and necromancers; and every one has visions, presentiments—and, strange to say, all are bloody, all threatening. What will be the latter years of this century, which was so brilliant at its commencement, during which so much has been written in proof of its Utopian theories of materialism, and which now can think only of the soul, and of its superiority over the body, and over instinct? I dare not think of it. All that an impartial person can or ought to do is, to lay before the world all they see, all they hear, and leave to posterity the decision that we cannot give. One cannot be at the same time judge and partisan."

At a still later period, after reporting a discreditable anecdote of M. de Talleyrand, she remarks, "How depraved is the present generation! God alone only knows when all this will end!" This is the language, be it remembered, not of a philosopher or a prude, but of a woman of fashion, superior, it is true, to the morals of her class, but not disposed to magnify their vices, or to apply to human conduct a standard of ideal excellence. And yet we are called on by maudlin sentimentalists to regard the victims of the *revolution* with unmixed sympathy. We can do nothing of the kind. We pity suffering humanity under whatever form it appears, but cannot so far confound good and evil, as to invest the effete libertines and licentious beauties of the salons and theatres of Paris with the virtues which entitle to respect and admiration. They paid a bitter penalty; *but no sound moralist, even while condemn-*

ing the agents of their punishment, will overlook their demerit and guilt. As they sowed, so they reaped, and the tale of their sorrows reads an instructive lesson to mankind. The literary men, to whom it is fashionable to attribute so many of the evils which visited France, were no favorites with our author. "I consider these men," she says, "as the primary cause of all the later misfortunes of France, and detest them with all my soul."

Madame de Staël, as might have been anticipated, is sketched with the bitterness of a devotee to the old order of things; yet the superiority of her genius is admitted. The writer had too much good sense to deny the latter, though her attachment to fashions which were passing away led her to misunderstand what she terms the 'prudery' of the illustrious Genevese.

"The Duchess of Bourbon was very ill to-day, and sent for me early. I went, and remained the entire day with her. She received a great many visits this day, during which there was a great deal of conversation about court and city, and, as may be supposed, the neighbor was not spared. The chief topic was, the presentation of Madame de Staël, whose inelegant appearance was thought quite out of keeping with the refinement of Versailles. She was described as ugly, awkward, and affected. M. de Staël, on the contrary, is very handsome and well bred, and seemed to be very little pleased by the impression that his wife made. Since her marriage, Madame de Staël has made herself perfectly ridiculous by her prudery and pretensions, and has the blindness to mistake the starched manners of Geneva and the impertinent airs of a parvenue for the deportment of a fine lady. Her mother, Madame Necker, who is the most detestable pedant in the world, has been exceedingly ungrateful to M. Thelasson, with whom M. Necker was cashier, and to whom he owes all his success. M. Necker is universally detested, on account of the injury that his system has done; and this prejudice against the father is an injury to the daughter, who is undoubtedly a woman of genius, although her ideas have taken a false direction, and her Genevese origin is constantly revealing itself, notwithstanding the superiority of her understanding and the dignity of her position."—Vol. iii. pp. 206, 207.

We must close our extracts with the following anecdote of the times of the Regency, which was told our author by the Chevalier de Morney, an old man of eighty-four, who was governor of St. Cloud at the time of her visit to that celebrated palace. The chevalier had been page to the Regent during the reign of Louis XIV., of whom and of his court he related many incidents. Being ask-

ed what he was thinking of at the time of her arrival, he replied—

"What was I thinking of? I was thinking of a circumstance that few persons know, that happened here one evening, when I was but sixteen, and that I do not think it would be right to tell."

"But you will tell it to us, chevalier," said I, softly; "it will give us so much pleasure."

"Yes, I may tell it to you, who are Germans, and will not laugh at it. I could have laughed at it myself when I was young, not so young as twenty or sixteen; then, I can assure you, I looked on it as seriously as the actors in the tale themselves. Well, then, at this cascade, where I am now sitting old and infirm, I have seen on a lovely night in autumn, Mademoiselle Orleans, the most beautiful creature that God ever made, kneeling beside my poor fellow-page, M. Saint Maixent (a noble gentleman from Anjou), and heard them both vow eternal fidelity. The princess swore to enter a convent, and he to seek death upon the battle-field; and they were both faithful to their promises: she became abbess of Chelles, and he received a bullet in the breast from the firelock of a Spaniard. He was not twenty: 'tis only in early youth that one has sufficient romance to commit such sublime extravagance."

"... le chevalier, he sought death in battle, and she retired to a convent? They must have loved each other then?"

"Of course, they loved each other; and the Duchess of Orleans, who poked her nose everywhere like a ferret, suspected it. They at first wished to marry and run away; but, fortunately for the princess, her lover was an honest man, and would not degrade the royal family. She was quite determined, and nothing else could restrain her. All the regent's daughters were so strange! The lovers came here to breathe their last adieu, whilst I and one of the princess's women kept watch. The princess wished to fly; but St. Maixent begged her not to destroy her future peace by such an act, and to submit to fate, since it was impossible that they could be united. He flung himself at her feet, and swore upon his honor that no other should ever possess his love; and as he could not obtain the only happiness he desired on this earth, he would seek an honorable death. I see the whole scene again; there is the

opening between the trees, that allows the moonlight to show their graceful and youthful forms, and there I see the princess kneel beside her lover, and swear that she would never marry, that she would leave the court and go into a convent. 'Are you satisfied now?' said she; 'destiny cannot separate us altogether.' He kissed her hands and wept passionately, and I, though only a spectator, cried like a child.

"The princess kept her word, and, spite of all the entreaties and commands of her family, retired to Chelles. A thousand different reasons were given for her conduct; some even said that she was attached to her dancing-master, Caucheran; but I have told you the real cause. The duchess took very good care not to publish this, as she did everything; she was in a terrible rage, and had the most deadly horror of a misalliance. Poor St. Maixent! He was worthy of being loved; I have never met any one like him since."—*ib.* pp. 3-5.

We have rarely met with a work which illustrates more fully the period to which it relates than the one before us. The Baroness D'Oberkirch was the intimate friend of some of the most distinguished personages of her day. She was frequently in the society of emperors and kings, queens and duchesses, and her faculty of observation, and habit of immediately recording her impression, render her volumes as instructive as they are entertaining. The most fastidious may read them without offence, for, though pleased occasionally with a little scandal, she scrupulously avoids the grosser class of anecdotes with which French memoirs frequently abound. Nor does this omission detract from the completeness of her picture. The best informed may gather fresh knowledge from her pages, while all will be pleased with the variety of her experience, and the tact with which she has exhibited the more prominent features of French fashionable life. We commend her 'Memoirs' as a work of light, pleasant, and instructive reading, from which some explanation may be gathered of a social problem that has perplexed and mystified many subtle minds.

**THE PARIS PRESS.**—The press of Paris has generally fallen off in circulation since Louis Napoleon deprived it of liberty. The *Journal des Debats* alone has kept at its previous figure of 12,000 copies. The *Constitutionnel*, which, previous to the *coup d'état*, circulated 80,000 copies, rose soon afterward to 33,000, as it was then the special organ of the usurper, but has since fallen off to some 23,000, notwithstanding a reduction of its price to 32 francs, or \$6 a year, which is considerably less than the cost of paper and stamps. This journal has, however, just been sold to M. Miret, the proprietor of the *Pays*, a rival establishment, and now the favorite of the Emperor, for the sum of 1,600,000 francs,

or about \$300,000. The *Pays* sold 18,000 copies before December; it now sells no more than 11,000. The *Siecle*, the organ of the Cavaignac Republicans, has fallen from 28,000 to 20,000; the *Presse*, Girardin's paper, from 21,000 to 19,000; the *Patrie*, from 24,000 to 18,000; the *Gazette de France*, Legitimist, from 3,700 to 3,200; the *Univers*, Catholic, from 9,000 to 8,000; the *Assemblée Nationale*, Fusionist, from 12,000 to 8,500; the *Union*, Legitimist, from 5,000 to 4,000. The circulation of the entire daily press of Paris, excepting the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the Government, has fallen off some 55,000 sheets daily under the reign of the new Napoleon.

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE POETRY OF MARTIAL ENTHUSIASM.

Two very dissimilar scenes, at one time contrasted in our mind, moved us to certain anxieties, inducing the present reflections. In the Parisian field of Mars, a multitude of admiring gazers saw the magnificent array of military France. Acclaiming shouts and thunder of cannon announced the possessor of that splendor and force, to whose name an idolatrous nation had again devoted itself. He rode far down the close and rigid lines of gleaming bayonets; he turned to gallop past the squadrons of warrior horsemen, and crossed the iron range of destructive engines, terrible and mute, significant of sudden, overwhelming death. Holding up the Roman eagle, associated with superb designs of European sway, he spoke of the exciting "glory" of conquest, and of the imposing "order" of a camp. Receiving in fond exultation this familiar banner, a hundred captains swore to combat under it. Religion—such religion as may be "in a rich gold-embroidered cope and mitre"—imparted to the army an ostensible sanction in the Latin offices of pliant Catholicism, and in the prostituted word of God. Voluptuous festivities were preparing, and the gay city swelled in sumptuous intoxication. The pomp of the world, the vigor of the flesh, and the pride of life were at their highest. There was little memory of the unburied corpses on the plain of Borodino, of the starving men who were stiffened in the Russian frost, or those who rotted in the Egyptian fever. The perception of the truth was made dim by the dazzling parade of war.

The description of this came to us, in busy and pacific Manchester. After a few hours, we sat at evening within the plain white walls of a quiet building, a customary place of the silent worship of friends. A few score of people—placid matrons, respectable elders, and earnest youth—were calmly meeting for a testimony against war. Some persons, whose character and services to mankind are such as to obtain our reverence, *in turn* addressed them. With speech im-

pressive because of the great interests it involved, the more convincing through their grave sincerity, they demanded the recognition, in national policy, of the Christian spirit, the Christian law of mutual love. They laid bare the revolting horrors of multitudinous slaughter; they exhibited, from historical examples, the uselessness, the political inexpediency, of warlike operations; and calculated in money and wasted labor, their ruinous cost. With sarcastic ridicule, they depreciated the delusive renown of military prowess, and protested against having society demoralized by a process which, to mould the mechanical servility of the soldier, crushes the virtue of the citizen. They unanimously adopted the report of the committee, and expressed a hopeful confidence that, in a future age, war shall be altogether abolished.

We have faith in that anticipation. The author of our race has pledged his universe to the fulfilment of that promise. The prayer for the speedy securing of final peace is echoed in the hearts of all just men, as it is incessantly repeated from all places of the lamenting earth. The violence done by man to man affects us with a sorrow that craves immeasurable utterance; it would count the dropping blood with its own tears. On us, citizens of England, who have in community the power of partially directing the state, is set the duty of exerting, for the prohibition of war, an influence never before wielded by any nation of freemen in the modern world. Britain should maintain an attitude, noble as her public spirit, declaring the truth, denouncing tyranny, standing alone in generosity, with the courage that dares to go unarmed, but holding back in wary vigilance the resources of formidable strength. Let it be known to despots and to courtiers, while in Europe a perjured and cringing treachery licks the cruel hand of triumphant barbarism, that, though we do not prepare to contend with it, no timidity, nor indifference of comfortable ease, causes the abstinence, but patient, humane wisdom. It is known, as



the distinction of our country, that our Government cannot originate or provoke a war, except by the popular will. We are to endeavor, by all methods of discussion, through the press and in the sacred appeals of Christian exhortation, through constitutional assemblies and petition, and the occasional congress of foreign deputations, to infuse into the public sentiment a disgust with martial achievements, and so to prevent the people from ever consenting to their repetition.

But the advocates of this principle, contradicting the vulgar opinion, announcing a law to which the world has hitherto been strange, need to use a discreet and delicate tact. They are not, indeed, to pare and clip the truth into conformity with existing prejudices; but they must avoid the scandal of exaggerating it. They should not hazard the too positive unqualified assertion of a rule, which, like other ethical principles, is to be construed with reference to the presumed general relations of men towards each other; and which is liable, in the possible case of those relations being *reversed*, to be superseded by the new special duty of the emergency. Whether it be right or no for one suddenly attacked by a murderous assailant to yield his own life to permissive suicide, rather than disable his aggressor by killing him, we leave to keener casuists. Some men are capable of this self-devotion, no doubt, and in such submission to a sense of Christian obligation we recognize a sublime virtue; although it is a questionable beneficence to deprive one's neighbors of one's own upright and useful life for the sake of letting a murderer, probably, escape upon the world. But this superstition of the absolute inviolability of man's bodily existence, may be tested by another situation, in which its application would be absolutely immoral. Imagine oneself alone the protector of a weaker person, of a child, or of a woman, shrinking under the imminent danger of a violent death or of a worse outrage, the perpetration of which can only be stopped by striking a deadly blow; is there any Christian, whose bosom is ardent with tender compassion, who would hesitate to strike? Is there any remorse due for such an act? is it not an obedience to the divine law, a charity done to one's neighbor? That such situations are possible, cannot be disputed; and if the family affections be ordained of God, to manhood He has intrusted the stern obligation of defending them even to the death.

We say more—that such situations are to be provided for. They may often and every-

where occur, so long as men abuse their strength in the bestial fury of lust and rage. Every day, every hour, in some spot or other of this world, the feeble and the lonely are writhing in tortured despair beneath the injuries of brutal force. Because the groans of the slain, the shrieks of the tormented, the low wailings of violated shame, that go up continually to the sky, do not reach our own ears except at intervals, shall we deny the existence of violent wrong? shall we deny to the protecting arm the authority and the weapon to prevent it? In every land where the passions of men have been loosed by prevailing war, in every country where the law is not feared, where its ministers bear the sword of justice in vain, atrocities beyond conception are openly committed. In England, peaceful, decent, honest as the nation is, there is a power of wickedness, held down by legal terrors and by the common resolution to keep order and enforce the punishment of offenders, huge enough to drown us all in dire dismay. We say that the State, corporately invested with the direction of our physical resources, for the chief and primary purpose of protecting its members, is to hold in readiness, if need were, the bayonet and the cannon, to support effectively the staff of police. We say there is between the principles of individual and political morality no discord. As it is the duty of a man to spare neither his own nor a murderer's life, where such homicide may be needed for the safety of helpless innocence, so is it the duty of a Government, of an entire people, where the safety of all may be invaded by anarchical force of foreign or domestic aggressors, to spare not ten thousand lives of the citizen or of the enemy. The rule of mercy to all mankind is subjected in this case to no breach, but to a special observance; it takes the form, peculiar to the emergency, of the defence of those nearest and dearest. This is the dictate of nature, confirmed by all personal and historical experience, and by numerous examples of the Bible record; animating us in any such peril with the call of him, the statesman and prophet, who rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem: "Be ye not afraid of them; remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and daughters, your wives and your houses."

The partisans in this peace controversy must, therefore, looking forward to the application of their principles in the diversity of human affairs, beware of implicating it in an unforeseen fallacy. They must not damage

a cause, in its true proportions so beautiful and so rational, by extravagant distortions, disowned by the common sense and the common heart of humanity. We have been made ashamed and sorry by some notorious escapades of this erring zeal. What judicious person, hating the practices and the system of warfare, did not grieve, during the recent debate on the Militia Bill, when the contemptible absurdity of an anonymous writer gave a noble lord the opportunity of raising the inane clamors of Parliamentary derision, to counteract the high-toned counsels and the practical warnings of those who were opposing, not a prudent and patriotic measure of preparedness, but a vain panic and a mischievous job? How far has the moral influence of the advocates of peace been discredited by the exposure of similar inconsequential assertions! We would not have them discouraged, but go on directing with a more sure aim all the instrumentality of reason, of satire, of clear argument, facts stated, and eloquent persuasion, the commands of Christian and the testimony of human wisdom, to eradicate the prolific source of military contests, the vulgar admiration of warlike exploits.

For a contribution to this work the present essay is designed. Comparing the splendid exhibition of martial state, "the pomp and circumstance of *glorious war*," displayed in the spectacle at Paris, with the modest agency of retiring benevolence, the quiet protest of which it happened to us then to witness, no method of opposition to the war-spirit seemed likely to be more effective than a fair criticism of its æsthetic aspect. It is to strip off the meretricious finery in which the custom of slaughter has been decked by Art, so that its hideous reality may be exposed; to do this, we must scrutinize its imposing accessories, detect the false texture of the gaudy pageant, and reclaim from war the magnificence not its own. We deny, then, regarding in the outset its mere external appearance, that a modern army, in the most perfect organization and equipment, affords a complete satisfaction to the eye of genuine taste. In all its brilliancy of costume and of color, in all its symmetrical masses, it is yet a disfiguring perversion, not a graceful development, of nature. The human form, vigorous and erect, is there; but drilling has shaped it into a constrained monotony of attitude. The faces of soldiery, succeeding each other at the same unvaried step, wear an impassive, indifferent expression of blank and even

vacuity. No manifestation is perceptible, in this dull range, of the bias of personal energy; the individual peculiarities even of bodily conformation, such as impart fresh interest to every single specimen we see of the brute animals, are in these men partially disguised and cramped by the rigid uniformity of their prescribed exercise. Neither to the faculties of the particular man, nor to the ideal type of the species, has there been any regard in the soldier's education; but he has been trained into a machine of bones and muscles, calculated with precision to execute certain motions, adapted to the construction of that apparatus, manufactured by the iron-founder or the locksmith, to which he is attached as a part of the same mechanism. Men in this condition, we say, therefore, do not gratify the requirements of artistic beauty; but if they be a troop of cavalry we admire their horses rather, since the lower animal does not suggest the painful sense of degraded nature. We may imagine armies in action putting forth no doubt an extraordinary amount of aggregate force. Several thousand strong men, aided by mechanical and chemical contrivances, are sufficient to concentrate during a short time so much physical power as may produce very astonishing effects. But if the violence of a shock, the crashing force of missiles, the astounding noise of artillery, and the blaze of fire, are of a kind to compose a total of real sublimity; how puny must all this brawling tumult of human fabrication appear when it is compared with the elements of Nature in their awful strife, the vast and deep heavings of the tempestuous sea, the jagged darts of rending lightning from the summit of heaven, or when thunder breaks roaring out of the frowning blackness, and whirling eddies of the watery storm rush through the agitated air!

The host of men who passed with Napoleon the Alps, appeared to creep along the mountains as a swarm of emmets; and several hundred thousand, in the drifting snows of the North, were overwhelmed as a very little thing. As an exhibition of physical force, there is no such surpassing grandeur in war. Its proudest achievements of control over the inanimate creation are poor in comparison with the labors of peaceful industry. By this we have pierced the hills and spanned the flood, set the base of harbor-bulwarks at the bottom of the sea, carried ourselves with the speed of wind, and our messages with the speed of light. War could never have accomplished these things,

but can only destroy them. If there be any majesty in military deeds, it must be sought, then, not in their outward aspect or mighty performance. Let us investigate the interior sources of that interest which mankind have commonly felt in the romance of war. Why have the scenes of its crimes and carnage furnished to imaginative artists the matter of their most popular representations? What fascination lies in this subject, to engross the genius of some of the world's most famous poets? By an examination of this question, we may elicit whatever of true human worth is evinced in combination with martial practices, and thus may discriminate the beauty of heroism, the virtue which is admirable in every situation, from amid the pernicious horrors of accursed war.

From the view just offered of its external appearances, we may infer that not the power or the pomp manifested in war have made it fit for poetical illustration. The battle-field is beset with sights and sounds of pain, to the fancy not more agreeable than the loathsome, pestilential lazaret-house. Nor is it the office of poetry to represent either bodily pain or pleasurable sensations. The poet is to employ both; but only as the means of a higher effect. "The ultimate aim of art," says Schiller, than whom none has more faithfully observed it, "is the representation of what is *above* the senses; and especially the art of the tragedian does this, by incarnating our moral independence of physical necessity in the situation of suffering. Only the resistance which it evinces to the violence of the feelings reveals the principle of free-will within us: but that resistance can only be estimated by the severity of the attack. We arrive, then, at the conception of moral freedom only through the most vivid conception of suffering nature"—the *voluntary* endurance of pain, mental or bodily; and thus the wilful risk of mutilation or death (though this fortitude may proceed out of a foolish or criminal motive), supplies the condition of poetic sublimity, because it arouses the consciousness of that power which distinctively belongs to man as the only creature who *wills*; and fills us with an invigorating wonder as a manifestation of innate mental energy. It is thus men feel enamored of martial audacities.

Applying these remarks to the events of war, we discern partly the origin of their adaptation to poetical use. But on reviewing separately the poetic celebrations of martial achievement, it will be evident that, in some older compositions, products of a

rude age unused to moral speculation, there is less intentional appeal to that conscious sense of spiritual power which, exemplified in heroic fortitude or in pathetic endurance, gives the charm of tragedy the highest sort of poetical gratification. The poem to which we first refer, appearing from intrinsic evidence imbued with the character of a more rough and barbarous social life than any other romantic literature with which we happen to be acquainted, is the "Nibelungen Lied." There is here a profuse ostentation of coarse external magnificence; the golden gifts which are lavished "as dust" among a horde of vassals, the costly dresses and rich armor, are minutely described, in a style very significant of the simple, childish surprise with which those glittering things were viewed by the Gothic and other northern tribes. The qualities of manhood which are valued here seem to be mere bodily vigor and activity, pertinaciously exerted, with a kind of bull-dog ferocity. The higher valor, derived from supposed obligations of duty or honor, is not so prominent in the fighting comrades of Etzel and Gunther as is the animal instinct of destroying fury. With a savage exultation, they gloat over their wounded foes, grapple together amid the conflagration in the hall of ill-omened festivity, throw the corpses over the staircase, and give vent to the passionate frenzy of havoc. It is frightful, without mitigation; but in other scenes of the poem, as in the hunting-party, where Siegfried, capturing a live bear, carries it for sport among the terrified group of feasters, we are delighted with a vivid, healthy freshness, and touched, every now and then, by the unaffected tone, foreboding of fatal treachery and sorrow.

Homer, though in a strain of poetic inspiration incomparably more elevated, "glancing from earth to heaven," and commanding with the intuition of sympathy a wide range of the human affections, shows a certain mental affinity to the author of the piece we have mentioned, which we may call the Teutonic Iliad. The story of Troy also, with all his invocations of the mythological Muse, is told in the same spirit of unquestioning simplicity, as is the old tale beginning:—

Von Freuden und Festes-zeiten, von Weinen und von Klagen,  
Von kühner Recken Heldes-streiten, mögt ihr nun Wunder hören sagen.

The design of either is to exhibit the varied realities of human life, its gladness and



weeping, vigorous actions, mirth and lamentation. There is no attempt expressly to create an ideal man of completed absolute excellence. Assuredly, Achilles, the model of youthful invincible ardor, spoilt by a peevish and sulky pride, was not intended by the broad sagacity of Homer to be considered the perfect man. To this ancient observer of mankind, as to no other poet except Shakspeare, in an equal degree, belonged the patient and equitable tolerance of mind, which, reflecting, as in a clear mirror, without prejudice or distortion, all the diversified manifestations of human character, shows us in dramatic array the virtuous and the wicked, the discreet and the silly, the languid and the furious, just as they are, as they would have spoken and done. In this all-comprehending heart, we have said, there is also true simplicity, devoid of uneasy conscious questioning of self; and there is, what explains and compensates for the absence of any disposition to metaphysical reasonings, a pure and child-like sincerity of purpose, indispensable to the poet of humanity. He shows us men, such as they are in conflict, but does not discourse on the good or evil of their conduct. We do not perceive in Homer, little as his own personal prepossessions are obtruded through the calm, swift splendor of his flowing verse, any partiality of taste, or any moral approval, of the cruel service of Mars. Representing martial facts, their spirit and actors, as a main part of the manifold existence of mankind, his humane benevolence is rather betrayed, not seldom, in denunciations of war, *βροτολοιγς, μαιφόνς, ρειχέσιπλῆστα*. He calls it "bad," and "dire," using the word *φύλοπις*, the etymology of which implies that its prevalence is a visitation of "divine vengeance on the nations;" and he remembers, with constant pity, the loss of just men slain, the desolation of their widows; children, and servants. Homer, be sure, was a lover of peace and gentle charity. But how vividly he reproduces the different tempers of the combatants! In the first battle-scene, the duel between Paris and Menelaus, how distinct is the contrast between the vain, sensual idler, attiring his handsome person in decorated armor with such elaborate dandyism, and the wrathful Spartan, raging "like a beast," breaking in his eager fury both lance and sword, and dragging along the seducer of his wife, to wreak an implacable revenge! Except the adulterer, who is made the object of general reproach, and scorned even in the womanish fickleness of Helen, the Trojans, as engaged

on the juster side of self-defence, appear invested by Homer with more affectionate esteem than even the bravest and ablest of the Greek assailants. In spite of the showy qualities of strength, cleverness, and success, he compels us to feel that selfish Achilles, arrogant Agamemnon, the brutal might of giant Ajax, the cunning Odysseus, and insolent Diomed, who scruple not to kill and plunder sleeping men, are less worthy of respect than are two or three among the champions of the besieged town. It has been said, there is no apparent effort to conceive a blameless ideal man; but we know not where, in all the world of fiction, a character of natural harmonious virtue is more fairly developed than in Hector. His pious care for the worship of the temple, generous forbearance to the fallen, the candid fidelity of his rebukes to loitering companions, put him higher in our estimation than his forward bravery, leaping over the Grecian fortifications to burn their ships. In the spirit of honorable emulation, he refuses to strike Ajax at a disadvantage; and after their indecisive contest, courteously proposes an exchange of gifts in token of friendship. What husband or father cannot appreciate the tenderness, so manly yet delicate, of his conversation with weeping Andromache, fondling their baby, consoling her for his absence! With what attentive reverence he meets his parents! and in the hour of his impending death, he remains standing alone outside the gate, while above, the distracted Priam sees afar, coming quick across the sand, gleaming "like a star of evil omen," the burnished mail of murderous Achilles:—

"Come in, my son, behind the city wall,  
To shelter thee, who shalt hereafter save  
So many Trojan lives! oh, let not him,  
The son of Peleus, get the horrid praise  
Of killing thee. Lose not thy precious life!  
Have pity on me, too, whom Jove our sire  
Dooms, now upon the threshold of old age,  
To be destroyed, looking on many woes—  
My perished sons, my daughters dragged to shame,  
My palace battered into ruin, babes  
Dashed on the pavement in the dreadful storm,  
Their mothers torn along by dire Achæan hands.  
And I—oh, last of all—before the door  
Lying, the flesh-devouring dogs snatch at me,  
After some enemy, with stroke or dart,  
Shall have cut out the life of these my limbs.  
The dogs I bred, that ate under my table,  
That guarded at the door, will drink my blood—  
Waiting outside, as craving for my life:  
Because in war all outrage is allowed  
To heap upon a man whom war hath killed,  
With sharp steel cut to pieces. All seems fair  
Upon a dead man. Oh, but the gray head,



The aged corpse, the venerable beard,  
 To be defiled by hounds!—it is the worst,  
 The fellest horror mortal man can know!"

The old man, speaking so, tore frantically  
 His reverend hair; but Hector would not move,  
 Though on the other side his mother came,  
 With crying lamentation, with loose robe  
 Showing her bosom, while in tears she said:—  
 "Hector, my child, this is thy mother's breast;  
 Respect it, spare me! if the soothing milk  
 Flowed ever here for thee, remember it,  
 My own dear child. Oh, come within the wall!  
 Oh, shun that raging man! oh, stand not out  
 Alone so, thou unhappy one, for if—  
 If he should kill thee, I shall not be able  
 To mourn thee in the chamber, I thy mother,  
 Nor she thy gentle wife; but, far from us,  
 By the Greek ships, their dogs will eat thy body!"

In this pathetic outbreak of alarm and sorrows (which we have tried, however inadequately, to render, rather than borrow the unsuitable couplets of Pope's translation), Homer expresses his cordial deprecation of the atrocities committed whenever, to use his own words, "Mars walks portentous among mankind, whom Jove has engaged to fight in the spirit of soul-consuming strife." Although Alexander and Cæsar, and other sham heroes, have affected to imitate the personages of the Iliad, the immense impulse given by this poetry to the mind, not only of Greece, but of Europe in all ages, is not due to the warlike exploits depicted in it; but to its picturesque and lively exhibition of nature, and especially to those radiant forms, the most beautiful creation of fancy, who pass gracefully free between cloud-colored Olympus and this world. It is interesting, however, to remark the difference, in estimating the conduct and destinies of men, with the heathen want of serious authoritative religion, as compared with a true monotheistic view of the life of mankind. "The counsel of Jove was accomplished," says the Greek poet, with a phrase of poetical ornament; for we scarcely ascribe to him any valid faith in the real efficacy of those Olympic debates which he reports as impeded by so much fallibility and dissension. But in the contemporary, and in the still more ancient books of Israel, how infinitely more sublime is the scriptural attribution of divine sanction to the affairs of men! Here, also, is a primitive, in some respects a barbarous age, but inspired by a knowledge of the only God. To their devout belief, his will was the life of their history; the march of their armies had been directed, the policy of their leaders dictated, by his mysterious voice. The soldier did not glory in his strength, nor did they confide in

horses and chariots, but in the providence of the Lord of Hosts, to deliver idolatrous oppressors into their hand. Instructed of the miraculous aid which had in former dangers protected the chosen people against Amalek and Assyria, they could rely on the prophecy of his immediate presence to judge the world in righteousness, when "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The Latin narrative poems, though constructed on the plan of a servile copy of Homer, differ essentially in their tone from his. The early, frank simplicity, receptive of all natural impressions, had departed. In a society of polite, artificial refinement, having a sentimental drama and a moral philosophy like that of Cicero, or the easier one of Horace, the art of the poet is more purposely addressed to that conscious admiration of special, becoming qualities of personal character, which is often the factitious result of habits of abstract reflection, and too apt to be satisfied with the mere passive contemplation of beautiful examples. The effect of this tendency on artistic conception is always such as we detect in the fashionable novels of our own day. The personages of fiction lack body and consistent reality; each becomes attenuated into a personification of some particular vice or virtue, or of some supposed set of qualities, reputed amiable or vicious; wearing an air of the posture-maker, sometimes of cant and theatrical exaggeration. We confess that to us Æneas, with the display of his piety, his filial affection (the men of Homer love their parents, too, but are not continually talking about it), and his other graceful decencies of behavior, appears a proper Grandison, rather *goody* than good; though the author labors to make him manly, succeeding only to make him despicable, by the intrigue and seduction of poor Dido—a taint of the Don Juan being requisite, perhaps, to excite for the romantic hero the interest of the fine gentlemen and ladies of luxurious Rome: it is an incongruous compound of the patriarchal saint, the courtier, and the buccancer. It was the misfortune of Virgil, a modest, amiable man, "*anima candida*," as his friend calls him, to live in the Augustan age, when "*prisca fides*" was a thing to talk about, when freedom and the chaste vigor of virtue were supplanted by the adulation of tyrants; and epicurean sloth. To this gentle scholar the study of Hellenic antiquities, the tranquil retirement of his rural villa, were more congenial than the fierce, adventurous tumult of war; but the Roman

taste for deeds of military renown, and the task of celebrating the legendary foundation of their state, induced him to fabricate those battles of the Rutuli, and the Teucri, for which he evinced so little constitutional inclination, as 'to postpone that main part of his subject till the seventh book, dwelling preferably on the voyages, the mythologies, the marvellous monsters of Homeric invention. He is careful, by repeated examples, such as the benign reception of the submissive deputation, to recommend that war be tempered with clemency. Pathetic incidents occur to relieve the hostile action. There is the devoted friendship of Nisus, the bewailing mother of Euryalus, the remorse of the slayer of Lausus, on being reminded of his own son; and the wounded father of Lausus, frantic that his child had perished for him, mounting his horse for the last time to seek death in a crowd of enemies. These touches of feeling it is, together with the art, unequalled in the scanty Latin by any except the poet of Nature, of verbally representing all visual and audible phenomena—the driving hail, the rush of flame or wind, the beating gallop of horses—which have combined with his epic comprehension of the spirit and the learning of his age and nation to insure the popularity of Virgil; but to the subject of war he owes nothing. Does he not better entertain the reader with the races, the sailing of ships, and the games of archery, than with the contest of battle?

Rome, at a later period, demoralized by imperial despotism and riches, rotted into a social depravity which the foreign importation of sophistical science and delicious art did not redeem. The cumbrous and tawdry poems, celebrating martial themes, which for a while divided public attention with the bloody sport of torturing beasts and men in the circus, remain now of so slender importance as hardly to need a place in this consideration. It may be remarked only, that the "Pharsalia," describing the great struggle which bestowed European dominion on the Cæsars, declaims with rhetorical lamentation against the desolating horrors of civil war, but avers, with bombastic, incredible flattery, that the divine sway of a Nero was cheaply acquired by the world at such a price. The poem of Statius, narrating the fratricidal war of Thebes, excited in his day so much public interest that, we are informed by the contemporary satirist, it "made the whole city rejoice;" for us, it is less to the purpose.

*It would be too wide an inquiry for us to*

examine the romances of chivalry and the spirit of those knightly customs which continue to influence, in a very perceptible degree, modern conventional life. Confining our attention to the classic literature of slaughter, read and esteemed to our own day, the most conspicuous specimen is the "Jerusalem Delivered." This poem was a fanciful effort to resuscitate, in a late age of transatlantic discovery and Protestant Reformation, the mediæval interest of a semi-barbarous chivalry—a thing of the past. Strangely do the ferocious enthusiasm and superstitious savagery of the Crusades appear, disguised by Tasso in a languishing Italian sentimentality, and uttered in soft melodious accents, fitter to warble a voluptuous charm in the bower of lovesick Armida. A spirited energy, however, is not deficient in this enchanting work; nor are wanting some exquisite instances of disinterested nobility of soul: but all the vision is unreal, a gorgeous dream like the faery realm of Spenser. It will ever be a delight to imaginative taste, but has no relation to actual life. One offence, too, in common with its Latin model, it offers also to our taste—the introduction of female warriors; to Camilla, the fleet, fair archer, we may be reconciled by the example of the huntress Diana; but Clorinda, in masculine steel armor, killed unwittingly by her lover's hand, affects us even with disgust.

This unreality and purely romantic character of the later poetical representations of warfare, attests the milder disposition, or at least the more cultured smoothness, of mankind in modern ages. The tales of rude violence ceased to be agreeable. Cervantes, himself experienced in real fighting and disaster, "smiled Spain's chivalry away;" and in the other peninsula, in times when the Italian nobility, polished and insinuating, thought more to gain their objects of ambition by perjury and poison than by the pristine chivalric valor, what could the easy-tempered Ariosto do but indulge his humor in a diverting burlesque of the feats of Roland and the prowess of Charlemagne? The invention of gunpowder, which he denounces with such ludicrous indignation, was to supersede the bodily adroitness and the graceful activity of the tournament. The use of cannon was to change war from a fashionable pastime into a tremendously destructive and most serious affair. The profession of arms became henceforth a mechanical pursuit, depending as it were upon an engineering calculation of forces; and the soldier was degraded into a mercenary artisan of mischief. Whatever of

picturesque had formerly appeared in the external aspect of war was displaced by a stiff regularity. The old spirit of personal enthusiasm left the army. In the scenes of "Wallenstein's Camp," Schiller has shown us the vulgar sordid humanity of which modern armies are composed—those hireling recruits, the profane gambling losers and runaways of every class of society, seeking only plunder, debauchery, and reckless indulgence, alien to the ties of home and civil life.

We have reviewed some of the favorite instances of "the poetry of war." It has been seen that the grim subject is capable of being invested with a certain kind of interest, in the exhibition of personal fortitude during a crisis of pain and danger. But it will not be difficult to prove that battle offers no peculiar, certainly no exclusive, advantage to this species of artistic effect. It depends, as has been seen, on suggesting, by means of the representation of immediate or imminent suffering, the sense of man's power to comprehend and defy extreme adversity, the exalted moral sentiment of a free will independent of physical compulsion. If space allowed, we could provide both argument and examples, and ample poetic precedent, for seeking the materials of this sublime imagination, not in the ghastly field of carnage, but in other relations of men to each other, to nature, and to supernatural realities. To the nobility of soul occasionally evinced in the odious transaction of war we are not insensible, not heedless of the spirit which made Swiss Arnold, at the defence of Sempach, grasp to his own bosom a score of hostile lances, opening a gap for his companions to pass over his bleeding body through the enemy. But we remember "the noble army of martyrs," the many faithful ones who were strong in the love of their Saviour, to endure the severest protracted tortures lacerating the shrinking flesh. Tender and delicate women, Vivia, Blandina, by meek resignation put to shame the courage of the warrior. Regulus, when, to keep his word, he steadily quitted his safe home to go back to Carthaginian torments, had more than a conqueror's majesty. What victorious virtue has been purified in the fires of persecution! Every day duty and affection receive sacrifices more precious than all the bravery of war. Humble men plunge into the deep waters, or go down into the stifling pit, to save human life. Is it less honorable than to destroy? The most renowned of military

commanders, lately deceased, spoke not long ago at a festive meeting in the name of the British army. *He* might have recollected their fortitude in battle, the immovable ranks at Waterloo, standing all day in a rain of deadly shot. But the mind of the veteran passed to the wreck of the troop-ship *Birkenhead*, where the orderly obedience of a company of soldiers rescued the weaker passengers at the expense of their own lives. "The women and children were all saved," said the old Duke's faltering voice, "a good account was given of every one." What a touching homage to a genuine beneficent heroism!

Loving peace above most things, we dare not deny the grandeur of spirit sometimes evoked in war. The unanimous love of a just cause, the contagious confidence of patriotism, have excited popular energies to magnificent efforts. A glory is still on those Athenian spearmen running across the plain of Marathon, to drive into the sea the motley Asiatic multitude; and on the few hundreds only remaining of the little army at Thermopylæ, who, standing on the narrow path, with the mountain on their left hand, on their right the deep morass, for three days held their shields firm against an innumerable host; and on those Greek citizens who, after conveying their families to a refuge, quitted their houses, and, gathering into ships off their native coast at Salamis, sunk and scattered the navy of Persia; and the same men, when next year the barbarian aggressor menaced them on the other side by land, abandoned Athens again, with their homes and their temples, to encounter and tame at Plataea the cruel enemy of Europe and of civilization. This sympathetic valor animated the Florentine youths, the "*compagnia di morte*," self-devoted to die for the rescue of Italy. It gave stoutness to the peasants of Switzerland, stoning the proud Austrian cavalry in the steep defile of Morgarten, and to English volunteers, sailing to repel the vast Armada. This generous emotion filled the cities of Holland, when they let in the ocean on their plains, rather than baughty Louis; it set the torch to sumptuous Moscow for the discomfiture of the invader. Relying on this, Robert Hall defied the attempt, then apprehended, "on a soil filled with the monuments of freedom, enriched with the blood of its defenders; with a people who, animated with one soul, and inflamed with zeal for their laws and their sovereign, are armed in defence of all that is dear and venerable, their

wives, their parents, their children, the sanctuary of God and the sepulchre of their fathers."

For us, happily, is not now needed such an armament. The world, though late, is learning something of the wisdom that is peaceable. Instead of the weapons of de-

struction, may the citizens of England take up reason, equity, divine truth, for the vindication of eternal right, and for the conquest of universal love; until, in a clearer day, the grateful earth shall testify of her—

*Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes,  
Quod cuncti gens una sumus.*

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## MICHAEL FARADAY, THE CHEMIST.

ELECTRICITY is gaining character. A few years ago, lying in the mist of half-developed theory, it was popularly thought good for little else than 'philosophy in sport.' Now-a-days, we are daily becoming more familiar with its almost magical phenomena. Whether by the usefulness of the space-annihilating telegraph, as a curative agent, or from the exquisite beauty of the varied works of the electro-metallurgist, it is alike evident that it is a very practical and paying thing. These facts have contributed to direct a very large proportion of the experimental talent of the age to investigations in this and correlative sciences. We would therefore throw together a few memoranda concerning the rise and progress of their most learned exponent, Michael Faraday. This eminent philosopher and great chemist is another and most striking instance of the power of genius in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The researches in electricity which commenced with no greater apparatus than an old bottle have widened until many of the mysterious affinities of light, heat, magnetism, and electricity, have been evolved and made apparent. The same subtle and comprehensive intelligence would not only try to show that they are all modifications of one great force, but, with a keener and narrowing glance, would grapple with and identify the all-pervading power of gravitation.

Faraday was born in 1791, at Newington Butts, in London. His father was a poor blacksmith, who gave him an ordinary education, and apprenticed him, at the age of thirteen, to Mr. Ribeiro (or Riebau), a book-binder in Blandford Street. He wrought at this craft until twenty-two years of age, but

with little liking for it. His master seems to have looked with a somewhat indulgent eye on the vagaries of his apprentice in reading articles on electricity in encyclopedias, instead of 'forwarding' them (to use the trade phrase), making models of electrical machines, and other things. At all events, he opened up the path of the embryo savant, by mentioning his doings to a customer, Mr. Dance, of Manchester Street, who was one of the old members of the Royal Institution. That gentleman took Faraday to some of the last lectures which Sir Humphrey Davy delivered there. The result of this step, and the student's previous aspirations, will be best learned by quoting a letter from himself to Dr. Paris, which appears in the Life of Davy: 'When I was a bookseller's apprentice, I was very fond of experiment, and very averse to trade. It happened that a member of the Royal Institution took me to hear some of Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures in Albemarle Street. I took notes and afterwards wrote them out more fully in a quarto volume. My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which I imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir Humphrey Davy, expressing my wishes, and a hope that, if an opportunity came in his way, he would forward my views; at the same time I sent the notes I had taken of his lectures. This took place at the end of 1812, and early in 1813 he requested to see me, and told me of the situation of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, then just vacant. At the same time he thus gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still ad-



vised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that science was a harsh mistress, and in a pecuniary point of view but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at the notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right in that matter.'

In March, 1813, Faraday received and entered upon his assistantship. His patron, not slow to perceive his peculiar merit, took a deep interest in his progress, and at the end of this same year, Sir Humphrey and his lady, with Faraday as amanuensis and professional companion, departed for France on a scientific visit to the volcanoes of Auvergne. Ruthless conqueror as he was, Napoleon respected and encouraged science—whether from real admiration of its professors, or from that policy which Sir Thomas Browne says would avoid 'the revengeful pen of succeeding ages,' may be questioned. While the most influential of the British nobility found it impossible to obtain leave to travel on the Continent, then embroiled in warfare, it was no sooner understood that the discoverer of the metallic bases of earths and alkalies wished such leave, than this was most readily granted. Accordingly, on the 13th October, the party embarked in a cartel for Morlaix, in Brittany. On the way the officials suspected the genuineness of their passports, and put them all into prison whilst these documents were forwarded to headquarters. This caused a detention of about a week, and the travellers did not arrive in Paris until the 27th October. Here and elsewhere Faraday enjoyed the invaluable advantages of being thrown into personal contact with all the most famous continental philosophers.

In 1815, Davy returned to England, and his assistant to the duties of the laboratory—in which position he did not long remain. He was raised to his present office of Fulmerian Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution; an appointment justified by an almost unrivalled talent in those paths of physical science to which his genius bent, and whose fruits have amply redeemed the promise given by his early, rapid, and brilliant career. His appearance in the Royal Institution we could not more graphically depict than in the language of the sprightly author of the 'Pen and Ink Sketches':—

'We are always (at least I am) apt to associate high mental acquirements with a somewhat dignified deportment of person.

Gravity would almost seem to be the handmaid of greatness, but they are not always combined; and certainly, so far as Mr. Faraday is concerned, it seems to keep at a rather respectable distance. He had a pleasant countenance, lighted up by a pair of the most lively, restless black eyes I ever saw in the head of man, or woman either. His hair, too, was jet black, curly, and parted in the very centre of his forehead; not giving him, as hair disposed in that manner sometimes does, a sleek, sheepish appearance, but a smart, jaunty, natty air. In person he was slender, and about the average height. It is a common mode of expression to say, that a man who is restless is 'upon wires;' in Faraday's case the allusion would be quite appropriate, for he was never still for half a minute together; and there was such a continual lively smile—not a smirk—on his lips, that it really was pleasant to look at him. He had the familiar nod and the cheerful recognition for every one, and seemed to feel a real anxiety to make every one about him comfortable; and, with all his splendid attainments, there was so much humility apparent, that his genius blazed ten times the brighter for his seeming unconsciousness of it. His style of lecturing is very brilliant; and I have heard those who have listened to that most practical and fascinating of scientific lecturers, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, say, that, in point of felicitous illustration, Faraday is hardly to be considered his inferior. His tone is musical and well-modulated, and I can scarcely imagine a higher mental treat than that offered by hearing Faraday lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. There—behind the great lecturing-table, with his coat-sleeves turned back at the wrists, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm, as he discourses on his favorite topic to perhaps as brilliant an audience—whether personally or mentally considered—as any in the world, he stands one of the wonders of his own wonderful age, discoursing eloquently on the marvels which his own mind and hand have in part revealed.

. . . The recent (1846) discoveries of Mr. Faraday with respect to the influence of magnetism on light, have conferred additional lustre on his name. I had the pleasure of hearing his lecture on that interesting topic, but was much struck with the change in his personal appearance since I first saw him. His face was paler, and his bright eyes were spectacled; his jet black hair, too (worn parted, as of yore), had lost its sable hue, and was iron gray; but the same pleasant

smile remained, and his voice was as delightful as ever. I thought his style of lecturing was somewhat easier, and more colloquial. This was especially apparent in his juvenile course of lectures, which it well became.'

In the days of his apprenticeship, Faraday gave his first lecture—one on the 'Physical Properties of Heat'—to a small scientific society, which included amongst its members Woodward, who at first applied the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe to the microscope. In 1817 he began his long series of contributions to the 'Journal of Science and Art,' and not long afterwards, revealed one of the most interesting investigations of modern chemical science. If less apt than his predecessor to broach bold theories, Faraday yields to none in the skilful examination of phenomena, management of details, and masterly generalization of causes. This was exemplified by the discovery to which we refer—that of the liquefaction of the gases. The opinion was then held, 'that the gases were incapable of reduction into any other than what may be called their natural elastic state. There are elastic fluids which, under certain conditions, may be compelled to assume the liquid, and even the solid state; this is the case with steam, which is equally known to us as water and steam. No diminution of temperature, however, could effect a change in the gases, and hence they were called the permanent elastic fluids.' The strong resemblance which such a vapor as that of water bore to those permanent gases led Mr. Faraday to infer that, by employing suitable means, they might be made to assume the liquid condition. He made experiments with hydrate of chlorine, and other substances, and succeeded. The mode of proceeding was simple. The materials were sealed up in a narrow and strong tube, along with a pressure gauge, formed of a slender tube, closed at one end, and having a globule of mercury within it near the open extremity. Heat or other means being applied, the gas was disengaged in the tube, and condensed by its own pressure. The force exerted to accomplish this was estimated by the reduced volume of air in the small gauge within. Under such treatment, as was detailed in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1823, Faraday condensed the following gases:—sulphurous acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, chlorine, nitrous oxide, cyanogen, ammonia, hydrochloric acid. The pressure varied from two to (in the case of nitrous oxide) fifty atmospheres, and the temperature from 32° to 60°. *These experiments were resumed in*

1845, with increased appliances and signal advantage. Strong narrow green glass tubes, powerful syringes, and a very low temperature, produced the liquefaction of olefiant gas, hydriodic, and hydrobromic acids, phosphuretted hydrogen, and the gaseous fluorides of silicon and boron. Coal gas, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, nitric oxide, and carbonic oxide, could not be condensed at a temperature of —166° Fahr., and under a pressure of from 27 to 58 atmospheres. Other experimenters—first, Sir I. Brunel, and then M. Thilorier of Paris—have since obtained liquid carbonic acid. Their apparatus is somewhat complex, and, being extremely dangerous, requires the most careful management. It has been the cause of some dreadful accidents. On the announcement of his discovery, Faraday met with one of those strange crosses which afflict scientific men, arising, apparently, from a little mutual envy, and leading to strange aberrations, to use a mild term. His ancient patron, Sir Humphrey Davy, wrote an article, which was also printed in the 'Transactions,' about 1823, in which, by employing other substances to achieve the same result as Faraday, he would seem to derogate from the breadth of the latter's claim, and arrogate a portion of the originality of the idea to himself.

The well-known manual of 'Chemical Manipulation' was published in 1828, and went through several editions. Its value may be guessed from the fact, that its popularity was instant and great, and, although long out of print, it has not yet been superseded. It is eagerly sought for, not only by the tyro, but the riper student, to whom many hints and expedients dictated by the most elegant manipulator of the age are equally acceptable.

Incidentally, we may allude to some elaborate experiments undertaken by Professor Faraday, regarding the production of perfectly homogeneous flint glass, fit for the fabrication of the object-glasses of large refracting telescopes. About 1830, the Astronomical Society of London, incited by the success of Guineaud des Brenets, appointed a commission, consisting of Herschel, Faraday, Dollond, and Roget, to examine, and if possible improve, the composition of this substance. At that time glass fit for telescopes of even three or four inches diameter could scarcely be obtained. Faraday entered on the subject with spirit, and in his own laboratory, as well as in Messrs. Pellati's glass-works, pursued an extensive series

of experiments, which are recorded in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' He altered the constituents of the material, and after much labor produced a remarkably pure glass from borate of lead. But excise regulations, although somewhat relaxed in favor of the Royal Society, and other scientific bodies, so fettered their movements, that, feeling it hopeless to contend in this department against the active and free prosecution of the inquiry in France and Switzerland, the labors of the English savants terminated. Doubtless Messrs. Chance and M. Bontemps were benefited by these investigations, as well as the immunity now enjoyed from fiscal surveillance, in producing the large and fine specimens of optical glass exhibited in 1851, and which have placed at least one house in Great Britain on an equal footing with the celebrated continental manufacturers.

To estimate rightly—involving as it would a review of the reciprocal merits of foreign electricians—the labors and discoveries of Faraday in the abstruse fields of inquiry to which his life has been mainly devoted, is a task somewhat too recondite for a magazine; at all events, beyond the limits of the present article. As we have already indicated, Professor Faraday's reputation rests mainly on those papers entitled 'Experimental Researches on Electricity,' first printed in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and afterwards issued in a collected form. Eighteen series, extending from 1831 to 1843, have been republished, but we believe that nearly thirty series have now appeared. They are unquestionably the mine from which much has been extracted, and are destined by their completeness to be the groundwork of those advances in the reduction to practical application of the imponderable agencies which are now being so quickly effected. They have raised their author to the front rank amongst European philosophers, and cast a permanent lustre upon British science. Director of one of the most thoroughly-equipped laboratories in the kingdom, with an unflinching patience, and a happy native talent for expiscating the most perplexing phenomena, Faraday has achieved results, the merit of which has been recognized by the leading foreign academies in enrolling his name amongst their members, and at home by the University of Oxford creating him in 1832 Doctor of Laws. In private life he is said to be beloved for the 'simplicity and truthfulness of his character, and the kindness of his disposition.'

In June of the present year, Professor Faraday gave a lecture at the Royal Institution on the 'Physical Lines of Magnetic Force.' That paper is generally interesting, and being at the same time explanatory of the direction in which the speculations of this illustrious chemist at present tend, we conclude by giving a report of it:—

'On a former occasion certain lines about a bar magnet were described and defined (being those which are depicted to the eye by the use of iron filings sprinkled in the neighborhood of the magnet), and were recommended as expressing accurately the nature, condition, direction, and the amount of the force in any given region either within or outside of the bar. At that time the lines were considered in the abstract. Without departing from or unsettling anything then said, the inquiry is now entered upon of the possible and probable *physical existence* of such lines. Many powers act manifestly at a distance: their physical nature is incomprehensible to us; still we may learn much that is real and positive about them, and amongst other things something of the condition of the space between the body acting upon, or between the two mutually acting bodies. Such forces are presented to us by the phenomena of gravity, light, electricity, magnetism, &c. These, when examined, will be found to present remarkable differences in relation to their respective lines of forces; and at the same time that they establish the existence of real physical lines in some cases, will facilitate the consideration of the question as applied especially to magnetism. When two bodies, *a*, *b*, gravitate towards each other, the line in which they act is a straight line, for such is the line which either would follow if free to move. The attractive force is not altered, either in *direction* or *amount*, if a third body is made to act by gravitation or otherwise upon either or both of the first two. A balanced cylinder of brass gravitates to the earth with a weight exactly the same, whether it is left like a pendulum freely to hang towards it, or whether it is drawn aside by other attractions, or by tension, whatever the amount of the latter may be. A new gravitating force may be exerted upon *a*, but that does not in the least affect the amount of power which it exerts towards *b*. We have no evidence that *time* enters in any way into the exercise of this power, whatever the distance between the acting bodies, as that from the sun to the earth, or from star to star. We can hardly conceive of this force in one particle



by itself; it is when two or more are present that we comprehend it; yet, in gaining this idea, we perceive no difference in the character of the power in the different particles; all of the same kind are *equal, mutual, and alike*. In the case of gravitation, no effect which sustains the idea of an independent or physical line of force is presented to us; and, as far as we at present know, the line of gravitation is merely an ideal line representing the direction in which the power is exerted. Take the sun in relation to another force which it exerts upon the earth, namely, its illuminating or warming power. In this case rays (which are lines of force) pass across the intermediate space; but then we may affect these lines by different media applied to them in their course. We may alter their direction either by reflection or refraction. We may make them pursue curved or angular courses. We may cut them off at their origin, and then search for and find them before they have attained their object. They have a relation to *time*, and occupy eight minutes in coming from the sun to the earth; so that they may exist independently either of their source or their final home, and have in fact a clear distinct physical existence. They are in extreme contrast with the lines of gravitating power in this respect; as they are also in respect of their condition at their terminations. The two bodies terminating a line of gravitating force are alike in their actions in every respect, and so the line joining them has like relations in both directions. The two bodies at the terminals of a ray are utterly unlike in action; one is a source, the other a destroyer of the line, and the line itself has the relation of a stream flowing in one direction. In these two cases of gravity and radiation, the difference between an abstract and a physical line of force is immediately manifest. Turning to the case of static electricity, we find here attractions (and other actions) at a distance as in the former cases; but when we come to compare the attraction with that of gravity, very striking distinctions are presented which immediately affect the question of a physical line of force. In the first place, when we examine the bodies bounding or terminating the lines of attraction, we find them as before, mutually and equally concerned in the action; but they are not alike; on the contrary, though each is endued with a force which, speaking generally, is of the like nature, still they are in such contrast, that their actions on a third body in a state like either of them are precisely the reverse of each other; what

the one attracts, the other repels; and the force makes itself evident as one of those manifestations of power endued with a dual and antithetical condition. Now, with all such dual powers, attraction cannot occur unless the two conditions of force are present and in face of each other through the lines of force. Another essential limitation is, that these two conditions must be exactly equal in amount, not merely to produce the effects of attraction, but in every other case; for it is impossible so to arrange things that there shall be present or be evolved more electric power of the one kind than of the other. Another limitation is, that they must be in physical relation to each other; and that, when a positive and a negative electrified surface are thus associated, we cannot cut off this relation except by transferring the forces of these surfaces to equal amounts of the contrary forces provided elsewhere. Another limitation is, that the power is definite in amount. If a ball *a* be charged with 10 of positive electricity, it may be made to act with that amount of power on another ball *b* charged with 10 of negative electricity; but if 5 of its power be taken up by a third ball *c* charged with negative electricity, then it can only act with 5 of power on ball *a*, and that ball must find or evolve 5 of positive power elsewhere; this is quite unlike what occurs with gravity, a power that presents us with nothing dual in its character. Finally, the electric force acts in curved lines. If a ball be electrified positively and insulated in the air, and a round metallic plate be placed about 12 or 15 inches off, facing it and uninsulated, the latter will be found, by the necessity mentioned above, in a negative condition; but it is not negative only on the side facing the ball, but on the other or outer face also, as may be shown by a carrier applied there, or by a strip of gold or silver leaf hung against that outer face. Now, the power affecting this face does not pass through the uninsulated plate, for the thinnest gold leaf is able to stop the inductive action, but round the edges of the face, and therefore acts in curved lines. All these points indicate the existence of physical lines of electric force:—the absolutely essential relation of positive and negative surfaces to each other, and their dependence on each other contrasted with the known mobility of the forces, admit of no other conclusion. The action also in curved lines must depend upon a physical line of force. And there is a third important character of the force leading to the same result, namely, its affection by media



having different specific inductive capacities. When we pass to dynamic electricity, the evidence of physical lines of force is far more patent. A voltaic battery having its extremities connected by a conducting medium, has what has been expressly called a current of force running round the circuit, but this current is an axis of power having equal and contrary forces in opposite directions. It consists of lines of force which are compressed or expanded according to the transverse action of the conductor, which changes in direction with the form of the conductor, which are found in every part of the conductor, and can be taken out from any place by channels properly appointed for the purpose; and nobody doubts that they are physical lines of force. Finally, as regards a magnet, which is the object of the present discourse. A magnet presents a system of forces perfect in itself, and able, therefore, to exist by its own mutual relations. It has the dual and antithetic character belonging to both static and dynamic electricity, and this is made manifest by what are called its polarities; i. e., by the opposite powers of like kind found at and towards its extremities. These powers are found to be absolutely equal to each other; one cannot be changed in any degree as to amount without an equal change of the other; and this is true when the opposite polarities of a magnet are not related to each other, but to the polarities of other magnets. The polarities, or the *northness* and *southness* of a magnet, are not only related to each other, through or within the magnet itself, but they are also related externally to opposite polarities (in the manner of static electric induction), or they cannot exist; and this external relation involves and necessitates an exactly equal amount of the new opposite polarities to which those of the magnet are related. So that if the force of a magnet *a* is related to that of another magnet *b*, it cannot act on a third magnet *c* without being taken off from *b*, to an amount proportional to its action on *c*. The lines of magnetic force are shown by the moving wire to exist both within and outside of the magnet; also they are shown to be closed curves passing in one part of their course through the magnet; and the amount of those within the magnet at its equator is exactly equal in force to the amount in any section including the whole of those on the outside. The lines of force outside a magnet can be affected in their direction by the use of various media placed in their course. A magnet can in no way be procured having

only one magnetism, or even the smallest excess of northness or southness one over the other. When the polarities of a magnet are not related externally to the forces of other magnets, then they are related to each other; i. e., the northness and southness of an isolated magnet are externally dependent on and sustained by each other. Now, all these facts, and many more, point to the existence of physical lines of force external to the magnet as well as within. They exist in curved as well as in straight lines; for if we conceive of an isolated straight bar magnet, or, more especially, of a round disc of steel magnetized regularly, so that its magnetic axis shall be in one diameter, it is evident that the polarities must be related to each other externally by curved lines of force; for no straight line can at the same time touch two points having northness and southness. Curved lines of force can, as I think, only consist with physical lines of force. The phenomena exhibited by the moving wire confirm the same conclusion. As the wire moves across the lines of force, a current of electricity passes or tends to pass through it, there being no such current before the wire is moved. The wire, when quiescent, has no such current, and when it moves it need not pass into places where the magnetic force is greater or less. It may travel in such a course that, if a magnetic needle were carried through the same course, it would be entirely unaffected magnetically; i. e., it would be a matter of absolute indifference to the needle whether it were moving or still. Matters may be so arranged that the wire when still shall have the same diamagnetic force as the medium surrounding the magnet, and so in no way cause disturbance of the lines of force passing through both; and yet, when the wire moves, a current of electricity shall be generated in it. The mere fact of motion cannot have produced this current: there must have been a state or condition around the magnet and sustained by it, within the range of which the wire was placed; and this state shows the physical constitution of the lines of magnetic force. What this state is, or upon what it depends, cannot as yet be declared. It may depend upon the ether, as a ray of light does, and an association has already been shown between light and magnetism. It may depend upon a state of tension, or a state of vibration, or perhaps some other state analogous to the electric current, to which the magnetic forces are so intimately related. Whether it of necessity requires matter for its sustenance, will de-

pend upon what is understood by the term *matter*. If that is to be confined to ponderable or gravitating substances, then matter is not essential to the physical lines of magnetic force any more than to a ray of light or heat ; but if in the assumption of an ether we admit it to be a species of matter, then the lines of force may depend upon some function of it. Experimentally, mere space is magnetic ; but then the idea of such mere

space must include that of the ether, when one is talking on that belief ; or if hereafter any other conception of the state or condition of space rise up, it must be admitted into the view of that which just now in relation to experiment is called mere space. On the other hand, it is, I think, an ascertained fact that ponderable matter is not essential to the existence of physical lines of magnetic force."

## MORNING OF THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

### SEE PLATE.

THE memorable event which the accompanying plate illustrates, was one of the turning points in the history of Napoleon. The overthrow of the Directory became indispensable to Napoleon's progress ; and on his return from Egypt, he immediately commenced the intrigues which led to the accomplishment of his object. A coalition with the Abbé Sieyès enabled him, with his secret friends in the Council of Five Hundred, to effect the bold stroke which, on the 9th of November, 1799, put an end to the strong and popular government of the Directory. On the morning of the day resolved upon, all the generals and officers whose adherence to Bonaparte had been secured, were invited to repair to Napoleon's house at six o'clock. Three regiments of cavalry were appointed to be ready in the Champs Elysees, under pretence of being reviewed by Gen. Bonaparte. As an excuse for assigning so unusual an hour of rendezvous, it was said that the General was obliged to set out on a journey. Many officers understood or guessed what was to be done, and came armed with pistols as well as swords. Some, however, were without such information or presentiment. Le Febvre, the commandant of the guard of the Representative Bodies, supposed to be devoted to the Directory, had only received an invitation to attend this military assembly on the preceding midnight. Bernadotte, unacquainted with the project, was, however, brought to Bonaparte's house by his brother Joseph.

The surprise of some, and the anxious cu-

riosity of all, may be supposed, when they found a military levee so numerous and so brilliant assembled at a house incapable of containing half of them. Bonaparte was obliged to receive them in the open air.

Early as Bonaparte's levee had taken place, the Council of Ancients, secretly and hastily assembled, had met still earlier. The ears of all were filled by a report, generally circulated, that the Republican party had formed a daring plan for giving a new popular impulse to the government. It was said that the resolution was taken at the Hotel de Salm, amongst the party who still adopted the principles of the old Jacobins, to connect the two representative bodies into one National Assembly, and invest the powers of government in a Committee of Public Safety, after the model of what was called the Reign of Terror. Circulated hastily, and with such addition to the tale as rumors speedily acquire, the mind of the Council of Ancients was agitated with much fear and anxiety. Cornudet, Lebrun, and Fargues, made glowing speeches to the Assembly, in which the terror that their language inspired was rendered greater by the mysterious and indefinite manner in which they expressed themselves. They spoke of personal danger—of being overawed in their deliberations—of the fall of liberty, and of the approaching destruction of the republic. "You have but an instant to save France," said Cornudet ; "permit it to pass away, and the country will be a mere carcass, disputed by the vultures, whose prey it must become." Though the charge of conspiracy was not distinctly defined, the mea-

asures recommended to defeat it were sufficiently decisive.

By the 102d, 103d, and 104th articles of the Constitution it was provided that the Council of Ancients might, if they saw it expedient, alter the place where the legislative bodies met, and convoke them elsewhere; a provision designed doubtless to prevent the exercise of that compulsion which the Parisians had at one time assumed over the National Assembly and Convention. This power the Council of Ancients now exercised. By one edict the sittings of the two councils were removed to St. Cloud; by another, the Council delegated to General Bonaparte full power to see this measure carried into effect, and vested him for that purpose with the military command of the department. A state messenger was sent to communicate to the general these important measures, and require his presence in the Council of Ancients; and this was the crisis which he had so anxiously expected.

A few words determined the numerous body of officers, by whom the messenger found him surrounded, to concur with him without scruple. Even General Le Febvre, who commanded the guard of the legislative bodies, declared his adhesion to Bonaparte.

The Directory had not even yet taken the alarm. Two of them, indeed, Sieyes and Ducos, being in the secret of the conspiracy, were already at the Tuileries, to second the movement which was preparing. It is said that Barras had seen them pass in the morning, and as they were both mounted, had been much amused with the awkward horsemanship of Sieyes. He little guessed on what expedition he was bound.

When Bonaparte sallied forth on horseback, and at the head of such a gallant cavalcade of officers, his first movement was to assume the command of the three regiments of cavalry, already drawn up in the Champs Elysées, and to lead them to the Tuileries, where the Council of Ancients expected him. He entered their hall, surrounded by his military staff, and by those other generals, whose name carried the memory of so many victories. "You are the wisdom of the nation," he said to the Council. "I come, surrounded by the generals of the Republic, to promise you their support. I name Le Febvre my lieutenant. Let us not lose time looking for precedents. Nothing in history ever resembled the end of the eighteenth century—nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure, our arms shall put it into

execution." He announced to the military the will of the Council, and the command with which they had intrusted him; and it was received with loud shouts.

In the meanwhile the three directors, Barras, Gohier, and Moulins, who were not in the secret of the morning, began too late to take the alarm. Moulins proposed to send a battalion to surround the house of Bonaparte and make prisoner the general, and whomsoever else they found there. But they had no longer the least influence over the soldiery, and had the mortification to see their own personal guard, when summoned by an aid-de-camp of Bonaparte, march away to join the forces which he commanded, and leave them defenceless.

Barras sent his secretary, Bottot, to expostulate with Bonaparte. The general received him with great haughtiness, and publicly before a large group of officers and soldiers, upbraided him with the reverses of the country; not in the tone of an ordinary citizen, possessing but his own individual interest in the fate of a great nation, but like a prince, who, returning from a distant expedition, finds that in his absence his deputies have abused their trust, and misruled his dominions. "What have you done," he said, "for that fine France, which I left you in such a brilliant condition? I left you peace, I have found war—I left you the wealth of Italy, I have found taxation and misery. Where are the hundred thousand Frenchmen whom I have known?—all of them my companions in glory?—They are dead." It was plain, that even now, when his enterprise was but commenced, Bonaparte had already assumed that tone, which seemed to account every one answerable to him for deficiencies in the public service, and he himself responsible to no one.

Barras, overwhelmed and stunned, and afraid, perhaps, of impeachment for his alleged peculations, belied the courage which he was once supposed to possess, and submitted in the most abject terms, to the will of the victor. He sent in his resignation, in which he states, "that the weal of the Republic, and his zeal for liberty alone, could have ever induced him to undertake the burden of a public office; and that, seeing the destinies of the Republic were now in the custody of her youthful and invincible general, he gladly resigned his authority." He left Paris for his country seat, accompanied by a guard of cavalry, which Bonaparte ordered to attend him, as much perhaps to watch his motions as to do him honor, though

the last was the ostensible reason. His colleagues Gohier and Moulins, also resigned their office; Sieyes and Ducos had already set the example; and the Council was dissolved, the Executive Council vested in Bonaparte while the real power was in his hands, minister of police, with the command of justice, Fouché, minister of war, acknowledged all the rest of the administration; and he acknowledged his authority accordingly; and he was thus placed in full possession as well of the civil as of the military power.

The Council of Five Hundred, or rather the Republican majority of that body, showed a more stubborn temper; and if, instead of resigning, Barras, Gohier, and Moulins, had united themselves to its leaders, they might perhaps have given trouble to Bonaparte, successful as he had hitherto been.

This hostile Council only met at ten o'clock on that memorable day, when they received, to their surprise, the message, intimating that the Council of Ancients had changed the place of meeting from Paris to St. Cloud; and thus removed their debates from the neighborhood of the populace, over whom the old Jacobinical principles might have retained influence. The laws as they stood afforded the young Council no means of evading compliance, and they accordingly adjourned to meet the next day at St. Cloud, with unabated resolution to maintain the democratical part of the constitution. They separated amid shouts of "Long live the Republic and the Constitution!" which were echoed by the galleries. The *tricoteuses*,\* and other more zealous attendants on their debates, resolved to transfer themselves to St. Cloud also, and appeared there in considerable numbers on the ensuing day, when it was evident the enterprise of Sieyes and of Bonaparte must be either perfected or abandoned.

The contending parties held council all the evening, and deep into the night, to prepare for the final contest on the morrow. Sieyes advised that forty leaders of the opposition should be arrested; but Bonaparte esteemed himself strong enough to obtain a decisive victory, without resorting to any such obnoxious violence. They adjusted their plan of operations in both Councils, and agreed that

\* The women of lower rank who attended to debates of the Council, plying the task of knitting while they listened to politics, were so denominated. They were always zealous democrats, and might claim in one sense Shakspeare's description of

"The free maids, who weave their thread with  
baxes."

the government to be established should be provisionally intrusted to three consuls, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos. Proper arrangements were made of the armed force at St. Cloud; and the command was confided to the zeal and fidelity of Murat. Bonaparte used some interest to prevent Bernadotte, Jourdan, and Augereau, from attending at St. Cloud the next day, as he did not expect them to take his part in the approaching crisis. The last of these seemed rather hurt at the want of confidence which this caution implied, and said, "What, general! dare you not trust your own little Augereau?" He went to St. Cloud accordingly.

Some preparations were necessary to put the palace of St. Cloud in order to receive the two councils; the Orangerie being assigned to the Council of Five Hundred; the Gallery of Mars to that of the Ancients.

In the Council of Ancients, the Moderés, having the majority, were prepared to carry forward and complete their measures for a change of government and constitution. But the minority, having rallied after the surprise of the preceding day, were neither silent nor passive. The Commission of Inspectors, whose duty it was to convene the Council, were inculpated severely for having omitted to give information to several leading members of the minority, of the extraordinary convocation which took place at such an unwonted hour on the morning preceding. The propriety, nay the legality, of the transference of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud was also challenged. A sharp debate took place, which was terminated by the appearance of Napoleon, who entered the hall, and harangued the members by permission of the president. "Citizens," said he, "you are placed upon a volcano. Let me tell you the truth with the frankness of a soldier. Citizens, I was remaining tranquil with my family, when the commands of the Council of Ancients called me to arms. I collected my brave military companions, and brought forward the arms of the country in obedience to you who are the head. We are rewarded with calumny—they compare me to Cromwell—to Cæsar. Had I desired to usurp the supreme authority, I have had opportunities to do so before now. But I swear to you the country has not a more disinterested patriot. We are surrounded by dangers and by civil war. Let us not hazard the loss of those advantages for which we have made such sacrifices—Liberty and Equality."

"And the Constitution!" exclaimed Linglet, a democratic member, interrupting a



speech which seemed to be designedly vague and inexplicit.

"The Constitution!" answered Bonaparte, giving way to a more natural expression of his feelings, and avowing his object more clearly than he had yet dared to do—"It was violated on the 18th Fructidor—violated on the 22 Floreal—violated on the 30th Prairial. All parties have invoked it—all have disregarded it in turn. It can be no longer a means of safety to any one, since it obtains the respect of no one. Since we cannot preserve the Constitution, let us at least save liberty and Equality, the foundations on which it is erected." He went on in the same strain to assure them, that for the safety of the Republic he relied only on the wisdom and power of the Council of Ancients, since in the Council of Five Hundred were found those men who desired to bring back the Convention, with its revolutionary committees, its scaffolds, its popular insurrections. "But I," he said, "will save you from such horrors—I and my brave comrades at arms, whose swords and caps I see at the door of the hall; and if any hired orator shall talk of outlawry, I will appeal to the valor of my comrades, with whom I have fought and conquered for liberty."

The Assembly invited the general to detail the particulars of the conspiracy to which he had alluded, but he confined himself to a reference to the testimony of Sieyes and Ducos; and again reiterating that the Constitution could not save the country, and inviting the Council of Ancients to adopt some course which might enable them to do so, he left them, amid cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" loudly echoed by the military in the courtyard, to try the effect of his eloquence on the more unmanageable Council of Five Hundred.

The deputies of the younger council having found the place designed for their meeting filled with workmen, were for some time in a situation which seemed to resemble the predicament of the National Assembly at Versailles, when they took refuge in a tennis-court. The recollection was of such a nature as inflamed and animated their resolution, and they entered the Orangerie, when at length admitted, in no good humor with the Council of Ancients, or with Bonaparte. Proposals of accommodation had been circulated among them ineffectually. They would have admitted Bonaparte into the Directory, but refused to consent to any radical change in the Constitution of the year Three.

The debate of the day, remarkable as the last in which the Republican party enjoyed

the full freedom of Speech in France, was opened on the 19th Brumaire, at two o'clock, Lucien Bonaparte being president. Gaudin, a member of the moderate party, began by moving that a committee of seven members should be formed, to report upon the state of the Republic; and that measures should be taken for opening a correspondence with the Council of Ancients. He was interrupted by exclamations and clamor on the part of the majority.

"The Constitution! The Constitution or Death!" was echoed and re-echoed on every side. "Bayonets frighten us not," said Delbrel "we are freemen."

"Down with the dictatorship—no Dictators!" cried other members.

Lucien in vain endeavored to restore order. Gaudin was dragged from the tribune; the voice of other moderates was overpowered by clamor—never had the party of democracy shown itself fiercer or more tenacious than when about to receive the death-blow.

"Let us swear to preserve the Constitution of the year Three!" exclaimed Delbrel; and the applause which followed the proposition was so general, that it silenced all resistance. Even the members of the moderate party—nay, even Lucien Bonaparte himself—were compelled to take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, which he and they were leagued to destroy.

"The oath you have just taken," said Bigonnet, "will occupy a place in the annals of history, beside the celebrated vow taken in the tennis-court. The one was the foundation of liberty, the other shall consolidate the structure." In the midst of this fermentation, the letter containing the resignation of Barras was read, and received with marks of contempt, as the act of a soldier deserting his post in the time of danger. The moderate party seemed silenced, overpowered, and on the point of coalescing with the great majority of the council, when the clash of arms was heard at the entrance of the apartment. All eyes were turned to that quarter. Bayonets, drawn sabres, the plumed hats of general officers and aids-de-camp, and the caps of grenadiers were visible without, while Napoleon entered the Orangerie, attended by four grenadiers belonging to the constitutional guard of the councils. The soldiers remained at the bottom of the hall, while he advanced with a measured step and uncovered, about one-third up the room.

He was received with loud murmurs. "What! drawn weapons, armed men, soldiers in the sanctuary of the laws!" exclaimed

ed the members, whose courage seemed to rise against the display of force with which they were menaced. All the deputies arose, some rushed on Bonaparte and seized him by the collar; others called out—"Outlawry—outlawry—let him be proclaimed a traitor!" It is said that Arena, a native of Corsica like himself, aimed a dagger at his breast, which was only averted by the interposition of one of the grenadiers. The fact seems extremely doubtful, though it is certain that Bonaparte was seized by two or three members; while others exclaimed, "Was it for this you gained so many victories?" and loaded him with reproaches. At this crisis a party of grenadiers rushed into the hall with drawn swords, and extricating Bonaparte from the deputies, bore him off in their arms breathless with the scuffle.

It was probably at this crisis that Augereau's faith in his ancient general's fortune began to totter, and his revolutionary principles to gain an ascendance over his military devotion. "A fine situation you have brought yourself into," he said to Bonaparte; who answered sternly, "Augereau, things were worse at Arcola—Take my advice—remain quiet, in a short time all this will change." Augereau, whose active assistance and co-operation might have been at this critical period of the greatest consequence to the council, took the hint, and continued passive. Jourdan and Bernadotte, who were ready to act on the popular side, had the soldiers shown the least hesitation in yielding obedience to Bonaparte, perceived no opening of which to avail themselves.

The council remained in the highest state of commotion, the general voice accusing Bonaparte of having usurped the supreme authority, calling for a sentence of outlawry, or demanding that he should be brought to the bar. "Can you ask me to put the outlawry of my own brother to the vote?" said Lucien. But this appeal to his personal situation and feelings made no impression upon the Assembly, who continued clamorously to demand the question. At length Lucien flung on the desk his hat, scarf, and other parts of his official dress. "Let me be rather heard," he said, "as the advocate of him whom you falsely and rashly accuse." But this request only added to the tumult. At this moment a small body of grenadiers, sent by Napoleon to his brother's assistance, marched into the hall.

They were at first received with applause; for the council, accustomed to see the triumph of democratical opinions among the military,

did not doubt that they were deserting their general to range themselves on the side of the deputies. Their appearance was but momentary—they instantly left the hall, carrying Lucien in the centre of the detachment.

Matters were now come to extremity on either side. The council, thrown into the greatest disorder by these repeated military incursions, remained in violent agitation, furious against Bonaparte, but without the calmness necessary to adopt decisive measures.

Meantime the sight of Napoleon, almost breathless, and bearing marks of personal violence, excited to the highest the indignation of the military. In broken words he told them, that when he wished to show them the road to lead the country to victory and fame, "they had answered him with dangers."

Cries of resentment arose from the soldiery, augmented when the party sent to extricate the president brought him to the ranks as to a sanctuary. Lucien, who seconded his brother admirably, or rather who led the way in this perilous adventure, mounted on horseback instantly, and called out in a voice naturally deep and sonorous, "General, and you soldiers! The President of the Council of Five Hundred proclaims to you, that factious men, with drawn daggers, have interrupted the deliberations of the Assembly—He authorizes you to employ force against these disturbers—The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved!"

Murat, deputed by Bonaparte to execute the commands of Lucien, entered the Orangerie with drums beating, at the head of a detachment with fixed bayonets. He summoned the deputies to disperse on their peril, while an officer of the constitutional guard called out, he could be no longer answerable for their safety. Cries of fear became now mingled with vociferations of rage, execrations of abhorrence, and shouts of *Vive la Republique*. An officer then mounted the president's seat, and summoned the representatives to retire. "The general," said he, "has given orders."

Some of the deputies and spectators began now to leave the hall; the greater part continued firm, and sustained the shouts by which they reprobated this military intrusion. The drums at length struck up, and drowned further remonstrance.

"Forward, grenadiers," said the officer who commanded the party. They levelled their muskets, and advanced as if to the charge. The deputies seem hitherto to have retained

a lingering hope that their persons would be regarded as inviolable. They now fled on all sides, most of them jumping from the windows of the Orangerie, and leaving behind them their official caps, scarfs, and gowns. In a very few minutes the apartments were

entirely clear, and thus furnishing, at its conclusion, a striking parallel to the scene which ended the Long Parliament of Charles the First's time, terminated the last democratical assembly of France.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE RELIGIOUS POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN,

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No. II.—EDWARD YOUNG.

"No man," says John Sterling, "was ever so *born* a poet but that he required to be *re-generated* into a poetical artist." This rule is partly true, but there are to it many and mighty exceptions. Shakspeare, Bunyan, and Burns, never partook of, and never needed, such adult baptism. Their anointing may be compared at a distance to that of which the apostle speaks, when he says, "It abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but the same anointing *teacheth you of all things*, and is truth, and is no lie." Nay, besides such prodigies, who need nor could endure any teaching but what is derived from nature's aboriginal font, there rise ever and anon individuals, in whom, although educated and trained men, the poet-element overpowers the artistic, and who remain, we might almost say, mighty unconverted and unbaptised barbarians in the camp of poetical literature. Such men have been Lucretius, Thomson of the "Seasons," Cowper, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Wilson, Bailey of "Festus," Aird, and many more. And such an one was Dr. Edward Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," of whom we propose to speak in the present article, as the second in time of the "Religious Poets of the Eighteenth Century."

Such magnificent savages, if we may term them so, are far more interesting to us than our polished poets, whether it be the Pope of the past, or the Goethe and Tennyson (who is just a weaker Goethe) of the pre-

sent. There is a rugged grandeur about them; there is a richness in their thought and language. They are independent of schools; they speak as they are moved. They throw out vast masses of poetic bulion. If they write, on the whole, less perfect *poems*, they abound in far finer *poetry*. And, by their very want of finish, they suggest a more striking idea of the infinite, even as the jagged and yawning arms of the Milky Way give us a loftier idea of the system than if we saw it in its more rounded section. On such men culture is not wasted, but is useful chiefly as ballast to the vessel, which has its direction and impetus from heaven's own breath.

Dr. Edward Young was once perhaps the most popular poet in Britain. Till Cowper appeared, and even after, his "Night Thoughts" were found in every religious or semi-religious family, sometimes in plain black duodecimo, sometimes in splendid illustrated editions, sometimes in little, humble copies (infra duodecimo and infra dig.), but of which you said, like Coleridge, as you saw their well-thumbed and dog-eared pages, "This is true fame." In the first of those shapes, we originally encountered the "Night Thoughts," with its opening line, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," although, sooth to say, we could never in our boyhood get farther than the first three cantos. The others, for many years afterwards, assumed the aspect of a dark impenetrable forest, full

of mystery and terror—"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire." Macaulay somewhere speaks of the heroism of the man who can read the "Fairy Queen" through. But scarcely inferior to this is the courage of the student who can walk through all the "Night" of the "Thoughts," lighted up though it be with stars and constellations of intensest brilliance. The personalities, the eternal epigram, the rambling argument, the broken syllogisms, the clumsily-interposed flatteries—all contribute to give an unnatural, and, on the whole, a wearisome air to the book. It seems to be an odd medley of sermon and satire, of reasoning and riddle, of epigram and argument, of powerful declamation, bursts of poetry, and exaggerations of fulsome praise.

Nevertheless, you feel the *more* acutely in proportion to your feeling of its faults, that the poem has become, as you read, a power over your soul, a new star in your sky—in one word, a work of genius, which means a work compounded of insight, sincerity, and strong utterance. It appears a book somehow suitable to its theme, having, like night, spaces of darkness, garnished and relieved by numerous and vivid sparkles of light. Not a poem in real *form*, it overflows with genuine poetry; and amid the petty jewelry in which, by a strange perversity of taste, the author frequently delights, there are ornaments of purest gold and diamond. Now you have a paste buckle, now a Koh-i-noor. It may be described, in one word, as the "Festus" of the eighteenth century; like it, plotless; like it, rambling and swarming with instances of extravagance and false taste; and, like it, running riot with thought and imagery. It is a great mass of mottoes; and, besides its thickly-sown, sententious lines, there are not a few long and linked passages, which swell, and rush, and seem to *grow* under the breath of immediate inspiration.

There was more, indeed, of the *furor* of genius about Young, than about any writer of that age. Pope wrote leisurely, and with little apparent excitement. Thomson and Johnson lazily rolled out their splendid sentences, whether of verse or prose. Addison, even under the influence of wine, when he was composing, as was generally the case, always maintained perfect self-possession and calmness. But Young, like Milton, was subject to fits of inspiration, during which verse flowed furiously upon him, like a torrent from its source. Like Burns, too, he seems to have had particular spots, as well

as seasons, which were propitious to the muse. Our Scottish poet loved to walk beside a wood, when the wind was roaring among the trees. The author of the "Night Thoughts" went out one stormy night from his parsonage, and, on coming in, when asked about the night, said, "it is a very fine night: *the Lord is abroad*." Both had their souls lifted up to "Him who walketh on the wings of the wind;" and passages of the poetry of both remind you of branches all alive, and swayed to and fro with the invisible spirit of the blast.

Young was cheerful in society, but, according to his son, "was gloomy when alone." This we can easily believe. His mind, although not morbid, had a strong Foster-like propension to the dark colossal mysteries which hem us in on all sides. At these he had looked so long, that he positively loved to look at them. He at times plunged, carolled, and revelled in the gloomy sea which surrounded his soul. Had he awoke one morning, and found his difficulties gone, he would have been disappointed, and proceeded to create a new luxury of fear, from the mere *absence* of the mysterious. He turned the "disease" of his mind into a "commodity." He coined his heart's gloom into a strange but precious money, which has circulated ever since. Whenever a man, however miserable, vents his sorrows in song, it proves that he has found a certain relief, and that not only is the crisis of the malady past, but that there is positive pleasure springing from the utterance of his wretchedness. He, as it were, throws it out of him into an ideal form, in which it seems pleasing and beautiful; and he is tempted to ask, "Is that actually *my* woe? Yes, it is; but it is glorified, and my tears, with their tiny hands, have built up above them a rainbow." Thus it was with Dante, Milton, Byron, Shelley, and Young. The hell of their hearts, by bursting out, caught a glory upon its flames, and while the men were thus saved from utter madness or ruin, the world was instructed and illumined by the terrific splendor.

"Night Thoughts" was a subject well-adapted for the meditative, solitary, and somewhat disappointed spirit of Young. Who, indeed, does not occasionally turn for refuge and comfort to that ancient Mother, bending over us in her dark and starry loveliness, so black and so comely, so full of cold darkness and of living fire, at once eclipsing the sun and unveiling the universe—say, rather, embroidering her dark robe with suns



as with golden fringe. Oh, it is a privilege, doubtless, for the highest heaven; but it were a curse for any other world were the words to become true of it—"There shall be no night there."

Young was acquainted, indeed, only with the heavens of Newton. But even these are, need we say, replete with superabundant interest and inspiration. Nay, the first unaided glance of the Chaldean from his midnight plain might have been enough to interpret the poetry of the stars. The loftiness and unutterable supremacy, and deep azure of the vault; the calm, solemn procession of the orbs across it; the sparkling intelligence of their eyes, like that of a company of foreigners, whose faces you see, but whose language is unknown; the variety of their positions and shape—some like single insulated points of light, others of a more broad-blown glory; through their midst, riding on, like steeds of fire, the great constellations; and winding away like a more spiritual and ethereal substance than even the stars, the *ghost of the universe*, the Milky Way—what needs the imagination more than this to inform and inflame it?

Along with Young, we name Bailey and Alexander Smith of Glasgow as the finest laureates of the stars. From some MS. of the latter, now lying before us, we are tempted to quote a passage or two in corroboration of our judgment. The poet is reproached with loving the stars too much. He replies—

"I love the stars too much! The tameless sea  
Spreads itself out beneath them, smooth as glass.  
You cannot love them, lady, till you dwell  
In mighty towns, immured in their black hearts,  
*Where stars are nearer to you than the fields.*  
I'd grow an atheist in those towns of trade,  
Wert not for stars. The smoke puts heaven out.  
I meet sin-bloated faces in the streets,  
And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths  
And curses spilt from lips that once were sweet  
And seal'd for heaven by a mother's kiss.  
I mix with men whose hearts of human flesh,  
Beneath the petrifying touch of gold,  
Have grown as stony as the trodden ways.  
I see no trace of God, till in the night,  
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,  
He doth reveal himself to me in heaven;  
My heart swells to him as the sea to the moon:  
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars."

Or hear this magnificent image—

"The sun is dying like a cloven king  
In his own blood. The while the distant moon,  
Like a pale prophetess whom he has wronged,  
Looks eager forward with most hungry eyes,

Watching him bleed to death, and as he faints  
She brightens and dilates—revenge complete,  
She walks in lonely triumph through the night."

Or take once more the dying scene of one of his characters. He exclaims—

"Thou art the mighty God;  
This gleaming wilderness of suns and worlds  
Is an eternal and triumphant hymn  
Chanted by thee unto thine own great self.  
Wrapt in thy skies, what were my prayers to thee?  
My pangs? my tears of blood? they could not move  
Thee from the depths of thine immortal dream.  
Thou hast forgotten me, God! and I am here  
To-night upon the cold and bleak hill-side,  
Like a forsaken watchfire will I die;  
And as my pale corpse fronts the glittering night,  
It shall reproach thee before all thy worlds.  
His death did not disturb that ancient night,  
Scornfullest night! over the dead there hung  
*Great gulfs of silence*, blue and paved with stars,  
No sound, no motion, in the eternal depths."

But Young, like these poets, is acquainted not only with the grand material imagery supplied by the stars, but with the moral truths and gleams of discovery which they furnish. They seem to him a mighty burnished mirror of the destiny of man. As he bows down his head under the solemn midnight and listens, there comes to him, not a vague tumult of conflicting sound, but one still, small voice, speaking of God, heaven, and immortal life. If, asks Wilson, God designed this earth for at once the cradle and the grave of man, why did he hang it among the stars? Young takes up precisely the same point of view. The stars are generally thought immortal. The earth is one of them. To them it shines as they to us. Man is the sovereign of the earth, and is therein greater than it, it follows that he too is immortal. This argument is not a severely logical one, and it is imperfect too, for the stars are not immortal. "The heavens shall pass away." Heavens *have* passed away; stars, on which the eyes of old astronomers gazed with rapture, have vanished from the map of the sky. True immortality is something altogether independent and irrespective of the stars. We heard an eloquent lecturer some time ago, after describing the splendors of the starry arch, add, emphatically and somewhat dogmatically, "and it shall never cease to shine." We remembered at the time Peter's words, "All these things shall be dissolved." And we thought afterwards, may not the universe be likened to a flame on a hearth containing, we shall suppose, in-

telligent animalculæ in its every fire-particle? Now, suppose one of these, looking around on what seemed to it a vast conflagration, should sagely conclude, "This is too splendid ever to perish; it shall shine for ever;" were not this a type of our modern philosopher? And yet, look, it is but a little hour, and the flame is ashes, and the animalcule is extinct! The universe is not infinite, and whatever is not, not only may, but in all probability must, perish. According to Newton himself, there is nothing to prevent this, but the will of God. And from what the Bible says, it seems likely that the will which called these worlds into being, shall again remove them. They have risen like white bubbles upon His wave, and shall soon subside again!

How lavishly men abuse the words everlasting and eternal. They call stars, and planets, and hills, and even empires and reputations eternal! Eternal bubbles! everlasting ephemeræ! Perpetual shades of shadows! We visited the other day the north-west Highlands, and our hearts burned within us as we saw around the Crinan Canal, the glorious array of hills, wreathed, as it were, into a tempest of varied beauty and magnificence, with summits of every shape and every color, from blackest heath to brightest green—as we saw, on our way to Oban, the serrated and savage outline of Mull, like a great broken-edged dirk, plunged into the bosom of the dying day—as we watched the huge Ben Nevis, with one small remnant of his midnight mantle, hanging lazily on his morning brow—even as we stood abusing the Fall of Foyers, and calling it a mere foundling of fashion, and contemptible mimicry of Niagara—but, most of all, as we looked up either dumb with wonder or ecstatic with delight at that awful valley of Glencoe, the mountains to the west of which are just the Sinaitic range transferred to Scotland, possessing their ruggedness, the peaked and jagged structure of some with the rounded vastness of others, threatening here and there to overhang and crush the valley, and there again retiring proudly and apart into cliffs of inaccessible grandeur, which are seen, but hardly seen, by the traveler—with green pastures and still waters laving the foot of mountains where Aaron might have waited for death, or Moses ascended to meet God—and with one stern fissure, called Ossian's Cave, glaring like a "gash on warrior's breast," upon the glen below. Even when contemplating this unscorched and uncrowned *Sinai*—this grass-clad *Horeb*—and wonder-

ing how beauty had gained on and almost conquered strength and grandeur in their very strongholds, and wondering, again, how another Avatar of the Ancient one would appear upon those rude summits—and wondering a third time with a great astonishment how no describer we ever read had seen and shown the differentia of the surpassing scene—we felt, too, that it was not eternal, that it was not a fixture, but only one rougher, larger, and longer-lived wave in the sea of everlasting change! Yes, thou old Glencoe—which more than aught in the scenery of Britain, next to "dark Lochnagar," hast moved our inmost soul—thou too art but a passing thing—thy doom is written, thy days are numbered, thy royal hermitage (for art thou not a king retired—to see whom thy subjects throng from afar?) shall be consumed, and not more certainly were thy hardy sons slaughtered in one night, than at the sound of the trumpet (and the trumpet shall sound) thou and all thy frowning glories, steep precipices, and summits aerial and far-withdrawn, shall, it may be in a moment, disappear like the mists of thy morning, or the golden clouds of thine evening sky! And all thy strong kindred—

"Though their iron roots seem fast  
Bound to the eternal future as the past"—

shall follow or precede thee in thy way, and earth and its fellows, and those more distant orbs whom men have worshiped, shall complete the gloomy procession.

"Yes! for the Angel of Eternity  
Who numbers worlds and writes their names  
in light,  
One day, O earth, shall look in vain for thee,  
And start and stop on his commission'd flight,  
And with his wings of sorrow and affright  
Veil his impassion'd brow."

Praying our readers to excuse this digression, which comes burning from our immediate impressions, we return to Young's plea for Immortality. This, as we have said, is rather eloquent than satisfactory. The stars teach us this great truth, indeed, but not as an inference from their own immortality, but because they prove man's greatness. Surely the mind which can take them up as a very little thing—which can watch their motions so minutely, comprehend so many of their secrets, and prophecy their changes, must be greater than they, must be cognate to those aboriginal principles on which their hinges turn, and to that Great Spirit who has cre-

ated, and who propels them. The smallest insect which could understand a little of the geometry of honey-cells, would prove itself related to the bee. *Could* a bee murmur approbation over the pages of a "Paradise Lost," it would establish a distant relationship to the poet. These are only possibilities; but, in the case of man, we have certainty. Man not only can admire the host of heaven, which they cannot one another—can not only name them, as they cannot each other—can not only love them, as they cannot even themselves—but can feel and assert his own superiority to them all. Need we quote the words of Pascal, who, from that prison-house of his poor emaciated body, double-barred by a wretched superstition and an iron girdle, dared to send out this challenge to the stellar universe. "*I am greater than the universe. It might, indeed, fall and crush me, but I should know it was crushing me, whereas it would crush unconsciously; I would be conscious of the defeat, it would not be conscious of the victory.*"

To this argument for man's greatness, Young had not arrived. Nay, we think that he often confounds man's immortality with his greatness. The two things are by no means identical. Man might be immortal without being great; he might be an eternal pariah, or bondsman. But man's peculiar greatness, as of one made in the image of God, and superior by infinity to all mere materialism, secures his immortality, or at least renders it exceedingly likely.

It is only a high probability, indeed, on this subject, apart from the disclosures of Scripture, that we can at present attain. The arguments adduced by Brown in his lectures, and glorified in this poem of Young's, fail, after all, to convince. We quote a passage on this subject, conveying our sentiments, from a sermon by the late amiable and learned Dr. Duncan of Mid-Calder (a man whom the fourteen students, who spent three happy autumnal weeks in 1833, under his tuition, in that lovely village, loved as a father, admired as a profound divine, under his wing became knit to each other by ties which defy time, and to whom the very word "Mid-Calder" is a magic sound) who says, "As for the immortality of the soul, if we appeal to the love of posthumous fame, the argument is not only founded on human vanity, but seems to militate against the very proposition it was intended to prove. If we allege the strong and universal desire of future existence, this may only be a delusion. If we reason from the perpetual susceptibility of improvement,

which distinguishes the soul from the body, there are appearances of decay in the mental faculties which, though not universal, like those produced by age on the corporeal frame, and though easily traced to the influence of the body on the soul during the connection, may yet weaken the force of the argument, if we resort to the capability of the soul for receiving more of the enjoyments adapted to its nature than can be attained in the present life, the fear of indulging presumptuous expectation may subvert this plausibility—we may have attained all that we were intended to enjoy; if we plead the immateriality of the soul, it may be denied; or, granting it established, still, since God is able to annihilate any substance which he has brought out of nothing, whether it be matter or spirit, and since our previous arguments are not at variance with the annihilation of the spirits of the inferior creature, the future existence of *our* spirits must depend on the will of the Almighty, and what shall prove that he has willed their eternity? If we resort finally to the moral relation of rational beings to the Deity, and argue from their responsibility that he must have willed their future existence, the argument fails to establish the existence of *separate* spirits; for it may be supposed enough for the purpose of complete retribution, that the person be at some period, however distant, recalled from the grave and judged in the body. It is Christ, after all, who has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel."

If not more eloquent than the plea for Immortality, far more useful and solid are Young's pictures of death, and of the miseries of human life. He is undoubtedly the most patient and powerful limner Death ever had. He says, indeed, that "the tyrant never *sat*;" he should have added, "except to me." To him death is no vague shadow—he is a king of terrors—he is an insatiate archer—he is a near, powerful, almost visible foe. He has known him by direst experience—he hates him with a personal and perfect hatred, for did not "his shaft fly thrice, and thrice his peace was slain;" and, like a good Scottish author, he is ready to "roar out in his agony and anguish," and to shake the while his fist in the face of the tyrant, as he cries, I shall yet be avenged of thee. Thou shalt be swallowed up in "victory." His most powerful pictures of death are too well known to be quoted; the following lines are very quaint, very striking, and not much in men's memories:—

"These high-aim'd darts of death, and these alone  
Should I collect, my quiver would be full,  
A quiver which, suspended in mid-air,  
Or near heaven's archer, in a zodiac, hung  
(So could it be), should draw the public eye,  
The gaze and contemplation of mankind—  
*A constellation awful yet benign,*  
To guide the gay through life's tempestuous  
wave,  
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock."

Surely it is a lofty thought, that of a new constellation, the name of which is Death! We have the constellations of the Scorpion, the Sagittary, the Crab, the Balance, the Plough—but think of the constellation of the *Scythe* rising up, blue and bleak, on the shivering edge of the northern sky.

Young has painted better than most poets the miseries of human life, because, on the whole, he has taken a broader view of them. Johnson paints principally the miseries of cultivated, scholarly, and diseased men, like himself, living in cities; Cowper, of the same class, living in country places; Byron, those of magnificent, but jaded sensualists; Foster, of captious and jaundiced religionists, to whom genius even is a fatal gift—the crown of their habitual curse; Young, lifted up on a pinnacle, "sees all the kingdoms of this world, and the misery thereof, in a moment of time." We refer, of course, to that magnificent passage in the *First Night*, describing "earth's melancholy map," and the still more melancholy history of its inhabitants, who—

"Here plunged in mines, forget a sun was made;  
There, beings, deathless as their haughty lord,  
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,  
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair."

Comprehension, indeed, is one of the principal features of Young's genius. He exhausts worlds in a few pages, and leaves after-writers nothing to do but wonder and imitate. Think of that amazing descant on the stars in the *Ninth Night*! The argument of this passage is not conclusive, as we have in part shown. The train of thought is often lost, like a sunbeam amid thick copsewood. But we doubt, if in any poem ("Festus" not excepted,) there can be found, for so many successive pages (some fifty in the small edition which lies before us), such a blaze of poetic glory—such a deluge of imagery—such a rush and tumult as of a sun dissolving in some supernal storm, and in a moment into its constituent sparks—such an exuberant and rejoicing power—such an exhaustless quantity of thought, which, too, while *tempestuous in its motion as flame*, is firm

and pointed in its edges as marble, and the very faults of which are felt necessary, to prevent you saying, "It is the voice of a god, not the voice of a man!" This eulogium will not be thought extravagant, if, first, the passage be read *immediately* after; if, secondly, it be remembered that the passages in Milton, (such as his account of the overthrow of the angels by the Son) and in "Festus," which alone can compete with it in rapid rushing power, are far *shorter*; and if it be remembered, thirdly, that almost all the fine things which have been said since, in prose or rhyme, about the stars, may be found, in essence, and often in actual expression, in this one passionate and long out-drawn rapture of Young's.

Here is this poet's surpassing power—he anticipates ages, and this because he was one of the most intensely original of poets. Traces of Pope, indeed, there are in his diction and wit, and all that is lowest about him; but the upper stratum of his mind is all his own. He has looked at nature with his own mind and eye. He has "learned in suffering what he taught in song." This was the more wonderful as he lived in a low and imitative age, and appeared like a new creation amid the debris of Boileau and Racine. Not only so, but he himself was often a laborious imitator; and nothing could have saved him from the pains and penalties of this character, save a most rare and unavoidable originality. Young may be compared (as De Quincey compares Coleridge) to one of those millionaires who pilfer trifles in shops from sheer disease. Thus it was that Coleridge plagiarised from men ineffably inferior to himself, and that Young sometimes sought to clip his own raven and star-dropt wing in correspondence with the fashion of his times.

Many years have elapsed since we read his "Revenge," and we remember little of it save the character of Zanga. Hazlitt calls him a vulgar caricature of Iago. This is hardly fair. Iago is of the earth, earthy, on all those points in which he does not communicate with hell; he is excessively clever, but coarse, obscene, unpoetical, in his thought and language—is a "Spartan dog," and is left under the possession of a dumb devil. Zanga often talks poetry, and poetry, too, of a high order. He likes the rocking of the battlements. He anticipates that "hell for him blows all its fires." Iago is a hard-hearted, cold-blooded, subtle, and far-reaching Italian. Zanga's revenge has, under the sun of Africa, and the fierce sultry winds of passion which blow on African hearts, attained a



red and burning crest, like that of a gorgeous snake or dragon. Iago's heart is full of cool, concentrated malignity; Zanga's, of black and boiling hatred; the passion in Iago's heart is simply malice, for he does not *believe* that the wrongs of which he speaks are real; Zanga's is sincere and terrible, although mistaken "Revenge."

The "Paraphrase on the Book of Job" is, like most such things, a dilution of the original. Even Milton—qualified above all men to be a divine paraphrast, had he not been a divine poet (what a translation of Homer or of the Bible could he have produced!)—might have failed in rendering into English that series of colossal enigmas—of celestial dilemmas—of questions rising above each other, like steps in some ladder, the top of which reacheth unto heaven—of descriptions pressing, like falling pyramids, upon the very sense, while elevating the imagination to its highest pitch, which are contained in that speech of the Deity, under which the latter chapters of Job appear to groan, being burdened, below the incubus of a God! Our own plain English version conveys far more forcibly than Young's paraphrase, or any other we have seen, the severe grandeur, the terrific irony, the massive pictures, and the unearthly poetry of this sublimest portion of the sublimest poem in the literature of earth.

Young's genius was Titanic, and is constantly urging him to Titanic subjects, whether adapted for the muse or not: hence his "Last Day." This has considerable merit—great fluency, and force of language and versification; but, on the whole, is alike unworthy of the author and the subject. Perhaps the severest thing we could say of it were that, were it appearing for the first time now, it would be considered a rather poor imitation of Montgomery's "Omnipresence of the Deity." Like it, it has talent; but, as in it, the talent is often buried and lost in a tumult of sound, a hubbub of mere words, 'a roaring cataract of nonsense.'

The "Love of Fame the Universal Passion," was the most laborious, although far from being the most congenial or successful, of this poet's works. It is full of strong sense, keen observation of human life and

manners, and sparkles with incessant point. It is, however, too slavishly formed upon the model of Pope, and becomes wearisome when read long. Its satire is powerful, but much clumsier than Pope's; its antithesis is too frequent, and too labored; and the poem, as a whole, may be pronounced one vast *illegible ingenuity*. Yet let us remember what Dr Johnson said of it—"It is a very great performance; his distichs have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth."

With his "Resignation," "Busiris," &c., we are not acquainted. In all his works we find a deep and personal conviction of the truth of religion; but his religion bears too broadly the mark of the century when his poems were written. The coarse forms of infidelity which then prevailed are somewhat coarsely contested. He dwells far too much upon the horrible deaths of sceptics. He lays too much stress, as we have seen, upon the logical arguments for immortality and the Christian faith. He writes often of death and the grave rather in the spirit of a *ghoul* than of a believer. The cross, to be sure, is seen in the poem, but not so attractively or so often as we might have wished. Hence, on the whole, the book is a gloomy one, and, like the "Rambler," rather shows the necessity of a revelation, and the misery of human nature without it, than the peculiar and glorious adaptations of the gospel to the necessities of our race. Still, the general cause of Christianity owes much to the powerful genius of Edward Young. His "Night Thoughts" we may safely pronounce immortal as the race. Other thoughts, indeed, may and must the Night of the nineteenth century be suggesting to other poetic minds; and we have formerly asked, who shall sing to us the glories of the heavens of Herschell, or of the steep-rising skies of Rosse? and have ventured to predict that, sooner or later, the Milton of midnight shall arise. Till this Avatar, we must be contented to walk with head uncovered in that solemn temple which Young's grand and gloomy genius has reared on such solid foundations, adorned with such massive ornaments, and lighted up with such a "dim religious light."

From the Daily News, Nov. 29.

## MISS BERRY—A BEQUEST FROM THE LAST CENTURY.

AN event occurred last Saturday night week which makes us ask ourselves whether we have really passed the middle of our century. In the course of Saturday night, Nov. 20, one died who could and did tell so much of what happened early in the reign of George III., that her hearers felt as if they were in personal relations with the men of that time. Miss Berry was remarkable enough in herself to have excited a good deal of emotion by dying any time within the last seventy years. Dying now, she leaves as strong as ever the impression of her admirable faculties, her generous and affectionate nature, and her high accomplishments, while awakening us to a retrospect of the changes and fashions of our English intellect, as expressed by literature. She was not only the woman of letters of the last century, carried far forward into our own—she was not only the woman of fashion who was familiar with the gaieties of life before the fair daughters of George III. were seen abroad, and who had her own will and way with society up to last Saturday night; she was the repository of the whole literary history of fourscore years; and when she was pleased to throw open the folding doors of her memory, they were found to be mirrors, and in them was seen the whole procession of literature, from the mournful Cowper to Tennyson the laureate.

It was a curious sight—visible till recently, though now all are gone—the chatting of three ladies on the same sofa—the two Miss Berrys and their intimate friend, Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Lady Charlotte Lindsay was the daughter of Lord North; and the Miss Berrys had both received, as was never any secret, the offer of the hand of Horace Walpole. It is true he was old, and knew himself to be declining, and made this offer as an act of friendship and gratitude; but still, the fact remains that she, who died last Saturday night, might have been the wife of him who had the poet Gray for his tutor. These ladies brought into our time a good *deal of the manners, the conversation and*

the dress of the last century; but not at all in a way to cast any restraint on the youngest of their visitors, or to check the inclination to inquire into the thoughts and ways of men long dead, and the influence of modes long passed away. It was said that Miss Berry's parties were rather blue; and perhaps they were so; but she was not aware of it; and all thought of contemporary pedantry dissolved under her stories of how she once found on the table, on her return from a ball, a volume of "Plays on the Passions," and how she kneeled on a chair at the table to see what the book was like, and was found there—feathers and satin shoes and all—by the servant who came to let in the winter morning light; or of how the world of literature was perplexed and distressed—as a swarm of bees that have lost their queen—when Dr. Johnson died; or of how Charles Fox used to wonder that people could make such a fuss about that dullest of new books—Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." He was an Eton boy, just promised a trip to Paris by his father, when Miss Berry was born; and Pitt was a child in the nursery, probably applauded by his maid for his success in learning to speak plain. Burns was then toddling in and out, over the threshold of his father's cottage. Just when she was entering on the novel-reading age, Evelina came out; and Fanny Burney's series of novels were to that generation of young people what Scott's were to the next but one. If the youths and maidens of that time had bad fiction, they had good history, for the learned Mr. Gibbon gave them volume after volume which made them proud of their age. They talked about their poets, and no doubt each had an idol in that day as in ours and everybody's. The earnestness, sense, feeling and point of Cowper delighted some: and they reverently told of the sorrows of his secluded life, as glimpses were caught of him in his walks with Mrs. Unwin. Others stood on tiptoe to peep into Dr. Darwin's "chaise" as he went his professional round, writing and polishing his verses as he went; and his

admirers insisted that nothing so brilliant had ever been written before. Miss Berry must have well remembered the first exhibition of this brilliancy before the careless eyes of the world; and she must have remembered the strangeness of the contrast when Crabbe tried the contrast of his homely pathos, encouraged to do so by Burke. And then came something which it is scarcely credible that the world should have received during the period of Johnson's old age, and the maturity of Gibbon, and Sir Wm. Jones, and Burns—the wretched rhyming of the Bathaston set of sentimental pedants. In rebuke of them, the now mature woman saw the theory of Wordsworth rise; and in rebuke of him, she saw the young and confident Jeffrey and his comrades arise; and in rebuke of them saw the *Quarterly Review* arise, when she was beginning to be elderly. She saw Joanna Baillie's great fame rise and decline, without either the rise or decline changing in the least the countenance or the mood of the happy being whose sunshine came from quite another luminary than fame. She saw the rise of Wordsworth's fame, growing as it did out of the reaction against the pomps and vanities of the Johnsonian and Darwinian schools; and she lived to see its decline when the great purpose was fulfilled, of inducing poets to say what they mean, in words which will answer that purpose. She saw the beginning and the end of Moore's popularity; and the rise and establishment of Campbell's. The short career of Byron passed before her eyes like a summer storm, and that of Scott constituted a great interest of her life for many years. What an experience—to have studied the period of horrors—represented by Monk Lewis—of conventionalism in Fanny Burney—of metaphysical fiction in Godwin—of historical romance in Scott—and of a new order of fiction in Dickens, which it is yet too soon to characterize by a phrase.

We might go on for hours, and not exhaust the history of what she saw on the side of literature alone. If we attempted to number the scientific men who have crossed her threshold—the foreigners who found within her doors the best of London and the cream of society, we should never have done. And of the political changes she saw—the continental wars, the establishment of American independence—the long series of French revolutions—the career of Washington, of Napoleon, of Nelson, of Wellington, with that of all the statesmen from Lord Chatham to Peel—from Franklin to Webster. But it

is too much. It is bewildering to us, though it never overpowered her. She seemed to forget nothing, and to notice everything, and to be able to bear so long a life in such times; but she might well be glad to sink to sleep, as she did last Saturday night week, after so long drawn a pageant of the world's pomps and vanities, and transient idolatries, and eternal passions.

Reviewing the spectacle, it appears to us, as it probably did to her, that there is no prevalent taste, at least in literature, without a counteraction on the spot, preparing society for a reaction. Miss Berry used to say that she published the later volumes of Walpole's correspondence to prove that the world was wrong in thinking him heartless; she believing the appearance of heartlessness in him to be ascribable to the influences of his time. She did not succeed in changing the world's judgment of her friend; and this was partly because the influences of the time did not prevent other men from showing heart. Charles James Fox had a heart, and so had Burke and a good many more. While Johnson and then Darwin were corrupting men's taste in diction, Cowper was keeping it pure enough to enjoy the three rising poets, alike only in their plainness of speech—Crabbe, Burns, and Wordsworth. Before Miss Burney had exhausted our patience, the practical Maria Edgeworth was growing up. While Godwin would have engaged us wholly with the interior scenery of man's nature, Scott was fitting up his theatre for his mighty procession of costumes, with men in them to set them moving; and Jane Austen, whose name and works will outlive many that were supposed immortal, was stealthily putting forth her unmatched delineations of domestic life in the middle classes of our over-living England. And against the somewhat feeble elegance of Sir William Jones' learning there was the safeguard of Gibbon's marvellous combination of strength and richness in his erudition. The vigor of Campbell's lyrics was a set-off against the prettiness of Moore's. The subtlety of Coleridge meets its match, and a good deal more, in the development of science; and the morose complainings of Byron are less and less echoed now that the place has opened the world to gentry whose energies would be self-corroding if they were under blockade at home, through a universal continental war. Byron is read at sea now, on the way to the North Pole, or to California, or to Borneo; and in that way his woes can do no harm. To everything there is a season; and to every fashion of a season.

there is an antagonism preparing. Thus all things have their turn; all human faculties have their stimulus, sooner or later, supposing them to be put in the way of the influences of social life.

It was eminently so in the case of the aged lady who is gone from us; and well did her mind respond to the discipline offered by her long and favorable life of ninety years. One would like to know how she herself summed

up such an experience as her's—the spectacle of so many everlasting things dissolved—so many engrossing things forgotten—so many settled things set afloat again, and floated out of sight. Perhaps these true words wandered once more into her mind as her eyes were closing:

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE announcements of the past month were few and unimportant.

The Lives and Letters of the Earls of Essex, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., by Capt. Devereux, is announced as in press.

Mr. Layard's new volume on Nineveh has not yet appeared. Personal Narrative of an Englishman in Abyssinia, is also announced.

Two concluding volumes of the Stowe Papers, embracing the Grenville Correspondence.

A new edition of Hallam's Literary Essays and Characters. Ranke's Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, in ten vols., announced as nearly ready. To be published simultaneously in Berlin and London.

Narrative of the attempted escape of Charles I. from Carisbrooke Castle, by George Hillier, is nearly ready.

Australia as it is, by F. Lavelet, Esq.

There are rumors of works in preparation by a quartette of Religious notables—Miall, of *The Non-conformist*, Father Gavazzi, Johann Ronge, the Neo-Catholic, and the Very Reverend Dr. Giacomo Achilli.

The second volume of Mr. Forster's "One Primæval Language, traced through ancient inscriptions, &c.," has been published. Mr. F.'s first work on the "Historical Geography of Arabia" contained much valuable matter respecting that hitherto obscure subject, and opened a new field of palæography by making known the Himyaritic inscriptions of Hadramaut. His "Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai," the first part of the present work, was published last year. The object of the present volume is to apply the same alphabet and language, by which he believed himself to have unravelled their meaning, to the hieroglyphics of Egypt. His results are entirely at variance with those of Champollion and his followers.

Isis: an Egyptian Pilgrimage. By James Augustus St. John. The *Literary Gazette* pronounces this "a charming romance of real life, detailing, somewhat after the style of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the incidents and reflections of a pilgrimage in a land a bounding still in unsung mythical and poetical suggestions; and, written in a true Oriental spirit, it impresses the reader, not-

withstanding its affectations and desultory fancies, with a strong sympathetic interest."

"State Papers relating to English History." Upwards of twenty years ago, William the Fourth appointed a Commission for "printing and publishing State Papers." Six quarto volumes have recently been published, containing a selection of correspondence relating to the foreign affairs of the entire reign of Henry VIII., extending from 1509 to 1547; though the date on a title page commences with 1473, one document going back to Edward the Fourth and a few to Henry the Seventh. The number of papers is 1474; and the six volumes extend to upwards of four thousand pages, exclusive of a "vocabulary," and two elaborate indexes of persons and places, which occupy nearly two hundred and fifty pages more.

Mr. Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," republished by the Harpers, receives universal eulogy. The *Athenæum* says: "Once more we feel that we have before us a masculine and thorough English writer, uniting the power of subtle analysis with a strong volition and a moving eloquence—an eloquence which has gained in richness and harmony. His pathos is now sweeter, less jarred against by angry sarcasm, but perhaps scarcely so powerful."

Lives of the Brothers Humboldt, Alexander and William. Translated and arranged from the German of Klencke and Schlesier, by Juliette Bauer. These sketches of the lives of two remarkable brothers, says the *Spectator*, are not equal to the themes. Though dealing with circumstances, they are dry, and want that living power which interests the reader.

In noticing Mr. Carleton's new tale, Red Hall, or the Baronet's Daughter, the *Literary Gazette* thus characterizes this popular author: "Amongst the mental products of the sister island, its school of fiction is eminently distinguished by vivacity and force,—and the names of Edgeworth, Morgan, Griffin, and Banim are honorably connected with triumphs in this department of letters. Associated with them by remarkable success in his pictures of the Irish peasantry, Mr. Carleton's merits have been long recognized. In his Irish fictions there was a local fidelity and minute accuracy of detail, a graphic circumstantiality, and exact copying of that nature most familiar to him, which affected readers



like the sight of a Dutch painting. No other Irish fictionist has approached him in daguerreotyping the Irish peasant, with his mingled vice and virtue, his violence and his wit."

The *Athenæum* thus speaks of Mr. Putnam's "Memorial of Cooper."—This handsome and well printed volume contains a portrait of the American novelist, an elevation of Otsego Hall, and a report of the several speeches and discourses delivered at the commemoration meeting held in New York this spring. It is altogether a graceful and interesting tribute to the memory of a man of letters who, during a long life, had been to foreign countries one of the popular illustrations of American genius. This memorial—which shows a gathering of the good and gifted from every part of the American Union at the grave, so to say, of a man whose fame rested on other bases than the almighty dollar—as well as some other manifestations which we have noted with approval, goes to prove that a native literature is taking its place in the New World as a separate and necessary fact. "Time and death," to use the words of Mr. Hawthorne, "have begun to hallow it." In a word, it is now to be accepted because it is beginning to be historical.

An "eminent publisher" in Edinburgh announces a money-prize for the best piece of "poetry for the new year," the length of the poem not to exceed twenty-four lines, to be the property of the publisher, and to be sold in packets at a shilling the hundred. The form of the idea is fair, but the method of deciding the merit of the poetry is more ingenious than ingenious on the part of the publishers and printers, who announce that "the hymn having the largest sale before 1st February will be entitled to the prize."

There is now published monthly, at Paris, a periodical of sixty-four pages, containing, in 125 columns, close print, translations of English novels and romances which have not hitherto been published in France. It is called "Galerie des Romans Anglais," and is destined by its conductors "to take its place by the side of the works of Walter Scott and Cooper."

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has named a commission charged with the task of compiling a new national dictionary, "in which all the new words that have established themselves in the language by daily use are to be incorporated and made classical."

The French government is now busily engaged in drawing up the standing laws and regulations of a General Horticultural Society for all France, which is to consist of titular and honorary members, and of an unlimited number of foreign correspondents.

M. de Lamartine continues his literary labors with extraordinary industry. He has just brought out another volume, the seventh of his "History of the Restoration," and the eighth and last is to appear before the end of the month. It is generally asserted in Paris that Bonaparte has pressed him to accept a senatorship with a salary, but that he has refused.

Pendons have recently been conferred from the civil list on Dr. Charles Richardson, author of the new English Dictionary, £75; and Mr. Francis Ronalds, of the Kew Observatory, £75, in "consideration of his eminent services in electricity and meteorology."

One of the most learned and accomplished scholars

of his day, Mr. Henry Fynes Clinton, died last week. The "Fasti Hellenici" and "Fasti Romani," are works which entitle him to the high place he holds in modern classical literature.

The papere announces the death of Dr. Scholz, one of the most distinguished oriental scholars of Germany. He was senior member of the Faculty of Theology at Bonn, and a professor in the university of that town. He studied Persian and Arabic under the celebrated Sylvestre de Sacy of Paris; brought out a new critical edition of the New Testament, for which he consulted innumerable original documents; made a complete literary and scientific exploration of Alexandria, Cairo, Central Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Marmarica, &c., and published accounts thereof. He also wrote several volumes on France, Switzerland, &c. He has bequeathed his valuable collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman manuscripts, antiquities, and coins, together with his very valuable library, to the University of Bonn.

About 300 coins of the Roman Emperors, Gordian, Antoninus Pius, Gallienus, and Valerian, were found a few days ago in digging for a railway near Villefranche, in France. Amongst them was one bearing on one side a woman's head, and the words "Julia Pia," and "Felix Augusta;" on the other side a naked female, with the words "Venus Genetrix." The medals stuck together, and appeared to have been deposited in a vase.

Mr. Crawford, the well-known American sculptor at Rome, is said to have received a commission from a munificent and enthusiastic countryman, for a bronze statue of Beethoven, which is to be placed in the Music Hall of Boston, U. S. That greatest instrumental composer is still without a statue in Vienna!

The brightest genius of modern Italy—Vincenzo Gioberti—has just died at Paris, whilst yet in his prime. Not only was he a distinguished scholar, but a brilliant writer, a profound philosopher, an able statesman, and a fervent patriot. His great literary works are "Introduzione allo Studio della Filosofia," in which he eloquently demonstrates that all true philosophy must be founded on religion; a treatise "Del Bello," and the "Primato civile e morale degli Italiani," showing the union of civilization with religion, and the necessity of the subjection of both to the papacy. He was a priest, and an enthusiastic supporter of the Catholic faith.

On the 4th ult., at the age of about sixty-three or sixty-four, died the renowned geologist, Gideon Algonron Mantell, LL.D., F.R.S. He had been a severe sufferer for some time past, but his energy and spirits were such, that it was impossible not to forget this after being a few minutes in his company. Dr. Mantell imbibed, at an early period of his life, a taste for natural history pursuits, and having fixed his residence as a medical practitioner at Lewes, was led to devote himself, with great natural enthusiasm, to the investigation of the fossils of the Chalk and of the Wealden of Sussex. He was subsequently author of the "Wonders of Geology," "Medals of Creation," "Petrifications and their Teachings," &c.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

Mr. Bancroft's new volume is very favorably received. The *Literary Gazette* says of it, "Mr. Bancroft's work improves as it advances. The author excels in narrative, and as the events of the story thicken there is less room for wandering in detail."

general reflections and disquisitions in which he is less happy. We are pleased to find that the same candid and temperate tone is continued in the more difficult part of the narrative on which he has now entered. For a historian to be devoid of all personal or national bias we formerly said was neither possible nor desirable. Enough of feeling Mr. Bancroft throws into his narrative to sustain interest—never enough to give offence.”

*Parisian Sights and French Principles*, originally published by the HARPERS, has been republished in London, and is thus noticed by the *Spectator*. “This New York volume is the result of the observation and experience of an American who for some time resided in Paris for the education of his children. It has not that attraction of character and contrast which American books on Europe sometimes possess; for a wide experience in many countries, and perhaps an enjoyment of the Parisian life he condemns, has given our author cosmopolitan ideas and the toleration of a man of the world. The book, however, combines in an agreeable way a picture of Paris and its people, an estimate of French character and principles, with notices of passing events and opinions. Much above a guide-book in its descriptive parts, the volume presents a good picture of the most striking features of Paris, and will furnish a stranger with hints as to places that the common sight-seer might overlook. The estimate of the French is full, fair, and just, without harshness, dealing equally with their good and evil qualities. The opinion on the public or political character of the nation is severe to a degree—perhaps unjustly so. Without seeming to favor Louis Napoleon, the author adopts all the views of his creature as to his having “saved society” from the anarchy and civil war that were impending in 1852, and would have involved France in rapine and blood but for the coup d’état. The American also comes to the conclusion that the French people are at present unfit for freedom, under either a republic or a constitutional monarchy like England; but must be ruled by a despotism, for they are incapable of governing themselves.”

*Woman's Record* is the title of a massive and beautiful octavo, of upwards of 900 pages, issued by the Messrs. HARPER, compiled with immense labor by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. The object is to give sketches as complete as possible, of all the prominent and note-worthy women in the history of the world. The work is divided into four eras—the first embraces the women before the Christian era; the second reaching to 1500; the third embracing those who have died, and the fourth, the living writers of note. Such a compilation, it is evident, is a work of great labor, but has here been done with thoroughness, candor, and judgment. Selections from the best of the writers noticed, in prose and verse, are also given, making a fine body of literary reading. It is adorned with some three or four hundred neatly engraved portraits, which of course, enhance the value of the work. Considering the incredible labor invested in such an undertaking, and the useful purposes it may serve, Mrs. Hale is to be congratulated on completing her task. It is a noble monument of female genius and worth.

The Messrs. HARPER have likewise published a beautifully printed octavo of about 700 pages, entitled, *Select British Oratory*—a selection of the *best speeches* of British statesmen and orators, from

early times to the present, with historical and critical introductions and notes, by Professor Goodrich, of Yale College. The editorial office has been most judiciously and tastefully performed: the reader is put in possession of the occasion on which each speech was delivered, introduced to the parties, and placed at the point in the history the discussion occupied by the orator, so that the force of the argument, the point of the allusions, and the adroitness and skill of the personality and invective can be understood. The speeches are then given entire. The massive volume comprises the great bulk of all the memorable forensic efforts which have adorned the British parliament, so that with many speeches which could not be obtained elsewhere, nearly all of those of the great masters of oratory which are needful for the general reader, are secured. The good taste which has presided over the selection, and the sound critical judgment pronounced upon them, give the work far greater value than a compilation. It is a noble body of thought—comprising some of the loftiest and most memorable passages in English literature. It is beautifully printed, and makes a volume which will enrich the selectest library.

The Messrs. APPLETON have facilitated the friendly offices peculiar to the holiday season, by issuing a group of splendidly executed, and really valuable gift-books. The *Queens of England*, a series of biographical sketches of the better-known British Queens, from Matilda of Scotland to Victoria, from the pen of Miss Agnes Strickland, who has made this department of history her special study. These sketches are brief, but very comprehensive, graphic, and satisfactory. The embellishments consist of twenty superbly engraved portraits of these sovereigns, in line and stipple, and executed by the best English artists. They possess a delicacy of finish which are hardly to be matched by American art, and which form a strikingly beautiful picture. These portraits, with the accompanying sketches, are of greater value than mere works of art; and the intelligent reader of English history will find them as suggestive to the memory as they are pleasing to the eye. The binding is richly elegant, befitting the subject, and the special purpose of the book.

The *Women of Early Christianity* is also one of the annuals of this house—a series of seventeen steel engravings, representing ideal portraits of the worthy women of the early ages of the church, and accompanied with graphic and pleasing sketches. The engravings are likewise of English origin—preserving the exquisite merit of the best styles of art, and the letter-press contents are from the pens of several of the most prominent divines in this country. The well-known names of Drs. Sprague, Bethune, Cheever, Bishops Wainwright, Potter, and Spencer, and others, are among the contributors, who have given all the information which is extant concerning these several personages, in a pleasing form. The exterior of this work is like its companion, massive and rich.

In their valuable reading series, entitled “*Appleton's Popular Library*,” this house have lately issued several fine works. A second series of articles selected from literary leaders of the London *Times*, embracing sketches and eloquent papers on Sterling, Sir John Franklin, Grote, the Greek historian, Lord Clarendon, Lord Holland, &c., all possessing that vigor of style and comprehensive sweep for which

the best articles of this journal are remarkable. *Confusions of Fitz Boodle*, by Theokery, one of the earlier extravaganzas of the great satirist of the age. Memorials of Daniel Webster, in 2 vols., comprising the very circumstantial and interesting personal sketches of Mr. Webster, contributed by Geo. S. P. Lyman to the columns of the *Daily Times*, and furnishing by far the most complete and genial portraits of the great statesman that has appeared.

The new novel of Mr. Wilkie Collins, *Basil*, has been re-printed by this house—a work highly spoken of by British critical journals, and as the production of the author of *Onionina*, well worth reading.

*The Land of Bondage* is the title of a finely-executed and illustrated description of a Tour in Egypt, by Bishop Wainwright. The illustrations are quite numerous, from the best drawings of nearly all the remarkable spots in Egypt, and engraved with great elegance. The letter-press is written in a pleasing, thoughtful, and suggestive manner, and embodies a great deal of information respecting the antiquities of Egypt, as well as of descriptions of the interesting scenes and localities with which that land abounds. This, too, is attractively bound, and make a very useful, as well as agreeable gift-book.

Messrs. CARTER'S new publications embrace the following valuable works:

*The Martyrs, Heroes and Bards of the Scottish Covenant*, by George Gillilan, whose vigor and fervor of style our readers well know. It is a series of sketches of the stirring scenes and noble souls of that trying and heroic period of Scottish history, in which the religious and political character of the nation was decided. Mr. Gillilan's bold and affluent style, and religious sympathies, furnish him admirable qualifications for the portraiture of this era, which the sternest virtues and loftiest deeds illustrate. Some of the more salient incidents are narrated with great power and beauty, and the whole work displays the better qualities of Mr. Gillilan's mind. His admirers will not be disappointed with it.

*The Living Pulpit*—a series of discourses from eminent living divines of the Presbyterian church, compiled by Rev. Elijah Wilson, who has prosecuted the office of the Christian minister for many years, totally blind. These discourses have been contributed by their authors for the aid of the afflicted author; and are of a general and Catholic nature, exhibiting many traces of scholarship, good feeling and taste.

An eighth edition of Dr. Cheever's celebrated lectures on *Pilgrim's Progress*—a work which has become so identified with the immortal allegory as to partake of much of its fame, as it does of its spirit and genius.

*The Faded Hope*, is the title of a tasteful and affecting biography of a son of the celebrated poetess Mrs. Bournemouth, written by herself, who died at an early age, breaking the promise of a refined and original genius. The work is conceived in admirable taste, and executed with the simplicity befitting the subject, and the suggestiveness of a gifted mind.

*The Morning and the Night Watchman*, a practical religious work, designed to guide and facilitate devotional reflection at the beginning and the end of day. It is free from affectation, deeply spiritual and direct, and by its brevity and point, well fitted for its useful office.

The concluding volume of Hengstenberg's com-

mentary on the Apocalypse has also been issued, making a valuable contribution to Biblical learning. The erudition of the German scholar is united with the sober discretion, the freedom from preconceived theories, and reverent feeling which characterize the best styles of the English hermeneutics. Without particularizing the drift of Dr. H.'s exposition, we can safely say that it is indispensable to the Biblical scholar. Its thoroughness, learning, and general accordance with the safest expositors, will entitle it to confidence, and give it an importance.

*The Spring-time of Life*, is the title of a little volume of affectionate and judicious discourses to the young, by the Rev. Dr. Magie, of Elizabethtown, N. J., discussing some of the most important duties and interests of life, and mingling with ethical instruction the fruits of experience, sound sense, and unaffected good feeling.

We have pleasure in noticing, too, the beautiful series of juvenile books with which the Messrs. CARTER seek to supply the demands of the holiday season. For variety, usefulness of instruction, and attractiveness of appearance, we know not where they are surpassed.

#### ITEMS.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.—Bulwer Lytton's great effort is to unite in himself the gentleman of fashion and high breeding with the author of first-rate literary reputation; and, like most other extravagant attempts, it would appear ridiculous were his literary triumphs less complete. Upon the wit, poet, writer of plays and novels, and orator, he would inoculate the owner of Knobworth Park, dispensing county hospitalities, and the man of fashion in London receiving only wits at his table. He has striven through life to effect this combination, and in a great measure he has succeeded. The sumptuous fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, contrived to make driving his own horses, and similar eccentricities, compatible with winning the university prize for the best English poem. The gentry of Herefordshire were not long ago invited to our Mosconas's country seat, and the entertainment included a theatrical representation of his own play, just as it was also acted by his amateur literary friends before the Queen at Devonshire House.

Feeling a sincere sympathy for the trials of artistic life, he would express it like a feudal chieftain, and so he appropriates from his domain a site for an hospital for decayed men of letters and art. When he has a few friends to dine with him in London, the party might consist of Talfourd, Macready, Dickens, D'Orcy (but that he is dead), and perhaps a young American author, who had been introduced, and is there upon trial. As he is essentially refined and fastidious, you will probably find that he has furnished the rooms of his house in accordance with the tastes of the Tudor, the Louis Quatorze, and other historical eras; and, being fully indulgent to his imagination in the effort of composition, he has been said to write in appropriate costume, and even through the fumes of opiate. In the country houses of his acquaintance you may possibly be shown some sacred apartment in which the confession of "Aubrey," in "Devereux," was written at midnight, in a cowl, with a skull on the table; or the black-bagged bed-curtains, within which the author of "Richelieu" rested his inspired brow. In estimating both the intellectual character and writings of Bulwer Lytton, it is impossible to avoid a comparison between him and Byron.

Even the circumstances of their private lives are strikingly similar. Their aristocratic lineage; their great dependence in early years upon a mother; their unfortunate matrimonial connection; their attachment to a daughter in both cases, though from different causes, frustrated, their personal vanity, warm temper, and egotism; even their nonentity in parliament; also suavity high and generous qualities and feelings, which have undoubtedly distinguished them both. And these peculiarities of life and disposition have uncured the pride of the one and the poetry of the other. Each has shown a morbid desire to put on a dress, and be the hero of poems or tales. "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," &c., were vehicles for the personal confessions of their author; "Pelham," "The Student," &c., are self-likenesses of their artist. This habit is incompatible with attaining the last highest step which genius is entitled to reach. It is attributable, no doubt, in these two cases, to that self-exaggeration which the hereditary privileges of wealth and station are apt to endanger, and which only experience and self-examination can allay. Byron was cut off before he became wise; but, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, with reference to a different subject, we predict that Bulwer Lytton is "coming right." The later productions of his pen have been more free from the pedantry inseparable from drawing inspiration too much from within. The scholarly cut-throat and elegant adulterer, we may hope, are henceforth abandoned to the *censile* of literature; and his works seem to be acquiring that breadth and depth which can make them worthy of coming from a great master of the English tongue.—*The Age*.

In the literary gossip about Mr. Jordan's more or less eminent contemporaries, an anecdote of Horne Tooke, when a boy, occurs, which is characteristic of the author of the "Divisions of Parley:"—

"When Horne was about fourteen or fifteen years old, at Eton, in construing a passage in a Latin author, the master asked him why some ordinary construction, the rule of which was very familiar, obtained in the passage. The pupil replied he did not know, on which the master, provoked by his ignorance or perverseness, caused him to be flogged, a punishment which he received with perfect *sang froid*, and without a murmur. The master then put the question to the next boy in the class, who readily gave the answer, whatever it was, as laid down among the common rules in the Eton Grammar. The master said, 'Take him down—a blockhead,' on which Horne burst into tears, which the master observing as something not readily intelligible, exclaimed, 'Why, what is the meaning of that?'—Horne replied, 'I know the rule as well as he did, but you asked me the reason, which I did not know.'—'My boy, I am afraid I have done you some wrong. I will make the best reparation I can;' and taking down a Virgil from his bookcase, he subscribed it as a presentation copy with his own name, and presented it to Tooke, at the same time taking him back to the class, and restoring him to the place he had apparently lost."

Jordan also tells a new story of Talleyrand:—

"When unlooked-for political changes were very frequent in Paris, and some one asked the impetuous statesman what he thought of it,—Why (he replied), in the morning, I believe; in the afternoon I change my opinion; and in the evening I have no opinion at all." And, *à propos*, his parrying in this style was carried to perfection, as when an inquisi-

tive quidnunc, who squinted, and was asking how he thought certain measures would go, was answered 'comme vous voyez;' and another example, less if at all known. A council of the ministry having sat three hours upon some important question, an eminent nobleman met Talleyrand as he came from the meeting, and asked 'Que s'est-il passé dans ce Conseil?' to which the witty diplomatist drily answered, 'Trois heures!' Talleyrand is a fertile subject, but I will dismiss it with one other anecdote of London birth, which I received from a guest who was present. It was a small party at the Duke of Gloucester's, and for some reason the ambassador seemed indisposed to converse, and the duke failed in every effort to induce him to lead the conversation. No one else would venture to do so, and the company were very dull. When they rose after dinner, a now noble English diplomatist made a last attempt, and said to Talleyrand, 'Ne trouvez-vous pas, Monsieur, les protocoles de Milord Palmerston très ennuyeux?' to which Talleyrand replied, 'Non, Monsieur, ce ne sont pas les affaires qui m'ennuyaient (and, casting a glance on the table he had just quitted, added,) c'est le temps perdu qui m'ennuie.'

A lecturing mania has invaded the ranks of the nobility of England. The Earl of Carlisle is announced to lecture on Gray, at Sheffield, the Duke of Newcastle is to lecture to the mechanics at Work-sop: Sir Alexander Cockburn, at Southampton, and Lord John Russell at Manchester. Nobility is looking up!

A new historical work is about to be published under government patronage—"The works of the Emperor Napoleon I., complete in thirty-five vols., folio." The curious part of the prospectus is the announcement that the greater part of the materials of this voluminous work have been discovered since 1848.

There is no end to the jokes the English newspapers publish on the literary theft of Diarzi. One of them says:

"Mr. Diarzi has adopted the dictum of a certain section of Socialists—that man is to possess, not according to his capacity, but according to his needs, and in the sense of neediness it may be presumed Mr. Diarzi has a greater right to the passage than Thiers. Yea, it is Thiers that is the plagiarist. *Le propriétté c'est le vol.*"

Another has these "lines by a statesman."

No patriotic feelings swell my heart;  
But since the land one garb of mourning wears,  
An organized hypocrisy be my part,  
And as I can must weep, I will steal Thiers.

A picture, called "The Last Return from Duty," represents the Duke of Wellington on horseback leaving the Horse Guards for the last time, on a day in August last.

Mastella, the celebrated geologist, is dead. Among the praiseworthy acts of his distinguished life, it is recorded, that he was able, on one occasion, to save an innocent person from execution, by his persevering exertions to this end.

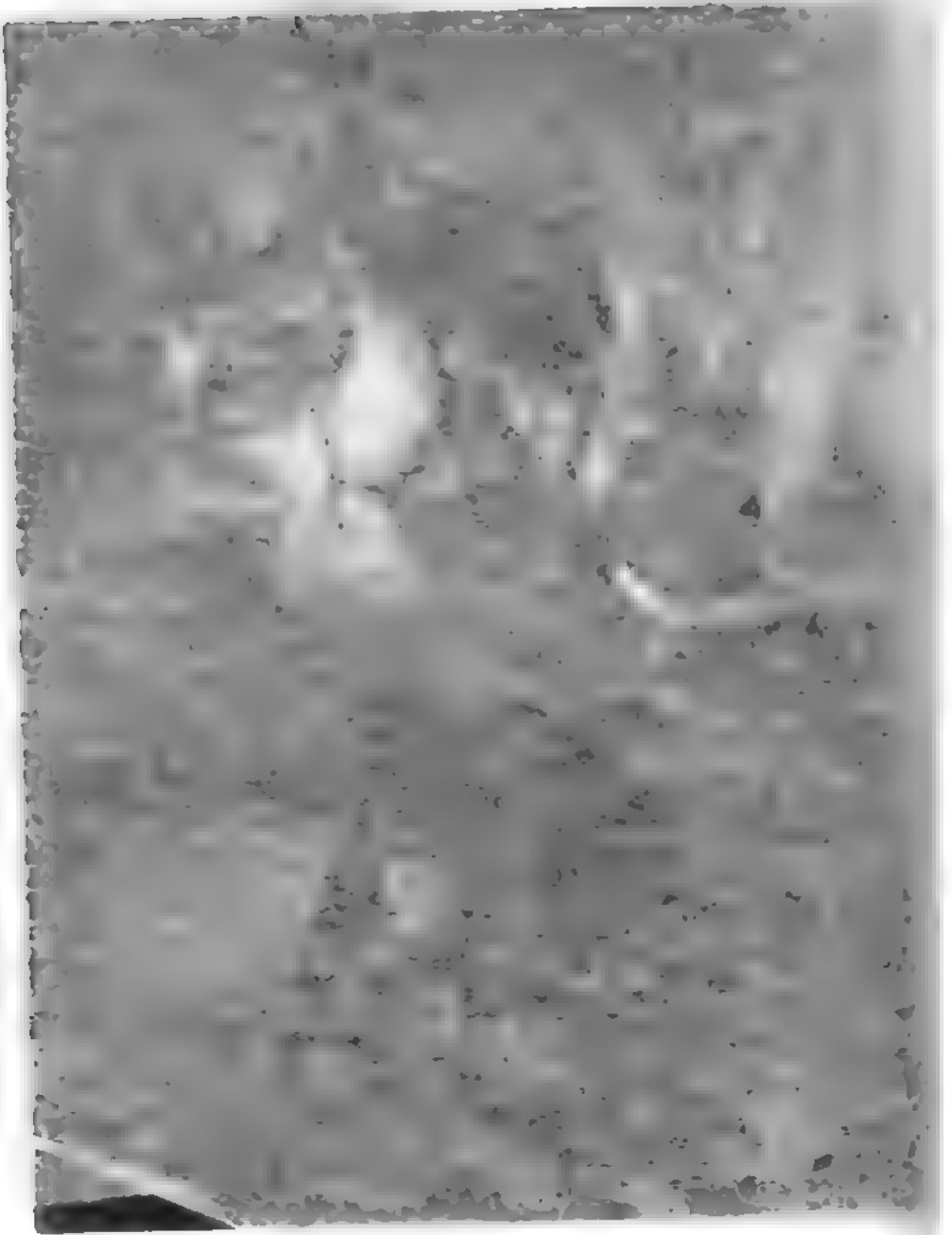
Cleopatra's Needle is to be removed from its present position, at Alexandria, and taken to the Sydenham grounds for exhibition.

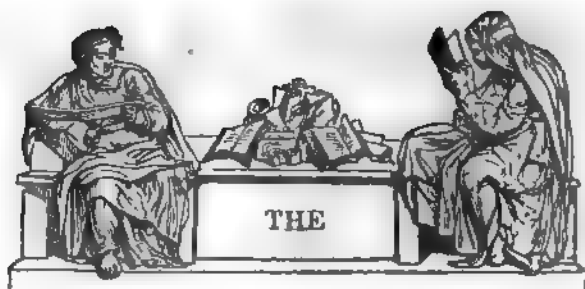
The new *Te Deum* of Berlin is to be performed at the inauguration of Napoleon III.

The tree on the field of Waterloo, known as the "Duke's tree," has been cut down.









# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

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FEBRUARY, 1853.

From the Eclectic Review.

## PASCAL.\*

DURING recent years considerable light has been thrown both on the works and the life of Pascal. M. Cousin and M. Faugères have especially contributed to redeem from obscurity and destruction some of the finest fragments which he left behind him, and to set in a new, or at least more intelligible coloring, an interesting period of his history. In 1848, M. Vinet published his "Studies upon Pascal;" and Ernest Havet has recast Faugères' edition of the "Thoughts," and given a complete view of the recent controversy relating to that work. Mr. Pearce has done well in presenting us with a version of the minute and copious edition of Faugères. He has accomplished his task, upon the whole, with scholarship and taste; and the English reader is now for the first time enabled to study Pascal—at least in those noblest monuments of his genius, his "Thoughts"—in a form and garb of which he himself would not have been ashamed.

\* *The Works of Pascal.* Newly Translated and Arranged. By George Pearce, Esq. London: Longman and Co.

1. *The Provincial Letters.* 2. *The Miscellaneous Writings.* 3. *Thoughts on Religion, and Evidences of Christianity.*

VOL. XXVIII. NO. II

We propose to avail ourselves of the opportunity of presenting our readers with a brief sketch of the life and labors of this great man, in which we shall embody whatever new particulars the industry of his recent commentator and editor have been able to glean. Often as his portrait has been already drawn and his works criticised, there is more than enough to repay us still in a review of both; for there are but few names in the past associated at once with so much worthiness of character and such a rich and manifold range of intellect as that of Pascal. The high union of the most rare and even diverse qualities of mind which his writings display, is amongst the most remarkable of which we have any record. How seldom do we see such a combination of mental powers—the highest scientific skill wedded to the finest literary art; at once the most severe and vigorous and the most light and playful cast of thought; the subtlest and most comprehensive reach both of mathematical and philosophical investigation, and the happiest and most exquisite graces of the *belles lettres*; while the glow and tenderness of an enthusiastic piety irradiate and beautify all.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Au-

vergne, on the 19th of June, 1623. His father was first President of the Court of Aids in that city; but on the death of his wife he abandoned his professional duties and repaired to Paris, with the view of devoting himself to the education of his children, of whom, besides the subject of our notice, there were two daughters, Gilberte and Jaqueline. Here he united himself with a band of sages, who then, in the "springtide of science," were applying themselves with all the ardor of a fresh-born zeal to physical studies. Among these were Descartes, Gassendi, Mersenne, Roberval, Carevi, and Le Pailleur; and, in order to stimulate and forward their respective labors, they were in the habit of assembling at each other's houses, and engaging in discussion on the topics which so strongly interested them. They held also a regular correspondence with other *savants* in the provinces and throughout Europe, and were thus instructed in the general progress of scientific discovery. This small society of friends, thus united by the simple attraction of congenial pursuits, it is worthy of notice, formed the origin of the famous Academy of Sciences established by royal authority in 1666.

Young Pascal, who from his earliest youth had given signs of great mental activity, became a frequent auditor of these conferences when held at his father's house. He is reported to have manifested the deepest attention and the most inquisitive spirit; and it is even said, that when only eleven years of age he composed a treatise upon sound—in which he sought to explain how it was that a plate, struck with a sharp instrument, returned a sound which ceased all at once on the finger being applied to it. His father, apprehensive that so lively a taste for science might prove pernicious to his other studies, agreed with his friends to abstain from speaking of subjects relating to it in the boy's presence. This was found, however to be of little avail. The thirst for scientific knowledge, once awakened, continued to burn in the breast of the young philosopher; and shutting himself up in his solitary chamber, he gave himself unrestrained to the bent of his desires, and was actually found to have traced upon the floor the figures of triangles, parallelograms, and circles, and so far examined their properties, without even knowing their names. "His reasoning," it is said, "was founded upon definitions and axioms which he had made for himself;" and, according to the same authority, he had, step by step, succeeded in reading the demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of Euclid—that the sum of the three angles of a

triangle are equal to two right angles—when surprised by his father in his extraordinary task. Astonished and overjoyed, the father ran to communicate the fact to his intimate friend, M. le Pailleur.

It is true that some have ventured to doubt the fact of this wonderful precocity on the part of Pascal. According to the Abbé Boscut, however, on whose authority we have relied, it is substantiated by the most indubitable evidence; and if only substantially correct, it no doubt bespeaks a marvellous capacity in Pascal as a mere boy. Having so remarkably asserted his love for science, his father no longer sought to lay any restraint upon him in following out the strong bent of his genius. He was provided with the "Elements of Euclid," which he almost immediately mastered without assistance. By-and-bye he began to take a conspicuous part in the scientific conversations which took place at his father's house; and while still only in his sixteenth year, he wrote the famous "Treatise on Conic Sections," which so excited the "mingled incredulity and astonishment" of Descartes.

Stephen Pascal was now the happiest of fathers, in the contemplation of his son's rising genius, and the maturing graces and accomplishments of his amiable daughters, when all his fair visions were suddenly dashed by an unforeseen calamity. Impoverished by the long continuance of war, and by financial embezzlements, the government, under the direction of the well-known Cardinal Richelieu, ventured to reduce the dividends on the Hotel-de-Ville. This proceeding naturally excited the discontent and murmurs of the annuitants, and meetings were held on the subject. So mild an expression of liberty, however, could not be tolerated by the cardinal minister. All such meetings were pronounced to be illegal and seditious, and those who were supposed to have actively engaged in them pursued by the vengeance of the government. Stephen Pascal was signalled out, although, it afterwards appeared, unjustly, as one of these, and an order immediately issued for his arrest,—which, however, by the timely warning of a friend, he succeeded in eluding, and betook himself for refuge to the solitudes of his native district. It is difficult to conceive a more cruel and tyrannous exercise of authority under any regular and peaceable form of government than is here exhibited to us; and, as if still more to bring out the fearful chances of such an absolute power lodged in the hands of an individual, the following story as to the manner in which the afflicted



father was restored to his disconsolate children is related by the Abbé Bossut. "The cardinal having taken a fancy to have Scudéry's tragi-comedy of *L'Armour Tyrannique*" acted before him by young girls, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who was charged with the conduct of the piece, was desirous that Jaqueline Pascal, then just thirteen years of age, should become one of the actresses. Her elder sister, who in her father's absence was the head of the family, replied with indignation, that "the cardinal had not been sufficiently kind to them to induce them to do him this favor." The duchess, however, persisted in her request, and made it to be understood that the recall of Stephen Pascal might be the reward of the favor which she solicited. The friends of the family were consulted, and they agreed that Jaqueline should accept the part assigned to her. The representation of the piece took place on the 3d of April, 1639. The little Jaqueline played her part with a grace and accomplishment which charmed all the spectators, and especially the cardinal himself. She was skillful enough to take advantage of the momentary enthusiasm. Approaching the cardinal on the conclusion of the play, she recited the following verses;—

"Ne vous étonnez pas, incomparable Armand,  
Si j'ai mal contenté vos yeux et vos oreilles;  
Mon esprit, agité de frayeurs sans pareilles,  
Interdit à mon corps et voix et mouvement;  
Mais pour me rendre ici capable de vous plaire,  
Rappelez de l'exil mon misérable père."<sup>\*</sup>

The tyrant was taken in the pleasant lure that had been laid for him. "He took the girl in his arms," continues the abbé, "and embracing and kissing her while she repeated the verses, replied, 'Yes, my child, I grant you what you ask; write to your father that he may return with safety.' The Duchess d'Aiguillon, immediately taking up the conversation, spoke in praise of Stephen Pascal: 'He is a thoroughly honest man; he is very learned; and it is a great pity he should remain unemployed. There is his son,' added she, pointing to Blaise Pascal, 'who, although he is only fifteen, is already a great mathematician.' Encour-

aged by her first success, Jaqueline again ventured to address the cardinal; 'I have still another favor, my lord, to ask you.' 'What is it, my child? ask what you will; you are too amiable to be refused anything.' 'Permit my father to come in person and thank your eminence for your kindness.' 'Certainly,' said the cardinal, 'I wish to see him; and let him bring his family along with him.' As soon as the father received the grateful intelligence, he returned with all diligence to Paris, and immediately on his arrival hastened with his three children to Ruel, the residence of the cardinal, who gave him the most flattering reception. 'I know all your merit,' said Richelieu. 'I restore you to your children, and commend them to your care; I am anxious to do something considerable for you.'"

In fulfilment of this promise, Stephen Pascal was appointed, two years afterwards, Intendant of Rouen, in Normandy, the duties of which office he is said to have discharged during the seven following years with an ability and disinterestedness which recommended him alike to the district and the court. His family accompanied him to the country; and in the same year, 1641, his elder daughter was married to M. Perier, who had distinguished himself in a commission with which the government had entrusted him in Normandy, and who subsequently became counsellor to the Court of Aides in Clermont-Ferrand.

Blaise Pascal, now reputed a geometrician of the first class, followed with a consuming ardor his favorite studies. At the age of nineteen he invented the *Arithmetical Machine* which bears his name. Some of the finest years of his life he devoted to the improvement of this contrivance; and he has himself informed us that one of his main reasons for doing so was, that it might be serviceable to his father in the discharge of his official duties. There can be no doubt, however, that he permanently injured his health in this laborious task, while he never succeeded in it to his wishes. The great Leibnitz took up the project of Pascal, and is understood to have executed two models of a calculating machine, at once more simple and effective than that of Pascal. But greatly as both these illustrious attempts merit our admiration, they failed in proving of any practical benefit to the world. It was reserved to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Babbage, at once to conceive and bring to practical completion such a calculating machine as truly deserves the name.

<sup>\*</sup> These verses have been thus rendered:

Oh! marvel not, Armand, the great, the wise,  
If I have slightly pleased thine ear—thine eyes;  
My sorrowing spirit, torn by countless fears,  
Each sound forbidden save the voice of tears;  
With power to please thee wouldst thou me inspire,  
Recall from exile now my hapless sire.

which not only computes, unaided, the problems given to it, but, moreover, "*corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and prints all its calculations.*"

The study of physics next engaged the active and restless curiosity of Pascal; and here a more successful reward awaited his labors. The attention of scientific men had already been drawn to several phenomena bearing upon the fact of atmospheric pressure. It had been found by the workmen engaged in the construction of the fountains at Florence for Cosmo de Medicis, that they could not raise water by means of a sucking pump beyond the height of thirty-one feet. Galileo was applied to for a solution of the difficulty. Imbued with the notion which had prevailed from all ages that the water follows the piston, because nature abhors a vacuum, he replied that this abhorrence of nature, in obedience to which the water at first rises, has yet a limited sphere of operation, and that it ceases to act beyond thirty-one feet. Somewhat dissatisfied himself, however, as might be conceived, with this explanation, he engaged his pupil Toricelli to investigate the subject, and endeavor to find a more rational and satisfactory cause of the phenomenon. Toricelli immediately suspected that the weight of the water had something to do with the particular degree of elevation at which it stood in the pump, and that of course a heavier fluid would not stand so high. He accordingly experimented with mercury, and the result of his experiment is so well known, and has been so popularly applied in the construction of the *barometer*, as scarcely to require mention. Having taken a tube of glass three feet in length, and completely closed at the bottom, he filled it with mercury, and then applying his finger to the higher end, and reversing the tube, he plunged it into a small basinful of mercury, withdrawing his finger as he did so. After a few oscillations, the mercury settled at thirty inches, and he was hence, of course, led to the conclusion that the water in the pump, and the mercury in the tube, at the respective heights of thirty-one feet and thirty inches, exerted the same pressure upon the same base, and that both were necessarily counterbalanced by some fixed and determinate force. But what was this force? Learning from Galileo that the air was a heavy fluid, he formed the belief and gave publicity to it, that the weight of the atmosphere pressing upon the water in the reservoir, and the mercury in the basin, *was the counteracting cause which sustained*

both suspended at their respective elevations. He did not live, however, to verify the important conclusions to which he had thus come. It remained to Pascal to place, by a series of novel experiments, the matter beyond all doubt.

Having heard from M. Mersenne of the experiments that had been made in Italy, he repeated them at Rouen with the same results, but without reaching at first any satisfactory explanation. He was at once led, indeed, from his own observation, to conclude that the ancient dogma of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was a mere figment; ignorant, however, at this time of the suggestion of Toricelli as to the pressure of the atmosphere, he failed to strike into the right path of discovery. But shortly after he had published his views and researches on the subject in 1647, he became acquainted with those of Toricelli, and at once entering into them, very soon formed the conception of an experiment which should leave the matter in no question. If the weight of the air was the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube of Toricelli, as he suggested, the mercury ought to stand at a less elevated height, according as the column of air which pressed upon the surface of the basin in which the tube stood was increased or diminished. If, on the contrary, the atmospheric pressure had nothing to do with the phenomenon, the mercury would always remain at the same elevation, whatever the height of the column of air. Pascal endeavored himself so far to carry out this experiment, but the variation was too insignificant at ordinary heights to warrant any conclusive inference. He accordingly communicated with his brother-in-law in Auvergne, in order that he might try the experiment during an ascent of the Puy-de-Dome, a mountain of that province, about 3,000 feet in height. "Some circumstances," says the Abbé Bossut, from whom we have borrowed much of the previous detail, "retarded the execution of the project, but at length, on the 19th of September, 1648, it was performed with all possible exactitude, and the results which Pascal had predicted occurred from place to place. In proportion as they ascended the mountain, the mercury fell in the tube, the difference of level at its base and summit being upwards of three inches. In returning, the party renewed their observations with the same results." When Pascal received information of these interesting particulars, he immediately computed the proportional fractional rise of the mercury within small

elevations, and making the experiments again for himself on the heights at his command in Paris, he found the results to correspond with his calculations. He was thus left in no doubt as to the correctness of Toricelli's suggestion, and all who merely sought to arrive at the truth were convinced that he had established it by the most satisfactory demonstration.

After he had thus ascertained that the atmospheric pressure was the true cause of the suspension of the mercury in Toricelli's tube, Pascal immediately saw that the column of mercury would also fluctuate with the changes of the weather. In order to verify this fact, M. Perier made a series of observations at Clermont during the years 1649, 1650, and the three first months of 1651. M. Chanut, also, the French ambassador in Sweden, was engaged to make a similar course of observations at Stockholm, in which he was assisted by Descartes, who happened to be then resident in that city. It was fully proved by these observations that the column of mercury varied in length according to the temperature, the winds, the moisture, and other circumstances connected with the state of the atmosphere; and the Toricellian tube thus became adapted to the popular use, in which it is now so familiar to all, of indicating the changes of weather dependent upon the variations of the atmospheric column.

These discoveries made an extensive sensation in the scientific world, and greatly added to the reputation of Pascal. His triumph, however, was by no means unmixed. So ancient and venerated a dogma as nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was not so easily exploded. A degree of sacredness seemed to invest it from its very antiquity, and the Jesuits came to its rescue. When Pascal published his first experiments on the subject, made at Rome, in a work entitled "*Experiences nouvelles touchant le vide*," P. Noel, a Jesuit, who was then rector of the College of Paris, violently attacked it. "All the prejudices of a bad philosophy, and all the virulence of error," were summoned to the assault. Pascal readily repelled the objections of the Jesuits; but the strength of the obstacles he had to encounter was thus painfully manifested to him. When his further discoveries became known, the Jesuits renewed their attacks, accusing him of appropriating the labors of Toricelli. He replied in a letter, giving a minute account of all his proceedings, and thus in a most effective way vindicating his distinctive claims to be reck-

oned as a discoverer along with the Italian. There can be no doubt that it is from this period we must date Pascal's relations of hostility to the Jesuits which have become so immortalized by the "*Provincial Letters*." These repeated assaults upon the value of his scientific labors provoked his indignation, and prepared the way for the merciless war which he subsequently carried on against them, with such infinite art and success.

But Pascal was destined to experience another and still more painful attempt to deprive him of the glory of his scientific researches. This attempt proceeded from no less distinguished a person than Descartes, who himself preferred a claim to be the original author of the suggestion of the experiment that was made on the Puy-de-Dome. In a letter to Careavi, of the 11th June, 1649, he put forward this claim. This letter Careavi immediately communicated to Pascal, who was one of his intimate friends; but from whatever cause, Pascal never condescended to notice it. It is supposed that his feelings were too much wounded by the exertion of Descartes to permit his making any reply. In the letter to which we have already alluded, wherein he detailed the whole course of his proceedings, he had distinctly claimed for himself the sole suggestion of the experiment on the Puy-de-Dome, while attributing to Toricelli all the merit of the previous discoveries. And it is utterly inconceivable that Pascal—who "was the very soul of honor,"—should have so specially claimed the conception of this experiment if he had received any hint of it from Descartes. The pretensions of Descartes, which are entirely unsupported, have been generally pronounced by subsequent philosophers to be groundless.

In spite of these obstructions, Pascal continued with avidity his physical researches, in the course of which he was led to the examination of the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids. It had been already long ago discovered by Archimedes, that a solid body immersed in a fluid loses a proportion of its weight corresponding to its mass and figure. It had been farther ascertained that the pressure of a fluid upon its base is as the product of that base by the height of the fluid, and finally, that liquors pressed on all sides of the vessel containing them; but it still remained to determine the exact measure of this pressure before the general conditions of the equilibrium of fluids could be deduced. This Pascal successfully accomplished, by an experiment of making two unequal apertures

in a vessel filled with a fluid and closed on all sides, and applying two portions pressed by forces respectively corresponding to the size of the apertures. The result he found, by two methods no less ingenious than convincing, to be that the fluid remained in equilibrio. He had thus the general principle that a fluid in equilibrio presses *equally* in all directions; and from this principle the different causes of the equilibrium of fluids were easily deduced.

His conclusion on this subject Pascal embodied in a treatise, entitled "*De l'Equilibre des Liqueurs*," composed in 1663; but not published till after his death. He also left behind him another treatise on "*The Weight of the Column of Air*," which has been pronounced to form the basis of the modern science of Pneumatics.

The most important of the remaining scientific labors of Pascal was his invention of the famous arithmetical triangle, in the course of the researches connected with which he was also conducted to the doctrine of Probabilities—a branch of mathematical science which has subsequently, at the abler hands of Laplace and Poisson, received such important extension and improvement.

We have already remarked the injury that Pascal's constitution sustained from the intense devotion of his early studies. When only eighteen, his health had received a shock from which it never recovered. Henceforth it is said "he never lived a day without pain." In his twenty-fourth year he was attacked with paralysis, which during three months almost deprived him of the use of his legs. Shortly after this, he returned to Paris with his father and his sister Jaqueline, and there once more took up his residence. Moved by the solitudes of his family, he gave himself some relaxation from his severer studies, and made several journeys into Auvergne and other provinces. In 1651, however, he had the misfortune to lose his father; and his younger sister, who had long meditated the intention of consecrating herself entirely to the service of religion, carried her design into effect in 1653, and became a nun in the famed convent of Port Royal des Champs. Thus withdrawn from the rest of his family, he returned with a fatal enthusiasm to his mathematical labors. His health was anew shattered; and the worst effects would speedily have followed, had not the actual failure of his powers, operating more convincingly than the counsels of his physician, forced him to abandon for awhile all study.

*There was little previously known concern-*

ing the life upon which Pascal now entered for a brief period before his ultimate retirement from the world. Bossut only tells us in the most general manner that "for the meditation of the closet he now substituted the promenade, and other similar exercises of a pleasing and salutary nature. He saw the world, and although always bearing a slight tinge of melancholy on his disposition, he there captivated by the power of a superior mind and his graceful accommodation to the learning of those whom he addressed." Some have not hesitated to express the opinion that the thought-worn recluse now plunged, somewhat heedlessly, into the current of mere worldly pleasures. All seem agreed that he gradually acquired a strong relish for the agreeable society in which he mingled, and that he had begun to dream of marriage. The following seems to be the true representation of this period of his life, according to the light which the labors of M. Faugères have thrown upon it.

His most intimate friend at this time was the Duke de Roannez, subsequently associated with his other friends in the publication of his "*Thoughts*." Captivated by his genius and devoted to his person, the duke, according to the expression of Margaret Perier, "could not lose sight of him." An apartment was reserved for him in his hotel, where he would sometimes remain for days, although possessing a house of his own in Paris. Here Pascal would seem occasionally to have mingled in the light and careless society in which the youth of Paris then moved. We cannot, however, imagine that such society in itself attracted his interest. It was more a study for him, serving to originate some of those trains of reflection which he afterwards pursued with such profit in the seclusion of Port Royal. As he listened to the conversational frivolities of a Chevalier de Méré, or the cynical sentiments of a Miton or Desbarreau, the first conceptions of his great vindication of morality and religion probably arose within him. "He touched for a moment with his feet," says M. Faugères, "the impurities of this corrupt society, but his divine wings were never soiled."

The blandishment which now filled Pascal with delighted distraction was something very different. Charlotte Gonffier de Roannez, the sister of his noble friend, then lived with him. About sixteen years of age, she possessed a captivating form and manner, while a sweet intelligence gave brightness and animation to her mere external graces. Pascal was constantly thrown in her company,



and "what so natural," M. Faugères asks, "as that he should love; and overlooking their disparity of rank, secretly aspire to a union with the possessor of charms so irresistible?" There can now, indeed, exist no doubt that he had ventured to cherish such feelings. Apart from the letters which he had addressed to her at a later period, now published for the first time by M. Faugères, and so obviously revealing, under all the pious gravity of their style, a depth of tender solicitude which mere Christian interest will hardly explain, this fact is clearly established by the discovery of the fine fragment, entitled "Discours sur les passions de l'Amour."\* Here the evidence of a pure and fervid passion unmistakably manifests itself. "None but one," it has been truly said, "who had himself deeply drank the sweet poison of love's intoxication, could have ever penned this beautiful fragment, pervaded by so intense and glowing an ardor and yet so delicate and refined a susceptibility, by such a beating and wildly-glad emotion, and yet so touching and profound a melancholy, by such a rapture and yet such a pathos." With what a fine and exquisite hand does he portray the passion in all its varying moods, now roseate and flushed with joy, now drooping and pensive with tears, and now wild with anxiety. It is everywhere the touch of one who has himself owned all its mastery. There is besides a specialty of allusion to his own circumstances which leaves his cherished secret in no doubt. "Man in solitude," he says, "is an incomplete being; he needs companionship for happiness. He seeks this most commonly in a condition on an equality with his own, because liberty of choice and opportunities are favorable in such a state to his views. But sometimes he fixes his affections on an object *far beyond his rank*; and the flame burns more intensely as he is forced to conceal it in his own bosom. When love is conceived for one of elevated condition, ambition may at first co-exist with passion; but the latter soon obtains the mastery. It is a tyrant which admits of no equality; it must reign alone; every other emotion must subserve and obey its dictates."

We naturally ask with M. Faugères, did Pascal find his love returned by the sister of his noble friend? There is reason to believe so, when we see a correspondence establish-

ed between them, implying the highest degree of esteem and confidence. But it is to be regretted that we know nothing of the letters of Mademoiselle de Roannez, and it is, in fact, only fragments of those of Pascal that have been preserved. The rigidity of the Jansenist copyists have left us only such passages as they thought might minister to edification.

But whether or not Pascal's passion was shared, circumstances did not favor it. He had then acquired but little of the celebrity which afterwards awaited him. His position was not a promising one, and his rank greatly inferior to that of the object of his attachment. Awakening from his brief enchantment, he no doubt deeply felt all this. He saw the vanity of the delicious dreams in which he had for awhile forgotten himself. An alarming incident, which had nearly proved fatal to him, co-operated strongly to rouse him from the soft indulgences which were weaving their spell around him. In the month of October, 1654, while taking his usual drive along the bridge of Neuilly in a carriage with four horses, the two leaders become restive at a part where there was no parapet, and precipitated themselves into the Seine. Happily, the sudden violence of their leap broke the traces which yoked them to the pole, and the carriage remained on the verge of the precipice. The effects of such a shock upon the feeble and impaired frame of Pascal, may be easily imagined. With difficulty he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen; but so shattered were his nerves, that for long afterwards, during his sleepless nights and moments of depression, he constantly saw a precipice at his side, over which he seemed in danger of falling.

This striking incident has commonly been regarded as the sole cause which led to Pascal's retirement from the world. The probable truth would seem to be, however, that it only combined with his sense of the apparent hopelessness of his passion to make him seek a refuge from disappointment, and a nobler source of enjoyment in the sublime meditations and devout observances of religion. His sister Jacqueline had already prepared the way for this. We are told by Madame Perier that she had contemplated with great anxiety the manner in which her brother was mingling so freely with the world, and earnestly besought him to quit it. And with his mind now awed by so narrow an escape from death, and his heart cherishing a secret affection of which he dared not anticipate the fulfillment, her entreaties readily prevailed with him, and

\* This fragment was brought to light by M. Cousin, and so highly did he value it that he considered it a sufficient reward of all his labors upon Pascal; labors to which we shall presently allude.

he finally withdrew into the pious seclusion of Port Royal des Champs, and became the associate of the holy men who have given to this spot so undying a name.

The Abbey of Port Royal, after a long period of relaxed discipline, during which many abuses had crept into it, had at length attained a high renown for sanctity, under the strict and vigorous rule of the Mère Angélique Arnaud. Appointed to her high office, when only eleven years old, through a deceit practised upon the pope, she very soon began to manifest that she would be no party to the motives which had induced her election at so premature an age. An accidental sermon preached in the convent, when she had reached her sixteenth year, by a wandering Capuchin monk, left an impression upon her which was never effaced; and she set herself immediately to reform her establishment, and carried her measures into effect with a zeal and determination betokening that peculiar firmness of character which was destined to be so severely tried.

At this time the papal church in France was divided into the two great parties of the Jesuits and the Jansenists. The Abbey of Port Royal favored the latter, and had, indeed, under the directorship of M. de St. Cyran, become the great stronghold of this party. It would be out of place here to enter into the ground of this controversy. It will only be necessary to trace historically, in a few words, its rise, in order to enable the reader to understand the future relations and labors of Pascal.

There has, no doubt, always existed in the Church of Rome, a party attached to the peculiar tenets of St. Augustine. We can discover their existence and influence amid all the dark and confused phenomena of the middle ages; later, the Dominicans especially espoused these tenets in opposition to the Franciscans. Although discountenanced and overborne by the opposite party, under the guidance of the Jesuits, in the Council of Trent, there were still even then in the bosom of the Catholic Church many strong supporters of the Augustinian theology—a fact which was very soon elicited by the publication of a book by a Spanish Jesuit of the name of Molina, on some of the controverted points of doctrine. The views most opposite to those of St. Augustine were formally set forth in this book, with a considerable share of the peculiar scholastic ingenuity of the time. This attempt immediately roused the slumbering orthodoxy of the Dominicans. A wild and stormy discussion

ensued. No fewer than sixty-five meetings and thirty-seven disputations were held before the pope on the subject. No decision, however, was pronounced by the papal see; and the conflict continued till both parties had begun somewhat to pause from their exhaustion, when a new circumstance excited it more vigorously than ever.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, two young priests, who had been previously fellow students at Louvain, passed some years together in mutual study at Bayonne. The writings of St. Augustine principally engaged them; and, as a natural consequence, they both imbibed an ardent and life-long love for his peculiar views. One of these was Jean Baptiste du Verger d'Hauranna, who afterwards became the Abbé de St. Cyran and the spiritual director of Port Royal. The other was the equally well-known Cornelius Jansen, subsequently bishop of Ypres. Smitten with so intense a love for the distinguishing tenets of St. Augustine, the latter made it the business of his life to arrange and systematize them in a volume under the title of "Augustinus." Being suddenly cut off by the plague in 1638, his scarcely-finished work was immediately published by his friend. At once the smouldering fire of the controversy was kindled into a new flame. The Jesuits rose in unanimous cry against the ill-fated volume; and so high and fierce was their indignation, that they are even said to have demolished a splendid monument erected over the grave of its author, and disturbed with impious hand his remains. One of their number, Nicholas Cornet, forthwith set himself to extract its alleged heresy in the shape of five propositions—which, by a bull of the pope, dated 31st May, 1653, were pronounced to be "heretical, false, rash, impious, and blasphemous." The friends of Jansen, however, maintained that the condemned propositions were not to be found in his book. Another papal decree was accordingly obtained, declaring that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they were contained in the "Augustinus." But this, as a matter of fact, the Jansenists boldly (!) pronounced to be beyond even the pope's infallibility to determine; and so the war of words raged more bitterly and hopelessly than ever.

Among others who engaged in the strife was the celebrated Anthony Arnaud, doctor of the Sorbonne, and brother of the abbess. He was among the most illustrious of the band of students who had gathered around St. Cyran in the retirement of Port Royal

des Champs; and, on the death of the former, who perished from the effects of his sufferings in the cause of his friend, Arnaud in a measure assumed his place. Deeply interested in the progress of the controversy, it was only to be expected that he should personally join in it. The old antagonist of Descartes and Malebranche was not likely to fear an encounter with the Jesuits. He accordingly published, in the year 1655, two letters on the subjects of discussion. Immediately he was made the object of the most unrelenting hostility. Two propositions were extracted from his second letter, upon which his colleagues of the Sorbonne sat in judgment, and which, after a prolonged discussion, they pronounced to be heretical, and consequently expelled him from their society. This decision was obtained by a very disgraceful combination of parties; the Dominicans having united with their old enemies the Jesuits against the defenders of Jansen, and subscribed a form of condemnation in which the two parties could only have agreed by interpreting the same terms in entirely different senses.

But in the meantime, and just before this sentence was published, a new antagonist had entered the field against the Jesuits. The first of the "Provincial Letters" had appeared. The story of the origin of these inimitable letters is thus told:—

"While Arnaud's process before the Sorbonne was still in dependence, a few of his friends, among whom were Pascal and Nicole, were in the habit of meeting privately at Port Royal, to consult on the measures they should adopt. During these conferences, one of their number said to Arnaud, 'Will you really suffer yourself to be condemned like a child, without saying a word, or telling the public the real state of the case?' The rest concurred; and in compliance with their solicitations, Arnaud, after some days, produced and read before them a long and serious vindication of himself. His audience listened in coolness and silence, upon which he remarked—'I see you don't think highly of my production, and I believe you are right; but,' added he, turning himself round addressing Pascal, 'you, who are young, why cannot you produce something?' The appeal was not lost. Pascal engaged to try a sketch which they might fill up; and, retiring to his room, he produced, instead of a sketch, the first Letter to a Provincial. On reading this to his assembled friends, Arnaud exclaimed, 'That is excellent! That will do; we must have it printed immediately.'"

Pascal, by a happy intuition of genius, had just seized the right way in which to treat such a subject so as to win the public inter-

est and favor. By bringing his clear and penetrating intellect and sound sense to bear upon the jargon which had become mingled up with the controversy, and the gross absurdity and injustice which had characterized it on the part of the Jesuits, he threw a flood of light upon it which engaged the most general curiosity, and left his opponents without any reply. The first letter fell like an unexpected dart among them, striking dismay into their ranks; and as the others followed at irregular intervals, becoming more pointed and fatal in their effects, their idle rage knew no bounds, and unable to meet them with any effective weapons of argument, they could only exclaim, *les menteurs immortels*—"the immortal liars." Keen and perspicuous logic, the most effective and ingenious turns of statement, the most eloquent earnestness, the liveliest wit, the most good-tempered, yet unrelenting raillery, were all combined by Pascal in these memorable attacks. Nothing can be more felicitous than the manner in which he blends these various qualities, the unceasing intermixture of light and shadow, of the casual conversational pleasantry, the most careless sidelong strokes of sarcasm with the gravest invective and the most solemn argument, imparting to all the charm of dramatic interest. "Molière's best comedies," says Voltaire, "do not exceed them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity." "There is more wit," echoes Perault, "in these eighteen letters than in Plato's Dialogues, more delicate and artful raillery than in those of Lucian, more strength and vigor of reasoning than in the Orations of Cicero."

It will not be necessary to present the reader with an analysis of these celebrated letters. They range over a great diversity of topics with the same rare compass and flexibility of comprehension—the same inimitable grace and facility of expression. The reader is carried captive with the intermingled flow of humor and power—laughter, astonishment, and seriousness. The two first, which were published before the promulgation of the sentence against Arnaud, deal with the subject-matter of the controversy—the condemned propositions of Jansen, and the import of the disputed doctrines. The darkened and unintelligible squabble becomes, for the first time, clear in the strong light cast upon it. In the two following letters Pascal discusses the decision of the Sorbonne—exposing, with the keenest shafts of his wit, its injustice, and especially the inconsistency of the Dominicans, in

making cause with the Jesuits, and so forswearing the doctrines of the "Angelic Doctor"\* for whose authority they professed so unbounded a reverence. In the next six—still addressing his supposititious friend in the country—he lays open the whole subject of Jesuitical casuistry—unfolding gradually, and with the most ingenious effect, the accumulated mass of its absurdities and immoralities. In the remaining eight letters, he drops the style of address adopted in the preceding; and turning directly to the Jesuits, he meets in the face the calumnies by which they had sought to impair the effect of his disclosures; and passes under review more at large, and in a more earnest and elevated strain, their whole system of maxims and morals. The lighter argument of his previous letters he exchanges for the most solemn and forcibly sustained charges—overwhelming them in a torrent of indignant eloquence beneath the ruin of their own baseless crudities of doctrine and criminalities of practice. We have already mentioned with what successful power these famous letters told against the Jesuits; but it was not merely from the difficulties they had in replying to them that they found them so formidable. Their most fatal influence, perhaps, arose from the ridicule they excited in all classes against them. They were so entertaining that everybody read them. They penetrated into every rank of the Parisians, and even of the inhabitants in the provinces. They were seen "on the merchant's counter, the lawyer's desk, the doctor's table, the lady's toilet." "Never," says Father Daniel, "did the post-office reap such a profit. Copies were dispatched over the whole kingdom, and I myself received a packet of them, post-paid, in a town of Brittany, where I was then residing." Even the political friends of the Jesuits participated in the mirth of which they were the objects. The seventh letter is said to have found its way to Cardinal Mazarin, who laughed over it very heartily. "The names of the favorite casuists were converted into proverbs. *Escobar* came to signify the same thing with "paltering in a double sense."† Father Bauny's grotesque maxims furnished topics for perpetual badinage; and the Jesuits, wherever they went, were assailed with inextinguishable laughter. Nor was this all. More seri-

ous effects followed. The popularity of the Jansenists, both as confessors and preachers, rose with the tide of ridicule against their enemies; and while their churches were crowded, those of the Jesuits were comparatively deserted. On all hands, the "Provincial Letters" procured their discomfiture and chagrin; and it is impossible to conceive any mode by which they could have been more pitifully abased, and the standard of Right raised more victoriously over them, if the rude success of Might yet remained with them.

This, alas! the ill-fated Jansenists were soon destined to experience. Abetted by the government, the Jesuits pursued their purposes of hostility with an unrelenting hand, and a suppressed, but only more bitter hatred. On the 30th of March, 1656, two months after the condemnation of Dr. Arnaud, forcible measures were on the eve of being taken against the quiet inmates of Port Royal. An order in council was issued, that every scholar, postulant, and novice, should be banished from the convent. An extraordinary event, however, caused a respite of this proposed violence. A miraculous cure was supposed to have taken place in the person of Pascal's niece, Margaret Perier, a resident in the abbey. Its enemies were awed by this incident, and the popular sensation which attended it. A brief interval of unwonted prosperity followed; crowds of noble and distinguished devotees thronged the courts of the secluded abbey, and while the fashionable enthusiasm lasted, the nuns and students were safe from the vengeance of their enemies.

Threatening clouds, however, soon began again to gather around the fortunes of the Jansenists. The Jesuits patiently waited their time. A fresh bull was in the meantime obtained from Rome, reiterating the condemnation of the five propositions, and the declaration that they were in the "Augustinus;" and further adding that the *sense* in which they had been condemned was the *sense* in which they had been stated by Jansen. In December, 1660, the young monarch, Louis XIV., gave effect to this bull. Having convened an assembly of bishops, an anti-Jansenist formulary based upon it was drawn up, and so framed as to entrap all who were not prepared to yield in the most implicit manner. The consequence was the commencement of a fierce and bitter persecution against the Port Royalists. The Mère Angelique taking the lead, refused to sign the formulary, and encouraged her nuns

\* Thomas Aquinas.

† Introduction to M'Crie's Translation of the "Provincial Letters"—an interesting introduction to an admirable translation.



in the same course. Worn out as she was with suffering, and, indeed, dying, she maintained her integrity with a noble constancy. Neither entreaties nor tears could move her. She beheld her beloved establishment broken up—its sacred enclosures desecrated by the tramp of soldiery—her brother driven into exile; but she remained firm under all, and, after a bold remonstrance addressed to the queen, sought a quiet retreat where to breathe her last.

During the issue of these commotions, Pascal had somewhat strangely reverted to his long-abandoned scientific studies. Nothing can more strongly evince the strength and liveliness of his genius than the manner in which he returned to pursuits he had so early and completely laid aside. During one of the many nights which his almost continued suffering rendered sleepless, his mind was directed to the subject of the cycloid. A train of new thought respecting it occurred to him, which he traced to its results with a facility and success quite the same as if he had never left off his mathematical studies. In the short space of eight days he completed an original method of solving this class of problems, which ranks among his most brilliant claims to distinction as a geometer.

The last years of Pascal's life, it is well known, were chiefly occupied with preparations for a great work which he meditated on the Christian religion. From the fragments which he left behind him, we can but faintly gather the outline of this work. There remains enough, however, to testify to the magnificence of its conception. Here lie, as it were, a noble pedestal, and there a sculptured pillar, and there an ornament of rich chasing and exquisite device; and we may imagine, although we cannot supply, the sublime temple which Pascal would have reared of these rare materials to the honor of his God had his life been spared. All the inconsistencies and exaggerations which critics now so easily detect in the "Thoughts," the mere broken pieces which were as yet to be hewn and moulded together by his consummate genius, would doubtless have disappeared as the fabric arose in compact beauty and strength under his plastic hand. Every exaggeration would have been softened down under the influence of his fine judgment and almost perfect taste, and what now remains a mere glorious project would have been a luminous work.

But if the "Thoughts" are thus at the very best unfinished, we have hitherto only

possessed them in a still more imperfect state even than that in which they were left by Pascal. Fragments at the best, they have been still further broken and mutilated by the rude and impertinent hands of editors and commentators. The very singular and successive processes of corruption to which these fine remains have been subjected, furnish, in fact, one of the most extraordinary disclosures of literary history. We find that until the publication of M. Faugères' volumes we have never really possessed the "Pensées" at all in their original shape. "The book was in our libraries without being actually there," as M. Vinet said. It was not in any veritable sense the work of Pascal, but a spurious compound of diverse authorship. The truth of this M. Faugères has established beyond all question. He sets in the clearest light, and traces in the most convincing manner, the various steps by which the work thus became corrupted.

It was first published, it appears, shortly after Pascal's death, by his friends Arnauld, Nicole, and others. They were unwilling to rouse anew the hatred of the Jesuits, whose hostility Pascal had so strongly provoked, and they therefore first of all expunged whatever might possibly be construed into offence by them. They then submitted the volume to a committee of *Doctors of the Sorbonne*, who, again, on their part, made numerous retrenchments in it according to their pleasure. Such was the preliminary ordeal through which it passed before it ever saw the light at all, and in what a maimed and corrupted state it came forth from this ordeal it is needless to state. "These fragments," finely says Mr. Faugères, "which sickness and death had left unfinished, suffered, without ceasing to be immortal, all the mutilation which an exaggerated prudence or misdirected zeal could suggest, not only with the view of improving their orthodoxy, but even their style,—the style of the author of the *Provincial Letters*." Well may he add, with indignation:—"The style of Pascal! who among his contemporaries or friends was capable even of always comprehending his exquisite style, so identified with his mind, that it is, as it were, only the thought itself robed in its own chaste nudity, like an antique statue? Only Corneille, or Bossuet, perhaps, would have accepted without fear of offending taste, the simple, yet strong expressions which flow from the pen of Pascal, especially when he dashes off the grand outlines of a first sketch." Again, in reference to the corruptions of this first edition of the "Thoughts," M. Faugères

explicitly states that "there are not twenty successive lines which do not present some alterations, great or small; and as for total omissions, and partial suppressions, they are without number."

Subsequently new editions were published by Condorcet and Bossut. Both these editors gave to the public some additional remains of Pascal, but not only did they not succeed in correcting the errors of the first edition, but they added fresh errors of their own. Condorcet's edition, to which Voltaire added notes in a characteristic vein of mocking skepticism, may be said to have completed the work of corruption which these noble fragments have undergone. And when they could be so interpolated and travestied as to furnish food for the scoffing humor of Voltaire, we cannot well conceive any further process of degeneracy to which they could have been submitted.

M. Cousin deserves the credit of having first taken active steps to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things. He instituted, in 1843, an elaborate comparison between the published list of the "Pensées" and the original MSS. of Pascal which had fortunately been preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; and being struck with their wide and serious discrepancy, he drew up a report on the subject, which he laid before the French Academy. This had the effect of exciting a prominent attention to the subject, and M. Faugères was found immediately ready to undertake a new edition in strict conformity with the original MSS. This task M. Faugères has executed in a most highly satisfactory

manner. He has collected with industrious care the entire autograph MSS. of Pascal, and transferred them in their original and un-mutilated form to his pages. Notwithstanding the extremely fragmentary aspect that this has given to some portions of his volumes, he has wisely, we think, given us the whole, so far as the form of expression is concerned, as he found them, not having ventured on any emendation whatever. We should scarcely have been satisfied with less than this, after what the text had already suffered in the way of emendation. He has rightly restricted his labors to the arrangement and elucidation of the confused and intermingled fragments; and in this respect he has accomplished a most useful and noble task, for which all students of Pascal will thank him.

We cannot now enter upon any criticism of the worth of these "Thoughts," as now for the first time possessed by us in their genuine form. Such criticisms have been recently attempted in a manner which entirely meets our sympathy, and to renew the attempt here to any adequate effect would lead us far beyond our limits. We cannot help, however, commending these highest efforts of Pascal's genius to the earnest study of all in search of deep and satisfactory views of truth. At no purer fount, save the Bible, could they drink. And then, what a delight it is to come now for the first time into immediate communion with the genuine "thoughts" of so great a soul! All unveiled, we read them just as they arose in the deep silence of his own lofty musing. We enter into his study, and see the great thinker at work.

**SOLID GAS.**—Murdock first used gas to light up his office at Redrath in 1792. "It would," says Liebig, "be one of the greatest discoveries of the age, if any one could succeed in condensing coal gas into a white, dry, solid, odorous substance, portable, and capable of being placed on a candlestick, or burned in a lamp." Already is the desire of Liebig being accomplished. A mineral oil flowed out of coal in Derbyshire, obviously produced by slow distillation from the coal. On examination, it has been ascertained that *paraffine*, a solid, waxy

substance, hitherto never produced from coal, could be formed in commercial qualities by a slow and regular distillation. This is condensed coal-gas—a solid form of olefant gas desired by Liebig. In forming cakes, this product, dissolved in an oil of a similar composition, may be readily obtained instead of the waste gases now thrown away. Should this discovery be as successful as it promises, a great change will be wrought in fuel as well as in illuminating gas.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

**SCARCELY** a year had elapsed since Lord John Russell, after resigning the office of Prime Minister, was openly threatened with deposition from the post he had held so long and filled so worthily, of Leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Not only did the recognized organs of the Liberal Conservatives, or Grahamites, and of the Radicals, and of the "Manchester school," as it is termed, combine in this act of party injustice or party ingratitude, but also the impending fate of the once-popular chief became a matter of public notoriety, and was commented on as such by the journal which more especially reflects, from time to time, the phases of public opinion. It was questioned whether Lord John Russell would again appear in the House of Commons as Leader of the Opposition; nor, for a considerable time past, has it been possible to affirm that he really did again enjoy the confidence of his many-minded followers. Let us look back a little at his past career; that we may judge how far this insubordination, or deliberate revocation of a trust long enjoyed, is justifiable, and how far his services in periods of trial have entitled him now to claim that more reliance should be placed on his sagacity.

The position of a Leader of the Whigs may be said to have been almost always a tantalizing one. During a period long enough to have exhausted the energies of their chief orators, the Whigs maintained a difficult and hopeless opposition; only once, and then but for a few months, relieved by the sunshine of office and the means it afforded of rendering in the shape of laws their cherished principles and plans. It is true, that at the close of this long period, when a concurrence of unexpected events bore them at last into power, they did for a time wield an influence almost unprecedented; and during a brief period they were rewarded with the honor of carrying, not only Parliamentary Reform, but also a number of great remedial measures which were its natural fruit. But how soon was this bright period of their political

existence overclouded! Scarcely four years had passed ere the rival party had miraculously recovered from its prostration, and although its immediate tenure of power was brief, its announced conversion from an old creed seemed to threaten more serious dangers in the future.

Nor, as the event proved, were the fears then entertained groundless. A Tory Minister had, in 1828 and 1829, carried repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and of the Catholic Disabilities; both which measures, in the ordinary course of things, ought to have been passed into law by Whigs, who had toiled so long and so ably on their behalf. After Parliamentary Reform and its immediate fruits, there remained one other great measure, of which the Whigs had for some years been the advocates and the Tories the opponents. Political justice demanded that those who had upheld the principle of commercial freedom in its adversity should participate in the glory of its prosperity.

A Whig Leader, under these circumstances, appears to superficial observers at a disadvantage. The Tory chief contrives to monopolize all the glory, and to hold a gracious position, while to the Whig is only left the consciousness of good intentions, and such praise as a more just posterity will award.

Nor is this all. With the sole exception of the first three years after their accession in 1830, although the Whigs have held power for long periods, they have been foiled in their favorite plans, by a systematic obstruction on the part of opponents, who in their secret hearts were aware that the grounds of their opposition were untenable, from the moment that its success should raise them to power. Alternately baffled and betrayed by their hereditary opponents, they have received scarcely better treatment from those in whose cause they spent their political lives. Compelled to purchase, by the enunciation of fundamental principles, the support in opposition of the more violent reformers,

theoretical and practical, they have found themselves in office unable to carry out those principles in the face of a Conservative opposition; and thus it has come to pass, that accusations of treachery and lukewarmness from their friends have tended to imbitter still more the cup of humiliation prepared for them by their enemies.

Lord John Russell has passed through all these tormenting vicissitudes. When he commenced his public life, the Whigs were in a hopeless minority, regarded as little short of enemies of their country, in having so vehemently opposed and so traitorously ridiculed the war in Spain, and the general resistance to Bonaparte. The whole of his earlier life, until he had attained the age of eight-and-thirty, had been spent in ineffectual struggles to assail the seemingly impregnable fortress of the Government, and to impress on the House of Commons the growing wants and opinions of the people. He shared with his party the brief prosperity of the Reform era,—was, indeed, one of the heroes of the hour; but from his assumption of the leadership of the House of Commons until his resignation of the Premiership in 1852, it has been his fortune to suffer from the causes already referred to. He is pronounced by his opponents to have been rash, by his supporters to have been timid; and all his prudent management has been forgotten, so soon as others have stepped in and obtained, by a sacrifice of their principles, the prize for which he had so ably contended. And throughout his late career he has been shackled by the adherence of powerful chiefs of his party to principles and opinions which fell short of the demands of those new allies who sprung out of the Reform of Parliament. He has steered well a difficult and tedious course, and has been obliged to expend on tactics and manœuvres powers of mind which, if otherwise employed, would have procured for him, with the general mass, a higher reputation as a statesman.

It is more difficult, therefore, to test the merits of Lord John Russell than those of his parliamentary antagonist, Sir Robert Peel. With the sole exception of the Reform era, we do not meet in his career with those salient points, those dramatic incidents that render the life of his rival so interesting. We must seek his merits in a different direction; not so much in great legislative acts as in the careful preparation of the public mind for relaxed restrictions, in the prudence and courage with which he has from time to time *tightened or loosened the reins* with which he

held his party, and, above all, in the patient consistency with which he has adhered to his patriotic purposes.

Lord John Russell has now been nearly forty years in Parliament. He entered the House soon after attaining his majority. His maiden speech was on the 14th of July, 1814, on the occasion of the second reading of the Alien Bill, which measure he opposed. The address, which was short, and delivered at the fag-end of the debate, contained one of those pithy allusions for the successful use of which in debate and in epistolary correspondence he has subsequently become remarkable. Ministers, he said, in urging forward the measure then, because it had been thought necessary before, reminded him of the unfortunate wag mentioned in *Joe Miller*, who was so fond of rehearsing a piece of wit, that he always repeated it at the wrong time. Another terse argument at this period, equally characteristic of his later style, occurred in his answer to Mr. Methuen, who had congratulated the country on its having successfully sustained the cause of legitimacy. Lord John Russell, taking a tone at that period not unusual with his party, reminded Mr. Methuen, that if we had always done the same thing, King George would have been Elector of Hanover instead of King of Britain. Lord John Russell differed from Sir Robert Peel in this,—that his earlier more resembled his later career, that his principles, his character, and even his style of oratory, were formed at the outset of his life, and were only subjected to the usual maturing influence of years and practice; while Sir Robert Peel, from the commencement of his first Premiership, underwent a marvellous change, the proportions of his character becoming grander, his principles more expansive, and his oratory more dignified and original than in his previous life.

The first period of Lord John Russell's parliamentary career,—that from the year 1814 to the year 1826,—was chiefly spent in the advocacy, in various shapes, of Parliamentary Reform. He was not so frequent a speaker on other topics, but was always the foremost man when the question arose which afterwards, at the most memorable epoch of his life, so fiercely agitated his countrymen. It is with a view to illustrating his consistency that we refer to this period of his history. He commenced with great caution, as befitted the temper of the times. When Sir Francis Burdett, for instance, brought forward a plan which aimed at little short of a revolution in the representative system, Lord John Rus-



sell, although not opposed to triennial parliaments, declined to open the wide question raised by Sir Francis, as it was calculated to produce excitement and alarm in the then condition and temper of the working classes; but, in the year 1819, when he proposed for the first time a scheme of parliamentary reform, he clearly indicated what would now be called the Conservative tendency of his mind, and commenced that practice of gradual, prudent, and constitutional reform with which his name will ever be honorably associated. He thus early drew between himself and Burdett and the Radicals of that day a line which he has seldom or never passed with respect to their representatives at the present hour. His plan at this time, which was introduced in a speech of remarkable moderation, considering the excited state of the Radicals on the subject of Reform, proposed the disfranchisement of corrupt boroughs, compensation to electors not guilty of bribery, the transfer of the vacant seats to great manufacturing towns and to counties, and the prevention of bribery at elections. This was, in fact, the only tenable ground of the Reformers at that time; but even so mild a proposition was in advance of the spirit of the age. At the request of Lord Castlereagh, the representative of the Government in the Lower House, Lord John Russell withdrew these resolutions, on the understanding that Grampound was to be disfranchised, which afterwards was done. He thus early developed the spirit of moderation and compromise which has subsequently rendered him so useful to his country.

In May, 1821, he again returned to the charge, proposing that the notoriously corrupt boroughs should be disfranchised, and the seats transferred to large towns unrepresented. This motion was of course unsuccessful. Nothing daunted, he continued his then thankless labors. During the parliamentary session of 1822 the question of Reform, which had lain dormant for some years previously, was made the subject of agitation out of doors. Petitions in favor of a change in the representation having been presented from the counties of Middlesex, Devon, Norfolk, Suffolk, Bedford, Cambridge, Surrey, Cornwall, Huntingdon, and others, Lord John Russell, on the 29th of April, moved a resolution affirming the necessity for taking the subject into consideration, and proposing to add one hundred members to the House—sixty for counties, and forty for large towns; and this he did in a lengthy and elaborate speech. The motion was vehemently opposed

by Mr. Canning and the ministry, and on a division was lost by 269 votes to 164.

Again in 1823, and afterwards in 1826, he renewed his efforts, but of course without success. In March of the latter year, too, he proposed a resolution against bribery, which was coldly received, even by his own party. Brougham did not speak in its favor, nor did Canning think it necessary to oppose it; and Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, significantly hinted that there was corruption on the Liberal as well as on the Tory side. Still Lord John Russell obtained a very respectable minority, being defeated by 249 votes to 123. Later in the same session he renewed the subject, when he obtained sixty-two votes to the same number on the other side, and the Speaker, according to custom, gave his casting vote in favor of the motion. From this time till 1830 (in the course of which year, before he came into office, he made two motions for Reform), we do not find him urging his favorite topic in the House; but he had advocated others quite as important, with more success.

Not more distinguished was Lord John Russell as champion of Parliamentary Reform than as the steady advocate of Catholic emancipation, and of the removal of all civil restrictions founded on difference of creed. He was one of the martyrs to the cause of Catholic Emancipation, having been, in 1826, ejected from the representation of Huntingdonshire on account of his advocacy of that question; but two years afterwards he received his reward, in finding his bill for the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts adopted by the Duke of Wellington, and passed into law. In the following year he witnessed the triumph of the Catholic claims, and rendered to Wellington and Peel an ungrudging support. When O'Connell proposed in May, 1830, a scheme of universal suffrage, he met with a vigorous opponent in Lord John Russell, as the champion of moderate reform and the enemy of needless organic changes; but in December, 1831, he was himself engaged, in conjunction with Lord Durham, Sir James Graham, and Lord Duncannon, in drawing up the first Reform Bill—a measure regarded at the time as of the most sweeping kind by its friends, by its opponents as revolutionary.

Thus, we always find Lord John Russell standing firm on his Whig principles, and even while assaulting the enemy, dealing out backward blows at his two eager followers. What he did with Burdett in 1819, and with O'Con-

nell in 1830, we find him again doing with Cobden, Hume, and Roebuck, in 1851; with Sir James Graham, too, his old colleague of twenty years before, on the question of "Papal aggression." This faith in his principles, this steadfast guardianship of the sacred fire of Whiggism, is in fact the distinguishing characteristic of Lord John Russell as a statesman.

It would not advance our object in this article, to enter minutely into a period of history so familiar to all as the Reform struggle; how Lord John Russell, the observed of all observers, and one of the idols of the day, proposed on the first of March, 1831, the first Reform Bill; how events compelled him on the 24th of June to propose another, ten days after the reassembling of a new parliament; how, on the 20th of September following, he had the proud pleasure of accompanying Lord Althorpe to the bar of the Lords as the bearer of the Commons' Bill; how, finally, in the December following, he proposed the third bill, which he carried triumphantly through. These are matters of contemporary history with which all are familiar; and Lord John Russell was at that time by comparison a subaltern. But we have much to do with his own subsequent interpretation of his own work.

In the celebrated "Letter to the Electors of Stroud, on the Principles of the Reform Act," a production called forth by the attempts of the Political Union of Birmingham and the Anti-Slavery delegates to shake his reputation, his masterly defence of the Reform Bill, in which he certainly disclaimed that argument of "Finality" which the extreme section of Liberals were so fond of throwing in his teeth, was long an attraction to the political world. A few of the more salient passages well illustrate the great argument of the Whig party, that state reforms should be of gradual and not of hasty growth; more especially that the life of Lord John Russell is to be found in his speeches and writings rather than in public acts. Applying himself, in the outset of this epistle, to the important question whether the Reform Bill was to be set aside as, according to some extreme politicians, an experiment which had totally failed, and a new scheme of representation set up in its place; or whether there might not be founded upon the Reform Act the amendments and improvements which all institutions from time to time required, his lordship says, "It will hardly be denied, I presume, that there are some acts of a far *more important nature than others, and that*

the Bill of Rights and the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland, ought not to be altered so lightly as a law regulating the sale of beer, or fixing the districts for petty sessions of the peace. Of the former kind, for instance, is the Act of Succession to the Crown of these Realms. Suppose some one had said, in 1722, 'King George is ignorant of our language; he has no experience of a free government; no knowledge of this country; he has sanctioned the Septennial Act; the people are greatly discontented; it will be better to change the dynasty.' It would surely have been sufficient answer, without discussing the personal merits of the sovereign to say, 'The Act of Settlement is a very recent Act; the succession was a matter of great difficulty, and attended with imminent danger of civil war; we have happily seen it established; let us now, for a time at least, try and be happy and free under the House of Hanover.' Or, let us take a more homely illustration:—Go to a gentleman who has lately repaired his house; show him a plan for altering the whole of it, with a number of finished drawings, and a beautiful view of the south front; he may very probably say, 'Many thanks, my good sir; but a few years ago, at great expense and at much trouble, I had my house completely repaired; it has been greatly enlarged—new rooms have been added; for two years I could hardly sleep for the noise of the workmen. If I am to begin again, and make, as you propose, the plan of my house Grecian and not Gothic, I shall not know peace or comfort for the rest of my life; I must decline your obliging offer.' Thus it is with many great as well as minor matters. Thus it is that although many persons think the Roman Catholic Relief Act faulty in some of its provisions, and that the prolix oath it imposes might well be exchanged for a simple oath of allegiance; and although many others are of opinion that the Act has done great mischief, and not fulfilled the expectations held out by its promoters, yet there is no party which proposes to Parliament either the repeal or any considerable alteration of that Act. Thus it is also that no one proposes to pull down Buckingham Palace, or to rebuild Regent-street on a new plan, though many an architect is ready with drawings and elevations to show how he might improve the comfort and increase the beauty both of palace and street."

Electoral districts have had a prominent place in all the representative schemes of Chartism. His lordship thus sums up his ob-

jection to the principle on which they would be based:—"What are the requisites you seek for in a representation of the people? That the wants and the wishes, the interests and the opinions, the intelligence and the virtue of the nation may be fairly, freely, and fully represented. To many a man this may seem a very easy task. He would cut the country into squares, or circles, or oblongs, giving a certain amount of population to each portion, and fixing the franchise as his taste or philosophy might direct. The task would not be accomplished. It will be granted to me, I trust, that the knowledge and the intelligence of those most remarkable for knowledge and intelligence ought to be represented. But it may very well happen that while your division into districts secures representation to landed proprietors, to wealthy manufacturers, to eminent merchants, to busy and active popular leaders, it will exclude the eminent barrister who has given his time and labor to reach the eminence of his profession; the political economist who has neither riches to buy votes nor eloquence to attract them; the gallant officer who is better known to his country's enemies than to the club or committee who furnish candidates for parties and districts. This would be more particularly the case in times of strong popular excitement, when nothing but wealth, local influence, or long-established political character, could weather the storm. The consequences would be serious. The House of Commons, though composed of able and stirring men, would not obtain the respect of the more intelligent part of the country. Men would look in vain for several of those leading counsel in our courts of Law, those distinguished admirals, those gallant generals, those able writers, whose names have given lustre to the House of Commons, and made the eyes of all turn towards it as the repository of what was able, and eminent, and distinguished in law no less than in politics, alike in war, in letters, and in commerce."

The Political Union of Birmingham, amongst other nostrums, had recommended a division of the country into departments, which should contribute members to the House of Commons. Upon the tendency of such a proposition to lower the intellectual standard, and consequently the authoritative weight of the tribunal, Lord John Russell, in the same letter remarks, in the following passage:—"Now, it is a principle not to be neglected, that constitute these assemblies as you may, the display of great talent in debate, the authority of a great name, the lus-

tre of arms, and the weight of long experience, bring with them, in calm and quiet hours, that power of opinion which, according to an Italian author, is "the Queen of the World." Let us examine the elements of which some parts of this opinion consist. In a country such as England now is, there are thousands of men who do not call themselves politicians, but who, nevertheless, are acute political observers. One may be employed all the morning in literary history, another planning a new railway, a third writing to his mercantile correspondents at New York, a fourth arguing a question in a court of law. Yet to all men the newspaper has its attractions, the last debate has been a matter of interest, and it is not because his business lies elsewhere, that the man of speculative or practical ability is the less able to judge of those who discuss and decide on the interest of the nation. To these men, as well as to the people in general, an appeal lies. We can no longer have an awful senate even if we desired it; the reporters in the gallery unveil the mystery of government, and the House of Commons must rely upon its own qualities for maintaining public respect. If then it were found that the whole tone of debate were unworthy of the occasion, that the talent out of the House despises the talent within the House; that men of wit and men of business saw among them the most eminent men of the nation unable or unwilling to sit in the House of Commons, neither its popular will, nor its well-won privileges, nor its mighty authority, would prevent it from sinking in public estimation. But if you add to this that it would have to contend in the presence of, and perhaps in rivalry with, a House of Lords which, according to Mr. Roebuck—no partial witness—has a moral influence in the country, you would expose the House of Commons to a gradual process of sinking, from which it could only rescue itself by some desperate struggles, in the course of which its natural strength and vigor might more easily enable it to pull under water its more favored companions than to keep itself buoyant on the stream. For these reasons, among others, a division into departments seemed to me liable to the greatest possible objections."

He then proceeds to criticise the objections of those who were discontented with the Reform Bill because it did not go far enough, and because it did not fulfill expectations never contemplated by its authors: "But it is said that all things are liable to change; that no human measure is final; that no supposed



engagement ought to stand in the way of the interests and desires of the people. To all this I can readily agree; as readily as the Welsh curate, when he found his cassock out at elbows, consoled himself with reflecting on the revolutions of empire and the mutability of the world. A great deal of commonplace is thrown away in proving what nobody disputes; the question remains, is it necessary for the good of the people to begin anew the task of reforming the representation of the people? The only proof that has yet been given of such necessity is the loudness of complaint. But let us mark from whom this complaint proceeds, how it arises, and to what it tends. Much of this sullenness against the Reform Bill, if not the greater part, arises from those who never were satisfied with its provisions, and only looked upon it as the precedent and promise of future change. They are consistent in their desire for a new Reform Bill, though hardly candid in declaring their disappointment at results which they always expected. Another portion of the discontented consists of those who looked upon the Reform Bill as the epoch of the triumph of the liberal party and the extinction of their adversaries. I never entertained such partial expectations nor such unjust desires. In scanning the general scope of the Bill with Lord Althorp, we always concluded that the Tory party were a party too deeply rooted in the property of the country to be thus destroyed, and that when the warmth of enthusiasm for reform should somewhat subside, they would have as fair a prospect as any party of obtaining a majority in the reformed House of Commons. We endeavored to deprive the Tories of their undue power to overbear the opinion of the nation, not to proscribe them, should the national voice be raised in their favor. A third class of the discontented, and a very numerous one, consists of those who expected from reform what reform could not accomplish. I am no believer in the doctrine,—

How small of all the ills that men endure,  
The part that kings or laws can cause or cure.

I think, on the contrary, that many social and moral evils are to be attributed to the institutions of government and the laws by which a government is ruled. But laws and institutions must act gradually and generally in order to be beneficial. I have seen a popular assembly decree a democratic constitution which did not give any man a larger

share of liberty or security than he had before enjoyed under an arbitrary king. Habits must be changed; laws must be respected as well as enacted; the minds of men must be engaged to a willing conformity with the new order of the State."

His lordship tersely expresses his objection to a new and more liberal reading of the principle which governed the Reform Act. "Let it be remembered," he says, "that the enthusiasm in favor of the Reform Bill extended to all classes, agricultural, mercantile, and manufacturing. The necessity for a change is urged very much on the ground that a repeal of the Corn Law might thereby be obtained. But the very cry which is your strength with one part of the country will be your weakness with another. It is as if a quack should invite every one to take a specific against drowsiness. A drowsy man might be induced to buy; but the patient who suffered from sleepless nights would throw physic to the dogs. But supposing a new enthusiasm could be awakened, I am not ready to stir the caldron from which so potent a charm could be extracted." And he proceeds to enlarge upon his objection. "Of the working classes," he remarks, "who have declared their adherence to what is called the People's Charter, but few care for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, or annual parliaments. The greater part feel the hardship of their social condition; they complain of their hard toil and insufficient wages, and imagine that Mr. Oastler or Mr. Fielden will lead them to a happy valley, where their labors will be light and their wages high. They know not the general laws by which profit and wages are regulated. They conceive that the tyranny of the rich is the cause of their depressed condition. A new Reform Bill, whether the suffrage were household or universal, would do nothing towards the cure of evils which belong to a populous country and varying employment. But the excitement of a new change; the passions again raised; the House of Commons again in the furnace to be melted in a new mould; the people again in a temper which burst out in flames in Nottingham and Bristol, would go far to shake the stability of property, and make law the servant of disorder. The happy consummation of a laboring class toiling little and earning much would be further off than ever; the security to be enjoyed in Germany or Switzerland would attract capital and diminish employment at home; the deluded might indeed awake from their dream at length, but too late for their peace."



Pronouncing against the ballot, as inapplicable to our present representative system, he observes:—"I believe if ballot could be made effectual those who have no votes would be far more discontented than they now are. Ballot is suited to an absolute government of the few, or a free government where the suffrage is universal. The absolute aristocracy of Venice used it in its perfection; the people of the United States use it—it accords with their principle, 'that the majority is to govern.' The will of the people of the United States is supreme; it has no check; and every one shares in the sovereignty. But for the middle classes of this country to pretend to an irresponsible and secret power over the destinies of the country, would be, as the *Morning Chronicle* says, *an unendurable anomaly*." The noble lord concludes his letter with the following plea in favor of the Reform Act:—"It is for you to ponder seriously, in the spirit of that true Whiggism which has always animated you, on the dangers of the time, and the means by which they may be averted. I am persuaded you will not think of lifting the anchor of the monarchy while the signs of a storm are black in the horizon. I am convinced that you will not, in a moment of disappointment, deface the work which you have made. Great changes in law and government often make themselves more felt as the distance of time at which they were established becomes more remote. Who can doubt that the subjects of George III. enjoyed more fully the benefits of the Habeas Corpus Act than our ancestors did seven years after its enactment? I trust, therefore, you will persevere in upholding the Reform Act, and seek to derive from it its sure and useful results, rather than to exhibit to the world a new warning against popular reforms, and give a new argument to the enemies of all popular institutions."

We have drawn somewhat largely on this important State document, because, even more than the celebrated Tamworth manifesto of Sir Robert Peel, it embodied a declaration of principles and a key to character. The same leading idea, that of the necessity for moderation in reform, is to be found in it as in the earlier and later speeches of Lord John Russell, and in his political conduct throughout his career. In it, also, he is expressing his real sentiments, uninfluenced by those necessities of party warfare which sometimes prevail in debate; and it is also important, as having first contributed to cement the union between the noble lord and his ultra support-

ers, which lasted, with more or less cordiality, till the year 1851.

The death of Lord Althorp led to events presenting Lord John Russell in a light different from that in which he had hitherto appeared. Although prominent in the public eye, and eminent in the House of Commons from the evidences he had given of superior ability as a debater, Lord John Russell as yet held only a rank by comparison subordinate in the family hierarchy of the Whigs. At the same time, by common consent, he was designated as the man on whom ought to fall the mantle of the leadership, whenever yielded by its then possessor. Lord Althorp's death, and the dismissal of Lord Melbourne from office, led to this long foreseen result. Sir Robert Peel, when at last he met the new Parliament, in the early days of 1835, found in Lord John Russell his future antagonist,—a man strong in the hereditary allegiance of his party, strong in the sincerity with which he had maintained, in adversity, the principles to which his rival only now gave a grudging assent, from political reasons; above all, strong in the possession of debating powers, which, if they were not of the magnificent order of those soon developed in Sir Robert Peel, were at least formidable, from their combination of earnestness of purpose with adroitness of tactics. Lord John Russell is not to be held responsible for the whole of the policy of the Whig party at this epoch, because Lord Melbourne was still its nominal chief. It is, therefore, needless to enter into the question whether the "appropriation clause" was or was not a wanton agitation of the public mind, adopted for party purposes, to rally the various sections of the Liberal party round the Whigs, and secure the Irish alliance, and, at the same time, to warn the Church of what it might expect if it continued to give the Tories so active a support. Accepting the tactics of his party, Lord John Russell, as leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, merited the praise of having carried them out with consummate skill and perseverance, and, even in his most striking moments of stimulated violence, keeping his judgment clear, never committing himself beyond the point of prudence, or to an extent that would embarrass himself or his party if restored to office. A short but memorable campaign sufficed to drive Sir Robert Peel, though covered with honor, from the helm; and Lord John Russell returned to the Treasury benches, no longer as a subordinate, but as Secretary of State for the

Home Department, and leader of the House of Commons.

A far more difficult task was now before him than any he had yet undertaken. The appropriation clause and the Irish alliance had restored the Whigs to power: the same topics furnished their adversaries with the materials for their assaults on the replaced Government. The endurance of Lord John Russell was sorely tried in the interval between his appointment as Home Secretary, in April, 1835, and the resignation of the Ministry of which he formed a part, in September, 1841. In 1839, a slight change took place in his official position, when he exchanged the Home Secretaryship for the more arduous post of Secretary for the Colonies; but he still retained throughout his leadership of the House of Commons. Regarding him in this point of view, it must be admitted that, if Sir Robert Peel's management of the opposition was a masterpiece of strategic skill, so Lord John Russell defended his position with a combined firmness and adroitness that until then had not been exhibited in the House of Commons. It is comparatively easy to lead an Opposition on some broad principle of policy, when success depends on persevering advocacy, gradually wearing out obstruction and influencing public opinion. It is, by comparison, equally easy to conduct the course of a Government whose principle is resistance and whose argument is a majority. Such were not the relative positions of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell between 1835 and 1841. Lord John Russell honestly desired to give to the people the fruits of the Reform Bill; but he was compelled to halt between two extremes of opinion—between the demands of the theorists for organic changes, and the more aristocratic tendencies of his own immediate party. Thus his measures were scarcely ever cordially supported even by his own followers, because they appeared too rash for the one class, too temporising for the other. In face of him was a powerful minority, headed by the most astute and reserved of tacticians, who brought forward no distinct propositions himself, which could have rallied his antagonists, but confined his manœuvring to a harassing warfare, compounded of appeals to the Protestant feeling of the country against the Irish alliance, and of a perpetual running-fire of ridicule at the inadequacy of the Government measures to meet the demands of the Radical portion of the Whig-Radical coalition. It is obvious, *that while Lord John Russell was engaged*

in a strife of this kind, he could not enjoy many opportunities of stamping the character of his mind on the legislation of the time. He was, in truth, by his constant although baffled efforts, and his careful and frequent enunciation of the principles of moderate and constitutional reform, preparing the public mind for the greater legislative changes that were afterwards to be carried by his rival; and it would be a great ingratitude in the public if, in their thankfulness to Sir Robert Peel for his liberal measures between 1841 and 1846, they were to overlook the share of Lord John Russell in their accomplishment. If, as a tactician, Sir Robert Peel ultimately overcome Lord John Russell, it was by the abandonment of principles which he was supposed to share with his party. To Lord John Russell must be conceded the merit of an honorable consistency, only modified from time to time, as the public became more prepared to accept measures of a liberal character; and he received the reward of that consistency when he was by common consent called to power in 1846, on the sacrifice of Sir Robert Peel to the revenge of a portion of his own followers. Still, shackled though Lord John Russell was during the period to which we refer, his name as Leader of the House of Commons is associated with many most valuable measures.

It is the pride of Lord John Russell, that his public exertions have been made in the development and enforcement of the principles of his party. His name, as a member of the Whig Ministry, had already been associated with those legislative acts which he claims to have regarded as the fruits of Reform; with the measures for the reduction and reform of the Irish Church; the abolition of slavery in our colonies; the opening of the China trade; the reform of the poor laws; the opening to popular control of municipal corporations; the removal of the restrictions on dissenters' marriages; the Tithe Commutation Act; the improvement of the criminal code; the Irish Tithe Commutation Act; the Irish poor law; and a host of minor measures. Many of these were proposed and defended by Lord John Russell himself, (being substantially his own,) as Leader of the House of Commons, and all received the advantage of his eloquent support. As the Whigs gradually shrank before their opponents, their power of passing measures materially diminished.

At length, the issue was raised that was to terminate this protracted and unsatisfac-

tory struggle. Lord John Russell determined to propose a small fixed duty on corn, while Sir Robert Peel rallied his followers round the "sliding scale." The first was not proposed, according to a modern theory, as a revenue duty; so that the question was between degrees of protection. Lord John Russell had in the meantime wearied his more impatient followers by the moderation of his views on various questions of reform. They did not inquire why they lost confidence in him, but they had lost it; and the result was the final triumph of Sir Robert Peel, and his installation, for the second time, as Prime Minister. Throughout the struggle, Lord John Russell had been compelled to stand on the defensive, his time and faculties consumed in cheering and rallying his discontented followers.

Once more in opposition, Lord John Russell might have been expected to advance in popularity. The strange fatality attending his later political career pursued him, and precluded his success. Sir Robert Peel had been but a short time in power when he began to disclose his liberal purposes. Perhaps Lord John Russell ought to have expected a new recantation, and to have anticipated its consequences by initiating the measures contemplated by his rival. Perhaps, too, if he had done so, his rival would have arrayed against him all the obstructive strength of the opposition, and thus equally have defeated him. In that case, Lord John Russell would have been pronounced to have been "rash," as, because he did not thus advance his lines, he was reviled by inconsiderate followers as having been "timid." He was weakened by internal distraction while overborne by the superior force of the enemy. Beyond question his low fixed duty was a wise proposition; but it was too wise for the rampant agriculturists of the day; nor was the country at large yet prepared for total and unconditional repeal of the Corn Laws. Unable, therefore, to bring forward an adequate proposition of his own, all that Lord John Russell could do was to carp and cavil, criticise and condemn. When he described Sir Robert Peel's mystifying "sliding scale" as "disturbing, but failing to settle," he aimed at it a keen truth, but not a deadly one. Such shafts could make no impression on Sir Robert Peel's enormous majority. The popularity, too, of the large scheme of taxation propounded by the new Premier crippled and baffled the leader of the opposition, who thus saw another favorite principle of his party and their allies

adopted by the enemy. He could not appeal to popular sympathy, because at each new turn his rival was then beforehand with him; he could not fall back on the more aristocratic principles of his party, because that would be to retrograde. Sir Robert Peel, so to speak, outbid him on every question—even with those much maligned Irish Catholics, the alleged disgrace of whose alliance had been used as a lever to work the downfall of his party. The most severe critics of the public conduct of Lord John Russell will give him credit for the magnanimity he displayed towards his rival, under most annoying and provoking circumstances. His own prophetic spirit—reasoning on the conduct of Sir Robert Peel with respect to the Test and Corporation Acts, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform (in the Tamworth manifesto)—pointed out to him the probability that the Tory chief had really become a convert to Whig principles, and was about to filch away from them the popularity due to their past efforts in the cause of good government. Yet, in place of upbraiding the chief Minister with his inconsistency, he very nobly gave him credit for the liberalism he displayed, and lent him support at moments when a large portion of his own party revolted. At the opening of the session of 1844, it is true, Lord John Russell, in discharge of his duty as leader of the opposition, did make a grand assault on the Ministry; but the enormous majority they obtained, after a nine days' debate, afforded the best justification of his previous moderation. As a general rule, Lord John Russell adopted a different tone, and did really more effectually serve the cause of liberalism by letting Sir Robert Peel do its work, than if by striving to oust Sir Robert Peel he had once more placed him at the head of an obstructive opposition. For such conduct he gains no credit from the majority of the Liberal party, who ever clamor most for him who promises most. When at last the great crisis of 1846 came, Lord John Russell was quite equal to the demands of the occasion. Whether he had knowledge of Sir Robert Peel's intention to repeal the Corn Laws does not appear; but on the 22d of November, 1845, he being then at Edinburgh, he addressed a letter to the electors of London, in which he proclaimed his abandonment of a fixed duty, and his adhesion to the principle of total repeal. No one could say that here he was behind the time; and whatever merit may be due to Sir Robert Peel for courage, foresight, and enlarged statesmanship in resolv-



ing to abolish protective duties on food, is at least equally due to Lord John Russell for having at the same time accurately scanned the difficulty, and for having resolved on that policy. On this occasion, he was in turn treated with magnanimity by Sir Robert Peel. That statesman, feeling how great a political immorality appeared to be involved in his change of principle and opinion, tendered his resignation. When, subsequently, Lord John Russell, having been recommended by him to her Majesty, could not form his administration, and Sir Robert Peel resumed the reins, Lord John Russell, as the long-tried leader of the Free-trade party, gave him a cordial and honorable support, so long as such support was necessary to the passing of the Corn Bill.

At last came the reward of a long and honorable service. The mover of the Reform Bill was First Minister of the Crown, at the head of a party of Reformers, from whose path the greatest difficulties had been removed.

To a man like Lord John Russell, deeply imbued with a reverence for the Constitution, and a desire to attain by gradual means the benefits which the Reform Act had been intended to prepare, his new position was one of extreme difficulty. A more rash man would eagerly have exercised his newly-found power: a less morally courageous man would have attempted re-action, after a crisis precipitated by a violent, though a peaceful popular revolution. The instincts of an aristocrat, and the very constitution of his party, would naturally impel him towards the latter alternative. As it was, he adopted a course dictated by prudence and by his temperament. The schism between the Derby-Bentinck-Disraeli section of the old Tory party and those who still followed Sir Robert Peel, left to Lord John Russell a vast power; and he was vehemently urged by the Radicals to use it. Seemingly, he thought, in the spirit of the Stroud letter, that quite enough had been done for the present; or, to use his own neat and characteristic phrase—that “the country could not afford a revolution every year.” So long as Sir Robert Peel lived, he was by him supported in this wise policy; and it is more than possible that the country at large felt that Lord John Russell’s homœopathic doses were as much as the patient would bear. Then came, too, the great European convulsions of 1848; the Irish bubble-rebellion—all witnessed with indifference or aversion by those classes of the people who had formerly sympathized

with continental revolutions. Proofs these were that England was content at present with what she had. The repeal of the Navigation Laws was delayed as long as possible, in the hope that the “interests” threatened would profit by the warning and escape the storm: in like manner the question of the Sugar Duties was dealt with cautiously and tenderly, because it was felt to be exceptional. These works done, and Sir Robert Peel gone from the scene, the political atmosphere began to grow too troubled for Lord John Russell’s delicate steering. The ultras of his own party began to clamor for more organic reform; while the Tories, under the skilful guidance of Mr. Disraeli, grew in confidence and strength.

If moderation, firmness, and a sense of political justice, be elements necessary to the character of a statesman, Lord John Russell ought to rank high in virtue of his possessing them. We have seen, from his “Stroud Letter,” what he thought about further Parliamentary Reform; and from his having inserted in a royal speech an acknowledgment of the distresses of the agriculturists, he seems to have proclaimed his conviction, that although the principle of Free-trade ought not to be touched, there was yet something in the plea urged by Mr. Disraeli, that if there was anything one-sided in the legislation of 1846, justice required that the balance should be restored. The extreme and more violent section of his own party, not having on them the responsibilities of statesmanship, could see in his hesitation in the one case and his equity in the other, nothing worthier than incapacity, timidity, want of grasp, or worse, the treachery of an aristocrat to the cause of the people. These things were murmured, not spoken aloud. Meanwhile, Lord John Russell was the first to recognize in Mr. Disraeli that parliamentary and tactical ability which proclaimed him fit to lead the Opposition; and feeling in all probability the growing strength of that Opposition, he sought from time to time, but in vain, to propitiate the remaining followers of Sir Robert Peel. At length he was forced into propounding a new Reform Bill; but his ideas of the necessary differed so wholly from those of the Radicals, eager to consummate their victory over the landed interest, that the still-born offspring of his coy consent was left a prey to the merciless on both sides. Had his own followers acted with more moderation, or his opponents with more forbearance, it is possible that this measure might, as an instalment, have satisfied even



who think that the middle classes have much electoral power, and the upper and lower too little; and that bribery and nomination can only be expelled from our representative system by widening its basis. One thing is quite clear, that Lord John Russell derived no credit for his good intentions, and his opinion was denied the weight it ought to have derived from his experience, from a more than thirty years' service in the cause of parliamentary reform.

As we near the close of these remarks, we touch, though slightly, on a subject of importance,—Lord John Russell's conduct on "Papal aggression," and his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Durham. This letter contained aspersions on the religious ceremonies of others,—it matters not whether on those of the Catholics, as they were, or affect to believe, or on those of Unitarians, according to a different and, we believe, an authoritative explanation. By such must that letter be admitted to have been a most unstatesmanlike document; but, on the other hand, the object of Cardinal Manning, whether desirable for the country or not, could only be attained by a defiance of the virtual repeal or abeyance of the most important statutes. A great constitutional question was raised; and what might be the decision of the nation, Lord John Russell, as the trustee of the hereditary principles of the great historical Whigs, felt bound to meet it. Having had experience of Catholic alliances, perhaps he might have arrived at the conclusion that a more mild might be the form of attack, Protestant institutions of the country at stake; and it is possible that he might have felt it his duty, as an old champion of civil and religious liberty, to put the Protestants on their guard. Without going to push this question further, it is necessary to place before the reader its "other side" so far as it may throw a light on the character of Lord John Russell. In like manner the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill may have been made weak from a disinclination even to persecute, and in a lingering belief that

a demonstration of the resolution of the public would prevent further encroachments. At all events, such an interpretation would be in accordance with Lord John Russell's previous career. With respect, also, to the Palmerston question—of too recent occurrence to require examination—it may be urged for Lord John Russell that he might consider the bellicose tendencies of the ex-Secretary dangerous to his party, while his insubordination or assumption of separate and independent authority were clearly disrespectful to himself. In the other recent movements of Lord John Russell, we think may be detected,—first, a desire to deprive the Protectionist minority of their sole bond of union, by compelling a recantation, and next to close up the ranks of the pure Whigs, thus keeping men and principles as a political power or force independent of rival pretenders, whether Liberal-Conservatives or Radicals.

If Lord John Russell has sometimes too cautiously picked his steps, he has ever sought to walk in the light of the Constitution. If he has failed to present himself in strong historical contrast, like Sir Robert Peel, we must not forget that to his patient, persevering patriotic exertions is owing the state of the public mind which permitted that statesman to carry his measures, and that to his self-sacrifice and love of the public good the nation are indebted for the peaceful manner of their enactment. The melo-dramatic performer will often attract more temporary applause than he who obeys the rules of art, and leaves a model of character. The "rashness" of Lord John Russell has always been more in words than in deeds; and if his language is sometimes bolder than his acts, we must remember that statesmanship is a science and party-management a craft. Without blinding one's self to the great demerits of the Whig leader, there is yet much in his career to prove that he is animated by a noble sense of duty; nor can his pretensions, his experience, his sagacity, his disinterestedness, be safely disregarded at a time when events have led to a glaring and almost universal inconsistency in public men.

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Among the Governments of Continental Europe, only a portion of the Ottoman empire can, strictly speaking, be included.

But the events which have occurred during the present century in connection with the government of the Sublime Porte; the intrigues of one great northern power, the emperor of which is also the supreme head of the Greek Church, and the worship of which Church is the religion of the modern kingdom of Greece, lately dismembered from the Ottoman empire and of the Danubian vassal provinces of the Sultan; and, further, the intrigues and influence of the court of Vienna and of the present ruler of France, who, with the Emperor of Austria, may be considered the real supporters of the Church of Rome; together with the circumstances connected with, and the effects which may be produced by, the negotiations respecting the loan recently contracted for by the Porte—must all render the government and power of the Sultan, Kaliph, or Pontiff of Islamism, of great interest to the British public in the present state of all Europe.

The Ottoman empire, including Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and the other tributary states of Africa and Asia, possesses in the highest degree all the natural elements of wealth and power—all the advantages of fine climates, rich soils, and the most convenient and commanding geographical position.

Before the revolution and independence of Greece, Turkey in Europe had for nearly two-thirds of her boundary a maritime coast, abounding with excellent sea-ports. The conquest of the Crimea by, and the cession of Bessarabia and a part of Moldavia to Russia, have greatly reduced the limits of her empire in Europe. The almost independent sovereignty of the late Ali Pacha over Egypt, and until 1841 over Syria; the Arabians having for a long time scarcely acknowledged the Sultan, even as the Kaliph or as the head of their religion; the French possessing Algiers; and the mere payment of a tribute only being acknowledged by the other states

of Barbary—have almost annihilated the Ottoman power in Africa, and greatly diminished his jurisdiction in Asia.

Turkey in Europe (extending from 38 degrees 25 minutes to 48 degrees 20 minutes north latitude, and from 15 degrees 10 minutes to 29 degrees 50 minutes east longitude) has, with a soil in most parts remarkably fertile, a highly-favored climate, which ripens in perfection the vine, olive, maize, wheat, and rice; most culinary vegetables, delicious fruits, tobacco, flax, hemp; the mulberry; the *cistus creticus*, which produces the gum laudanum, the *astragalus tragacantha* and *astragalus creticus* (both which yield the gum tragacanth of commerce); the *pistacia lentiscus* and *pistacia terebinthus*, yielding the gum mastic and terebinth of commerce; and, in the southern provinces, the sugar-cane and cotton-tree. Excellent durable timber for ship-building, and other wood for useful and ornamental purposes, are also abundant in many parts. To these may be added rich pasturages for horses, horned cattle, and sheep, plenty of fish along the coast and in the rivers, wild animals and game in the forests, and the abundance, from the little trouble of rearing bees, of honey, with a variety of the most useful minerals; and the admirable position of European Turkey. By justly estimating these elements, we may have a general idea of the great natural resources and elements of wealth and power which the Sultan possesses even in Europe.

Gold, silver, tin, lead, iron, salt, marble, (the latter very fine, and chiefly in Albania,) and coal in transition strata, are all found. The horses of Albania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, are much renowned; which, with horned cattle, sheep, and goats, form the principal riches of the inhabitants.

The physical aspect of European Turkey is exceedingly diversified with arms of the sea, islands, rivers, mountains, valleys, and woods. It presents the fertile plains or valleys of Roumelia, or Romania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia, separated by the Balkan-Dag, Argentine, and Despoto chains of

mountains, which intersect the country from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, and the low plains of Moldavia and Wallachia, to the north of the Danube, west of the Eastern Alps, and south of the Carpathian Mountains.

The advantages of the Danube—so admirably, with its numerous tributaries, adapted for internal navigation—ought to have been of incalculable value and importance; but, by a recent and unfortunate treaty, Austria has madly placed the navigation of this magnificent river under the power of Russia. The Maritza is the only large river falling into the Archipelago, but there are several other considerable streams flowing through Roumelia. The Maritza flows from the Despoto-Dag (mountain), receiving numerous streams, some of which rise in the Balkan, and watering and draining fertile plains until it falls into the Ægean. The cities of Phillipolis, Adrianople, and several others, stood near its banks, along which, and in valleys and hills, oak, elm, fir, and other timber abounds.

It is navigable for long flat vessels of 250 tons, as far as Adrianople, except during the dry season; but always as far up as Demotica, about sixty miles from the sea. The Varda and several other streams water or drain the valley or valleys extending from the Gulf of Salonica, north to the Despoto-Dag, and west to the alpine range which separates Herzegovena, Montenegro, and Albania, from Macedonia and Roumelia.

The Morava, Mirza, and numerous other rivers flow down from the Alps and Balkan into the Danube, and several large streams flowing through Albania and Montenegro fall into the Adriatic. Every part of Turkey in Europe is abundantly watered. It has few lakes; that of Oehrida, Scutari, Yanena, Abbenia, and one or two in Boleyocia, are the principal.

Were we to include Arabia, the Sultan's dominions in Asia would extend from the Black Sea, south to the Persian Gulf, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean; a region of far greater surface than the British possessions and dependencies in India. His power, however, may be considered as completely overthrown in Arabia, where he has long been acknowledged only as the head of the Mohamedan religion, much in the same way as the Pope of Rome is looked up to by the Catholics of Switzerland or Germany. Even this acknowledgment ceases on his losing possession of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. The Ottoman empire, still of vast magnitude, must be considered as only including Asia Minor, traversed by the Taurus

mountains; Syria, in which is the lofty range of Lebanon; Armenia, over which rise the ramifications of the Caucasus and Taurus; the lower basins of the Euphrates and Tigris, which inclose the regions of Kurdistan, a mountainous country bordering on Persia, El-djezirech and the fertile plain of Irak-Araby.

The races of inhabitants under the present and *ci-devant* Ottoman empire are numerous, and no greater error can be entertained than to consider all those who profess the Mohamedan religion Turks. The absence of official returns, the internal dissensions, and the plague, cholera, &c., leave us no data on which we can rely with confidence in respect to the population.

The superficies and population of the Turkish empire are by Balbi and various authors compiled as follows:

|                                                                  | English square miles. | Population. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| Turkey in Europe.....                                            | 139,000               | 7,100,000   |
| Servia .....                                                     | 12,000                | 380,000     |
| Wallachia .....                                                  | 28,700                | 970,000     |
| Moldavia .....                                                   | 15,100                | 450,000     |
| Arabia .....                                                     | 410,000               | 12,000,000  |
| Asia Minor and Syria ....                                        | 211,000               | 10,500,000  |
| Egypt, including part of the Arab country and 100,000 Arabs..... | 489,000               | 3,100,000   |
| Total                                                            | 1,304,800             | 34,500,000  |

The Koran forms not only the religious but the civil and political code of the Ottoman empire; and the Sultan, being regarded as the successor of the ancient Caliphs, is invested thereby with absolute power. The Sultan has not, at least for the last two centuries, personally exercised the authorities with which he is empowered, but has two lieutenants, who are supposed to represent him.\*

The first, or Mufti (Sheik-ul-Islam), is chief of the ministers of religion and law, who are named Oulemas, or learned men. He is chief interpreter of the Koran, gives legal opinions (*fetwa*) to the Sultan, and nominates to places in religion and law. Those of religion have, however, been all subordinate to the civil authorities; but the Mufti, or Sheik-ul-Islam, seems to have, with his Oulemas, an extraordinary ascendancy over the more liberal and civil functionaries,

\* The late Sultan Mahmoud and his two sons were the only male remnants of this ancient line, with the existence of which the Turks believe their nation to be identified. The present Sultan Medjid has a numerous progeny by his many wives. His brother, Abdul-Azziz, is considered a bold and ambitious young man.

many of whom have been displaced by his advice.

The second, or Grand Vizier, directs the civil and military government. Under the late Sultan, the place of Grand Vizier was held by the sovereign. The present Sultan has restored the office.

Under the orders of these two great dignitaries are all the functionaries of the empire. The other ministers are the Reis Effendi, for foreign affairs; Ifterdar, for interior affairs, finance, and trade; Seraskier, commander-in-chief of the army; Capitan Pacha, or admiral of the fleet. Those most intrusted in the administrative affairs are the pachas.

The word pacha, or bashaw, is of Turkish origin, and signifies chief. It is equally the title of the Grand Vizier and of the Capitan Pacha; but the title is more general in its application to the governors of provinces. Of these there are three classes, regulated according to the extent of country committed to their jurisdiction; and they receive as an emblem of authority a queue or tail of horse-hair, suspended at the end of a pike, terminated by a gilded pommel. The pachas of the first rank have three tails, those of the second two, and those of the third one. The usage of these tails is of Tartaric origin.

The assemblage of the Grand Vizier, Mufti, Capitan Pacha, Reis Effendi, and all the administrative chiefs in council, form the supreme council of the empire or divan: this word is of Arabic origin, and signifies assembly.

The government divides the subjects of the Sultan into two distinct classes—viz., Mussulmans, who pretend to represent the original conquerors; and those not Mussulmans, as Christians, Jews and Pagans, who are considered to represent the conquered. The subjects not Mussulmans are called by the general name of Rayas, an Arab word which signifies flock. The law has always placed them beneath the Mussulmans. They have, however, enjoyed, and still retain, certain privileges; for example, in localities where they are numerous they form a community, presided over by one of themselves, called Primate.

Slavery, as it existed at all times in the East, prevails extensively in all Mussulman countries. It is, however, an admitted principle that a free-born Mussulman cannot be a slave, although in political liberty all, even the Sultan, may be considered little more than *in bondage*. A slave on embracing Islam-

ism is usually emancipated. The Turks, as well as Asiatics in general, have always slaves of both sexes, either to relieve themselves from all laborious functions or to gratify sensuality. There is hardly a Mussulman who can afford the expense that has not a female slave to partake of his bed, and some have ten, and even more. This Eastern indulgence is even common in those countries both to Christians and Jews. Slaves in Turkey are either persons born in that condition or individuals taken in war, or frequently children who are bought from their unnatural parents. The number of slaves is supposed to diminish; for the Ottoman Government has for some time observed great humanity towards prisoners of war. Georgia, formerly a favorite market for purchasing young girls, being now in the power of Russia, the latter presents obstacles to Georgian parents selling their children. Beautiful Circassian girls (though with difficulty, on account of the Russian frontier) are still purchased, and carried for sale to Constantinople. Slaves while in bondage have no civil rights, but they have sometimes become Pachas and Grand Viziers.

Sudden elevations to power, and as sudden disgrace and assassination, have always been frequent in the history of the Ottoman Government. Birth confers no privilege or rank, except in the family of the Sultan. All other Mussulmans are equal in the religion of the Koran, and all Rayas are inferior.

The Ottoman empire, in its vast augmentation by successive conquests, did not establish its general government in all the conquered states. The Krimea, Transylvania, the regencies of Tunis, Tripoli and Algiers, retained their particular governments: several even, on receiving the governor named by the Sultan, insisted on distinct local institutions. Bosnia is still divided into hereditary Capitanships, in which the Titulars united in corps represent the country. There are some provinces where there are still feudal or lordly families whose power has existed for several centuries, and who have always maintained their possessions. The Ghaurini family have possessed, since 1427, several villages in Macedonia. A part of the neighboring country of Angora, in Asia Minor, appertains to the family of Tchapan-Oglon; and a section of the country of Pergama to that of Kara-Osma-Oglon. Several towns are the property of certain dignitaries: for example, the illustrious Athens formed a fief attached to the office of the chief of the eunuchs of the seraglio.



The Sultans anciently exercised their authority personally, and marched at the head of their armies ; but for the last two centuries the princes of the Ottoman family have been confined by the sovereign to the seraglio, without intermeddling or officiating in affairs of state ; so that when they succeeded to power they found themselves strangers to all the details of government ; and consequently all affairs have been conducted by viziers and other ministers, while the Sultans have lived amidst their women and eunuchs.

The governors of provinces, especially those distant from the seat of the empire, have always taken extensive advantage of the negligence of their sovereign. Places were and are bought with money ; and the governors, being invested with the civil and military authority, not only amass great treasures, but sometimes make war between themselves, as between enemies. When the late Sultan Mahmoud II. became sultan in 1808, the vast government of Bagdad had been more than fifty years in the hands of pachas, who had bequeathed it from one to the other. The famous Ali Pacha of Janina, not being content with having obtained for his son the government of a part of Greece proper, conquered several towns of Albania, which he added to his pachalic.

The municipal institutions of Turkey have been greatly extolled. Those local governments are no doubt among the best in the empire, as far as they are elective and have the power to assess the taxes which the communities are compelled to levy ; but as far as our information goes, their merits have been greatly overrated ; they are signalized quite as much by mismanagement and oppression as by wisdom and justice.

One of the principal causes of weakness in the Ottoman Government, and of the anarchy which prevailed in the administration, was the insubordination and arrogance of the Janizaries.

The Janizaries, created in the 14th century, were named from two Turkish words, which signify new troops. They were at first chosen from among young Christian prisoners taken in Bosnia, Albania and Bulgaria, the natives of which were naturally robust and martial. It was decreed that they should not marry, be constantly under arms, and that they should at all times be under the absolute orders of the Sultan. When Europe had no permanent standing armies, the Janizaries were greatly superior to troops suddenly raised. The Janizary had numerous privileges, and the revenues of

very considerable estates were assigned to this dangerous force. The first people in Turkey were soon eager to have their favorites admitted into that privileged corps, and the rank of Janizary became in time hereditary.

Meanwhile Europe formed regular armies, and from that time the Janizaries were generally unable to compete with the Christian forces.

The Sultans, at divers epochs, attempted to replace the Janizaries by more docile troops ; but abuses had so long taken root among his subjects, that individuals of all classes opposed the Sultan, several of whom were strangled by the Janizaries.

The late sovereign, on succeeding to power, found his empire in a very dangerous and weak condition. Several of the pachas had rendered themselves nearly independent, and the spirit of anarchy had disordered the greatest part of the population. Terrified by the misfortunes of his predecessors, he at first observed the greatest circumspection. "He conducted himself," observes Balbi, "with mildness to those who were only wavering ; he confirmed or opposed one to the other of those who were not in a state to destroy his power. Towards those who seemed untractable, he had recourse to the Oriental policy : the poignard, the prison, or the cordon. Ali Pacha of Janina, who did not dissimulate his projects of independence, was exterminated with his family ; and Albania was subjected to the laws of the empire."

During the war against Greece, 1826, the Janizaries became turbulent, and the Sultan resolved to abolish the institution altogether ; and he previously massacred all those suspected to resist. At Constantinople more than 20,000 men were shot, burnt or drowned. In imitation of what had then been successfully attempted in Egypt, standing regular troops were then enrolled.

By the treaty of the 14th September, 1829, the Russians have been acknowledged masters of Anapa, and of all the north coast of the Black Sea, from the mouth of the Danube to that of Batoumi ; also of the strongholds of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Silistria, until the Sultan had discharged the stipulated contributions. Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, have re-obtained local administrations ; Greece has effected independence, and the Christians of Bulgaria have been allowed the right of submitting their grievances to the Russian consuls. Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, who had accorded to

his son Ibrahim the government of Jedda and a part of Arabia as a recompense for his zeal against the Wahhabites, received the government of the important island of Crete as a compensation for his sacrifices in the Grecian war; finally, the regency of Algiers, which, like Tripoli and Tunis, had by tribute acknowledged the sovereignty of the Sultan, has passed under the domination of France. One of the most efficacious measures which the late Sultan has taken to abridge the power of the pachas was the separation of the civil from the military authorities. He also abolished the barbarous privileges of confiscation; the prospect of which frequently led to the innocent condemnation and execution of rich individuals. During the last war, the notables of all the provinces were invited to Constantinople to deliberate on the situation of the empire; a college of medicine and military and naval schools had been founded; and in imitation of the Pacha of Egypt, the Sultan sent to Paris several young Turks to be educated. The military and naval regulations of France have also been translated into Turkish.

By an edict he declared "all his subjects, of whatever religion they may be, and to whatever class they may belong, equal before the law, and subjected to the same code." Difference of religion is declared in this decree "to be an affair of conscience which only concerns God." "Henceforth the magistrate cannot inflict any punishment on the Rayas without the consent of the Primate to which they belong. As to the islands and other places exclusively occupied by Christians, who are still under the immediate authority of the Sultan, the Turkish governors shall be obliged to submit all their acts to the approbation of the Primates. The inhabitants cannot be judged but by their own laws; they shall never be withdrawn from their own natural judges. The inhabitants of the Island of Samos shall not have a Turkish Cadi, (judge or governor) in their island. They shall be free to demand a Greek, their countryman, to govern them. They are also permitted to carry a particular flag, in which may be introduced the cross."

The Ottomans, in their commercial regulations, adopted the extreme reverse of the Spanish fallacies for enriching and aggrandizing a nation. If Spain determined to admit nothing produced by any other country than her own colonies, Turkey seized upon the fanciful idea of becoming rich, prosperous and mighty, by letting nothing go out of, *and letting everything* come freely into, her

dominions: a very acquisitive legislation, truly! Pity for the Turks, its advantageous realization was, and shall ever be, impossible. We must give if we mean honestly to receive; and "buy as well as sell" is a commercial maxim that will forever hold true. It requires little more than a full knowledge of how this maxim is to be judiciously put into practice to legislate for trade or negotiate the best possible treaty of international commerce.

Turkey, therefore, gave up, at least tacitly, as hopeless, receiving all foreign products, and gave none of her own in return, and would not give a temperance pledge to consume none of the goods of other nations. If, however, they gave none of their own products in exchange, they must either give gold or silver, or submit to the antismptuary law of necessity, not to use any of the good things which they desired, but which other countries could supply. The supply of gold and silver was not at any time sufficient to pay for foreign commodities. It was, therefore, either all drained off, or what remained was alloyed or debased so as to be nearly valueless, except in Turkey. The goods of other nations, however, the Turks would have; and the Porte, either negligently or by necessity, abandoned the restrictions upon trade, except by a prohibition of the exportation of corn and other articles of necessary food. On the other hand, the Turkish Government, in tolerance and hospitality, opened her ports and dominions to the people and merchandise of all countries. A moderate tax of three per cent. *ad valorem* on goods, and a small anchorage charge on ships, formed the only tax or restriction imposed on importation and navigation from the days of Solymán the Magnificent to the year 1838, a period of more than 300 years.

By the commercial treaty with England in 1838, all inland duties on commodities within the Turkish dominions were abandoned on the payment of nine per cent. additional on exportation, together with the old three per cent., which was considered the maximum duty on exports; and a duty of three per cent. was also agreed to be imposed on all imports. Other countries share the advantages of this treaty.

Borrowing money being contrary to the injunctions of the Koran, Turkey has no national debt. Yet the whole fiscal system of the Ottomans is vicious. Instead of taxes being equitably and judiciously levied, the pachas and their subordinates impose upon

the towns and villages within the respective pachalics a certain arbitrary amount of taxes, leaving it to the municipalities of each to levy those taxes in such a way as they may deem fit. The irregular mode in which the taxes are raised has always constituted one of the greatest evils, and one of the most perplexing difficulties, of the Turkish Government.

The Muftis and Oulemas have recently revived the Islamic prejudices against borrowing money. The Liberals who had been in the councils of the present Sultan lately received his consent to negotiate a loan. It was effected by Prince Calamaki, the Turkish ambassador at Paris, and caused great excitement among capitalists and stock-jobbers.

But the old Turkish party—the bigoted adherents of Islamism—used this infraction of the doctrines of the Koran to overturn the moderate and Liberal councillors of the Sultan. Russia joined in the intrigue, and with the Oulemas, or priests of Islamism, succeeded in preventing the Sultan ratifying the loan contracted for by Prince Calamaki. France remonstrated, or pretended to remonstrate; the Sultan agreed to pay back the money with interest; but the “*Coming Emperor*,” claiming for himself the title of “*Protector of the Holy Cities in Palestine*,” appears to refrain from insisting that the terms of the loan be executed. The Turkish minister Calamaki, one of the class of Fanaiot Greeks whose families have for centuries been employed by the Porte as public functionaries, has been recalled; and it is determined that no Christian—at all events no Greek—shall henceforward hold any office of trust under the Sultan; but that Mussulmen, and next to them Armenians, are to be employed in both the diplomatic and civil offices of state.

The Armenians, from their subserviency to the Turks, may be considered as half Mussulmans. When Reschid Pacha, one of the most illustrious, intelligent, and liberal of the Turkish statesmen, was removed from the office of Grand Vizier last August, he was succeeded by Ali Pacha, a man of moderate abilities, yet of liberal views, especially with regard to the foreign relations of the Porte. The members of his Cabinet were also chosen from among the most liberal men in the empire. He was favorably disposed towards France; and M. Lavalette, the French minister, acquired an ascendancy over him which alarmed both Russia and Austria. M. Lavalette, on his last returning to Constantinople in a 90-gun ship, was actually allowed to

pass the Dardanelles; and judging it a favorable opportunity, he revived on behalf of Louis Napoleon the old claim of France to the protectorate of the sanctuaries and churches in the Holy Land, grounded on the capitulation of 1604, by which the Latin monks were allowed to reside in Jerusalem, and to officiate in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This privilege was confirmed in 1635 by Murad IV., who gave possession to the French monks of the Grotto of Bethlehem, with the custody of the Stone of Anointing, the leaden dome of the Holy Sepulchre, the vaults of Calvary, and two hills near Bethlehem.

Although those concessions were confirmed by treaties in 1640, 1673, and 1740, they were afterwards disputed, when the Greek Church acquired strength under the protection of Russia, and when, on the burning of the Holy Sepulchre by accident in 1808, it was rebuilt by the Greeks, who excluded the Franks from further occupation.

M. de Lavalette, instructed by Louis Napoleon, demanded in the most absolute form the restoration of those rights to the French religious orders. He included in his demand eight of the most famous places in and near Jerusalem; the tomb of the Virgin, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Church of Bethlehem being the first mentioned. These had been granted by Reschid Pacha, then Grand Vizier; but on the dismissal of Reschid, the Greeks obtained a counter firman favorable to their religious claims.

This occurred when M. de Lavalette was absent in Paris. On his return in the *Charlemagne*, 90 guns, screw line-of-battle-ship, he demanded not only the confirmation of the loan, but also of the exclusive claims granted to the French missions in Palestine.

Russia and Austria secretly opposed his demands; Ali Pacha was dismissed, and his successor, Mahomed Ali Pacha, formerly Minister of Marine, was selected as a man opposed to the reformers, and supported by Russia.

Amidst the conflicting and ambitious views of Russia, Austria, and France, England appears to have been utterly inactive, notwithstanding the vital importance to our navigation and our Oriental trade in maintaining the authority and dignity of the Ottoman Porte. Our relations with Turkey require a man of immeasurably greater sagacity, ability, energy and judgment than the noble lord who now unhappily and unsuccessfully presides over the foreign Department of the Government. And notwithstanding all that

has been said to the disparagement of Lord Palmerston while Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, never did this country stand higher in European estimation, however much he might be hated by the despotic powers of Europe, than when he, as a truly British Minister, discharged the arduous duties of that office.

While we possess our vast Indian empire, and colonies which may well constitute another empire in Australia, the possession of Egypt by a friendly power will always be a question of war or peace for this country. The dismemberment of the Ottoman empire would, in all probability, render a war for the defence of Egypt inevitable on the part of Great Britain, if that vice-royalty were attacked either by France or Russia. No other country would attempt to invade or take possession of Egypt. Under any circumstance England, and not France, and not Russia, nor even Austria, must be the protector of whoever rules over the country, across which there must always be an un-

interrupted passage for all British subjects to and from the British empire in the East.

Looking at the influence of Russia beyond the limits of her own empire in all the countries where the population profess the Greek religion, looking also at the collision of those professing that religion, of which the Emperor is Pontiff, with those belonging to the Romish Church, of which in reality the Emperor of Austria and the "Coming Emperor" of France are the main supporters, with the declining strength of the Turkish Mahomedans, we consider that recent circumstances, coupled with the ill-constructed government of the Ottoman Empire, place the dominions of the Sultan in a state of great insecurity.

We also consider that there never was a time when England, for the safety of her intercourse with India, required more vigilant diplomacy at Constantinople, or a firmer policy in foreign affairs on the part of the British Government.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## WHO WAS JUNIUS?

WE fear that some readers may turn away from these pages with alarm, if not disgust, when they notice the title of the present article. "Tell us who was Junius, indeed! As well pretend to square the circle. As well, and better by a thousand times, revive the old puzzle of the Iron Mask, and affect to settle our opinion thereanent. Better awake the manes of King Jamie, and assume to remove all doubt from the Gowrie conspiracy. Better attempt to assure us about the Kraken, or the Sea-serpent. Better——" But there is no end to the "betters" which may possibly be emitted on this theme. Of this we are fully conscious, and yet venture to ask a hearing in relation to the subject of Junius. Our chief plea or apology is, that, after having wavered for many and many a day, like the whole world, we ourselves have at last come to a clear and definite conclusion respecting old *Nominis Umbra*, that memorable "shadow of a name." Our individual opinion may, indeed, be of

little consequence; but it is still something to have attained to settled views on this point, seeing that the very men who have argued, and written books, on one and another side, have uniformly doubted (if not actually disbelieved) the soundness of their own averments. Every man of them has been at sea, and floundering, plainly and unmistakably.

Proceeding on the principle that every writer of popular literature should start *ab initio*, and consider his readers entirely ignorant of the matter to be discussed, we may, (though here it is stretching the point) state, preliminarily, that "Junius" was the name or signature adopted by a writer, who published, at intervals between 1769 and 1772, a series of Political Letters on the leading questions and men of that day. They appeared in the newspaper called the "Public Advertiser," and attracted immense attention, partly from the high position of the characters assailed (among whom was George III.



himself), and still more from their brilliancy of style, their boldness of tone, and the tremendous severity of the invectives conveyed in them. The letters are still models of that species of writing, though it has since risen to such a point of excellence generally, as would greatly weaken the force of any similar phenomena, if appearing in our day. However, from the monarch to the meanest of his subjects, all men were impressed deeply at the time by the letters of Junius, the mystery attending their authorship adding largely to their influence. It was a mystery at the moment, and remains a puzzle still. Not even the publisher, Woodfall, knew who his correspondent was, or at least not certainly. Yet all the world felt the letters to be the work of no common man. Their most remarkable feature, indeed, was the intimate familiarity with high people and official life which they so clearly evinced. "A traitor in the camp!" was the cry of the leading statesmen of the period. Hence it occurred that almost every person of talent and éminence then living fell, or has since fallen, more or less, under the suspicion of being Junius. But his own words to Woodfall have as yet proved true. "It is not in the nature of things that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known." He adds, that he never will do so. "I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me." If it has not died with him, he, at least, has gone to the grave without its divulgement by himself. But there may still be circumstantial evidence sufficient to betray him, in despite of all his secretive care.

The reader, of course, remembers the twelve years' riddle of the "Great Unknown." How silly all the fuss on that subject appears now! There is no one but sees that Sir Walter Scott must have been the man, simply because no other existing human creature *could* have written the Waverley Novels. Much in the same way, in our humble opinion, will the Junius riddle be ultimately viewed. There lived but one man, in those times, from whom the famous letters could possibly have emanated. *That man was the elder William Pitt, the "great Earl of Chatham."* The mere ability to produce such letters, it may indeed be granted, might lie in others of the epoch, as in Edmund Burke, for example, or perhaps Sir Philip Francis; but for the grand causes of their production, and of the mystery maintained, as well as of other essential circumstances in the business, we can find no perfect solvent reasons, unless we

turn the authorship upon Lord Chatham himself. More especially, in his case only can we discover sufficient grounds for the long-continued *secrecy*, which is, to say the truth, the most important feature of all. The epistles were singularly able ones certainly, and we should scout the idea of ascribing them to any save individuals known to be of singular ability; but the latter half of the eighteenth century was rich in political pens, and, as observed, we might be willing to admit either a Burke or a Francis to have been capable of emitting such compositions. But Burke *disavowed them*, and Francis *would have avowed them*, sooner or later in his life. To find an explanation of the pertinacious concealment, in short, we must cast our glance in another direction; and we shall find no perfect satisfaction unless we rest it on the "Great Commoner," or him once so called.

This may be deemed by some a hasty conclusion, considering the hosts of persons to whom the Letters of Junius have been ascribed. Volumes on volumes, absolutely, have been written in favor of the several claims of Colonel Barré, Edmund Burke, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, Charles Lloyd, Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, Sir William Jones, Richard Glover, John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Horace Walpole, Edward Gibbon, W. G. Hamilton, General Lee, M. de Lolme, Lachlan Maclean, Samuel Dyer, George and James Grenville, Lords Chesterfield, Shelburne, Camden, Ashburton, Temple, and Loughborough, with the Duke of Portland, and several others, all of them men of note or rank. The Earl of Chatham, too, has always had some supporters. Sir Philip Francis, however, and Lord George (afterwards Viscount) Sackville, have more steadily kept the field than any of these foregoing candidates. It is wonderful, at the same time, what an amount of literary and scholarly labor has been devoted to the support or examination of their various claims, the very weakest not excepted. Though some of the men named were not strikingly or publicly eminent, the entire list shows the general conviction that Junius was to be sought for in the ablest quarters. The publisher, Woodfall—who really seems to have suspected the true man—conducted himself towards him, in their regulated and mystic correspondence, with as much deference as he could have shown to a monarch. The very concealment, so sedulously kept up, shows that there was something of the first moment to conceal. The veil was not that of affected coyness, but a veil meant really to hide; and it has

at least maintained a mystery, though in our opinion it constitutes, at the same time, the very key to its own recesses. No pains are needed to conceal an object of petty bulk: Junius must have been a *great thing*—much greater than a Boyd, a Lloyd, or a Maclean. This is the true scent to follow up.

The claims of Sir Philip Francis to the authorship of Junius have generally been preferred to all others, and not without plausible reasons. They have been thus stated by Mr. T. B. Macaulay, in an article in the "Edinburgh Review," so ably penned, that it was for a time thought to have settled the question: "As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the war office; thirdly, that he attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy secretary-at-war; and fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland." Now, Francis, says Mr. Macaulay, was personally in both the Home and War Offices, took notes of speeches, certainly resigned his place because of Mr. Chamier, and, finally, was introduced by Lord Holland to public life. "Here are five marks that ought to be found in Junius, and they are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever." So reasons Mr. Macaulay; and he adds, that the handwriting of Junius (which has been preserved) is like that of Francis, "disguised." On the whole, Mr. Macaulay concludes, that the external evidence on the side of Francis "might sustain a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding."

This *dictum* certainly comes from high authority, and it is of decisive weight against most of the pseudo-Juniuses put forward; but it is of little or no weight against the claim of Lord Chatham. All that could or can be said, indeed, in favor of the claim of Francis, in the matter of official knowledge and experience, might and may be said with tenfold force in respect to the great earl. He had, at that date, obtained a thorough acquaintance with both war-offices and peace-offices. As observed, however, the test of Mr. Macaulay assuredly confutes the pretensions of *three-fourths of the (involuntary) claimants*

of the honors of Junius. Mr. Burke, in fact, took himself from the field by a distinct denial. Gibbon, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and others of the more eminent claimants, fulfilled few or none of the requisites for making up (and out) a Junius, and have long since been given up. Admitting the ability in all of their cases (and it is a liberal admission), they had not the opportunities necessary; and some of the parties named had even died while Junius continued writing. It is remarkable enough that some of the most insignificant of the lot have been the most obstinately argued for—as, for example, Charles Lloyd, private secretary to George Grenville. Dr. Samuel Parr has left his opinion on record in favor of this gentleman. "I tell you, peremptorily," says the doctor to a friend, "that the real Junius was Lloyd." But Parr was no great conjurer in the matter of literary puzzles, as he showed when he treated as genuine the wretched Shakspeare-forgeries of the boy Ireland. Lloyd had literally no pretensions to the honors of Junius, saving what arose from the fact that old "Umbra Nominis" always spoke well of George Grenville, and that he (Lloyd) died about the time that Junius ceased to write. Another comparatively insignificant personage—General Lee—was once the favorite in the Junius field. The weight of evidence in his favor rested mainly on the admission of the real letter-writer, that Lee (who published some epistles under the signature of Junius Americanus) was plainly "a man of abilities." That is the entire evidence for Lloyd and Lee; and from these examples our readers may gain some idea of the petty threads that were grasped at, in the hope of penetrating through them the Junius labyrinth. The inquirers, in these cases, were led to look in precisely the wrong direction, and to assume that comparative insignificance in the writer of the letters could alone explain the mystery of their authorship. It was, on the contrary, unless we err much, the very greatness of the writer that rendered secrecy so necessary from the first, and enabled him to maintain it to the last. Of all the men named, moreover, it is difficult to conceive of a single one, (saving only one) going out of the world without claiming, and claiming with pride, the authorship of Junius, or leaving behind him, at least, clear *proofs of his right*. To think of any obscure person not doing so, seems to us ridiculous. Edmund Burke, indeed, might have kept on the veil, having latterly accepted a pension from George III.;

but he solemnly disclaimed the epistles in his familiar intercourse with Dr. Johnson; and his word might be taken, even were it not supported (as it is) by other evidence of weight. Burke alone, we repeat, of all the ordinary band of presumed Juniuses, had intelligible reasons for concealing the authorship at his decease, or *could afford to throw away such a passport to literary immortality*. Let this latter point be weighed well. The real Junius must have been of such a stamp, standing, and name among men, that he could let go without a grudge the renown due to these remarkable letters; or rather, indeed, a person placed so high as to feel that they would but impair his otherwise acquired repute. Burke being (by himself) set aside, there is but one other personage, of all on whom suspicion has ever fallen, who can be said to answer these conditions—and that man is Lord Chatham.

Sir Philip Francis died, and “made no sign.” He lived up to 1818, thoroughly conscious, of course, of the position in which he stood in relation to this great enigma of literary history. He had been in India, and had returned with a perfect and unassailable independence. In the latter years of Sir Philip, George III., though still alive, was past feeling or resenting injuries from man; and all the Graftons and Mansfields, erst assailed by Junius, had long been in their graves. The Letters had become, in truth, matters of curiosity merely, and had ceased to excite deep personal interest in any one living. Even George IV. (Prince Regent in 1818) would scarcely have taken the trouble to expend one royal frown on Junius, had he discovered himself. Moreover, Sir Philip Francis was ambitious to excess, up to his dying day, of literary fame, and never *de-vaunted* (as the emphatic Scottish word goes) from writing pamphlets and letters of all sorts, and on all subjects. Yet did he die, as said, and make no sign. He had made no great, or, at least, no brilliant reputation by his avowed writings; and the settled fame of Junius was exactly what he might have been supposed eagerly to covet. He had, besides, done nothing to be ashamed of, (to speak the plain truth), as Burke perhaps had done, in accepting a regal pension. He had nothing to fear, if the whole truth had been revealed. Accordingly, taking all these things in a common-sense light, we cannot imagine a shadow of a reason for the perseverance of Francis in silence. That he did persevere, however, is determined by some late revelations of Lord Campbell. His

lordship, it seems, applied to Lady Francis, the widow of Sir Philip; and the lady declared, that her spouse had never said, even to her, that he was Junius. It is to his credit; for he assuredly was not the man.

The claims of Lord George Sackville (or Germaine), best known as Viscount Sackville, may be dismissed in a few words. He was a man of some talent, early imbittered by mischances as a soldier, and afterwards recognized as worthy of a secretaryship of state. Nothing in the world, however, could have fixed the honor (or the odium) of the Junius letters upon him, if he had not chanced to be, in his earlier career, a disappointed man, only done partial justice to in the end. He never showed either the talent or the spirit necessary to make up such a being as Junius. His position, only, we repeat, rendered him a tolerable party to settle upon, in the course of the efforts made to solve this literary and historical conundrum.

Back we come again, in search of some one of first-rate consequence, in his day and generation, who corresponds to all that is desired in Junius; and still that single man is Chatham. Let the reader attend here to the history of the case. The boast of Junius, that he alone possessed his secret, is disproved by absolute facts. The existing material of his correspondence clearly shows, that at least two persons (if not more) were engaged either in its composition or transcription. One of the hands-of-writ, indeed, is that of a lady. Think of Junius being a lady! The idea is absurd; and therefore the famous epistolarian only made an empty (though not purposeless) vaunt, when he said that he was “the sole depositary of his secret.” It was a *ruse*—though a *ruse*, as after-circumstances have proved, practised by a master of strategy, and destined so far to success. But the truth will come out at last; and, indeed, it is already “looming” in the view, not to say “in the distance.”

There exist but two objections of moment to the conclusion that the Earl of Chatham was Junius. The first is, that the latter attacked the “Great Commoner”—indeed, made the attack in the very first letter known to have come from his pen, though the signature then adopted was that of “Poplicola.” The letters published under that name, however, form a key almost, in our opinion, to the Junius secret. They were fingering feelers, put forth to test the public pulse; and the whole hand by-and-by followed, in the shape of a doubled fist, striking right and left. The Junian affair was obviously one of



cool design from first to last; and what preliminary mode of concealment could be devised more likely to effect the end in view, than an assault by Chatham on Chatham himself? Besides, the injury was completely nullified, long before the close of the epistolary series, by manifold admissions of the justice and greatness of Lord Chatham's policy. If we look closely at the mode in which Chatham is spoken of by Junius, we shall see, in fact, that the attacks on him were just of the very kind calculated to ward off suspicion, without seriously lowering the party assailed. His "gout" is sneered at; he is condemned for joining himself with Bute; he is even styled a "lunatic;" but, when all is summed up, it will be found that his honor, his public services, and his genius, are never once really called in question. The politics of Junius are precisely the old Whig politics of Chatham. If Junius varied (as on the American war), so did Chatham. The letter-writer, in short, always talks of himself as if with the chances of discovery hanging over his head, and both blames and praises with studied *finesse*. Sir Walter Scott might early and easily have been detected as "the Great Unknown," by his non-allusions to himself. Chatham played a bolder game, having more serious work on hand. He spoke of himself with apparent freedom; and with good reason. His very *life* hung on the maintenance of his secret. Ay, gentle readers! we of the current time may marvel at the Junius mystery, sitting at ease by our firesides; but had Junius not kept up that mystery with care in his time, his "Letter to the King" might alone have cost him his head. At all events, the Duke of Grafton, the minister whom he pilloried so fearfully, would have taken some pains to send him to the scaffold. Human beings have always strong reasons for strong actions. Junius wrote under cover *perforce*. He himself says, that, if detected, he knew that he should not be allowed to survive "three days," or, at least, might expect instantly to be "attainted by bill." These words alone suffice to betray the greatness and high place of the man. For the continued preservation of the secret, we must look to other motives and causes.

The second argument of moment against the supposition of Lord Chatham being Junius, hinges on his relation to parties attacked in the letters, on his holding place with them, and so forth. All this reasoning may be answered in the memorable words of *Grattan*, descriptive of the elder Pitt: "The

*secretary stood alone*. His august mind overawed majesty." It is farther said, that he was "overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable." This is the character of the man who alone could have written the letters of Junius. If we are told, again, that such or such a personage, vituperated by Junius, was the friend of Chatham, we shall just go on to quote *Grattan*: "The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great." If we are further informed, that, while Junius was engaged in writing busily, Chatham was laid up with excruciating fits of the gout, we shall cite Lord Chesterfield, who in a letter of 1768, says: "Some say he (Lord Chatham) has a fit of the gout, which would probably *do him good*; but many think ~~his~~ worst complaint is the head, which, I am afraid, is *too true*." The whole of the minor objections to the hypothesis here adopted may, in like manner, be easily disposed of, or, if not easily, may be referred to the artifices necessary to keep up the Junius mystery.

On the other hand, the evidence in favor of the supposition that Chatham was Junius is strong, most convincingly strong. Every one whom Junius assailed with his whole heart and soul—for light and passing strokes, as has been said, must be looked on as mere subterfuges—may be shown to have been hateful, from one or another cause, to Lord Chatham, who was certainly, what Johnson liked, "a good hater." Nor is there a single individual praised with obvious heartiness by Junius, who cannot be shown to have been a close and true friend of Chatham. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Mansfield, two of the leading victims of Junius, had drawn on themselves the deep dislike of the "Great Commoner." Wilkes has left it on record, that the latter personally told him, "the king (George III., another victim) was the falsest hypocrite in Europe." Again, the Grenvilles—for "always speaking well" of whom Junius was thought by Parr to have been Charles Lloyd—were actually the near relatives of Lord Chatham. In short, the politics of Junius were, in the main, those of William Pitt, and alike also were their friendships and enmities. At the same time, allowances are always to be made for seeming discrepancies, in consideration of the necessity of maintaining secrecy. Some readers may think that we ask too much in begging for such allowances. Let them remember



that Junius avowedly wrote with the halter hanging over his head, or the axe before his eyes; and that deception on his part was needful in the extreme. Being so, it was practised by him with such skill, as to have hitherto hidden his name itself from the world.

The evidence in favor of our present theory becomes more and more weighty, when the opinions of contemporaries respecting Junius are considered. Sir Philip Francis, if he wrote the famous letters, must have written them betwixt the ages of twenty-seven and thirty-two. He had at that time been for some years in the offices of state, as a head clerk, and was certainly a man of promise. But would Burke, and Horne Tooke, and Wilkes, and Draper, all of whom certainly suspected the true letter-writer, have spoken of him as they did, holding him to be no more than young Philip Francis? The thing is incredible. Burke deemed Junius worthy of an attack in Parliament, and an attack in his loftiest style. "After carrying our royal eagle in his pounces (said he, speaking of the famous letter-writer), and dashing him against a rock, he laid you (the senate) prostrate. King, lords, and commons, are but the sport of his fury." The words of Wilkes are still more remarkable. "I do not mean to indulge in the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our time—the author of Junius. I will not attempt, with profane hands, to tear the veil of the sanctuary. I will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." The popular English idol of the hour would never have spoken thus of a presumed Francis. Horne Tooke, the "Parson Horne" of Junius, speaks with equal respect, while he points to the mark more directly. "The darkness in which Junius has shrouded himself has not concealed him. Because *Lord Chatham* has been ill-treated by the king, and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is to be the pillow on which Junius will rest all his resentments." Sir William Draper, even when struggling on the "bed of torture" to which Junius (as the poor knight himself said) had bound him, evinces a perfect consciousness that he was dealing with an enemy mighty otherwise than through the mere letters published by Woodfall. All the able persons of the time, in short, in speaking of Junius, show that they conceived him in their hearts to be a man of the very highest note—a man of such note, in truth, that the names of neither Earl Temple, nor the Earl of Shelburne, nor Lord

Ashburton, nor even Lord Camden, can explain or justify the deference paid to him by his very victims. Beyond question, his more clear-sighted contemporaries felt assured of his identity. But he had covered himself so closely, that they feared to make the allegation; and, moreover, the allegation would have perilled the happiness, if not the life, of one most dear to England. Nay, we shall go farther. The king himself, George III., could scarcely have been ignorant of his assailant. Our opinion is, that he well knew Chatham to be the man, at least latterly; but that he had not sufficient proofs at command, and dared not risk a public investigation of uncertain issue. Had Junius been less careful, a bill of attainder would assuredly have furnished the "last scene" in the career of Chatham, in place of that so ably painted by Copley.

We have but one or two closing remarks to make. Had Sir Philip Francis no share in the Junian letters? He certainly was privy, we imagine, to the *whole business*; and, indeed, very probably wrote some of the earlier and less important epistles. He had been private secretary to Chatham at one time, and was his friend, or rather idolizing follower, through life. But he was not Junius. He may even have begun the epistolary series, and may deserve the credit, perhaps, of having suggested the idea of so operating on the public mind. But still he was not "Nominis Umbra" himself. In answering the queries of Lord Campbell, Lady Francis, while owning that Sir Philip never called himself Junius to her, assumes, nevertheless, that he was that mystic being, but adds, that, after he had begun the letters, a "new and powerful ally" came to his assistance. The whole mystery is here laid bare. Lord Chatham is clearly the ally meant, and the testimony of Lady Francis, therefore, founded on the revelations of her husband, may be held as fully establishing our present hypothesis.

But why did Chatham leave the matter a mystery? Admitting that secrecy was necessary during his entire life, why did he not take steps for its subsequent disclosure? That he did not do so, is perhaps the strongest proof that he, and he only, was Junius. The disclosure of the secret would have given fresh fame to any other man of the time, but it would have lessened, rather than increased, the reputation of Chatham. Moreover, George III. was then but entering on his long reign, and William Pitt the younger was only starting in public life. Many great

persons, smitten by Junius, were also in existence. For the sake of his son mainly, we believe did the great earl take steps to maintain the Junian mystery after his decease. He may even have exacted pledges of fidelity from those of his relatives who were cognizant of the truth. The Grenvilles, for example, made no sign, though they knew all, beyond question. But the grand reason for silence has been stated. Had Lord Chatham spoken out before the world, indeed, the pride of George III. would certainly have revolted against taking as a minister William Pitt the second.

It has been said that many men seem to have suspected the Junius secret during the lifetime of the Earl of Chatham. Observe what Lord Kames says, for example, in a note to his "Sketches of Man," of date (emphatically marked) "August, 1775." Speaking of the fomenters of civil discord, "men

terming themselves Britons," the Scottish Judge remarks—"Reader, deliver them over to self-condemnation. The punishment will be severe. Wish them repentance. Extend that wish to the *arch-traitor*, now on death-bed, torn to pieces with bodily diseases, and still more with those of the mind.

"Lord C——, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand; make signal of thy hope;  
He dies, and makes no sign!"

Such are the words, such the quotation, of Lord Kames, which we have only chanced to notice since this article on Junius was written. It is clear as day that Chatham was pointed to, and why he was pointed to. The arch-traitor had just then thrown abroad his firebrand letters; and the Scottish Judge had no difficulty in saying "Ecce homo!" But, consistently with the powerful character of Pitt, "he died, and made no sign."

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## WELLINGTON, WEBSTER, GIOBERTI.

ENGLAND, Italy, and the United States have buried in the same month each their greatest man. The hero of England expired at the close of a long career, well filled, without a wish left unaccomplished for himself and his country. The American had as little to be discontented with in his country's fate, as in the influence which he permanently had upon it; his disappointments were merely confined to himself. In his seventieth year, Webster was thought unworthy of the presidency of the Union, and an unknown man was preferred to him. That was the disease of which he died. Yet the fall of the American statesman was not so inconsolable. He had ruled his country as minister, if not as nominal chief of the executive. He was her first orator, her first man. And the American nation followed the obsequies of Webster, as England did those of Wellington.

But the Italian, poor Gioberti, equally eloquent with Webster, almost equally revered as Wellington, went to the tomb without any consolatory reflection. None of his schemes for the regeneration of his country had

succeeded. His political philosophy scarcely survived him. Worldly statesmen mocked him; and the people who had once welcomed him with acclamations as a liberator, and an intellectual hero, would now scarcely raise their voices, if they were permitted to do so, so deeply has the heart of Italy sunk within it.

I had met and conversed with Webster. Gioberti I knew. His was, perhaps, the most unpromising head and person that could have ever power to attract popular admiration, as the head of a state or of a school. He was fair, fat, white, and short. His head, like his trunk, was compressed and protuberant. Crooked limbs, puny stomach, a face broader than it was long, showing a great latitude of flabby cheek, eyes far asunder, like those of the east of Europe. To the back of the short, thick neck, behind attach the black mantle of the *abaté*, and you have, perhaps, one of the most ungainly quiddities of a man that ever sprouted into fame. With these he was timid, quiet, reserved, until he got assurance that you were likely to be a devout listener, one that would receive inspi-

ration, and listen to the stream of spoken wisdom, and then he would burst forth into one of those long and sublime talks which are recorded of Coleridge.

The circumstances attending my first interview with Gioberti are characteristic enough. It is not long since, and he was, of course, far advanced in fame. My letters were from an old and intimate friend of his, and were directed to the "Ambassador of his Sardinian Majesty," which post Gioberti then filled. I drove to the embassy, unaware that, as was often the case with more than one court in those troublous times, there were two embassies and two ambassadors. I, unfortunately, drove to the wrong one, at least so far wrong, that it was not the ambassador Gioberti, but the ambassador of the old school, marquis or count of something. The letters were addressed to "Vincenzo Gioberti, Ambassador," et cetera. The rival envoy, with pretended short sight, and genuine diplomacy, opened the letter, and possessed himself of its contents, ere he thought of explaining or excusing the mistake. I shall say no more respecting this circumstance, which not a little amused, and fortunately did not annoy, Gioberti.

My first conversation with Gioberti was naturally about common topics and actual prospects. The battle of Novara was over, and to every rational observer it was plain that Piedmont and its dynasty had nothing to expect beyond toleration from Austria. Gioberti, however, had not abandoned the hope that, although the Italians have failed to beat the double eagle out of Italy, it might still be possible to argue and persuade Austria out of Lombardy. The bare idea filled me with an uncontrollable disposition to laughter. But Gioberti was serious. He actually believed that talking and writing could do everything—make a liberal of Radetski, and a humane gentlemen of Haynau. Gioberti's exposition of these opinions gave me a good idea of his philosophy and humanity, but as a diplomatist he seemed singularly out of place.

The ideas of Gioberti are well known; at least they were familiar to the public in 1847 and 1848, and highly popular they were everywhere, as long as Pius the Ninth preserved his character and consistency as a liberal prince. His belief was, that Italy could only be saved from foreign dominion, and blessed with domestic freedom, by the instrumentality of a liberal pontiff, and by enlisting religion, with all its resources and hierarchy, in the development of popular

freedom. Christianity, Gioberti maintained with much truth, was the source of all modern liberalism. A legislative assembly, composed of provincial delegates, chosen by their religious constituents,—these were first invented in the church, and were the origin of representative government. This principle of election, found impracticable to be carried fully out, was counterbalanced by an admixture of appointments from authority, and in a wise combination of those principles consisted the solidity of both church and the civil power. There was no system into which the popular element and the lowly class so fully entered, so that at all times the people had the sympathies of the clergy, and *vice versa*. Their talent was so filtered and essayed in it, that ruling personages and minds were the intellectual pick and choice of society. It was impossible that such a system, rightly administered, could be other than liberal. And had Pius the Ninth taken Gioberti for his minister, he would, at least, have made a fair trial. Instead of this, he chose De Rossi, who merely sought to apply constitutionalism as understood in France, to a set of men, and a state of things, utterly incapable of it. As constitutional minister of Piedmont, Gioberti was out of place; whereas, as minister of a liberal pope, of a pontiff determined to ally the Roman Catholic church with popular progress and free institutions, he might have achieved wonders, and perhaps succeeded.

Previous to the Italian movement, Gioberti, banished from Piedmont, being that strange fish, a liberal ecclesiastic, or, at least, a liberal *abaté*, had taken refuge in Belgium, at the universities of which country he professed, and lectured, and lived for seven or eight years. He here found, or thought he found, Roman Catholicism perfectly consonant with liberal progress, and he maintained that even ultra-montanism was so. These ideas, thus matured, he brought back. This is not the place or the time to discuss them; but one may be allowed to say, that if he produced in ecclesiastical Rome the liberty that is enjoyed in the Catholic universities of Belgium, he would clearly by this alone have revolutionized the studies and the minds of a class of Italians, who had hitherto remained strangers to the onward current of thoughts and things. The Pope, however, an amiable and timid man, would not even see Gioberti, of whose popularity he was jealous, and of whose system he was afraid. And he thus deprived himself of the counsels and countenance of the only Italian.

perhaps, capable of giving him strength by both, of the only man whom the voice of the country associated with Pius the Ninth in their aspirations; we might almost add, in their adoration.

But if Pius the Ninth was to blame for not making and consulting friends, Gioberti was undermining his own influence by raising it enemies on every side. It was his idea to attack the Eclectics on the one hand, and the Jesuits on the other. He had made acquaintance with both in Paris and in Belgium. And surely even a religious and liberal professor might have shown indulgence to the school of Cousin, which sought to reconcile religion and philosophy, and to wean the French from Voltaire and materialism by the creation of at least a spiritual philosophy. But Gioberti would tolerate nothing of the kind. He attacked the Pantheists, as he styled them, in a virulent essay, whilst with almost the same pen he denounced the Jesuits, as the corruptors of morals and the betrayers of religious feeling to the interests of absolutism. He thus arrayed against him the young and the old, the prelates and the students, the monk and the philosopher, trusting to a wide public, who indeed for a long time had given him a sincere and strenuous support.

It by no means follows, that because Gioberti failed, that his ideas were impracticable and unsuitable to his age. On the contrary, however we of a highly civilized-political nation may smile at his theories, there was still much in them that wonderfully suited the Italians, subdued their intelligence and commanded their sympathies. Whatever we may think, there are a great many good, generous and devout people in Italy, mostly men not averse to freedom, but with a great horror of revolution and extremes. The hearts of all these Gioberti won by his alliance of religion and liberalism, kindling the hearts of quiet, civil, and industrious people to enthusiasm. Well managed and conducted at one moment, all Italy would have marched against the Austrians with the same *élan* as the French showed in 1793, and in all probability with the same success. But Charles Albert trusted to strategy, and Pius the Ninth trembled at the popular spirit. And when it was seen that Italy could not be elevated by sovereign decrees, and without a popular rising, the Pope preferred flinging himself into the arms of his old enemy, Austria.

Gioberti at least had a bold and bright *thought*, nobly conceived and courageously

proposed, but which ended by completely compromising his reputation with the liberal party, and sheared him of all popular influence. He was then in the Cabinet of Turin, and there he proposed to march the Piedmontese away at once to Florence and to Rome, to rescue the Grand Duke and the Pope from the hands of the extreme party, and restore them to power once more on the basis of a moderately liberal or reform system. His argument was, that France and Austria would infallibly do this, if Piedmont did not; and it was for an Italian state to take upon it the duty and the odium, in order to spare Italy another subjugation to foreign troops and foreign dictation. The plan was considered hazardous and ambiguous, as likely to offend all parties; and in truth there was much to object to it. The Cabinet rejected it, and Gioberti withdrew, his day of statesmanship over, to his old philosophic life, or some idle diplomatic duty or other, in which I found him.

It is difficult to imagine any one more in contrast with the orator and politician of North Italy, than the orator and politician of the Northern States of the American Union, Daniel Webster. Him also I knew in Paris, which he visited when General Cass was ambassador. He was a thick-set, burly man, of the O'Connell breed, a genuine countenance for a bluster, one would say, and bespeaking more force than taste. In this it is known that Webster's frame misrepresented him, for though he wanted not force, still he was never wanting in delicacy or taste, or refinement of feeling; though certainly no one would have read either statesman or orator written in his countenance, however bright his eye and animated his features. His whole frame was too Herculean.

Nothing, indeed, could be more unlike what he has since turned out, than Webster's host at the time, the American ambassador, General Cass. His was a ruddy, smooth countenance, surmounted by as smooth a wig. He might have topped both with a Pennsylvania beaver and been in keeping. The tone and converse of Cass were in harmony with his demure appearance. He was all courtesy and amenity; lived with the English like a brother. If it had been told or foretold, that of the two men, Webster and Cass, one was to be the Mars, the very god of war with England, whilst the other was to keep the temple of Janus closed by force, and struggle for peace between England and America, an observer of that day



would infallibly have set down Webster as the provoking and warlike spirit, Cass as the arbiter, the negotiator and the peace-maker. The contrary, as we know, proved the fact. The smug, sly, meek-faced Cass, blew all the coals of American sensibility into incandescence, whilst Webster emptied buckets of water from the Hudson upon every fire.

With them both at the time was Livingston, who had been ambassador in Paris, but was removed from having given offence to Louis Philippe in the matter of the French debt to America. But poor Livingston was then but the ghost of his former self, a bag of bones, sadly carved, and surmounted by a death's head, or at least by a countenance, on which the ravages of eighty years were visible. Livingston was fidgetty and said little, but seldom indulging in any expressions of opinion, which were, however, received with the utmost deference, and even with political respect. The Americans are stigmatized as rude, and as treating even their Presidents in her Presidential halls with more than manly freedom. I can speak but of Americans in Europe, and I own that I have been struck with none of their characteristics more, than by the profound respect they pay to whatsoever personage of their nation lays claim to eminence from intellect.

No one, who mingled in that society in Paris at the time, doubted that Webster would one day be President of the United States, except Cass, indeed, who openly pointed out the sad truth, that reluctance of the American people to award first place to men who had acquired their fame by either the tongue or the pen. Were the intellectual classes of society, indeed, entrusted with the choice of the President of the republic, no doubt such men as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, would not have been passed over. But the people ignore the writer, and do not even recognize the orator, whilst the swordsman of the most paltry and ambiguous reputation wins at once their suffrages. Jefferson and Adams no doubt held the Presidency. But the commonalty have since acquired far more favor and confidence to follow their instincts. And when these uncontrollably prevail, it is not to intellectual idols that they offer the great homage of their suffrage. After all, it is, perhaps, an ordination of providence, that intellectual eminence and regal power shall not go together. And as the education of one born to hereditary power rarely develops first-class intelligence, so that other, the popular source of sovereignty,

is fraught with prejudices and instincts, which lead to the same award and similar results. The same remedy in such cases is found and applied; when a Tyler, a Taylor, a Fillmore, reach the Presidential chair, or a Louis the Thirteenth finds himself on a throne, then a Webster, an Everett, or a Richelieu, are called from the pursuits of learning, or of a profession,

"To govern men and guide the state."

But even thus, a man has reached an age of intellectual decline before he has attained the zenith of political fame. In fact, there are too many different fields in which the struggle for eminence and power in America has to be carried on. First rank has to be won, first in the provincial states, and then the more difficult task remains of arriving with it at Washington. And when it is won at Washington, the votes of the whole American population are far from secured. Washington is no metropolis. Of what passes there, little is known throughout the Union, save the results. There are few or no reports of speeches, and when these are once made, are little circulated and less read. An orator is known in his own State, and in Congress, whilst he is yet unknown to the large interminable public. To win the ear and attachment of this body would require an ubiquity and exertion, facilitated to be sure by the invention of steam, but perhaps counteracted in as great degree by the immense extension of territory and population which has taken place since steam invention. The American Republic is, in fact, too vast for the sway of mind, just as Paris is too large for the political genius, that is prized in Paris, to be even known in the provinces. Lamartine and Thiers are Parisian great men. Whilst Louis Napoleon, no great man *per se* in Paris, is a giant in the provinces.

Webster was bred an advocate. Another disadvantage in America is, that advocates belong to provincial bars, and when they are promoted from the bar to the legislature, they still remain State advocates. Their pursuit is advocacy, not statesmanship. And this was Webster's defect. He was at the bar the advocate of the party who gave him the brief. In politics or Congress, he was long the advocate of Massachusetts. He looked to what was the feeling of Massachusetts, what the interest, what the vote. Thus, when Webster first raised his voice and wielded his pen in Congress, New England and her ports were peculiarly enraged with England for interfering with American trade, and marring those

hopes which the New Englander had entertained of carrying on the trade of the world as neutrals, whilst England was engaged in war. None more zealous in the cause than Webster, his voice stirred the national susceptibilities, and he became the hero of the day. Later, the New England States no longer saw advantage in naval warfare with England. The magnates, at least, wisely saw that peace was prosperity, war an anachronism. Webster was again their orator and their politician. But he was no longer in the popular vein. He won reputation with the wise, but lost it with the mob. His settling the Maine boundary question charmed the senate, but disgusted the groundlings. Then, at one time, Massachusetts was for free trade, and against protection. Webster was its organ, and thundered in their cause. Ten years later Massachusetts had built factories, and was filled with engines, spinning-jennies, and operatives. The State was for protection then, and abhorred free trade. Here again Webster was its organ. To elucidate this it must, in truth, though in reluctance, be added, that Webster, prodigal as he was through life, and even embarrassed, lived on the pecuniary contributions of the merchants of Boston, and thus may be said not to have had an opinion of his own. He pleaded, no doubt, like O'Connell, that he had abandoned a lucrative practice at the bar, and at the call of these very Bostonians, he had embarked in the profession of politics. The excuse was more complete for O'Connell than for Webster. It did not lower him as a New Englander, but it certainly did lower him as an American statesman, bound, if he accepted office, to consider largely and impartially the interests of the Union. No American statesman, indeed, did this more conscientiously than Webster. But still the reproach remained, and the cause of it was flagrant, past doubt or contradiction.

There was one question on which Webster's later lukewarmness proved fatal to his ambition. His opinion of slavery could not be doubted. As a New Englander, not of modern date, but as a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, the representation of Massachusetts and of the Puritans could never regard slavery with anything but horror. But slavery to an individual of the American public, and the slavery question to one who has raised himself to an American statesman, are very different things. The unjust lot of a great portion of humanity affects the one, but the dissolution of the Union and the *annihilation of American power* and the Ame-

rican Union, but too justly alarms the other. Not to tolerate slavery is not to tolerate the Union, and to entail upon it a civil war. Here Webster agreed with Clay, and the result was that famous bill, introduced by the one and abetted by the other, against which Mrs. Beecher Stowe has directed the tremendous artillery of her popular dialogue. Her book must have been a sore blow to Webster.

Nothing is more remarkable in Webster, and indeed in the New England orators and writers, than that lofty and classic purity of style, which so wonderfully contrasts with the turbid and inflated jargon which passes current in parlance and in the press. A little more of this and there will be two languages in America, the written and the spoken, that of the highly educated and that of the ignorant and reckless; far from having the tendency of the English language at home, which is always to be modified by the tone, the tenor, the taste of conversation. Thus we have become universally "plain and unadorned" in oratory and in essay. A metaphor is as little indulged in as a quotation. The American prosers are still looking to Addison, whilst we are a century and a half removed from him. And it is possible that at a future day we may have recourse to American authors as the latest model of the classic style of our common tongue.

We commenced this brief notice by the remark, that three great countries in the world were engaged in the obsequies of their three greatest men. Italy has just buried its great political philosopher, Gioberti; America, its orator and statesman, Webster; England, its greatest general. Why is the general so much the more prized, and the possession of him most honored and most envied in a country? For it will be allowed by every one, that the people of the United States would rather have one hero than a hundred statesmen, one Alexander than a hundred Demostheneses. And Italy would barter a whole wilderness of philosophers for one successful captain. Is this really, as some people are but too apt to argue in our day, that the world admires vulgar butchery and slaying rather than the exercise of the great civic and administrative virtues? I do not believe in any theory so degrading. It is not the spilling of blood that the world admires, but it respects the great result, the final and decisive mode of obtaining it, and the extreme rarity of the many combinations which go to form a military hero. We are much accustomed to harangue against mili-

tary ambition, and to lament when in certain cases peace or war is abandoned to the decision or caprice of an individual; but no individual can decree a war, and no general can lead it, at least to aught but failure, if both it and he do not represent a national sentiment, and if the banner which he unfurls is not one to which a great nation can look and rally. If war requires one mind to lead, that mind can do little without a thousand hearts to follow. The conqueror, therefore, becomes the expression and sentiment of thousands, and when that, after the anxiety of a long, a hard and a doubtful struggle, becomes at last triumphant, the chief, the hero and the symbol of it, of course eclipses in his fame any other fame that an individual can create or earn for himself. I see no reason, therefore, why the great statesman should be jealous at seeing the great captain carry away a meed of renown, far superior to any civilian one. And the fact, I think, may be accounted for in a way that is simple and at the same time honorable to humanity, instead of assuming that men love blood, and blindly worship those who spill it, and who illustrate themselves by large sacrifices of their fellow men.

No,—the admiration of England for Wellington is not a thirst for war, or a love of bloodshed. Neither is the reverence of the Frenchman for the memory of Napoleon a worship of military egotism. In neither case can the sentiments merely be vulgar ones, of having made England superior to the rest of the world, or France the dominatrix of Europe. It is the idea which the conqueror symbolized that made him be revered; this was national independence, and freedom from either a foreign political yoke, or a domestic social inequality; that was the principle that Napoleon represented; and Wellington represented one still more noble in maintaining the freedom and independence of this glorious island, and showing its capability to cope with the world, and rise not only unscathed, but triumphant from a quarter of a century's struggle with it.

I feel quite confident, that no man ever wore a sword or commanded in a battle-field who was more alive to the great cause for which he fought, or who was more fully aware of the great interests he defended,

than the Duke of Wellington. I, therefore, do look upon it as no inconsiderable humbug to say, that poor, simple, modest, soldier, he was influenced by no higher motive than duty. The duty of a soldier is considered that of obeying orders, and not flinching from peril or pain, without any professed inquiry into the interest at stake, or the paramount aim of the piece of which he makes a part. The idea of duty is literally inexplicable in such a man as the Duke of Wellington. And though it has been largely predicated of him, in prose and in verse, I cannot but think that this attempt to under-size a great man, is as false as it is futile. Wellington, indeed, never wrote the word glory in his despatches to Downing-street, or in the documents that were to come before a British public, and simply because he knew that public. Napoleon, on the contrary, stuffed his bulletins with the glory of France and of the Grand Army, and for precisely the same reason that Wellington did not employ them. viz., that he knew the people whom he addressed.

Among the many tributes to the Duke of Wellington in poetry and prose, that which conveys the liveliest picture, is Mrs. Norton's well written lines, describing him precisely as he appeared in a ball-room, concert-room, and drawing-room. He frequented them all, with his lovely daughter-in-law upon his arm, never pleading age for refusing an invitation. The querulousness of the morning had altogether passed away from the Duke at his dinner-hour, and his evening's greeting was as cordial and good-natured as his morning's were distant and morose. D'Orsay's portrait gives the best idea of the bowed frame, and sideways upward look. Though his step might be less firm, and his figure bowed, yet there was not a symptom of caducity about him. His limbs retained their symmetry, and his eye its expression to the last; so unlike Talleyrand, who seemed to have elephant's legs within his stockings, so awful when they tottered, and whose gigantic features seemed only kept from collapse by the pile of his interminable cravat. Few wore their years more nobly than the Duke. He was decorous and successful even in his last battle with time.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE ENGLISH REGICIDES IN AMERICA.

ONE of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the 1st of September 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once, the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church; and, posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldierly precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on this occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies; placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return

the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The Red Men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings, and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before; but now he had disappeared; nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown in the mother-country; and thus unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayers, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church, related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and, latterly, has embellished more than one popular work of fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in *Peveril of the Peak*; Cooper has made use of it in *The Borderers*; and *Oliver Newman*, the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.



Goffe, son of the rector of Tranmere, in Sussex, was, in early life, apprenticed to a drysalter in London; but the stirring events of the great Civil War soon drew him from so obscure a position. Joining the Parliamentary Army, he rose in a short time to the rank of colonel, and gained the entire confidence of Cromwell. He was one of those bold men who presumed to sit in judgment on their sovereign, and condemn him to the scaffold and the block. He commanded Cromwell's own regiment at the battle of Dunbar, and "at push of pike repelled the stoutest regiment the enemy had there." Subsequently, he became major-general, and obtained a seat in the Protector's House of Peers. After the death of Cromwell, when the Restoration was evidently close at hand, Goffe, well knowing that England would no longer be a place of safety for him, left Westminster early in the May of 1660, and, accompanied by Edward Whalley, his father-in-law, embarked for Boston.

Whalley was first-cousin to Cromwell, and early distinguished himself in the Civil War. At Naseby, he charged and defeated two divisions of Langdale's horse, though they were supported by Prince Rupert. In the west, he defeated "the dissolute Goring," and did good service at the siege of Bristol. He had charge of the king at Hampton Court; sat in judgment on him in Westminster Hall; and the name of Whalley stands fourth in the list of signatures attached to the death-warrant of Charles. At Dunbar, Major-general Whalley had his horse shot under him; yet, though wounded, he continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. When Cromwell dissolved the first Protectorate Parliament, it was Whalley who carried off the mace; and, lastly, we read of him sitting in the Upper House as one of the Lord Protector's peers.

On their arrival in Boston, in June, Goffe and Whalley were well received, and treated, by Governor Endicott and the leading men of the colony, according to the rank they had held in England. But as the news of the proclamation of Charles II. came out in the same ship with them, they having heard it in the Channel, it was considered prudent that they should retire to the village of Cambridge, now a suburb of Boston. As an illustration of the feelings of the colonists towards them, it is worth noticing that a person who had insulted the Regicides was bound over to keep the peace, although, at the same time in London, a reward of £100 was offered for their heads. A New-Eng-

land tradition of Goffe at this period is still current, and therefore claims recital, although we have doubts of the ex-major-general placing himself in so undignified a position. A European master of fence, it is said, had arrived in the colony, and, in order to exhibit his skill in the art, had erected a stage in the public street, from which he vauntingly challenged all comers to a bout at rapier or broadsword. Goffe, being among the crowd, perhaps nettled by some political allusion, snatched a dirty mop from the hands of a bystander, and hastily mounted the stage. "What do you mean," exclaimed the fencing-master, "by coming at me in that fashion?" A dab of the filthy instrument in the speaker's face was Goffe's sole reply. The enraged champion thrust viciously with his rapier; but it was adroitly parried with the mop-handle, and again his eyes, mouth, and beard, were deluged. This went on for a short time, to the great delight of the spectators, till at length the discomfited braggart, throwing down his rapier, caught up a broadsword. "Hold!" cried the old parliamentary warrior: "know that for so far I have played with you; but if you come at me with a broadsword, I will most certainly kill you." Upon which the fencing-master, struck by the stern manner of his antagonist, at once dropped his weapon, muttering: "Leave me alone, I will have no more to do with you—you are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil." Ezra Stiles, the distinguished antiquary, and learned president of Yale College, writing in 1794, says it is still proverbial in New England, when praising a champion at athletic exercises, to say, that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.

The halcyon days of the refugees at Cambridge were soon at an end. Late in November, the Act of Indemnity, from which, among others, the names of Goffe and Whalley were excluded, arrived in Boston. Yet Governor Endicott did not summon a general court to consult upon securing them until February, and then a majority of the members were against the proposition. At a consultation of their private friends, however, it was decided, as the safest plan, that the refugees should proceed to Newhaven, in Connecticut; and accordingly they set forth on their journey, and were treated with kindness and respect on the way. Arrived at Newhaven, they took up their residence in the house of Mr. Davenport, the clergyman, a person eminently distinguished, in the early chronicles of the colony, for his talents, learning, zeal, and piety. But the fugitives

were not destined to remain long at rest. In March, news arrived from England that ten of the Regicides had been already executed; the relentless vengeance of the authorities aggravating the bitterness of their deaths with circumstances of revolting barbarism.

Goffe, from the period of his departure from England until the year of his death, kept a diary. Unfortunately, this interesting manuscript was burned at Boston, during one of the riots that formed no unapt prelude to the revolutionary war; but there are a few scattered extracts from it to be found in the pages of Hutchinson, and other New England writers, which afford us a glance at the inner-life and sentiments of the refugees. They appear to have heard of the execution of their friends and confederates with feelings more nearly allied to exultation than regret. History informs us that these ten, who first suffered the penalty of the outraged law, exhibited traits of the wildest fanaticism. In the court, they appealed to the victories which the Lord had given to their swords, as a proof of the justice of their cause. They declared that "the execution of Charles Stuart was a necessary act of justice, a glorious deed, the sound of which had gone into most nations, and a solemn recognition of that high supremacy which the King of Heaven holds over the kings of the earth." On the scaffold they said that their "martyrdom was the most glorious spectacle the world had ever witnessed since the death of the Saviour." But, they continued, let their persecutors tremble: the hand of the Lord was already raised to avenge their innocent blood, and in a short time their cause would again be triumphant. With the confidence of prophets they uttered this prediction, and with the boldness of martyrs submitted to their fate. Such language and conduct was not lost on their equally fanatical, yet pious and Bible-learned brethren. From Goffe's diary, it appears that he and his companions considered the execution of the ten Regicides to be identical with the slaying of the "witnesses," foretold in the book of Revelation; and, connecting this idea with the mystical number 666, they confidently expected that in the year 1666, a new revolution would take place in their favor. Under this idea, they suffered all the heart-sickness of deferred hope, for the year 1666 passed without any demonstration; but their faith, nevertheless, was unshaken—there must be a chronological error, they affirmed, in the date of the Christian

era, and the accomplishment of the witnesses' prediction must speedily arrive.

The news of the execution of the ten Regicides was accompanied with tidings of still greater personal interest to Goffe and Whalley. A Captain Bredan having seen them in Boston, reported the circumstance in London; and a royal mandate was transmitted to Governor Endicot, to arrest and send them to England. The governor, whatever his own private feelings might be, did not dare to resist the order openly; but attempting to evade it, on the grounds of inability to compel his subordinates to put it into execution, two young English merchants, named Kirk and Kellond, zealous Royalists, volunteered on the service, and furnished with Endicot's warrant, immediately proceeded to Newhaven. Letters, however, conveyed intelligence of these proceedings to the people of Newhaven, who took measures accordingly. On the Sunday previous to the arrival of the "pursuers," as Kirk and Kellond were termed, Davenport preached a sermon, divided into no less than thirty-two heads, from the following passage in the sixteenth chapter of Isaiah: "Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." This discourse had the desired effect. When the pursuers arrived, they waited on Leet, the governor of Newhaven, requesting him to back their warrant, and render them assistance. Leet replied, that a conscientious scruple prevented him from backing their warrant; that he could not suffer them to act as magistrates in Newhaven; but he would send out his own constables to seek for Goffe and Whalley, and if they were in his jurisdiction, they would, no doubt, be speedily arrested. Leet's constables, we need scarcely say, did not succeed in arresting the outcasts. But when the pretended search was going on in the town, a more laughable farce was being acted in its immediate vicinity. One Kimberley, the sheriff, not having the fear of Parson Davenport or Governor Leet before his eyes, mustering a few followers, proceeded to where the delinquents were quietly passing the day under a tree, so that the constables might conscientiously affirm that they could not find them in the town. Kimberley, advancing, summoned the old Roundhead heroes to surrender; but they, not relishing

such freedom, gave the sheriff a sound caning for his pains—his followers, instead of assisting their chief, laughing heartily at his discomfiture.

Newhaven being now unsafe quarters for the Regicides, they retreated to a cave on the summit of West Hill, one of the headlands that form the harbor, where, supplied with provisions by a woodman, they lived for about a month. The cave of the "Judges"—such being the term invariably given to the Regicides in America—is at the present day one of the show-places of Newhaven. It is formed by seven rocks, leaning against and supporting each other, so as to resemble in some degree a cromlech; but though appearing to be the work of man, it is in reality a sport of nature. It rises to the height of twenty-seven feet, and affords a delightful view over Long Island Sound, studded with countless sails; the town and harbor of Newhaven; the rich corn-fields and luscious peach orchards of Connecticut. No such fair spectacle, however, greeted the eyes of the hunted dwellers in the cave, who, no doubt, frequently climbed the rocks to look out for the approach of their enemies; yet the scene must at that time have been sublime in the uncultivated majesty of nature.

The pursuers, after visiting the Dutch colony of Manhattan, now New York, returned to Boston, and made a formal complaint against Governor Leet. Matters began to wear a serious aspect. That Leet might have no excuse, the original royal mandate was forwarded to him. His council were divided; some advocating the surrender of the Regicides, lest the liberties of the infant colony might be injured by royal displeasure. Several of those who had sheltered the outcasts were afraid of punishment. In this state of affairs, Goffe and Whalley bravely marched down to the governor, and surrendered themselves. Leet seems to have been unprepared for this bold step. He kept them concealed, however, for twelve days on his own premises—provisioning them from his own table, although he would not see them. During this interval, many anxious councils were held; till it was concluded that Leet should temporize a little longer with the supreme authorities, and in the meantime, that the Regicides should return to their retreat, giving their parole that they would again surrender whenever required. It would be tedious to follow their movements step by step through the summer of 1661. Suffice it to say, that four other retreats, as well as the cave on West

Hill, are named after them, and still traditionally known to the people of Newhaven. In August of the same year, the colony made its peace with government, by proclaiming Charles II.; and the pursuit after the Regicides slackening for a short time, they, at the approach of winter, went to the house of a person named Tomkins, in Milford, near Newhaven, where they resided for two years. During that time, although they never wandered further than the orchard adjoining the house, their residence there was known to many. Goffe, who was a person of education, and had received the degree of M.A. at Oxford, was famous in the Parliamentary Army as "a frequent prayer-maker, preacher, and presser for righteousness and freedom;" and no less distinguished himself when at Milford, by holding forth on all suitable occasions, to the great delight of his hearers.

Milford, however, was not to be the final resting place of the outcasts. Matters between the colonies and the mother-country being still in an unsettled state, four royal commissioners were sent to New England "to settle the peace and security of the country;" the astute statesman Clarendon, when he advised this course, using the remarkable words: "They (the colonies) are already hardened into republics." One of the "articles" on which the commissioners were charged to make strict inquiry, was the arrest and transmission to England of Goffe and Whalley; for, amid all the undisguised profligacy and corruption that reveled in the court, the crowned pensioner of Louis XIV. ever breathed bitter vengeance against the slayers of his royal father. Alarmed at this intelligence, the Regicides left Milford in October 1664, for the more remote town of Hadley; traveling by night, they rested in temporary arbors during the day. Some of these resting-places are still traditionally pointed out as the Pilgrims' Harbor.

Preparations had been made for their reception at Hadley. Mr Russel, the clergyman of that town, had two concealed rooms, an upper and lower one, built adjoining his own house. In these rooms, in utter seclusion, buried from the world, Whalley lived fourteen years, till liberated by death in 1678. It is not clear whether Goffe revisited Newhaven after the death of Whalley; but it is almost certain that he too died in Russel's house about two years after his father-in-law.

A few months after their arrival in Hadley, Goffe and his companion were surprised by a visit from John Dixwell, another of the English Regicides. Dixwell was a man of

good family, and considerable landed property, in Kent; he sat for Dover in the Long Parliament, and held the rank of colonel in the army of the Commonwealth. He sat in Westminster Hall on the trial of the king, and affixed his name to the fatal death-warrant. Subsequently, he was appointed governor of Dover Castle; and for several years officiated as sheriff of Kent. At the Restoration, he fled to Hanau, where, becoming a burgess, he received protection; but his regicide companions, Okey and Barksted, being trepanned by Sir George Downing, the British minister at the Hague, sent to England and executed, Dixwell crossed the Atlantic, to seek a more secure refuge in America.

This meeting must have been a most interesting event in the secluded lives of Goffe and Whalley. What asking of questions, relating of adventures, regrets for the past, and fears for the future, must have formed the conversation of the three outlaws! Dixwell remained but for a short time at Hadley; and the only other event of any importance during the miserable sojourn of the other two, was the attack by the Indians, and Goffe's remarkable appearance as the deliverer of the town. As long as they lived, they were supported by contributions from friends in England and America. Goffe regularly corresponded with his wife in England under a feigned name. Part of one of those letters from Goffe, and the reply from his wife, are before us as we write. They are painful documents, displaying exceeding amiability of private character, and minds supported under the affliction of a life-long separation in this world, by strong faith in a happy meeting in another. It seems strange that men who had acted such stirring parts in the world, could exist in so secluded a manner as they did in Russel's house; but Whalley at least was not unaffected by the change, for during several years before his death, he was imbecile both in body and mind, requiring Goffe's constant attention.\* One might wonder, likewise, that in the most distant settlement of America, there should have been occasion for such rigorous seclusion; but we must remember, that the vengeance of the Royalists was not always

conducted according to the forms of law. Dorislaus was assassinated at the Hague, and Lisle in Switzerland; and so little was thought of the latter circumstance, that Anthony A. Wood merely says: "He was, by some generous Royalists, there dispatched."

From the time that Dixwell visited Hadley, we lose sight of him for about seven years, when we find that he came to Newhaven, and settled there under the name of James Davis. He lived quietly, was much respected for his piety, married, became a widower, married again, and died at a good old age in 1689. It would appear that the English authorities had never suspected his existence in America. Once only was he in any danger during his residence in Newhaven. Sir Edmond Andros, governor of Massachusetts, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the American Jeffreys, passing through Newhaven, attended divine service, and was struck by Dixwell's appearance as the latter entered the church. "Who is that person?" said Andros. "A retired merchant," was the reply. "No," rejoined the governor, "that is no merchant; he is a gentleman, and has been a soldier: this must be looked to." Probably Andros thought he had discovered Goffe; but whatever were his intentions, they were speedily put out of his head by feelings of rage and indignation. Not only did the clergyman preach at him, but even the clerk sang at him. We may imagine how the old Presbyterian precentor, looking hard at the governor, gave out the verse, and chanted, with bitter energy, Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the fifty-second Psalm:—

Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,  
Thy wicked works to praise?

A select few in Newhaven knew who Dixwell was. He made his will in his own name, but requested that it should not be put upon his tombstone, lest his ashes might be desecrated, as those of greater men had been by the relentless Royalists. The Revolution had occurred before he died; but he was a fortnight in his grave before the news reached Newhaven. The rejoicings on the occasion must have almost made the old Roundhead leap in his grave! The altered state of affairs caused by the Revolution allowed Dixwell's will to be submitted to probate; his family were recognized by their relatives in England, and ultimately received some small benefit from their father's Kentish estates.

About forty years ago, the inhabitants of Newhaven finding their burial-ground incon-

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\* In a note to *Peveril of the Peak*, Scott states that it was Whalley who commanded the defenders of Hadley. But a letter from Goffe to his wife, written a year previous to that event, gives a sad account of his father-in-law's utter imbecility. *There cannot be a shadow of doubt that Goffe was the supposed angel of Hadley.*



veniently crowded, and, by the increase of building, brought almost into the centre of the town, laid out an ornamental cemetery in the suburbs, to which they carefully removed the remains and monuments of their forefathers from the ancient place of interment. But three graves and three grave-stones, considered by the people of New-haven to possess a historical interest, were left undisputed in their original sites, where the writer saw them a few years ago, and where they may be seen to this day. One of these conceals the ashes of Dixwell; the other two are the last resting-places of Goffe and Whalley. How the bodies of the latter came to be removed from Hadley to New-haven, a distance of 100 miles, is a mystery now difficult to solve. Tradition states, that it was the wish of Dixwell that the three should be buried beside each other, and that he, having fetched the bodies of his fellow-regicides from Hadley, interred them, with the aid of the sexton, at night, and afterwards caused the tombstones to be erected. It is known for a certainty that Russel, in whose house Goffe and Whalley were so long concealed, buried their bodies on his own premises; and it is conjectured, that being afraid lest they should be discovered, he procured Dixwell to remove them to Newhaven. Even in the time of James II., the crown-officers of New England eagerly sought for information respecting the Regicides and their concealers. The cruel execution of Lady Alicia Lisle, widow of the assassinated Re-

gicide, for sheltering a dissenting minister implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, seems to have struck a dread on all the harborers of the Regicides in the colonies, and it is very probable that that event may have occasioned the removal of the bodies. However this may be, the last resting-place of Goffe and Whalley is undoubtedly at New-haven. On Dixwell's tomb there is the following inscription:—"J. D., Esqr. Deceased March the 18th. In the 82d year of his age. 1688-9." On the tomb of Whalley there are only the initials E. W., and a date, which at first glance appears to be 1658; but on more careful scrutiny, the 5 is discovered to be an inverted 7, meaning 1678, the correct date of his death. That this has not been done accidentally, but by design, is proved by the date being cut in the same manner on the footstone of the grave. The inscription on Goffe's tombstone is merely "M. G. 80." But there is a dash, thus —, beneath the letter M, signifying it to be read inverted, as W, the correct initial; and the 80, which to the uninitiated would seem to imply that he lived to that age, denotes the year of his death, 1680, at which time he had not reached his seventieth year. This enigmatical mode of inscription was adopted, evidently to avoid detection, by Dixwell; and as it answered that purpose in a former period, so it has attracted attention at a later era, and indisputably proves the identity of the remains that lie beneath.

**EDUCATION IN TURKEY.**—The Turkish Government (says a correspondent writing from Berlin) is in the practice of supplying itself with elementary school books from Prussia, and its representative at this Capital has standing orders to send to Constantinople every educational work of merit upon its appearance here. These orders are the consequence of the travels in the west of Europe, accomplished a year or two ago by

Kemel Effendi, director of the Turkish schools. A number of teachers, with assistants, were lately sent to Travnik, Czur-nick, Beche, Jenibazar, Banialuke, Basna-Serai, Hersek, and Mostar, in order to organize and conduct elementary schools at those places. It is, however, to be regretted that these schools are only for the Turco-Arabic children, the Christian population deriving no benefit from them.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS.

IN reading of the recent excursions which our aspiring neighbor, the president of the French republic, has been making throughout France, our eye is caught by the word "Agen," the name of one of the towns at which he halted. In that place, situated on the Garonne, about a day's voyage south of Bordeaux, there lives a man commonly called the Last of the Troubadours—a peasant-poet, writing for Languedoc and Provence—a man who sings and speaks and writes in the provincial language or *patois* of the surrounding district, but in such a way as has made him enthusiastically welcomed all over the south of France. The name of this man is Jacques Jasmin. He is a hair-dresser, keeping a little shop in Agen. He is about fifty-one years of age, strong, vivacious, frank, full of passionate energy, entertaining the utmost confidence in his own powers, but using them with the greatest good sense relatively both to their management and to the objects and manner of their employment. While we know that he is really popular to an extent of which we in our cold England can hardly form a conception; that his songs and poems are in the mouths of the countrymen who labor in the fields or sit by their firesides; that when he recites before assemblies of perhaps 2,000 people, the ladies tear the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets to weave them into garlands for him; we know, likewise—and this is the most remarkable thing of all—that he has a rule of diligent labor, of revisal and correction, which he follows as conscientiously as if his taste and principle had been fashioned in a classical school. Two volumes of his poems have been translated into modern French, and are printed side by side with the originals; and to these a third has recently been added, which contains several things particularly worthy of note.

Through the kindness of a friend, some of his more recent pieces have reached us, and it is clear that he continues to improve. He is every way, in so far as we can understand him, a very singular specimen of the poet of

the people. An inability to enter into other nationalities than our own, may prevent our rating him quite so high as his countrymen say he deserves; but we certainly do see that his plan of operation is a rare, a striking, and a most effective one. He stands in the exceedingly odd position of a troubadour and a classic combined. Though professing to disdain extempore effusions, he is both quick and clever at them; but for nothing in the world will he forego the delight of doing all the justice to his favorite subjects that the most elaborate and careful treatment can enable him to render. His are no "touch-and-go" compositions. He tells the story of the people in fictions so exquisitely true, so replete with beauty, yet so familiar and peasant-like, that we can recall nothing similar to these compositions in the whole round of popular poetry. Crabbe may be as genuine and hearty—and there are among his poems some of which Jasmin often reminds us—but Crabbe was the priest of the parish, and painted from an eminence; while Jasmin stands in the crowd below, and sketches the groups among which he mingles.

Jasmin knows nothing of ancient rules, yet he is as severe as any master of antiquity in self-judgment. Still more strange is it, that this Poet of the Peasants has never disdained his original profession, but continues as usual to lather and shave the chins of his countrymen, and to dress the ladies' hair. More strange yet, he refuses all pay for his recitations. The single announcement of his name is enough to draw immense audiences, and his appearance excites an enthusiasm, compared with which that of a London crowd for Jenny Lind is described as cold and faint. When he is on one of his missions, undertaken for religious or charitable purposes, he does not refuse to scatter impromptu in return for hospitality and compliments; but not for the best of objects will he permanently degrade his art. He will give out to the public at large only what he has carefully designed and matured. A sketch of one of his poems, entitled *Crazy Martha*, may give

some idea of the subjects in which he most delights, and his manner of treating them.

Martha was a poor girl, well known in the town of Agen as living thirty years on public charity; one whom, as Jasmin says, we little rogues teased whenever she went out to get her small empty basket filled. For thirty years, we saw that poor idiot woman holding out her hand for our alms. When she went by, we used to say: 'Martha must be hungry, she is going out!' We knew nothing about her, yet everybody loved her. But the children, who have no mercy, and laugh at everything sad, used to call out: 'Martha! a soldier!' and then Martha, who dreaded soldiers, used to run away. So much for fact; but now comes the question: 'Why did she run away?' Jasmin, he says, sat himself down to answer this question, at some thoughtful moment when the image of the poor maiden, graceful even in rags, presented itself to him; and after having diligently sought out her previous history through a number of channels, the result was the following relation.

It was a beautiful day, and the clear pure waters of the river Lot were murmuring on their banks, when a young girl walked by its side with a disturbed and anxious look. In the next town, the young men of the village were engaged in balloting for the conscription. The young girl had a lover there; her fate was entwined with his; and her whole aspect showed how deep and heartfelt was her anxiety. In her heart she prayed, but she could not keep still. This maiden was Martha. Another girl, too, was there; she also had trouble in her eye, but not profound like Martha's. This was Annette, a neighbor's daughter. The two girls talked together of their doubts and fears, but each in her own way. At length, Annette took alarm at her friend's intensity of anxiety. She endeavored to soothe her: 'Take courage; it is noon, we shall soon know; but you are trembling like a reed. Your look frightens me. If James should be chosen, would it kill you?' 'I don't know, indeed,' replied Martha. Forthwith, Annette begins to remonstrate: 'Surely you would not be so foolish as to die of love—*men* never do—why should women? If my young man Joseph were to be drawn, I should be very sorry; but I should never think of such a thing as dying for him.'

So the loving and the light young maidens go on discoursing. The drum is heard at a distance; it draws nearer; it announces the return of those who have been fortunate enough to escape. Now, which of those two

girls will have the happiness of beholding her beloved? Not Martha, alas! The thoughtless, gay, joyous Annette is to be the favored one, for Joseph is there among the youths who have drawn the fortunate number. As for James, he is drawn, and he must go. A fortnight afterwards, Annette, who would have been so easily comforted, is married; and James takes his sorrowing farewell of poor Martha. If war spares him, he promises to return with a whole heart to her. So ends the first part or canto of the piece.

The second begins: The month of May returns again; and it is painted as only the southern poets can paint it—how often in the troubadour songs do such pictures as these return?—

May, sweet May, again is come,  
May, that fills the land with bloom;  
On the laughing hedgerows' side  
She hath spread her treasures wide.  
She is in the greenwood shade,  
Where the nightingale hath made  
Every branch and every tree  
Ring with her sweet melody.

Sing ye, join the chorus gay,  
Hail this merry, merry May!  
Up, then, children! let us go  
Where the blooming roses grow;  
In a joyful company  
We the bursting flowers will see, &c.

But in the midst of all this happiness, poor Martha sings her sad song alone:—'The swallows are come back; my own two birds are come to their own old nest. No one has separated them as we have been parted. How bright and pretty they are! and round their necks they wear the little bit of ribbon which James tied upon them when they pecked the golden grains out of our clasped hands.'

Poor Martha! she sings and complains, sick at heart and ill in body; for a slow fever has come upon her, and she seems to be dying. Just at that juncture, a kind old friend, guessing the cause of her decline, does a beneficent act with a view to her restoration. He sells a vine, gives her the money, and with this commencement of a fund, Martha labors incessantly, hoping to get the means of buying her lover's freedom. Her kind friend dies; this is discouraging; but still she proceeds. She sells the dwelling he had bequeathed to her, and runs with the money to the priest of the village.

'Monsieur le Curé,' she says, 'I have brought you the whole sum. Now you can write; buy his liberty, I beseech you; only

do not tell him *who* has obtained it. Oh, I know full well that he will guess who it is ; but still do not name me, nor feel any fear about me, for I can work on till he comes. Quickly, good, dear sir—quickly bring him back.’ Thus the second part closes.

The third begins:—Now comes the difficulty of a search for the missing lover ; for in the time of the Emperor’s great wars, it was no easy matter to follow out the career of a conscript. The kind priest was skilful enough in his own field ; he could hunt out a sinner in his sin, and bring him back to the fold, but to find a nameless soldier in the midst of an army—one who had not been heard of for three years—was another thing. However, no pains were spared. Time went on, and still Martha worked to replace part of what she had expended, and to have something more to bestow. The news of her persevering love was spread abroad, and everybody loved and sympathized with her. Garlands were hung on her door, and little presents against her bridal were prepared by the maidens. Above all, Annette was kind and eager. Thus every one considered her as betrothed, and the marriage only waiting for the bridegroom. At length, one Sunday morning after mass, the good priest produced a letter ; it was from James. It told that he had received the gift of freedom ; that he was coming the next Sunday. Not a word was said of his real deliverer. Having been left in the village a foundling, his notion was, that his mother had at length made herself known, and done this kind action. He exulted in the thought.

The week passes away, and after mass the whole population of the village awaits his coming, the good priest at their head, and Martha, poor Martha, by his side. The view which our poet gives of the scene—of the village road—of the expecting parties, is in the highest degree beautiful and artistic. All on a sudden, at the distant turn in the road, two figures are seen approaching—two soldiers ; the tall one, there can be no doubt about ; it is James, and how well he looks ! He is grown, he is more manly, more formed by far than when he went away ; but the other, who can it be ? It is more like a woman than a man, though in soldier’s clothes ; and a foreigner too—how beautiful and graceful *she* is ; yes, it is a *cantinière*. A woman with James ! Who can it be ? Martha’s eyes rest on her—sadly, and with a deathlike fixedness ; and even the priest and the people are dumb. Just at that moment, James sees his old love. Trembling and confused, he stops. The priest can no

longer be silent. ‘James, who is that woman ?’ and trembling like a culprit, he answers : ‘My wife, monsieur—I am married.’ A wild cry issues from the crowd—it is Martha’s ; but she neither weeps nor sighs : it is a burst of frantic laughter—thenceforth her reason is gone for ever.

This is the touching story which Jasmin has elaborated from the idea of poor crazy Martha. We have sketched it as a fair specimen of his manner of dealing with a suggestive fact ; but in truth one grand charm can in no way be made known to the English reader. Reading his poems through the medium of a French translation, printed side by side with the original, we cannot but see how condensed and expressive is the Provençal. It has been well defined as ‘an ancient language, which has met with ill fortune.’ During the twelfth century—from 1150 to 1220—it had reached a high degree of perfection, having been the first of those to which the Latin gave birth after the inroads of barbarism. You find in it a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and Latin. This first-formed modern tongue was violently arrested in its progress at the commencement of the thirteenth century in the wars of the Albigenses. There was no political centre, however, in the land of its birth, and it fell into disuse, and became merely a patois. Jasmin has imposed on himself the singular task of using this language, not exactly as now spoken in any one place, but as it was written in its purer times ; and wherever he goes, he is understood, even by the Catalonians. Sometimes he brings up an ancient word, and sometimes coins one of immediate affinity to the old, but always with discretion and good sense. An amusing anecdote of him has been recorded lately. During one of his poetical wanderings in the south, it seems he was challenged by an enthusiastic patois rhymers to a round of three subjects in twenty-four hours ; both poets to be under lock and key for that space. This is the answer of our troubadour:—

“SIR—I received only yesterday, on the eve of my departure, your poetic challenge ; but I must say, that had it come to me at ever so opportune a moment, I should not have accepted it. What, sir ! you propose to my Muse, who delights in air and liberty, the confinement of a close room, guarded by sentinels, where she is to treat of three given subjects in twenty-four hours ! Three subjects in the space of twenty-four hours ! You terrify me ! Allow me to inform you, in all humility, that the muse you are for placing in so dangerous a predicament, is too



old to yield more than two or three verses a day. My five principal poems (they are here named) cost me twelve years' labor, and they do not amount in all to 2,400 couplets. The chances, you see, are not equal. Your Muse will have performed her triple task before mine, poor thing, has found herself ready to begin.

"I dare not, then, enter the lists with you; the steed which drags my car painfully along, and yet comes at last to its journey's end, is no match for a railway carriage. The art which produces verses, one by one, cannot enter into combination with mechanism. My Muse, therefore, declares herself conquered beforehand, and I fully authorize you to register the fact.

"I have the honor to be, sir, yours,

"JACQUES JASMIN.

"*P. S.*—Now that you know the *Muse*, please to know the *Man*. I love glory; but never did the success of others disturb my repose."

It should be added, that Jasmin is always to be found among those who contend against the extreme centralization of France. His whole character and turn of thought is provincial. "The country was my cradle; in the country shall be my grave." His influence is always moral, calming, and healthful. The poet is no revolutionist; he seeks only for the triumphs of self-conquest and virtue. It may be said, that he is too full of the cultivation of his art to be a politician; but he appears to us to be truly patriotic, and to put aside the temporary polemics of the day with a dignity which is very far from indifference.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## HISTORY OF THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD.

THE dates of the Colleges of Oxford lie scattered over a period of four centuries and a half. When the first was founded, Liberty had but just raised her head with Leicester in the field, and with Grosteste and Roger Bacon in the closet; the last was scarcely completed when the hopes of Rome and of the house of Stuart sank together at Culloiden. In their architecture is graven the taste of many times. The early simplicity of the Gothic style lingers in the courts of Merton; while the fulness of its mature beauty is expanded in the chapel. Magdalen exhibits the grace of its decay. The manorial beauty of Wadham marks the era of the Tudors. Two colonnades, which mar the inner quadrangle of St. John's, recall the unfortunate memory of Laud and of his king. The later Stuarts are not without their monuments; and Queen's and Worcester preserve, if they do not commend, the classical predilections of Anne and of the Georges. Among the founders and benefactors whose names are commemorated in St. Mary's, and whose portraits look down upon the college Halls, are to be found every variety of character and costume which so many centuries could produce—sceptered

Plantagenets, warrior prelates, stoled priests, ecclesiastical chancellors, statesmen-bishops of the Tudors, grave knights and bountiful ladies of Elizabeth and James; fat incumbents and rich traders of a later day. Yet, as in the general form of the half monastic quadrangle, with its hall, chapel and gate-tower, which holds and once confined the members of the college, so in the object, constitution, and statutes of these foundations, there is a similarity of the strongest kind.

The first colleges were founded towards the close of the thirteenth century. If the reader will carry his mind back to that period, he will find all his present ideas of the University reversed.

Oxford, ever since the Reformation, has been the consecrated abode of Tory politics and high-church divinity. The puritan party made head in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but they were quelled by the coercive genius of Laud. In their triumphant hour they broke fiercely in upon the stronghold of their enemies, and the moment of their ascendancy is marked by the appearance among the chancellors of the great Protector and his feeble son. Other

heresies, perhaps, have lurked in covert, or raised their head in the person of eccentric individuals; and once an Oxford College made what is always represented as a stand for civil liberty. The president and fellows of Magdalen, finding their own rights disturbed by the encroachments of King James II., deviated from those maxims of hyperbolic loyalty which Oxford at the time professed, and performed an act of patriotic resistance to arbitrary power. But with these exceptions, Oxford has been always for church and king. There Laud reigned supreme; there he learnt, in the government of a college, those lessons of administration which he afterwards applied to a more extensive and less ductile element; and there he has left the most characteristic monument of himself, in a constitution of which the sole object is restriction. In 1622, under Laud's domination, the University passed and imposed, as a test at graduation, the famous decree, that in no case can it be lawful for subjects to use force or to appear in the field against their king. In "Oxford Halls," as in "Durham Stalls," Marston and Naseby spread grief and mourning. In Oxford, Jacobitism lingered longest; and the University received from the house of Brunswick a troop of horse, when Cambridge received a present of books. In more recent times, Lord Eldon appears as the Cynosure of the University, where he was reared. In the theatre of Oxford, the "Pacifiers of Europe," amidst universal academic hallelujahs and laudatory effusions of the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Muse, celebrated their victory—as they thought their eternal victory—over the fallen monster of Revolution. In the same theatre, the successful general of monarchy and aristocracy consummated his triumph, and placed the chancellor's academic cap on the head which was already wreathed with the laurels of Waterloo. On that occasion, the Tories were assembled in such force, that had the roof of the theatre fallen in, or been pulled down by a Whig Samson, it would have annihilated the party. From the cheers of Oxford undergraduates, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel are said to have conceived the inspiring hope that, in spite of the Reform Bill, the heart of England was still sound, and that re-action might be looked for from the rising generation. Oxford punished Sir Robert Peel for his first apostasy. To Oxford, in the confidence that his spirit was hers, Mr. Gladstone dedicated his *Church and State*. In *Oxford* was commenced the great re-action

against the movement of intellectual and religious liberalism which advanced with political reform; and the clergy, finding the arm of the State withdrawn, began to look for other standing ground, with results which are present and familiar.

In intellect, too, as in religion and in politics, Oxford has been on the Conservative side. Modern science has remained excluded from the circle of her teaching. Modern philosophy and comparative philology have rather stolen than been received into her fold. And though in Newmanism she originated a great intellectual movement, it is certain that the age has been shaped elsewhere. In the educational department, the Hebdomadal Board were able to state in their letter to the late Premier, that the present University system had been fixed in the reign of Charles I. Even the study of mathematics exists but in a languid and unhonored state. And the strict retention of the classical system and the Aristotelian philosophy is the glory of the University or its shame.

The students at Oxford at the present day are and long have been entirely from the higher classes. They have the manners of their class. They are limited in number. They are decorous in demeanor. They all belong to colleges and are under college government and tutorial instruction. The colleges are everything. Their heads are the governing oligarchy; their fellows are the instructors; in their lecture-rooms the education of the University goes on, and their residents are the learned men. The University, as distinguished from the colleges, is absolutely nothing.

The thirteenth century exhibits a picture precisely the reverse of this. The University is a great, free, and turbulent literary republic. Its legislative consists of all its graduates, who are also its free teachers. Its executive consists of an elective chancellor and two elective proctors, representing the two nations of Northerns and Southern, that is Britain north and south of Trent, whose antipathies form the subject of precautionary provisions in college statistics, and in whom Huber discovers the ancestors of the Whigs and Tories. Colleges are but just beginning to rise. The schools of the University are the places of instruction; and those schools are held, not in a large and sumptuous building, but in sheds and alleys, in church porches and hired rooms, and wherever the teacher could find shelter for himself and the hungry minds who crowded to his lecture.

For there was a passionate and romantic ardor in the pursuit of knowledge unequalled perhaps in the history of the world: the intellectual counterpart of the spirit which produced monasticism, chivalry, and the crusades. The baby science grasped at the moon. The alchemist sought his fancied gold, and the Realist attempted by a syllogistic process to obtain the knowledge of things from words. "Too vigorous a fancy," says Huber, "seized upon and consumed all the materials of knowledge. They vanished under the magical influence of an intellect which converted their most solid substance into artificial webs." The mental activity was feverish. It has been compared to that of the nineteenth century; it has been thought to exceed that of the sixteenth. It was the vernal stirring of the human spirit after the long and weary winter.

In the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the old system of education—the *trivium* of grammar, logic, and rhetoric; the *quadrivium* of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music—a liberal system in its day—had fallen into the background. The scholastic system of theology and philosophy had arisen, with its dialectical formality, with its child-like faith, with the speculative keenness by which that faith was undermined, and with a list of names—Anselm, Abelard, Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas—which Huber justly says have a place in the golden book of intellect, and which during the mediævalizing movement of the last twenty years have been half resuscitated in Oxford studies. With the new speculative philosophy there arose two new practical studies, those of law and medicine, which attracted the gain-seeking and ambitious, as the other did the philosophic mind. The law was the Roman jurisprudence, repulsed by the barons who had enforced *Magna Charta*, and met with a *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari* by the partisans of the feudal common law, but encouraged by the civilizing ambition of the church and rewarded by the practice of her courts. The natural philosophy of the time, the philosophy of Aristotle and the Arabians, was narrowly watched in its general applications, as being apt to conjure spirits of more than one kind from the deep of physical speculation; but in its application to medicine it could not be restrained. "The physician," it has been justly said, "was a person practically too indispensable to be under surveillance for his orthodoxy by Church or by State; nay, nor could he be troubled by them, whether he learned

his art from Jew, from Arabian, or from the very spirits of hell."

The church saw men eating of the tree of knowledge, and she met the emergency with wisdom—wisdom like that of a single sagacious mind, though where the mind resided is a mystery. "She determined to adopt the new speculative spirit for herself; to mould it (as far as possible) to her service; yet to isolate it from theology, her own peculiar charge. To meet the wants of the age, she established (as at other times) new organs. Dominicans and Franciscans, under her banners, rushing into the arena of speculation, soon made it their own; and though the movement was not quelled (for active controversy continued between the very champions of the church) it was far less dangerous than if it had been wholly independent of her." Houses of Dominicans and Franciscans accordingly were posted in Oxford to watch, control, appropriate, or when it tended to heresy, combat the speculative movement of the schools.

From the new-born knowledge a system evolved itself, consisting of arts and the three faculties of theology, law, and medicine. The higher part of arts was scholastic philosophy, whence it is called *philosophia* in college statutes and in foreign universities; but the subjects of the trivium and quadrivium seem to have been included as a subordinate part, so that the course of arts included all the general, liberal, and polite knowledge of the time. After a struggle between the liberal party in the University and the monastic orders, it was decided, against the wish of the orders, that every one should pass through Arts before he was permitted to proceed in a faculty. A residence of about fifteen years, with perpetual lectures and disputations, was required in order to attain the doctor's degree in either of the faculties. Thus mediæval Oxford embraced within the circle of her studies all the knowledge of the age, both general and professional; both that which is now represented by the *Litteræ Humaniores* and mathematical schools, and that which has long since migrated to the London hospitals and the inns of court, or ceased to be studied as a regular faculty at all. And the Universities, which are now little more than great finishing schools for the higher classes, were the capitals of all learning, the souls and centres of all intellectual movement, the emporiums of all knowledge. The feelings with which a northern peasant boy, fired with the love of learning, must have looked on Oxford

for the first time, after his long journey on foot from Cumberland or Yorkshire, can scarcely be equalled now.

And Oxford was in the vanguard of the age. She eagerly accepted, and outstripped other universities in pursuing, the new knowledge of the day. She fostered the heretical tendencies to which that knowledge gave birth. Robert Grosteste, John Basingstock, and Roger Bacon, the great cultivators of physical science in the University during the thirteenth century, were names dreaded by the church. Grosteste, who in intellectual and academical influence was at once the Cyril Jackson and Newman of his day, died under an excommunication. The first colleges were the antagonists of the monasteries. When in the fulness of time Wycliffism arose within the walls of Merton College, it at once took possession of the mind of the University. The Pope and bishops were set at naught. Even after Wycliffe's recantation his tenets were defended, and it was with great difficulty and by a strong exertion of the King's power, that a condemnation of the dangerous doctrine was at length obtained, and an anti-Wycliffite test imposed; an early instance of the use of oaths to control dreaded thought. And in spite of this, and all the engines of intellectual coercion, in the use of which that age was no mean proficient, Lollardism, and more startling things than Lollardism continued to find champions, and the great seat of theological innovation in that day was in the University of Laud and Dr. Pusey.

The number of students, instead of 1500, amounted, it is said, in the thirteenth century, to 30,000. They were of all ages and of all classes; or rather, perhaps, principally of the poorest class. Mendicancy was common, and brought no dishonor. Scholars begged alms from door to door. On one occasion, the city, having offended against the University, was condemned annually to give a dole of bread and beer to a certain number of poor scholars. Among the number, both of teachers and students, were many foreigners. For the Catholic church and the Universal language made all European places of learning one, and the tide of thought and knowledge flowed freely through Paris, Oxford, and Bologna. The spaces now occupied by the buildings and gardens of the colleges were crowded by the houses in which the students lodged, and some of which, at one time it is said three hundred, were devoted to their exclusive use, under the name of hospices and halls. The vast

and motley multitude, if it contained the flower of the nation's intellect, contained also some of the quintessence of its blackguardism. The king gave the chancellor the use of the jail for his refractory scholars. And the whole mass was as remarkable as a source of national turbulence as of national thought.

Chronica si penses  
Cum pugnans Oxonienses  
Post paucos menses  
Volat ira per Angligenenses.

The *pugnæ* were barbarous and sanguinary frays between the nations, who fought pitched battles under the walls of the city, or between the University and the town, or between the scholars and the Jews, a class whom we are surprised to find acting furiously on the aggressive. The irregularities of "rowing under-graduates" in those days were repressed, not by the gentle interference of the proctor and his "bull-dogs," but by sallies of billmen and archers from the castle, and onslaughts of the *posse comitatus*.

Such is the contrast between the modern and the mediæval Oxford. A limited, orderly, and orthodox school of classics and mathematics, for the upper classes, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, on the one hand; an unlimited, disorderly, democratic, heretical school of every kind of knowledge for all ages and all classes, on the other. Learning, then concentrated, is now diffused. Law and medicine have found other homes. Teachers have become ubiquitous by means of printing. Boyish education is better carried on in schools. The world "will ne'er be young again." But there was something which this age can scarcely parallel, in that daily contact of eager minds, toiling with unbounded hope in the pursuit of every kind of learning; in that vast, barbarous, tumultuous multitude of all ages and nations, not sent by fathers to a finishing school, but thronging to the University, penniless and footsore, to gather knowledge, as men throng now to California to dig for gold.

The whole was the possession, the grand and perilous possession of the Church. That the University and colleges are lay corporations may be good law, but it is bad history. As a municipal body with civil rights and privileges, the University was the creature and subject of the crown; and the kings constantly interfered by proclamations and by arms to keep order, and to compose



the disputes between the University and the citizens respecting the prices of provisions and the rent of houses for the scholars. But as a place of learning and education, the University was an ecclesiastical body, and under the jurisdiction of the bishop, the metropolitan or all-absorbing Rome. It was visited by legates, who sometimes met with a rude reception. All scholars were clerks. Chaucer calls his scholar a "clerke of Oxenforde." And proclamations distinguish between *scholares* and *laici*—implying, of course, that scholars were the opposite of laymen. The lay members of foundations, and at Christ Church the commoners, like those who are in orders, wear the surplice in chapel, at the present day.

It was the fashion in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries for great men and prelates to maintain poor scholars at the University by means of pensions called exhibitions. Bishop Grosteste, the great philosopher and reformer, was an eminent benefactor in this way. But the bounty of the exhibitor ended with his life. William of Durham, a northern ecclesiastic, appears first to have thought of taking advantage of the civil immortality of the University to make his own beneficence immortal. In 1249 he left a sum to the University for the support and relief of masters. The University settled these masters in a hall, with a brief code of statutes, to study divinity, itself being their visitor. Here we have the germ, but the germ only, of a college. The Hall was called *Magna Aula Universitatis*, which is the proper title of University College at the present day. In later times some "extravagant and ambitious persons," as Wood says, started a "supposal" that the great hall of the University had been the seat of a society of students founded by King Alfred. A court of law, in a case respecting the visitorship of the college, adopted and confirmed this legend. No liege subject can now deny its truth. And her Majesty is founder and visitor of University College by transmission from King Alfred.

In 1269, John Balliol, the father of the pretender king, on his death-bed, besought his widow to continue the charity which he had given to poor scholars during his life. The "noble and virtuous lady" bought a house, and settled in it her husband's scholars. She gave them a short and sensible code of statutes, bidding them attend divine offices on festivals, and on other days frequent the schools, and enjoining them to pray for her husband's soul, and for the

souls of the faithful, with some simple rules of life. They were to have a principal, chosen by themselves from their own number—a provision which gives her society a more organic character than that of William of Durham. A poor scholar, the prototype of servitors, was to be maintained by the broken meat from the college table. For visitors the college was to choose two procurators among the members of the University; and from this arrangement Balliol derives what it calls in the University calendar, the "singular privilege of choosing its own visitor." The allowance of the fellows was limited to eightpence a-week—a penny on week days, and twopence on Sundays. Dervorguilla's statutes, in spite of the inviolability of founders' wills, were superseded by new codes, given by Sir William Somerville, and afterwards by the Bishop of London, under the authority of the Pope—the last just before the Reformation. But her open fellowships lived through these revolutions. And her humble house has done, and is doing, noble service to learning and education, while the magnificent foundations of Wykeham and Waynflete mourn in barrenness the tyranny of their founders' will.

But the first perfect college, and the real type of the college system, both at Oxford and elsewhere, was the Domus Scholarium de Merton, founded about 1274, by Walter de Merton, Chancellor to Henry III. and Edward I., and one of a party friendly to Anglican liberties, and hostile to the encroachments of the papal power and the monastic orders which were its instruments. His college may be regarded as a secular monastery of students antagonistic to the monasteries of regulars—his monks being under no vows, and destined, not for asceticism or contemplation, but for study. Merton had before him the monasteries, the houses for the education of novices belonging to monastic orders, which the wisdom of those orders placed in Oxford, the exhibitions for poor scholars, and the halls in which communities of scholars dwelt, under the presidency of a principal elected by themselves, and into which a large portion of the students had by that time been gathered. He first followed the type of the houses for the education of novices, placing his *domus* at Malden, in Surrey, on the estate, while his scholars were to be sent up to Oxford. Afterwards, he placed the whole at Oxford, under the title of the House of the Scholars of Merton, which he declares himself to have founded "for the perpetual support of

scholars residing at the schools of Oxford or elsewhere, where a University exists, and for the support of three or four ministers of the Altar of Christ, who are to reside therein."

The scholars of Merton, now the fellows of Merton College, were to be chaste, of good conduct, peaceful, humble, indigent, of ability for study, and desirous of improvement. The character and abilities of the scholar elected were to be tested, not by examination, but by a year of probation, in which we may trace an analogy to the monastic novitiate. Merton set the example of confining fellowships to localities, though he admitted all the dioceses where the college had property. He also gave a preference to his kin, which he declares to be intended as an indemnification for the loss of their inheritance. Any person who became a monk, or entered into service, or obtained too liberal a benefice, or retired from the house with the intention of giving up learning, or neglected to study in the house, was to forfeit his fellowship. The provision for the expulsion of any one who became a monk, which runs through the colleges down to the Reformation, marks the antagonism between the monastery and the college. Visitors are even forbidden to employ a monk as their deputy in visitations.

The fellows were bound to constant residence and regular attendance on the schools. They were first to study "the liberal arts and philosophy," then to pass on to theology, except four or five, who might study canon law. One of them also was to be a grammarian, for the benefit of the juniors. Medicine, which afterwards crept in, was a study not sanctioned by the founder. The rule of study then was simply that of the University. The rule of life was monastic: it prescribed common meals, at which the fellows were to sit silent, and listen to the reader; uniform dress, the use of the Latin tongue, strict obedience, surveillance of the juniors by the seniors, and terminal scrutinies into the character and conduct of all members of the society. Attendance at the canonical hours, and celebration of masses was enjoined on all, and with this object three of the society were required to be in priests' orders. Masses were also to be said for the founder's soul, and no doubt also for that of Gilbert le Clare, the superior lord, who was moved by his soul's health to give a license in mortmain for the foundation.

The College was governed by a warden, who is to be "a man of circumspection in *spiritual and temporal affairs*." There is

also to be a vice-warden to act in the absence of the warden; deans for discipline, and proctors for accounts. There are also to be stewards of the house on its estates and manors; and every year after harvest the warden is to make his progress, and report the state of the property to the society on his return.

The annual stipend of the fellows is fifty shillings, of which they are to be mulcted rateably for absence from the schools. The warden has fifty marks for his table and two horses for his progress. Wardens disabled by infirmity or age are to be provided for in the house; fellows disabled by disease, in the hospital at Basingstoke. The number of the fellows is to increase with the estate, and strong denunciations are levelled against all who oppose this increase, unless they openly express a just and very clear reason for this opposition, as, for instance, a burdensome debt, or a suit with a powerful adversary, or some contribution imposed on the churches destined for the benefit of the collegians, or a subsidy to the Holy Land, the ransom of the prince or a prelate, the sudden firing or fall of the houses or churches, a murrain among the sheep, herds, or flocks, or similar accidents."

Each fellow at his election took an oath to obey the statutes, and though power is given to the society to make new rules, no power is given to repeal those of the founder. This, which has barred needful change and adaptation, is, perhaps, the only observable defect in a code which must otherwise be regarded as wise, tender, and liberal, especially if compared with some of those which followed. The institution of a monastic rule of life, and a general over-estimate of the virtues of government and discipline in forming moral, much more intellectual, character, was not the error of Merton, but his age. The college fulfilled, and perhaps in one respect surpassed, the wishes of its founder. It became a famous place of learning; it maintained a discipline so strict that some resigned their fellowships rather than bear it; it combated the monasteries; and among its members were Duns Scotus, Occam, the destroyer of Realism, Roger Bacon, the father of English science, and Wycliffe, the father of the Reformation.

We have noticed only the salient points of Merton's ordinances, but we have noticed enough to convey a general notion of what a college originally was, and of the contrast between the present and the past. Now, the main function of a college is education;

its most important members are the independent commoners; its most important officers are the tutors by whom these commoners are governed and instructed; its fellows are mostly non-residents, clergymen with cures, and sometimes with benefices, lawyers, schoolmasters, gentlemen at large, even officers in the army, deriving an annual income from the endowments, but rare visitors at the college, and as a class, not peculiarly devoted to literary pursuits. Originally the fellows were the college; they filled its chambers and its halls, they were devoted to study, they took no part in general education, they lived under a strict rule of life, and instead of governing, they were governed.

The rule of life in all the Roman Catholic colleges, at least that is in all but four, remained monastic. And Wykeham and the Roman Catholic founders who followed him, increased its strictness and minuteness, pursuing the fellows with tyrannical accuracy into all the particulars of their life and conduct, forbidding them to leave the college gates without a companion, dictating their private devotions, and encouraging secret denunciations. The admission of strangers is restricted. Females are carefully excluded. Even the age and face of a laundress who takes the linen from the porter, are required to be above suspicion; and the fellows and scholars of Corpus are specially forbidden to take their own clothes to the wash. Gay fashions in dress are interdicted, and the "liripoops" of the fellows of All Souls may not exceed three quarters of a yard in length, or the sixth part of a yard in breadth. The fellows of Magdalen are required always to wear gowns, sewn in front downwards to the very hem. "Howbeit, we grant permission that, in case of their riding or journeying to parts beyond the University, the opening in their short gowns may be so great on the anterior and posterior side (and not more ample), as to be conveniently applicable to men who are travelling and on horseback." Moreover they are not "inordinately to cherish their hair, or wear it too long in the nape or in the front," and to "walk with pricked ears according to the holy canons." Gambling, and certain other diversions, such as playing at ball and throwing stones, are also the subject of prohibitions. Hounds and hawks are forbidden to be kept. "Because," says one founder, "it becomes not poor men living on alms to give the bread of the children of men to dogs; and woe is denounced on those who sport

with the birds of heaven." We propose the verification of the last quotation as a problem to our readers. Silence at meals, and listening to the reader are enjoined, and talking in hall after meals prohibited, "except," says the founder of Magdalen, "when from reverence to God or to his Mother, or other saint whomsoever, a fire, which we would have to be of charcoal only, is made in the hall for the fellows; for then the fellows and scholars (Demyes) are to be allowed to stay after dinner or supper time, and to amuse themselves in a becoming way with songs and other reputable pastimes, and sedately to discuss poems, the chronicles of the realm, and the wonders of this world, and such other matters as lend a grace to the profession of clergymen." These, or similar provisions, are repeated in many of the Roman Catholic statutes, one founder copying literally from another. And there is reason to believe that the most trivial of them were regarded by the founders, and by the college at first, as equally inviolable with the weightier matters of their law.

The founder of Magdalen speaks of the penalty appointed for those who "misuse their tongues by speaking their mother language." This is not so hard as it seems. Latin was not only the language of books, but of all learned conversation, disputation, and prayer; and to force a clerk to speak Latin was to make him a citizen of educated Europe. The injunction occurs, we believe, in all but one or two of the most recent colleges. The founder of Oriel, who was almoner to Edward II., and the founder of Queen's, who was confessor to Queen Philippa, have, as courtiers, allowed their fellows the choice between Latin and Norman French. The founder of Corpus, who lived at the revival of learning, and fostered classics, has allowed Latin or *Greek*; the founder of Jesus, Latin, Greek, or *Hebrew*. Jesus was the first Protestant college, and the founder probably wished his fellows to study the Scriptures in the original, a practice which had so much conduced to the victory of his faith. "Intelligere Græce hereticum, Hebraice diabolicum," was the apophthegm of the most stanch and sagacious champions of the old religion. They were right.

We have not traced in the statutes anything like asceticism; not even an injunction to keep the fasts. Nor is there any vow of celibacy. But we have seen that females were rigidly excluded, and that fellowships were always forfeited by marriage; a provision which has produced a curious and

anomalous kind of Protestant monkery at the present day. Of course, the very nature of college life, which was essentially coenobitic, precluded marriage. Protestantism, which is hostile alike to celibacy and restraint, has never been able to make the college system thoroughly its own, or to bear it in its integrity. At Trinity college, Dublin, marriage is permitted. At Oxford and Cambridge, residence is dispensed with, and celibacy is only retained as an irrational limit to the tenure of the fellowship. A fellow engaged to be married, and waiting for a living to be married on, and still more a married fellow in his year of grace, would of course have been a portent in the eyes of a mediæval founder.

The qualifications of fellows had reference to their obligations, which were to conduct themselves peaceably and obediently as members of the brotherhood, and to study in their faculty. In the statutes which we have seen, moral qualifications are quite as much insisted on as intellectual: and the intellectual qualifications are those of a student, not a teacher. "Virtuous, chaste, modest, and suited to study," is the qualification of the fellows of Magdalen. Poverty, too, was a prominent requisite, the colleges being distinctly eleemosynary. This has been questioned, and New College was quoted in the House of Commons as an instance to the contrary. But that college is described in the opening of its statutes as "a perpetual college of poor and indigent scholar-clerks in the school of the University of Oxford;" and further on it is stated to be founded in obedience to the precept of Christ, who bids us shelter and relieve the poor.

The allowance indeed which is assigned to fellows by the statutes is such as when coupled with the conditions of restraint and discipline could hardly have tempted any but a poor man. It consisted principally of a fixed sum, which appears to have been sometimes paid annually, but generally weekly in the shape of commons. When it was paid weekly there was sometimes a small annual stipend in addition and occasionally a dole of cloth for garments. It is remarkable that while the commons at Merton are fixed at fifty shillings a year, at Corpus, two centuries and a half afterwards, they are still only twelve pence a week in ordinary times.

The college was governed by a head, whose various titles, master, warden, rector, president, principal, appear to have been dictated only by the fancy of the founders. He was

supported, and in his absence represented by a vicegerent, and assisted in discipline and government by deans or censors in the administration and custody of the revenues by proctors, treasurers, or bursars. His allowance was more ample, he was permitted to hold benefices when the fellows were forbidden, and his powers in some instances were great. His lodgings we believe were generally over the great gate of the college. The heads now marry and live in separate houses adjoining the college. And as they constitute with the proctors the governing board which since the time of Laud has absorbed all power into itself, they are at least as much officers of the university as of the college.

The tutors, on whose efficiency the reputation of a college now so much depends, were not even known to the oldest foundations. And when they did arise, their duty was to superintend the conduct of their pupils and to answer for their expenses, not to instruct them. The duty of instruction was left either to the university, or where there were any to the college lecturers. But the colleges, as we before observed, were not originally intended as places of general education. They were communities of poor students. A limited number of sons of noble-men, answering to the modern gentlemen commoners, was permitted at Magdalen and perhaps elsewhere in ancient times. But it was not, we believe, till some time after the Reformation that the colleges generally were opened for the reception of commoners, and invested with the responsibilities of general education. Magdalen, New College, and All Souls, which have never been opened for commoners, and Corpus, which has only just been opened for them, still exhibit instances of the original state of things.

In some colleges where the fellows were graduates, there was a junior foundation for undergraduates, to which the name of scholars at first given to the fellows was afterwards appropriated, and which appears to have been sometimes intended as a nursery of fellows. But the name of scholars includes some who were at first almost on a menial footing, as for instance the poor boys of Queen's, who originally waited on the fellows at table.

We must add to complete the community the college servants, manciple, butler, cook, porter, and barber, and the groom who tended the horses for the annual progress. These were, sometimes at least, a regular part



of the foundation, and at Corpus their commons are assigned like those of the fellows and scholars.

The founder of Merton rather implies than prescribes that masses should be offered for his soul. In later Roman Catholic foundations, however, prayers, masses, and obits for the souls of founders and benefactors are ordained with anxious minuteness and perplexing multiplicity. The fellows of Magdalen are bound to pray twice daily for the soul of their founder in private, besides innumerable public prayers and masses. But it cannot we believe be proved, though it has been alleged, that prayer for the soul of the founder was ever the main object of a college. An object it probably was of all charitable foundations in the middle ages. The Reformation of course swept away all this. And nothing remains now to the founders but a commemoration of their names and a thanksgiving for their bounties—a poor compensation for prayers and masses to a mediæval soul.

Partly perhaps for the sake of these masses, but partly also because a general object with founders was to increase the learning and efficiency of the secular clergy, most fellows of colleges were required to take priest's orders; and from this injunction, Protestant orders being substituted for Catholic, flows the clerical character of the university at the present day.

In some, especially in the earlier colleges, religious offices were only enjoined as a part of the rule of life; and two or three colleges were even unprovided with chapels. In others, the founder had distinctly a religious as well as a literary object. Magdalen and New College were provided with noble chapels and full choirs for the performance, in all its pomp, of Roman Catholic worship. Surpliced ranks filled the choir. Long processions swept the quadrangle, and the founder's eye seems to anticipate the pomp, as he dictates the order, and prescribes the vestments.

Inviolable statutes sealed the founder's will. They were to be read periodically before the whole Society. The fellows were bound to their observance by oaths, which the founder of New College carried to a great pitch of strictness. The founder of Magdalen has added an anathema. The founder of Corpus has illustrated the state of conscience and religion in his time by requiring a pecuniary bond against dispensations. Observing that the statutes of their predecessors had not been kept, the founders seem to have

thought that the remedy was to make their own statutes more minute, and their oaths more stringent. No founder had learnt from history the mutability of human things, or from philosophy the lesson that what man does not alter for the better, time alters for the worse. It is almost pitiable to see men assuming the eternity of their market prices on the eve of the discovery of Peru, and the eternity of their religion on the eve of the Reformation. But that spirit which could lead a man, after repeatedly changing a code of statutes in his lifetime, to impose them on the conscience of men as inviolable for ever, deserves a worse name than folly; whether chargeable on the man or his age, it is a crime.

Finally, a visitor, who down to the Reformation was always an ecclesiastic, was named by the founder not only to hear appeals, which the visitors still do, but also to visit, which they have long left undone.

The foundation of Merton was followed by that of Exeter College, founded by Walter de Stapylton, a statesman prelate of the time of Edward II., who fell in civil broil, defending himself bravely, in his *hacqueton*, near Paul's Cross, in Cheapside. Stapledon Hall, so it was at first called, seems to have been more like the fraternities of scholars at Balliol Hall, and University Hall, than the more organized Society of Merton. One peculiarity we believe was, that the head was elected annually. The college had a second founder, and again, in defiance of the inviolability of wills, a second lawgiver, in Sir William Petre, of Elizabethan memory, who disputed on education with Roger Ascham, Ascham advocating kindness, while Sir William stood up for whipping. But before Petre's time it had earned distinction in academical annals. For in Exeter College, William Grocyn, the scholar of Vitelli, Chalcondyles, and Politian, first publicly taught Greek.

Oriel is a great, and to many, a dreaded name in the modern history of Oxford. Its founder was Adam de Brome, who gave the honor to his unhappy master, Edward II., thereby making it a Royal College, and bade his fellows pray for Edward's soul. Adam de Brome has obtained, unjustly we fear, the singular credit of having permitted his Society, in case of need, to change his laws. We have heard quoted from his statutes the doleful words, *Omnes res humanæ tendunt visibilitur ad non esse*. Such seemed the prospects of the world to an observer in the reign of Edward II. It could hardly be ex-

pected, that one who took so black a view of things would make provision for the wants of future times. The college boasts the famous names of Raleigh and of Butler; perhaps it may better boast the name of Butler than of Raleigh, whose best school was that of action and enterprise by land and sea. But the glories of Oriel belong to more recent times. The two last provosts, Eveleigh and Copleston, earned in their generation deep gratitude from all advocates of University reform. The first was the main supporter of Cyril Jackson in the institution of "Honors," the first thing which roused educational Oxford from a torpor of two centuries. The second was a staunch supporter of election to fellowships by merit, which the first, however, had commenced. But that which will make Oriel a name in history is that its common room produced Arnold and Newman, an opposition remarkable, but not wonderful. Arnold's influence was exerted at a distance from Oxford through his great school and his heroic words; and the iron hour came before he could bring back to the University which he loved his courageous wisdom, his chivalrous love of good, and his fearless advocacy of truth. But the name of Newman is the history of the University for ten years.

Queen's College was named after the queen of chivalry, the warlike Philippa. Its founder, Robert Ecclesfield, was her chaplain and confessor. He placed his college under the patronage of all Queens Consort of England. Henrietta Maria was one of those who accepted the compliment and enriched the college. The number of thirteen was fixed upon by the founder in reference to Christ and the twelve Apostles; and he intended to add to the provost and fellows seventy poor youths, in allusion to the seventy disciples, a fancy for mystical numbers which seems to have been common among the founders, who chose seventy, forty, and twelve. "Them also," says Wood, speaking of the poor youths, "he intended to have summoned to refectory, as it elsewhere appears, by the sound of a trumpet; and the fellows on the one side of the table, in robes of scarlet (the doctors in divinity and decrees to have them faced with black furs) to oppose in philosophy the poor scholars, kneeling on the other side; but he dying immaturely, left the said design very imperfect. As for the formality of scarlet, it continued many years, till the charge thereof, and trouble of wearing it at refectory, caused it to be laid aside; but as for the *opposing of poor scholars* (or children as

they are called) which are but very few considering the founder's intention, it continueth to this day." The original building, a cluster of old halls irregularly massed, was twice the seat of Royal education. Edward the Black Prince and Henry V. are both said to have been students there, the second under the tuition of Cardinal Beaufort. In the beginning of the last century arose the present classical palace, a monument of the taste, or tastelessness of its age. About the same time the college seems to have produced some eminent men—Wycherly, Addison, and Tickell among the number. It has for some time past been distinguished principally as a Northern Society. But to the list of regular worthies given by Dr. Ingram must be added, what to that worthy antiquary would have seemed the portentous name of Bentham. The legislator of the human race, sage or charlatan, when a boy of twelve commenced his studies in these walls, and, in that age of port, found small help and left small thanks.

New College, founded 1386, formed a great epoch in the history of the University. Its proper title is St. Mary of Winchester in Oxenford; and Wykeham's name resounds from the University pulpit as "the sole and munificent founder of the two St. Mary Winton Colleges." It is doubtful whether this mediæval Mæcenas was himself at a university. His architectural skill and his general ability recommended him to a good judge of men, King Edward III. He became that monarch's chief architect and statesman, and was great in both capacities. As a statesman, he belonged to the Conservative and Papal party. A hostile Wycliffite party, headed by the Duke of Lancaster, impeached him, and for a time drove him from power. Though charged with peculation, he can be proved guilty only of colossal pluralism, which in that age was held no crime. No doubt, in his generation, he was a most dexterous, princely, and accomplished man. Thirty years he labored to complete his great design. The University was then in a declining state, and this magnificent foundation would be hailed as a revival. It exceeded all former colleges in the splendor of its buildings, planned by the first architect of his time. It exceeded the realities of all former colleges, though not perhaps the visions of the founder of Queen's, in the number of its fellows, which probably represents the seventy disciples. It differed from all former colleges in being distinctly a religious as well as a literary foundation,

and having as one of the special objects of its institution the constant and magnificent celebration of the Catholic worship, by its numerous choir, in its sumptuous chapel. It was the first college connected with a public school, and that public school was the first in England. Grammar, which Wykeham held to be the portal of all knowledge, was to be taught at Winchester, and from that training was to arise a succession of youths apt to receive the higher mysteries and to bring forth golden fruits of learning, to the honor of the college. New importance was given to the college, as distinct from the University system, by the institution of a multitude of College Disputations; *vivâ voce* disputations, under the presidency of deans or moderators, being the great intellectual test and exercise of those times. Other literary innovations mark the liberal spirit of the founder. Increased encouragement was given to Civil and Canon Law by the appropriation of ten fellowships to each. Permission was given to two fellows to follow the new study of medicine, and to two more to follow that of astronomy. But a worse change was made by Wykeham. His statutes are far more prolix than tyrannical; his oaths far more stringent than those of previous founders. His code was copied by other founders, both at Oxford and at Cambridge; among others, by the founder of King's College; and it seems to have carried a blight with it. New College itself, with all its princely means and magnificent buildings, sinks into insignificance as a place of education, compared with the unendowed activity of an adjoining Hall. Wykeham gave an unlimited preference to his kin in the election of fellows, which, as his kin were very numerous, would have swamped the college. A limit was set to the tide of consanguinity by the saving, though illegal, intervention of the Visitor. The late Mr. Augustus Hare made a gallant but vain endeavor to free the college from the claims of kin altogether. He and Dr. Shuttleworth were more successful in their efforts to throw off what Dr. Ingram calls "the high and distinguished privilege of taking degrees without a grace from convocation;" and the members of New College, restored to the University, undergo examination and stand for honors. The character of the college is of course proved by its exclusive connection with Winchester School. And Winchester, once alone as a place of education, is now one of many good schools.

Lincoln College followed. Richard Flem-

ing, Bishop of Lincoln, a renegade Wycliffite, displayed his zeal as a renegade first by digging up the body of Wycliffe, burning it, and throwing the ashes into the Swift; and secondly, by founding a collegiate church of theologians to confute Wycliffism. He left his design unfinished. But Thomas Rotherham, his successor in the see, inherited his spirit, completed the college, and gave it statutes, in which he decrees that if any fellow favors heresies, "and especially that novel and pestilent sect which assails all the sacraments, orders, and possessions of the church," he shall be cast out like a diseased sheep from the fold of the college. The college flourished, and produced John Wesley.

Next Chichele, dwelling with eyes of compassion on the state of the unarmed soldiery of the church, which hath in piteous sort decayed immeasurably, and with no less pity on the general ailment of the armed soldiery of the world, which hath been very much reduced by the wars between the realms of England and France, founded "a college of poor and indigent scholar clerks, who are constantly bounden not so much to ply therein the various sciences and faculties, as with all devotion to pray for the souls, of glorious memory, of Henry the Fifth, lately King of England and France, his illustrious progenitor, and the Lord Thomas Duke of Clarence, and the other lords and lieges of his realm of England, whom in his own and in his said father's times, the hero of that warfare so long prevailing between the said two realms, hath drenched with the bowl of bitter death, and also for the souls of all the faithful departed, the same to be called All Soules College." Unless Shakspeare's tradition lies, the compassionate prelate had helped to mix the bitter bowl with which the armed soldiery of the world were drenched. Though the words above quoted would seem to make All Souls a chantry, its statutes are those of a college. In fact, they are in great measure copies from those of New College, of which Chichele was a fellow. And All Souls must have escaped as a place of learning at the Reformation when chantries were suppressed. Chichele purchased of the crown some priories, confiscated because they were cells to foreign monasteries, and therein, perhaps, established a pregnant precedent, which the founder of Magdalen followed, on which Wolsey improved, and which Henry capped. The present character of the College we prefer to describe in the prudent words of Dr. Ingram, who says,—“From the

peculiar constitution of this college, and the nature of the elections to fellowships, it is not so much a place of elementary education as of cultivated society."

Next comes Waynflete, another Fellow of New College, Provost of Eton, Bishop of Winchester, and Chancellor to Henry VI., who, in the times of the Roses, retired from the storms of state to rule his diocese and to found a college. And nobly he founded it, and richly he endowed it with wealth and beauty; but he gave it Wykeham's statutes, and fettered it with local restrictions, and by oaths and anathemas bound it forever to his will. Yet a long list of names attests that it was great. In the hall hang the elegant Whiggery of Addison and the grim Toryism of Sacheverell. Hammond mused in those walks, compared by Wood to the banks of the Eurotas. And in those buildings dwelt Gibbon, in all the license of a gentleman commoner, untutored and unguided, gathering hatred of religion and contempt for "the monks of Magdalen, whose deep but dull potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth." Waynflete founded his college for a president and forty "poor and indigent scholar clerks," whose duty was to "study and make progress in the school of the University of Oxford in sundry sciences and faculties;" and thirty other poor and indigent scholars called demyes, who were to learn grammar, logic, and sophistry. Besides these, there was a choir, and all the solemn services and processions as at New College—"the president attired in a gray amice, and all the graduate fellows and scholars in surplices, with capes of fur, or turned up with silk." But one part of Waynflete's foundation was entirely new. "Coveting with glowing desire of heart the instruction not only of the members of his own college, but of all other students," he instituted in his college three prælectors to lecture publicly on natural philosophy, moral philosophy, and divinity. This "glowing desire" has been but illy fulfilled.

Brasenose had two founders—Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton, a privy councillor of Henry VII., and steward of the monastery of Sion, in which he passed the latter part of his life. These two were zealots of the old religion in its declining hour; and their fellows were bound every day to say the Lord's Prayer five times in honor of the five wounds of Christ, and the Angelic Salutation five times in honor of the five joys of the blessed Virgin Mary. This, like Lincoln, was a college of theologians.

Handed over to Protestantism by the Reformation, it has become a wealthy and numerous society, and showed its power in convocation by obtaining the chancellorship of Tory Oxford for the liberal Lord Grenville.

And now a great change had come. Greek literature had revived in Europe. The mediæval school, pure and fantastic as the winter frostwork, to borrow the metaphor of Dr. Newman, melted before the radiance of a sun unrivalled in the intellectual firmament. We can hardly realize that dawn. The bigots of Catholicism instinctively repulsed Greek literature. The freer spirits grasped the golden fruit, "and knew not eating death." At this moment Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and a counsellor of Henry VII., bethought him of founding a college of monks, at Oxford. An enlightened and observant friend, Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, persuaded him, instead of a college of monks, to found a college of seculars. "What, my lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing monks, whose end and fall we ourselves may live to see? No, no, it is more meet a great deal that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning shall do good in the church and commonwealth." Oldham was right. At the Reformation, not only the colleges of regulars, but mixed colleges of regulars and seculars were swept away by the searching cupidity of the destroyer. Thus advised, Fox founded "a certain bee-garden, which we have named the College of Corpus Christi, wherein scholars, like ingenious bees, are by day and night to make wax to the honor of God, and honey, dropping sweetness, to the profit of themselves and of all Christians." The bees were a president and twenty fellows, and twenty disciples or scholars; and the honey to be made was, in part at least, that of the new learning which was now battling for admission, and of which Fox and Oldham were partisans. The founder shows his classical taste and his respect for the great examples of Greek antiquity by grounding his desire that his theologians should hear lectures on the practice of the Pythagoreans, who listened for five years without ever speaking. He requires his scholars to be instructed to such extent in Latin grammar and the approved authors of the Latin tongue, that they can dictate Latin letters off-hand, and make verses at least in a middling way. We have already noticed the statute which requires the fellows and scholars to speak Latin or *Greek*. But the great measure by



which Fox promoted classical learning was the institution of public lectureships, similar to those at Magdalen, but with different subjects. This he prefaced, like everything else, with his favorite metaphor of the beegarden and a classical allusion to the honey-bearing flowers of Attica and Hybla. The three lecturers are three herbalists, and bees are to swarm from the whole gymnasium of Oxford, with great results, not so much to themselves as to the English name. The first is the lecturer in humanities, who is to sow and plant the Latin tongue, and root out barbarity from the garden. His subjects include most of the good authors; the worst omissions being Tacitus and Lucretius. The second, and by far the most important, was the reader of Greek. This was the first regular provision made for Greek literature in Oxford, and a great literary victory in that day. The only great omissions in the subjects are Herodotus and Æschylus. But both in the Greek and Latin subjects some inferior authors, such as Pliny the naturalist, and Philostratus, are placed on a par with the best. The third lecturer was to read theology, and a preference is given to the more learned and ancient fathers over the more modern.

This classical Utopia was thrown into the shade by the foundation of Christ Church, and the magnificence of Wolsey. The English Leo began by founding seven public lectures in the University, one of which was for Greek, of which he too was a champion. Then a sweeping confiscation of small monasteries furnished funds for the foundation of a college with a hundred secular canons, a numerous choir, six public professors for the whole University, and four private professors for the college. Scholars were gathered from all parts, and some brought heresies with them. A grammar school was founded at Ipswich, to feed the college as New College was fed from Winchester. But the Furies of the murdered monasteries haunted the rising pile, chanting

*Hæc domus ex multis nuper conflata ruinis  
Aut cadet, aut certe Dæmon habebit eam.*

His Majesty King Henry VIII. entered into possession of Cardinal College on the disgrace of his great minister. The foundation became a mixed cathedral and college, the former governing the latter. The hundred secular canonries became a hundred studentships, which were connected with Westminster School, while Ipswich died with its

founder. The professorships were lost. Yet Wolsey's grandeur lived in the greatness of his college. In the golden days of Westminster under Busby, Christ Church was at the head of English literature. Two of its deans, Aldrich and Cyril Jackson, have been dictators of Oxford, and the last at least was a most beneficent dictator. Christ Church has been the resort of men of rank; and to be the resort of men of rank is to produce statesmen. But to produce literary statesmen is a more unquestionable honor, and Christ Church has produced many. In the portraits which cover the College Hall, and form the test of its fame, a foreigner studies the physiognomy of English greatness. Huber thinks he can trace in them the physiognomy of party. He finds in the Tory face an admirable *materiel* foundation; and fancies that the "sly and slender features" of Canning, and his eyes "gleaming with a false light of higher intellect," are among the other Tories "as a fox among bears."

The fall of Wolsey was soon followed by that of his religion; and all the colleges were in danger. The courtiers, fleshed with the monasteries, hungered for the college lands, but the better part of Henry prevailed. Yet in the fierce times which followed, the University seems to have been reduced to death's door. It was swept by three proscribing visitations, which probably purged it of most of its conscience and much of its learning. And it was not till the peaceful and learned times of Elizabeth and James I. that the young gentry and nobility, resorting to the colleges, filled Oxford with a new life, and gave it the character it now bears.

Yet in the brief revival of Catholicism under Philip and Mary two colleges were founded by a pair of knightly friends, Sir Thomas Pope and Sir Thomas White. Sir Thomas Pope, a pupil of More and a minister of Mary, founded Trinity on the site of Durham College, which had been suppressed because its members were half regulars. "Trinity College," says Dr. Ingram, "stands at the head of those colleges which have been founded since the dissolution of monasteries; and Sir Thomas has the distinguished honor of being the first layman who bestowed on the University a portion of the wealth which came into general circulation upon that event." Sir Thomas White was a wealthy trader and Lord Mayor of London, when to be Lord Mayor of London was to be a great power in the realm. He seems to have founded St. John's on the model of New College, and to have copied Wykeham's statutes. St. John's

was connected with Merchant Tailors' and other schools, as New College was with Winchester. Both these founders were Roman Catholics. Sir Thomas White must have seen his college purged of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth. Sir Thomas Pope, according to Dr. Ingram, made provision in his college for the study of the Greek tongue and the Greek philosophy, and according to the same authority his plan of study had been approved by the Princess Elizabeth, who was placed in his custody by her sister.

Elizabeth first purged Oxford and then patronized it. On her two visits there she was received with Greek speeches and Latin comedies; for the Greeks had now completely triumphed over the Trojans, and classical literature and classical taste had expelled, as it seemed for ever, the mediæval school. Schools for the Latin language were founded in various places, Harrow and Rugby among the number, which supplied the colleges with classical scholars, and that educational revolution was consummated which, like all revolutions, seemed the last.

Queen Elizabeth, on the petition of Dr. Hugh Price, a Welshman, founded Jesus College for certain scholars of Wales to be trained up in good letters. Jesus College was very poor and humble in its beginning, and not to be compared with the great Roman Catholic foundations. It grew to wealth through benefactions, especially that of Sir Leoline Jenkyns, a Welsh civilian, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The statutes show the change from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism not only in the substitution of the Protestant service for the Catholic mass, and the oath which the fellows take to prefer that which is written to that which is not written, that which is true to that which is established; but in a softening of the mediæval and monastic rule of life. Furthermore, the changed relation between the Universities and the colleges, and the growth of the college education, is shown by the institution of college lectures on all subjects, and a more definite provision for the admission of commoners. Otherwise, Jesus College conformed to the old model. The permission to speak Hebrew has probably remained a permission; but one lesson, we believe, is read in Welsh.

Wadham College marks the learned reign of James I. Its founders, Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, were Roman Catholics, and their first design was to found a college for English Roman Catholics at Venice. But they were persuaded by a friend to build a

college for Protestants at Oxford instead. Whether they were converted in the interim does not appear. The affair probably marks the still fluctuating or indifferent state of some minds on the subject of religion. The lingering respect for celibacy, too, appears in the statute which prohibited the warden from marrying, and which has been popularly ascribed to the determination of the foundress, then a widow, that the first warden, who would not marry her, should marry no one else. Nicholas Wadham was cut off by death, and Dorothy founded the college on the site of a suppressed monastery of Austen Friars. The most remarkable points in its constitution are, that all its fellows are permitted to remain laymen, and that the fellowships are terminable. The last fact suggests that the fellowship in the older colleges, though not terminable by statute, were in fact generally terminated when the long course of university study was completed; especially when church preferment was confined to those who had taken the superior degrees. In having a body of undergraduate scholars, from which the graduate fellows were elected, the foundress of Wadham had been already anticipated by other founders.

Wadham may be almost said to close the history of the colleges. Henceforth, there are many benefactions, especially for undergraduates, who have now become the real students, but only two dubious foundations. The family fellowships of the Tesdales and Wightwicks at Pembroke were originally intended not as an independent college, but as an addition to Balliol. Though this college produced and neglected Johnson, its real importance is of yesterday. And Worcester College rather grew by a series of accretions than from the definite will and plan of any one founder. The colleges had now completely become the university. The few remaining halls had lost their nature when Leicester took into his hands as chancellor the nomination of their principals, the election of whom by the scholars gave the halls their free character. The proctorial cycle had been introduced, giving the election of the proctors to the colleges in turn instead of the university. The governing body was narrowed by Leicester to the heads of houses and doctors, by Laud to the heads. The university ceased to teach, and each college became a little university to itself. And little enough they taught, even in the judgment of their partisans, during the eighteenth century, and wretched was the state of Oxford during that period. The fellowships,

already close enough, to localities, families, and schools, were further closed by interest and corruption. The fellows became notorious only for their grossness and their port. What little literature there was, was chiefly of the classical kind. Even Aristotle's philosophy appears at one time to have been scarcely read. Theology, of course, still lived as a study in a university exclusively clerical. But the three faculties, with all their lectures and disputations, became, as two of them at least still remain, a mere jungle of formalities and fees. The beginning of this century saw a revival, in which Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, Eveleigh, Provost of Oriel, and Parsons, Master of Balliol, were the great movers.

If there is anything clear in history, it is that monasticism belongs to the Roman Catholic and not to the Protestant system.

And to us it is clear that colleges, as designed by their founders, are institutions essentially monastic. The difficulty has been evaded by dispensing with residence, that is, simply by destroying the whole idea and purpose of a college. And the foundation of colleges has ceased. Fellowships, and still more exhibitions, have been added to those which exist; but no one imitates Merton or Wykeham. This is simple historical fact, which it is useful to appreciate before the practical question is approached.

Those in whom this slight sketch may excite any desire to pursue the subject, had better commence by studying the published statutes of Merton, All Souls, Magdalen, and Corpus. It is in these, not in Wood or Huber, however great on the Universities, that the truth respecting the Colleges is to be found.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## MAGAZINES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THERE is, perhaps, no better way of acquiring a clear idea of the great changes which have taken place in society and literature within the last sixty years, than by looking over a few volumes of old magazines published prior to that date. Neither the books nor the newspapers of the last century convey so correct an impression of these changes, as that which may be gained from the monthly periodicals. We are so familiar with the works of Addison, Swift, Johnson, and Goldsmith, that we overlook in them many of the peculiar traits which distinguish their age. The newspapers of that period, on the other hand, are extremely meagre and jejune affairs: if they remind us of the progress which has been made since their day, it is rather by what they do *not* contain, than by the actual information they afford. But the magazines were what the newspapers are in our time, and something more. They give us at once the news, politics, literature, and science of the day, or rather of the month. In glancing over them, we are transported back to that bygone epoch—we catch the ideas, and discern the character and tendency of the time—we learn not

merely the history of passing events, but how those events affected the minds of persons who witnessed them and shared in them. When we read, in a modern work, a narrative of Lord Chatham's administration, or of the American war, or the Gordon riots, we may get all the material facts in each case, but we read them by the light of the present day, which we feel to be in one respect a false light. If we would learn how the occurrences were viewed at the time, and how they colored and shaped the public opinion of the day, and in their turn took color and shape from this opinion, we must have recourse to the contemporary magazines.

But without referring at present to any particular series of events, a great deal may be learned from a general inspection of the periodicals themselves, their number, price, style, and the nature of their contents. Here, for example, are eight or ten different magazines published about the same time, between the years 1780 and 1785. There are the *Westminster*, the *European*, the *London*, the *British*, the *Political*, the *Universal*, the *Town and Country*, the *Gentleman's*, the *Lady's*, and the *New Lady's*.

*Magazines*; and several others existed, of which we have no specimens at hand. As the reading public of that day was very small when compared with the same public in our time, this affluence of periodicals is at first sight rather surprising; and our surprise is not diminished on remarking the low price at which they were sold, and the care evidently bestowed upon what may be termed the decorative portion of most of them. Here, for example, is the *European Magazine* for September, 1782, "price one shilling;" it contains eighty pages in octavo, and is, as the title-page states, "embellished with the following elegant engravings:—A striking likeness of Lieutenant-general Elliott, drawn by Miller, from an original painting in the possession of Mrs. Fuller; a large quarto perspective view of the Castle and Bay of Gibraltar, and the English fleet relieving the garrison in 1781; a view of the diving-bell and machinery used in the case of the Royal George; and four pages of music." Two of the engravings are in copper-plate, executed in the best style of the art, as it existed at that period. No monthly periodical of the present day would give so large a quantity of letter-press, with so many and such good illustrations, for the same price. Yet this is not the cheapest of the old periodicals. The *New Lady's Magazine* for June, 1786, "price only sixpence"—we quote the emphatic announcement of the title-page—contains sixty-six pages of print, and is "embellished with, first, a fine portrait and striking likeness of Princess Amelia, engraved by Page; secondly, a representation of Mrs. Inchbald, as Lady Abbess, in the *Comedy of Errors*, engraved by Wooding; thirdly, a striking likeness of Mrs. Wells, in the character of Jane Shore, engraved by Wooding; fourthly, a new fancy-pattern for working an apron, &c., &c., drawn by a capital artist; fifthly, two cuts, representing the disposition of a table of two courses for the month of July, adapted to the *Lady's Assistant in the whole Art of Cookery*; and sixthly, *The Charms of Summer*, a new song, set to music by Mr. Hook." Here, it will be seen, is, in fact, an illustrated *monthly newspaper* (for the magazine contains the usual summary of current intelligence), for the price at which a weekly paper of the present day is sold.

This last sentence conveys probably the true explanation both of the singular cheapness and the remarkable number of these monthly periodicals of the last century. They supplied, in a great measure, to the

people of that day, the place both of the magazines and the weekly papers, political as well as literary, of our time; in some degree, indeed, they trenched upon the province of our daily papers. The magazines, it is well known, were the first to give reports of parliamentary debates, and a good deal of other highly interesting news appeared originally in their pages. In every magazine, without exception, a considerable part of each number was devoted to the current intelligence of the past month—not a political commentary, such as is given by certain monthly periodicals at present, but a regular digest of home and foreign news, very much in the style usual in our weekly papers. In fact, readers in that era of slow coaches and uncertain packets, were content to receive their news once a month; while the dullest of us, in these railway and steamship times, must know what is going on in the world at least as often as once a week. Thus we see how it happened, that although the number of readers at that time was comparatively small, yet, as the magazines had, so to speak, almost a monopoly of the literary market, they may have had a larger circulation than that of the ordinary monthly periodicals of our day, and so have been enabled, as is the case with our weekly literary papers, to give a good deal of matter at a low price.

This, however, is evidently not a complete explanation of the facts which at first perplexed us. A careful examination of these antique magazines shows that they must have avoided, in a great measure, one of the chief sources of expense to a modern literary periodical—namely, the payment of contributors. Their proprietors relying, as they did, mainly upon the attractiveness of the news, and the pictorial embellishments, which they offered in profusion, neglected the merely literary part of their publication. This portion of the magazine was supplied, for the most part, in the manner in which some of the weekly newspapers of the present day are accustomed to furnish a modicum of literature to their subscribers—that is to say, partly by the gratuitous contributions of casual correspondents, and partly by copious extracts from newly published works. Young and untried writers, who were anxious to see themselves in print; unsuccessful authors, whose works the publishers would not buy; sufferers, who had grievances to proclaim; and speculators, who had projects to bring before the world, addressed themselves to some one or other of the magazines; and a composition must



have been very indifferent indeed, or very exceptionable, which was refused admission. A page in every number is usually occupied by the "acknowledgments" of the editor to his correspondents, rendered either in the form of thanks for their "favors," or suggestions for the improvement of their writings. It is well known that most of the authors of those days made the first essay of their powers in the magazines. Johnson, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, and, in fact, almost every writer who subsequently attained distinction, entered the field of literature through this always open and inviting avenue. It is observable, however, that in no instance did these eminent authors, when they had risen to fame, continue to write for the periodicals. The returns for literary labor were then small enough at the best; but while a successful book might bring some gain to the writer, both in money and reputation, the best contributions to the monthly periodicals produced little more than the "thanks" of the editor. The literary staff of a magazine in those days seems to have consisted of an editor-in-chief—a post which was sometimes filled by the publisher himself—and of three or four "hack-writers" of the humblest class, whose business was mostly in the way of compiling, extracting, making summaries, and writing to order, as occasion required. In looking over these publications, one gets a lively, and at the same time a very dismal idea of Grub Street. We see that the public, solicitous chiefly about the news, were contented with a very indifferent quality of literature; and the publishers, naturally conforming to the public taste, expended so much in procuring intelligence and attractive pictures, that they could only afford to pay for the work of the lowest literary craftsmen. We thus begin to understand how it was that the last century produced that swarm of dull and needy writers, the objects of Pope's cynical ridicule, of Goldsmith's careless bounty—always in want, yet always managing to pick up a scrambling and haphazard subsistence in the obscure byways of literature. All the qualification a magazine writer needed in those days, was a mere aptitude for putting words together in such a manner as would convey a meaning; subject and materials were provided for him by his employer; style and learning were superfluities, not required or paid for. As we turn over the pages of these antiquated serials, we distinguish without difficulty the works of the luckless heroes of the *Dunciad*, or their compeers. Here we find an account of

Cook's first voyage, running through a dozen numbers of the *Town and Country Magazine*. It is condensed, we see, from Hawkesworth's narrative, with all the animation squeezed out of it, and is apparently about as interesting as a log-book. Then we have a description of the counties of England and Scotland—another dreary series of articles, exactly in the style of a gazetteer, and no doubt compiled from a work of that class. Biographies of eminent men, done in the same literal and unattractive manner, occupy a considerable space. For light reading, we have hapless attempts at humorous essays in the style of the *Spectator*, and "moral tales," generally of a most absurd and lackadaisical character. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of one which ought to be rather above the ordinary mark, inasmuch as it was thought worthy of being "embellished with an engraving from the design of a celebrated artist." It is entitled "The Infant Rambler, or Distressed Mother," and begins in the following fashion:—"Eliza was a person of the most delicate feelings; she was married to a gentleman whose sentiments were equal with her own. He was taken ill; his illness turned to a putrid fever; and though attended by the most celebrated physicians, was summoned to that tribunal at which we must all appear." It will be observed, that in this affecting passage a slight lapse of the writer's grammar has summoned the fever instead of the patient to the ultimate tribunal. Justice to departed Grub Street, however, requires us to add, that there appears to be no harm in such compositions, beyond their invariable dulness and their frequent absurdity.

The great improvement which has taken place in the character of our periodical literature, has usually been ascribed to the influence of the example set by the *Edinburgh Review*. But, in fact, the existence of this example itself, and the change to which it is supposed to have led, are due to two causes—the French Revolution, and the spread of education among the people. The manner in which the French Revolution operated indirectly in changing the form of English literature, is a curious subject, which the elder D'Israeli, or some other historian of literature, would have found worth investigating. We do not now refer to the grander and more profound effects of that great convulsion, but simply to the peculiar influence which it had in giving a new shape, style, and character, to the productions of our periodical press of every description.

This effect was produced in a very simple way, though one that has perhaps never been clearly stated. It has been before remarked, that during the greater part of the last century, the monthly magazines supplied the place of our present weekly papers, as the purveyors of news to the great mass of the reading-public, and that the attractiveness which they derived from this office, secured for them a large circulation, without reference to the quality of their literature, to which, consequently, little regard was paid. But the exciting events of the French Revolution, and of the wars which followed it, led to an eager demand for news, which could not be satisfied by a monthly publication. The daily papers rose largely in circulation, and assumed a new character, no longer confining themselves to the mere collection of intelligence, but beginning to comment freely and regularly upon the events of the day. Finally, to satisfy the taste for mingled politics and literature—a taste which had been originally awakened by the monthly periodicals—the weekly papers were established, or recast, and, after various changes, gradually assumed the form which they have at the present day—a form which, it may be added, appears to be peculiar to this country and the United States.

Deprived of their functions as chroniclers of news, the magazines were compelled thenceforward to depend for their success entirely upon their literature; and to render this attractive, its quality had at least to be raised to the level of that of most contemporary works. It could not be supposed that the public would continue to purchase the trashy compilations and inane fictions which had merely been tolerated before, by most readers, for the sake of the parliamentary debates and monthly digest of intelligence which had accompanied them. Now that

these were withdrawn, it was certain that the newspapers and the circulating libraries would supply in Great Britain, as they did on the continent, the wants of the reading public, unless an entire change should be effected in the character of the monthly and quarterly serials. It was undoubtedly Francis Jeffrey who first perceived the necessity for this change, and showed how it was to be effected. By paying the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* at a rate corresponding to that at which the authors of successful books were usually paid, he secured for the Review the regular co-operation of some of the ablest writers in the country; and while the merit of their productions won for the Review a great and remunerative success, they had the effect, at the same time, of raising the general standard and character of periodical literature. The diffusion of knowledge and of cultivated tastes over a constantly extending circle of readers, no doubt contributed not a little to bring about this consummation. But there can be as little doubt, that the excitement of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars hastened the change, and gave it a peculiar direction and result. For one effect, it swept away, with the single exception of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always had a special circulation and support, the whole brood of the old periodicals, doubtless because their conductors could not comprehend, or adapt themselves to, the change of circumstances, and the new spirit and wants of the age. The existing magazines are the products of these new conditions; and, as was before remarked, it is not till we have compared them with their predecessors, that we obtain an accurate perception of the wide chasm in literature which separates the era of our great-grandfathers from our own.

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THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.—It is understood that the nearest of kin to the Stuarts, now living, is the present King of Sardinia, and that the last descendant in the direct line was Cardinal York, who died some years since in Rome, and was interred in the Vatican, where a tomb is erected to his memory, inscribed, "Henry IX., King of England." *It is said that George IV. treated the Car-*

dinal very generously, and paid him an annual pension; and that the tomb which claims for the last of the Stuarts the title of King of England was paid for by George IV. This fact is conclusive that the Romish Church has never acknowledged the reigning family, as it cannot be supposed that George IV. conceded that Cardinal York was King of England.

From the North British Review.

## THE DUKES OF TUSCANY.

OUTSIDE the San Gallo gate of Florence stands the triumphal arch raised to commemorate the entrance of Francis III., Duke of Lorraine, and of Maria Theresa of Austria, on the evening of the 19th January, 1738, into the capital of their new dominions. That arch—a heavy imitation of the arch of Constantine, by an architect of Lorraine—stands as a great land-mark in the history of the Tuscan Dukedom. The very sculptures that deform it speak of a new dynasty in old Etruria—the double-headed eagle grasps in its claws both the sceptre and the sword. Giovanni Gastone, the last of the Medici, had been borne to his tomb in San Lorenzo, to that magnificent chapel, the burial-place of his family, where the marvellous figures of Michael Angelo—"the ghosts" of Julian and of Duke Lorenzo—"are sitting on their sepulchres." Decrepit and diseased, the worn-out profligate had sunk childless to the grave, and the fairest region of Italy was freed from a race that for three centuries had been "its glory and its shame."

We do not care to dwell on that dark record which constitutes the history of the later Medici, and we have no time to describe Tuscany as it was in the days of that old priest-ridden Cosmo III., whom Addison describes so spicily in his "Travels." We wish rather to speak of Tuscany in later days, and whether fortunately or unfortunately, we have "no end of books" on such a subject. We have given a sample above, and we think it peculiarly *apropos* that a history like Zobi's, so elaborate, and so thoroughly liberal, should be just now in course of publication. Captain Napier's six heavy Dutch-looking little volumes had by no means exhausted the more valuable materials of "Florentine History," and on the reign of Leopold I. they were peculiarly defective. And we thank Signor Zobi especially for his ample treatment of the great ecclesiastical questions which excited Tuscany seventy years ago, and are now in some degree exciting it again; and for those chapters on the clergy, that read like a tale of the Decameron, even in the

pages of a sober historian. Mr. Whiteside's book has at least received the stamp of public approval, as it has reached a fifth edition. Few of our modern writers on Italy have produced a work so readable; and this makes amends for a variety of smaller matters which we are not at all disposed to carp at. We have had occasion to admire at times the happy art with which an intelligent tourist, whose "stay is limited," contrives to work up the loose materials of a few street pamphlets, through which he has spelled his way by aid of dictionary, into a handsome volume, of which, the chances are, the information so liberally communicated by couriers and waiters, and *commissionaires*, aided by the unfailing "Murray," forms the staple. Mr. Whiteside, who very properly does just as he likes in these matters, has evidently picked up some of his details from such "distinguished" and "standard" authorities, and we do not know any one who has made better use of the litter of street pamphlets. A tract of Massimo d'Azeglio, well meriting a place—a history of St. Philomena, by some abbate of marvellous credulity, or of strong faith in the credulity of his readers—and, above all, "The True Story of Beatrice Cenci," condensed from a little nameless volume about as authentic as the "History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," as we strongly suspect Mr. Whiteside knew right well—besides law and literature, manners and morals, and the want of both as a variety. Such a book is just what a traveller needs, neither too heavy nor too trivial or sufficiently comprehensive—

"Quidquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli."

Signor Farrini's third volume, though perhaps less interesting on the whole than the two which preceded, indicates, we think, decided progress in the art of writing history, and in truth the loose slippery second-rate newspaper style of his earlier volumes afforded considerable room for improvement. It is already known to all who take an interest in Italian matters by the translation of Mr.

Gladstone—a book much better than the original. It is to be regretted that that accomplished translator did not choose instead the far more profound and interesting volumes of the Marquis Gualterio of Orvieto, unquestionably the finest work that has yet appeared on the history of Italy since 1815. It must be admitted that the task of translating would have been considerable, as the five volumes already published bring down the history only to 1847; and at this rate, ere the work be completed, there may very possibly be another revolution, and materials in abundance for a few additional volumes as a sequel. Still, were the documents that are appended simply passed over, the mere text of Gualterio would give a far more perfect idea of the great Italian parties to an English reader than any other work we could name: and we do not yet despair of seeing some attempt made to “do” it into our vernacular. Meantime, in addition to sober prose, we have a distillation of Italian politics in poetry, under the attractive though somewhat enigmatical name of “Casa Guidi Windows.” We have no time to criticise at length a poem so vigorous and so beautiful, and calculated to take so high a place for its own merits, apart from the interest of Italian politics. It is, in short, the poetical apotheosis of Young Italy; and yet that young gentleman is pretty soundly lectured before his canonization. Our object is more sober, and less ambitious: and leaving Mrs. Browning to watch the Arno as it shoots “right through the heart of Florence,” we would occupy ourselves in tracing the political history and prospects of Tuscany, as suggested in these and sundry other works, “too tedious to mention.” They are of special present interest, seeing that all Tuscany has been excited of late by sundry attempts to abolish her boasted legislation, and especially the laws of the first Leopold.

We shall endeavor to convey an idea, in as few words as possible, of the great outlines of that policy which raised Tuscany to so high a place among civilized nations, and of those laws, which for more than a century have been vitally connected with the social and political wellbeing of her people. The Regency that governed Tuscany in the absence of Francis II.\* made no progress for years towards the removal of the glaring abuses of the Medicean legisla-

tion: even Richcourt and Rucellai feared to provoke too hastily the jealousy of the Court of Rome by any measure that might be construed into resistance of Papal authority, and hence their policy was rather that of defence than that of aggression. The history of the Regency may be summed up in a few words: a long struggle with the Church, with clamorous monks and refractory bishops, the Franzonis of their day, aided and abetted by the Papal Court in their opposition to the very appearance of reform; another co-ordinate struggle with feudal nobles in the Apennines, surrounded with their *bravi* and banditti, such as are painted in Manzoni's romance; an ineffectual attempt on the Maremma; a few useful laws, and a step in advance towards the principle of Free Trade, but little real improvement on the condition of the country. The priests were still in the ascendant; the Jesuits were the tutors and schoolmasters in the land of Macchiavel and Galileo; the two universities, Pisa and Siena, languished under a rule that would have made the very sun stand still in obedience to the Canon law; learning had decayed—even painting and sculpture had degenerated; the Della Cruscan Academy alone flourished in all the insupportable pedantry of “word-catchers that lived on syllables.”

And such was the state of matters in 1765, when PETER LEOPOLD, the younger son of Francis I. and of Maria Theresa, ascended the Grand-Ducal throne at the early age of eighteen. The rival claims of Austria and Spain had been adjusted by the marriage of the young prince with the Infanta Maria Louisa, and Tuscany assumed again the position of an independent kingdom. The State was too small to be a gainer by taking any decided part in European contests, and Leopold's first aim was to establish *its strict neutrality*; and this point being so far secured by his relations with Spain and Austria, his efforts were directed, during the twenty-five years of his reign, to the internal improvement of his dominions, so as to make of Tuscany a *model kingdom*. His first great measure indicated the whole course of his future legislation: a year after his accession the harvest having failed, and a famine threatening the land, Leopold at once freed grain, native and foreign, from all commercial restrictions, and inaugurated that principle of Free Trade which he afterwards made the law of the State. Gian Gastone was still wearing out his days in Florence when Sallust Anthony Bandini, a priest of Siena,

\* Francis III., Duke of Lorraine, is known as Francis II. of Tuscany, and Francis I. of Austria.



presented to the ministers of the Grand-Duke his project of Free Trade in Corn as the great remedy for the miserable condition of the Sanese Maremme. The Cobden of those days was considered as either knave or fool—the ministers did not know exactly which—but at all events they could see no earthly connection between commercial freedom and the draining of the Tuscan marshes. But the Sanese archdeacon was persevering as an Anti-Corn-Law-Leaguer, and not only wrote his “Economical Discourse,” but supported by Pompeo Neri, the ablest Tuscan jurist of his day, he obtained a trial of his principles from Francis II.; and when the first expositor of those days was no longer living to plead them with his “unadorned eloquence,” they were established as a fundamental law of Tuscany, and with such results as to silence all unprejudiced opponents. It was the industry of a free people that tamed the Alps of Switzerland, and reclaimed from the ocean the lands of Holland; the Huguenots of France would have settled in the Maremme after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had not the weak and illiberal Cosmo III. prevented them, and driven them elsewhere with their arts and their industry; and Bandini rightly judged, though he dared not speak it plainly to a Medici, that it was not simply from natural causes, but from the effects of long misgovernment, that those wide tracts of country that had contained a large part of the population of old Etruria were now reduced to pestilential marshes. The colonists of Lorraine died in those fatal swamps; of the thousand who had been introduced in the time of the Regency, only thirty-five remained when Leopold began his work of amelioration, and the depopulated region had become still more dreary by being made a place of exile for political offenders. Between death and the Maremme there was but little to choose, and it required all the German perseverance of Leopold to carry on the work of reclaiming; but his new system of leasing the waste lands, and his liberal expenditure of means, produced a marvellous change, though his task was left unfinished; and it was reserved for the second Leopold to acquire still greater glory, according to Giusti’s Satire, by draining “the pockets and the marshes” of Tuscany.

To note all the Leopoldine reforms would be to write the history of five and twenty years, during which one measure followed another with a rapidity almost unparalleled in the history of modern legislation. The

commerce of Tuscany revived; Leghorn especially made marvellous progress; and if the new policy was injurious to the craft of a few grasping monopolists, it tended to promote “the greatest good of the greatest number.” The pernicious system of farming the revenues was abolished; ecclesiastical property (and even the Grand-Ducal patrimony) was subjected to taxation, and the revenue increased; the whole system of finance was revised; the national debt was in great part paid off; a municipal system was established; the old Medicean Consulta abolished; leases, entails, intramural interments were disposed of in succession; and, in fine, in November 1786 was published that Criminal Code which has obtained an European celebrity. The old instruments of torture, memorials of a bygone legislation, were burned in front of the Bargello. We have neither time nor taste for examining the merits or defects of the Leopoldine Code, as it has been since both tampered with and perverted. It had nothing corresponding to our English Habeas Corpus or trial by Jury—its moral estimate of crime was in many points defective, and mild to a fault—the entire abolition of capital punishment was a measure more than questionable; and Leopold himself, and afterwards his son, re-established the penalty of death, though not with any very just appreciation of the great law which should guide the legislator in a subject so momentous; but we are ready fully to accord with Forti and Galleatti, that it is “the most generous code that ever issued from the Cabinet of an absolute prince.”

But it is more to our purpose to glance at those ecclesiastical reforms which Leopold, directed chiefly by the Senator Rucellai and the Bishop of Pistoia, carried out so boldly in opposition to the Papal Court. Mr. Whiteside has suggested the propriety of republishing the life of Scipio de Ricci for the benefit of Italy—a measure, the expediency of which may be fairly questioned. The value of that remarkable book—remarkable when it was first published—lies very much in the documents which are appended, and the revelations they make of all that was polluting in the conventual life of Pistoia and Prato. It would be like opening to the public the closed chambers of the Museo Borbonico, for the sake of a lecture on moral depravity. And that life itself is one of the clearest proofs that an attempt at reforming Roman Catholicism has but slender chance of success, and that another

standard must be lifted up in Italy than the yellow flag of the keys and mitre. The Pope who condemned the Synod of Pistoia was Pius VI.—“that honest Braschi who drained the pontine marshes”—and to come to later times, the few years of the Pontificate of Pius IX. might dissipate for ever the idea that Romish infallibility can deny itself and change; so that even Gioberti himself has entirely given up, in his “*rinnovamento civile*,” his first and favorite theory of Italian regeneration by means of a reforming Papacy. There is one stanza in the “Casa Guidi Windows,” (the twenty-sixth,) which contains more good sense, besides good poetry *gratis*, on the subject of reforming Pontiffs, than some volumes written of late, *ex professo*, on that debated question; and as long as a Pope “must hold by Popes,” and “by Councils from Nicea up,” or rather down, “to Trent”—as long as he must “resent each man’s particular conscience,” and sit “attesting with his pastoral ring and staff,”

“To such a picture of our Lady, hit  
Off well by artist angels, though not half  
As fair as Giotto would have painted it,”

and as long as he must do a thousand things besides, according to the Canons, we do not expect that either Pius IX. or any future Pius, Gregory or Benedict, will ever sit in the chair of Hildebrand, “with Andrea Doria’s forehead.” But this by the way. The life of Scipio de Ricci, very creditably expurgated, is now before the English public, and had the editor condensed it into a single volume, the book would have lost nothing of its value. Besides, in these days of Athenian thirst for novelty, Mr. Roscoe ought to have avoided the appearance of foisting his two octavos on the public as the translation of something new, in fact, “of one of the most popular works of the day.” *Davvero!* We were impressed with the conviction that De Rotter’s “*Vie de Scipion de Ricci*” had been published in Brussels in 1825, and we remember glancing over the misty volumes with that title, which bore all the appearance of having been thumbed for a quarter of a century. That old book of De Rotter is on the whole a dull and tedious narrative, and all that it contains of value to a modern reader has long since been better told elsewhere. Especially Zobi’s chapters on ecclesiastical matters are worth half a dozen volumes like De Rotter’s.

Yet Scipio de Ricci merited a biography of some kind. He was a Jansenist, devout *and pure in morals* as Arnauld or Pascal,

though far beneath the intellectual measure of the great Portroyalists; to him more than to any other, Leopold was indebted for those ecclesiastical principles which he wrought into the laws of Tuscany. We enter on this subject more at length, because Leopold II. is now undoing the work of his wiser ancestor, and because Piedmont is fighting the same battle at the present day that was fought in Tuscany in the eighteenth century.

At the period when the Medicean dynasty became extinct, (A. D. 1737,) Tuscany, with a population of 890,608, had no less than 27,108 ecclesiastics, (Zobi, vol. i. p. 323,) and fully one-third of the whole country was the property of the Church. The land was of course a little monkish Paradise, just like Palermo, as Lord Shrewsbury pictured it forth the other day to the Milesian imagination of Father Fogarty. Popish ideas, however, differ on these points, and it was discovered that the monastic interpretation of certain commandments of the Decalogue was—to say the least—peculiar. Rome threw the shield of her protection over “the holy order of St. Dominick,” and the offending names of Prato and Pistoia, whose almost inconceivable immorality had been brought to light by Ricci; but notwithstanding the intrigues of the Holy See, the obnoxious convents were suppressed, and stringent laws were enacted, regulating the mode of admission in future into the monastic orders, and determining the age at which the habit or the veil could be assumed, with other regulations as to dowry, tending to dry up the resources of the recluses. The Mortmain laws of 1751, which the senator Rucellai had introduced during the regency as the first check to an increase of priestly wealth and power, were still further extended in 1769, and in twelve years the number of the friars was reduced to nearly 2,000, and the convents had sunk from 321 to 213. Besides, the regular clergy, with all the conventual establishments, were subjected directly to the authority of the bishops—a measure violently resisted by Rome, for the friars are the great Papal militia for the upholding of the Papal rule throughout Catholic Christendom. The bishops again were chosen by the Government, and the Pope was limited to the simple ceremony of confirming the appointment. It was a thoroughly Erastian proceeding of course, but Rome is a great political organization rather than a Church, and claims the right of interfering, by virtue of its spiritual supremacy, in the civil administration of kingdoms professedly indepen-

dent. When the Roman Catholic clergy made a violent outcry against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill introduced by Lord John Russell, they were perfectly well aware that in *every one* of the Catholic kingdoms they had been subjected to laws far more stringent than that mild protest against Papal aggression.

The Papal tribunals claimed the right of publishing bulls, acts, indulgences, and the prohibitory index, without the authority of the Government; and, above all, the bull "In Cœna Domini," with all the "improvements" of Ghislieri, was duly read on Holy Thursday, putting forth the supreme authority of the Pope, by right divine, over the princes and subjects of every Catholic State. These claims were met by the royal right of the Exequatur, which prohibited all such publication without the authority of the civil power. It is marvellous with what unity of purpose the Romish Church has continued for centuries to sustain the power she has usurped, and to contend inch by inch for every vestige of her dominion. The Mortmain laws had been established elsewhere, by the Dukes of Savoy—by the Princes of Este in Modena and Ferrara—by the Republic of Genoa—and, above all, by Venice. Siena, the great Ghibelline city of the Middle Ages, had wisely restricted the acquisition of property by ecclesiastics; but Florence, with her Guelphic sympathies, had allowed the religious orders to encroach till they held "in dead hands" one-third of her possessions. But the Exequatur was embodied even in the Florentine statute of 1415, which contained provisions equivalent to the "Provisors" and "Præmunire" of our English statute-book: and in the time of Cosmo I., when the decrees of the Council of Trent were published in Tuscany, they were first authorized by the Grand Duke, and confirmed by the authority of the Florentine Senate.—(*Zobi*, vol. ii. p. 84.)

The readers of St. Priest may remember his singularly graphic description of the visit of the two sons of Maria Theresa—Joseph II. of Austria and Leopold of Tuscany—to the city of the Church, on the death of the old Rezzonico.—(*Fall of the Jesuits*, chap. iii.) There can be little doubt of their influence on the conclave that elected Ganganelli; and, at all events, when the brief was issued that suppressed the Jesuits, (July 21st 1773,) it immediately received the Royal Exequatur in Austria and Tuscany. The Company of Jesus had been introduced into the latter State by Laynez, at the invitation

of Eleanor of Toledo, wife of Cosmo I., and had succeeded in establishing their colleges in all the great towns of the Duchy. Lorenzo de Ricci, the general of the Order at the time of the suppression, was himself a Florentine, and a near relative of the reforming Bishop of Pistoia, to whom he bequeathed his silver crucifix: but the rooting out of the formidable society was a part of the plans of Leopold; their colleges were closed and their property confiscated; their "House of Exercises," in the old fortress of San Miniato, was dismantled, and their few books added to the rich collection of the Magliabecchian Library, and after 220 years they were finally driven out of Tuscany. *The brief of Ganganelli is still the law of the State.* The Jesuits as an order have never been able to obtain admission since, though but lately it was attempted to introduce the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the precursors and outriders (we beg pardon of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart for such a phrase) of the Company of Loyola; and till the laws of Peter Leopold are abolished, they can never legally re-establish themselves in the land where they had signalized both their science and their devotion by the imprisonment of Galileo. The Jesuits at first resisted the Grand-Ducal order, and then had recourse to "pious fraud" in seeking to keep up their society under its new symbol of the Sacred Heart, but at last they were obliged to yield, by either secularizing themselves or going into exile. A few clung to the old walls of their dismantled "Houses," while others acted with the spirit of real patriots, and

"Left their country for their country's good."

This measure was followed by the abolition of the right of sanctuary. Leopold had concluded a Concordat with Pius VI. in 1775, but finding that Rome could turn the most seemingly liberal agreement to her own advantage, he resolved in future "to have nothing to do with Concordats," but to act on his own authority. The sanctuaries were cleared accordingly of the robbers and assassins who had sought the protection of the Church to avoid the penalty of their crimes. The Foro Ecclesiastico, and other privileged courts, were still in existence, but in 1778 the tribunal of the Nunciature was abolished, and then the tribunal of the Holy Office (in 1782.) Even Republican Florence, though adhering to the great Guelphic party, had resisted the interference of the Popes with her internal administration, and it was only in 1560 that for the first time a Papal Nun-



cio held court within her walls. But the Inquisition—and it is well to recall it in these days of re-action—had a prescriptive right of more than 500 years; for, more than five centuries ago, there were adherents of “the pure gospel” in the fair city. The Paulicians or Paterini had a numerous party, but Dominick of Guzman had just headed an exterminating crusade against the Albigenes on the plains of Languedoc, and the dog with the blazing torch—the chosen and appropriate emblem of St Dominick—ere long lighted his fires in Italy. Fra Pietro of Verona, better known in the annals of his order as Pietro Martire, roused the Florentines against the unoffending Paulicians, and the result was not so much a civil war as a massacre. In the Via Guicciardina, opposite the Church of Laura Felicita, on the spot where one of these extraordinary battles was fought against the Paterini, stands a column surmounted by the statue of the terrible Dominican. The knife in his hand marks him out at once as “St. Peter Martyr,” though few perhaps of our English tourists, and fewer still of the occupants of the “Via Guicciardini,” have ever inquired why that statue was erected to the Grand Inquisitor. A few glaring cases of persecution gave Leopold the fitting opportunity of closing the ecclesiastical prisons and burning publicly the instruments of torture. There are, unfortunately, too many ways of making up for the loss of that Spanish enginery, but except in Rome, doomed to all that is exceptional, the Inquisition *in the old form* exists nowhere in Italy. The abolition of the Foro Ecclesiastico, and the subjection of the clergy to the civil law in common with other members of the State, and a few other measures of lesser importance, completed the defence which Leopold was so long constructing against Papal encroachment. The Siccardi laws in Piedmont, and the clerical censures on Santa Rosa, may give some idea of the value which Rome attaches to the Foro Ecclesiastico.

The internal reforms of the Church which Ricci carried out in his own diocese, and which Leopold resolved to introduce generally, were of too short duration to produce any very marked effect on the clergy or the people. Holding the opinions of the Jansenists, or at least the four points of the Gallican Church, Ricci denied of course the Papal infallibility, and maintained the right of bishops to hold synods in their own dioceses. He styled himself, in his pastoral letter convoking the *famous synod of Pistoia* (1786), “bishop by *the grace of God*,” omitting the usual ad-

*dendum* “and of the Holy See:” he treated the Limbo of infants as “a Pelagian fable,” and Indulgences as a superstition: he advocated the use of only one altar in the church, the celebration of mass in the vulgar tongue, and the unveiling of images that were superstitiously venerated. These reforms, and the rigid discipline exercised on the friars, whose conduct was far from being edifying, excited the whole country against the “heretic” bishop. The synod of Pistoia was eminently successful, but the council of Florence, convoked the year following, came to quite an opposite conclusion on the “fifty-seven points,” which Leopold, with the minuteness of a Sacristan, had submitted for discussion. A riot was excited in Prato, in Ricci’s own diocese, against the innovations, the ostensible object of the uproar being to protect the altar of the cintola, or girdle of the Virgin Mary. The “riot of the Madonnas” was only part of a great scheme, and the unfortunate bishop was obliged to seek refuge elsewhere. For a time he was protected by the Grand Duke, but when Leopold assumed the purple of the Cæsars, on the death of the Emperor Joseph in 1780, the re-action could no longer be controlled. The demolished altars were rebuilt, the images veiled again, the companies re-established, the synod of Pistoia was condemned by the Pope, the bishop weakly recanted, though, like Galileo, he did not change his mind, and after years of persecution, and even imprisonment, “the Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany” died broken-hearted at his villa of Rignano.

The work of Peter Leopold thus remained unfinished, “like the Florence churches,” and hence the partial success of his system. It is true the times were unpropitious, and the people opposed to the “berlicche berlocche” of their philosophic ruler. His own agents at times, and we might say very generally, favored in secret the public disaffection. The only sincere reformer in the council of Regency, appointed on his removal to Vienna, was the senator Francesco Gianni, who in a few months was obliged to seek refuge, like Ricci, from the popular violence. Pompeo Neri, the jurist Rucellai, the auditor and authority on all ecclesiastical questions, and Angelo Tavanti, his oracle on finance, had all died before Leopold’s removal. The Jesuit Summating, Leopold’s confessor—for with strange inconsistency he chose a confessor from the society he had suppressed—was a principal agent in the reaction, especially in all matters connected with the



Church. But besides, the whole system of Leopoldine reform, admirable as it was, and far in advance of anything that modern Italy had yet obtained, had been forced despotically on an unprepared and reluctant people; and when the directing hand had ceased to guide it, it stopped at once. The people had not risen to the mark of the legislator, and the laws had descended from the elevation of a philosophic despotism, instead of springing spontaneously from the advancing civilization of a nation. Leopold had given no constitution, and had not always filled up the void made by his abolition of the laws of his Medicean predecessors. It is true he had a constitution, *in petto*—a kind of Scotch Presbyterian regime for the government of the States by municipal councils, provincial councils, and a general assembly meeting annually, with the Grand-Duke for moderator. But that constitution “imagined by Peter Leopold” was never granted, and even Gianni’s memoir, which has preserved the outline, was not published till long after the death of the prince. This singular memoir, written in 1805, remained as a dreary remembrance of an opportunity that had been allowed to pass, and as a protest against a return to the old Sanfedism.

The first years of FERDINAND III. were unpropitious. France was beginning to heave to the earthquake; and Italian princes felt the ground beneath them trembling. For fifteen years Ferdinand was an exile, and Florence had her courts of Bourbons and of French. Old Forsyth remarked in his day that the French occupation was the great epoch from which everything was reckoned—“*avanti i Francesi*”—“*nei tempi dei Francesi*”—“*dopo i Francesi*.” The French have certainly the merit of inaugurating a new era in Italy. The new impulse given to education and science, the great public works undertaken, the French system of taxation, the Code Napoleon, the suppression of convents, and the new regulation of the Church, were far in advance of the old miserable compound of priestcraft and despotism that constituted Italian government. Fossombroni presented to Napoleon a memoir in behalf of Tuscany, such as no other estate of the Peninsula could have presented, but for a time all Italy was constrained to succumb to “*les idées Napoléoniennes*.” The French rule has left one or two traces on the Tuscan statute-book; but in the Restoration of 1805, though there were imperialists and liberals, the Leopoldine party prevailed, and Ferdinand III. preserved, though not in its integrity, the

system of his father; and again when Leopold II., “now happily reigning,” as the Court Almanac says, succeeded in 1824, he began his reign with an eulogy of his “immortal grandfather.” And, first of all, the praise of preserving the traditional policy of the house of Lorraine, in the Grand-Ducal States, is due to the great Tuscan statesman of the day—that Victor Fossombroni whose monument, a masterpiece of Bartolini, stands in Santa Croce among the tombs of the great Florentines; but a new liberalism was springing up in the universities, and among the more enlightened classes of the community, which required something more than a system stereotyped for nearly half a century; and among the higher ranks of the citizens there were men who advocated *progress*, that the government might keep pace with the growing civilization of the country.

It would be unfair to measure the aristocratic liberals of Tuscany, such as the Marquis Gino Capponi, or Cosimo Ridolfi, with our English Whigs, or with the conservative statesmen of a country that has had its parliament for centuries. Florence, first of all, and afterwards Tuscany, had been jealous of their national independence; but the citizens had scarcely ever enjoyed a fair measure of civil liberty, and even Fossombroni, who defended the first so manfully, but very imperfectly comprehended the second. The whole habits of a people cannot be new-modelled in a day, and we do the constitutional party in Italy injustice when we test their measures by the perfection of that slow growth of centuries which is the glory of our British civilization. And then we must take into account the element of the Papacy from which the Reformation happily delivered us. We were ready enough to sing “*Io Pean*,” when Mazzini gave law from the Capitol, instead of the Pope from the Vatican, and certainly so far the change was for the better; but the slow work of rooting out the deeply seated superstition of a Romanized population had still to begin. It was no great change on the mere materialism of worship when the Bambino of the Ara Coeli, the little miraculous wooden doctor of the Franciscans of the Capitol, made his rounds in the triumphal chariot of Leo XII., and the devout Romans of the republic of 1849, shouted, “*Viva il Bambino democratico!*” or when Guerrazzi taught his applauding Livornesi that Christ was the highest model of a democrat. Standing between despotism on the one hand, and popular superstition or wild extravagance on the other, the Italian Liberals of the modern

rate party, like Count Balbo and Massimo d'Azeglio in Piedmont, or Gino Capponi in Tuscany, had no easy position to maintain against the two extremes; and though we believe that *their* system will never accomplish the moral regeneration of Italy, till it has reached a higher point than their party has yet aimed at, we would not on that account let loose the tide of French democracy, or inundate the Peninsula with the gospel of Lamennais.

But side by side with the moderate reformers rose the young Liberals of the universities, Guerrazzi, Salvagnoli, and Forti of Pescia, impatient of the slow and timid movements of the elders of their party. With these were associated the like-minded of the other states, such as Tommaseo, Leopardi, and Pietro Giordani, who had sought the freer atmosphere of Tuscany, or had been driven to seek it by the iron rule that prevailed elsewhere. The "Autologia"\* of Florence was their "Edinburgh Review," giving utterance as boldly as it dared to the new ideas, till the Government most imprudently silenced the ablest scientific and literary journal of Italy. Besides these, Tuscany had its poetic Liberalism, the grand dramas of Niccolini, and the exquisite satires of Giusti. But the man who was destined to occupy the most prominent position was F. D. Guerrazzi, whose trial for high treason is now attracting so large a share of public attention in the Peninsula. The history of that Leghorn lawyer has been written in part at least by himself, and that little volume of "Memorie" addressed to Mazzini in 1849, notwithstanding its ridiculous pomposity, we think most valuable for its picture of the Italian democrat; we should like to dwell on that curious autobiography, tracing the gradual development of the "greater part of the family of mortal sins" in the character of the hopeful youth, till he became a student of Pisa, and saw Lord Byron, and read his poetry, for this makes one great epoch in the history. The wandering "Childe Harold" was then in Pisa—in popular estimation a spirit of evil in human form on some dark and mysterious errand to the children of men—but in the eyes of the wondering student, the very Apollo of the Vatican. Byron henceforth became "his master and his model." Banished for a time from the uni-

versity for too keen an appetite for politics, and in after life closely watched by the police as a restless conspirator brooding dark schemes and plotting nobody knew what—dodged by the *gens d'armes*, for the paternal government *temporibus illis* kept a keen look out upon its subjects, and most kindly wished "every man quiet and peaceful with a wife and at least four children"—imprisoned once or twice on mere suspicion, and liberated again without knowing why or wherefore—and then banished again to Portoferraio, where he planned his romance on the Siege of Florence. Guerrazzi, in short, had laid up "capital" to be turned to account when opportunity should offer. His romance especially was a fierce defiance of the powers that were in those days; he "wrote a book because he could not fight a battle," and here is his picture of his own romance,—

"I thought it charity to ply all the torments used by the ancient tyrants and by the holy office, and to invent others still more atrocious to excite the sensibility of this land fallen into miserable lethargy; I wounded it and poured into the wounds brimstone and burning pitch; I galvanized it, and God only knows the trembling anxiety with which I saw it open its closed eyes and move its livid lips. . . I chose the part of Prometheus and wished to animate the statue, even though the vulture shall prey upon my vitals for ever."—(*Memorie*, pp. 94, 95.)

A taste for the tremendous—*le gout des émotions*—was sure to be gratified by that patriotic romance, and even the Queen Mab could hardly match the wild profanity of those which preceded or followed. A whirlwind to move the waters of the Lake Alphasites—a blessing or a curse from heaven, it mattered little which, if Italy should live—and if not,—

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!"

Such were the grand ideas of that school of Romanticism by which a new era was to be brought in. And are these the men who are to dry the tears of the Niobe of nations? Are these the prophets of the future? To the credit of Mazzini we do not hold *him* accountable for the wild excesses of his party: there is a sublimity in his faith in the destinies of Italy that raises him above the mere reverses or the successes of the moment—a poetry, a sentimentalism that refine and elevate the prophet of the "Republic one and indivisible"—an earnestness and devotion in his Pantheistic creed that set him far apart from the grosser materialists. But

\* This monthly review appeared first in 1821, and ceased in 1832. Among the contributors, besides those named above, were Ridolfi, Capponi, Inghirami, and Romagnosi.

let the truth be freely told of all, and certainly the extremes in the Italian struggle were Despotism and Priestcraft on the one hand, with Democracy and Pantheism on the other.

We do not set forth Guerrazzi as a type of the Tuscan Liberal, though his book procured him such incredible popularity, that Gualterio speaks of it as marking an epoch in the history of the revolutionary movement. (*Rivolgimenti*, vol. ii. p. 52.) In fact Guerrazzi partakes more of the nature of the Sicilian or the Corsican\* than of the refined and gentle Tuscan. The national character in the land of painting and of song has been softened down almost to effeminacy, and is sadly wanting in vigor and independence. In the Florentine, acute, polished, and graceful—true son of “la gentile Firenze”—the heroism of the old Republican has died away. He can raise a cenotaph to Dante, but “Dante sleeps afar” beside the pine trees of Ravenna, and his native city wants even the ashes of the stern old Ghibelline. That single city—the judgment is Mariotti’s—has given birth to more great men than all the rest of the peninsula, but the tombs of Santa Croce are a poor defence against the brute force of the Austrian.

The “paternal Government” of Leopold II., guided by Fossombroni, and afterwards by Don Neri Corsini, was occupied at first with the material improvement of the State. Infant schools, normal schools, the education of the deaf and dumb, savings banks, and the draining of the Maremme, were quite enough for a ministerial programme. Education was the mania, and it is but fair to mention Raphael Lambruschini, nephew of the old illiberal Cardinal, as foremost in the work. Reforms of law and railways came later, but for a time Tuscany was turned into a kind of large academy. A grand *festa*, the meeting of the scientific congress at Pisa, the inauguration of a statue to Galileo, a magnificent discourse from Rossini, and a thousand other things, and Tuscany was quiet under her mild absolutism. The affairs of Rimini disturbed the frontiers

a little in 1845, but “the manifesto of Rimini” was corrected and modified at Pisa, in the rooms of Montanelli, a professor of the university, and Renzi was allowed to pass through Tuscany when flying from the *sbirri* of old Pope Gregory. It is true when the Grand-Duke visited Rome in 1841, Gregory XVI. extorted some kind of promise that he would repeal at least some of the Leopoldine laws; but the minister, Don Neri Corsini, refused to sign any act that would mar the work of Peter Leopold, or change the traditional policy of the Palazzo Vecchio; and the Pope, in his allocution read in the next consistory of Cardinals, made bitter reference to the disappointment of his hopes, and to the slippery Grand-Ducal faith:—*“Sed celsissimus illi Dux quae nobis promisit non tenuit!”* (*Gualterio*, ii. 71.) Such promises were considered “more honored in the breach than the observance;” and in those days Massimo d’Azeglio printed in Florence his fearful exposure of the Papal Government. But on the death of Don Neri Corsini, in 1845, when the Paver and Bal-dasseroni ministry came into power, a policy of approximation to Rome and Austria began. Even in 1846, when Rome suddenly became liberal, Tuscany was retrograding, and the Government seemed to have passed into the hands of the police at the Palazzo Non-Finito. The elements of a revolution were gathering on every side, but Leopold II. was blissfully unconscious: “il n’avait rien su, rien vu, rien prévu.” It was not, however, the time precisely for concentrating all power in the person of the Grand-Duke. The enlightened Liberals of Florence—the Baron Ricasoli, the Marquis Gino, Capponi, Cosimo Ridolfi, the advocate Salvagnoli, and others, had the courage to warn the Government of the impossibility of turning back the spirit of an enlightened age to the theories of the later Medici. In Pisa, Montanelli, mild, dreamy, and fantastic, now Mazzinian and democratic, and again Giobertian and theocratic, changing with every new idea that roused his fancy, was exercising a paramount influence on the youth of the University, and Guerrazzi was supreme in Leghorn. There was no liberty of association, of speech, of the press, and it was only by papers clandestinely printed that the wants and demands of the people were made known. And these demands of the Tuscan Liberals were eminently moderate; the leaders of the movement in Florence were men of the highest education and character; the Pisan professor was of too pliant material to

\* We give as an illustration the epitaph to his father’s memory which Guerrazzi inscribed on the tablet under the portico of the church at Montenero:—

Hic intus  
Francisci Guerratii  
insontes cineres  
Expectant postremum Dei judicium  
Sine pavore.

His father he describes as a man of no religious profession.



be much dreaded—wood perhaps for the manufacture of a Mercury, but certainly not the block out of which to carve a Brutus. The Government at last gave way,\* and granted Liberty of the Press, (May 1847.)

We have no intention of telling over again the old story of the Revolution. It was the same thing everywhere—the press, the civic guard, a constitution, Custoza, Novara, and the reaction. But two matters are important at present—the political career of that remarkable man whose trial in the Florence courts is now exciting an almost exclusive attention in Italy, and the claims of Tuscany generally on the gratitude and good faith of the Grand-Duke. After one or two liberal measures in 1847, the Marquis Cosimo Ridolfi became minister, and Tuscany kept pace in reform with the best of Italy. A constitution was solemnly granted in February 15, 1848; then came the war and the cabinet of Gino Capponi. The Pisan students, with Montanelli at their head, had fought valiantly at Curtatone, where Montanelli had been wounded, and borne as a prisoner to the citadel of Mantua. The news of his death had been spread at home, and funeral honors decreed him, but having returned afterwards by an exchange of prisoners, his popularity was unbounded. But the Mazzinian agitation had begun, “the war of kings had ended,” and Italy must henceforth trust to “the war of the people.” A certain democratic orator, wonderfully gifted in his way—Padre Gavazzi may perhaps remember the name—reached Leghorn, declaimed, and was arrested; an uproar followed, and, finally, in September, the insurrection of Leghorn. To quiet the insurgent city Montanelli was appointed governor, and managed his affairs so well that in a month he had ousted the ministry, and, in company with Guerrazzi, was in the cabinet at Florence, with war and the constituent for his programme. The “Apostolic Pilgrim” of Gaeta, however, anathema-

\* Gualterio has devoted a whole chapter to Mr. Cobden's visit to Italy at this time. In Tuscany, he native ground of the Free Trade principles, the Academy of the Georgofili inscribed his name on their Album, where the name of Sir Robert Peel had been inscribed before. The ministers Paver and Baldasseroni took part in the public homage to the Free Trade agitator. When Cobden rose to give thanks for this honor, he certainly touched a point peculiarly suitable to the time:—“We succeeded,” he said, “because a great minister had comprehended the duty of changing his opinion, and what is more honorable for him, had the courage to confess it.” The eyes of the academicians were turned to Paver and Baldasseroni. (*Gualterio, vol. v. p. 446.*)

tized the constituent, and the poor Grand-Duke, filled with spiritual terrors, consulted the Pope on his new position. The answer may be easily imagined, and the Grand-Duke himself, attached to the old paternal absolutism, had never liked the new ideas, and, following the pontifical example, fled to Gaeta.

The ministry resigned, and the scene that followed was a stirring one. In the Piazza of the old Florentine Signory—the scene of so many a drama, under the Loggia of Oragna, where the priors of the Republic had given way to the hired guards of the Medici, and where the Perseus of Cellini still stands sword in hand, holding up the head of the Medusa—the Circoli held their noisy meeting to decide on the affairs of State. They elected a Provisional Government, and appointed Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Mazzini ministers. We dare say the scene was quite as fine as any old Guelphic or Ghibelline triumph in the annals of Florence, but it lacks the halo of antiquity to make it imposing. Cæsar Augustus, in a fashionable Parisian costume, or Dante dressed *à la mode*, would be sadly reduced in our imagination. We suppose, judged by the standard of our modern civilization, even the godlike kings who fought at Troy would be about on a par with as many chiefs of American Indians fighting for a handsome squaw. Had the thing happened in our days, it would have been settled diplomatically by a *chargé d'affaires*; even Lord Palmerston would not have thought it necessary to send round the Channel fleet to the mouth of the Scamander, to put an end to a quarrel so disreputable, and the whole *matériel* of Homer's deathless Epic would have been condensed into a column of the *Times*. It is a comfort to think that these modern scenes will become grander as they get older.

The triumvirate—the Republic proclaimed at Leghorn—the decisive defeat at Novara—Guerrazzi dictator, and Montanelli sent to Paris—a dispute with Mazzini on the *unification* or fusion of Tuscany with Rome—a counter revolution in favor of the Grand-Duke—Guerrazzi in opposition, and at last sulkily giving in—the Grand-Duke recalled, and Guerrazzi imprisoned—Leghorn bombarded by the Austrians—the Grand-Duke's return in the uniform of an Austrian general—the reaction, imprisonments, and a trial *three years after*—such is the modern history of Tuscany.

But there are matters of more importance connected with this reaction than the trial of Guerrazzi and his associates, and which de-



mand the attention of the European governments.

And *first* of these is the threatened absorption of Tuscany into the Austrian empire. It would be tedious to follow the persevering attempts of Austria to make Tuscany a mere fief of the empire, or to appeal to the long list of treaties that establish its independence, from the Quadruple Alliance of 1718 down to the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, for the diplomacy of the Tuscan succession would fill a volume. But especially since the rival claims of Austria and Spain were adjusted by the treaties of 1765, (for we do not speak of the cession of Lorraine to France,) the preserving of the distinct independence of Tuscany, and its separation from Austria, has been the unvarying policy of the younger or Italian branch of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Leopold I. maintained it firmly against the emperor Joseph, and when he himself was Kaiser, he adhered most scrupulously to his former policy. After the general overturn of the continental governments, and in the re-organization of 1815, Tuscany was fortunate in having such men as Fossombroni and Don Neri Corsini to defend its ancient rights "against all deadly;" and if treaties are of any value, the 100th article of the Treaty of Vienna put the independence of Tuscany under the safeguard of the great powers of Europe. Yet even this did not prevent new attempts of the Imperial Cabinet on the autonomy of the weaker State, and especially in 1824, on the death of Ferdinand III., the Austrian minister at Florence was directed to concert with the heir of the Crown the terms of the proclamation announcing his accession, and thus, to maintain the appearance of feudal rights in the Grand-Duchy, Count Bombelles went accordingly to the Arch-Duke Leopold, but was received instead by Fossombroni, as *minister of the new sovereign*. The Ambassador, disconcerted by this reception, announced that he was sent to *the Arch-Duke Leopold*, but Fossombroni replied that he was authorized by *His Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand-Duke Leopold II.*, to receive any communication made to him as Secretary of State. The Austrian diplomatist was *not* in fact received by the heir of the Crown, and the next morning, the same proclamation that announced the death of Ferdinand, announced also the accession of Leopold II.

Since the restoration of 1849, in direct opposition to the policy of a century, and to the spirit, at least, of the general law of Europe, as established by the Treaty of Vi-

enna, Tuscany has been a garrison of Austrian troops. Let it be remembered that the forcing of the *constituent* on a Constitutional Sovereign was the work of a noisy minority—that the democratic ministry and the dictatorship fell in less than six months after their formation, and that the Grand Duke was recalled by the acclamation of the people: and on what plea was that convention between the cabinets of Florence and Vienna for the occupation of Tuscany by Austrian troops signed in the April of 1850? The Tuscan Court would perhaps have preferred a restoration by force to the spontaneous movement of the people: certainly Rome and Naples would have considered it more *à la mode*: but when Leghorn had yielded to the troops of Baron d'Aspre, and the overwhelming majority of the Tuscans desired to settle down under the constitutional regime, on what plea is a land professedly independent still trodden down by the feet of the Austrian soldiery? Is the spirit of the treaties of 1815 to be violated, that Austria may sit like an incubus on the Italian peninsula, and that the heir of the "Holy Roman Empire" may not only abolish the wise and tolerant laws of the Emperor Joseph in the Empire itself, but also enable the scarlet despotism of the seven hills to remove the ancient landmarks which the legislature had set up in Italy itself against its exorbitant pretensions? Austria is thus consolidating her power in unfortunate Italy, and every where in favor of despotism and priestcraft: and the only plea that can be urged is this, that the restored governments of 1849 have become so *intolerable* that they cannot exist without the protection of the Austrian bayonets. England cannot look on carelessly, and that commercial treaty which the Cabinet of Vienna (if the rumor be true) is attempting to force on prostrate Tuscany, may yet teach her that her own interests are concerned in demanding that the Austrian troops should be withdrawn from a kingdom which the general law of Europe has recognized as independent. Something has been already done in this way when the able diplomatist now at Florence retrieved the singularly mismanaged Mather business, but *that* was a slight matter to the English interests that will be involved, if Tuscany be virtually absorbed by Austria.

Again, the whole Leopoldine legislation is in danger of being overthrown, and civilized Tuscany reduced to the model of Naples and the Pontifical States. We shall not waste time in noticing the miserable intrigues of

the agents of the Papal Camerilla to induce the weak and superstitious Leopold II. to undo the whole work of the former princes of his house. We have sketched as fully as our space would permit the Leopoldine system under which Tuscany had prospered for a century: but we may allude again to its three great principles according to the definition of the Tuscan jurists. 1st, Laicity of the State, *i. e.*, its independence of Papal control. 2d, Equality of all in face of the law; and, 3d, Economic liberty. Or let us state ~~these~~ principles more fully, so as to convey a ~~more~~ adequate idea of a system that is connected with the whole civil life of the people, that comes home to their bosoms and business, and touches their interests every hour. The neutrality and distinct political independence of the State: liberty of conscience: civil emancipation of the Jews, and subjects not Catholic: a mild criminal code with public trial of the accused: equality of taxation, and the abolition of municipal immunities: the nomination of bishops by the State, and the Exequatur as a defence against Romish aggression: the suppression of the Foro Ecclesiastico, of the Inquisition, and of the Jesuits: the mortmain laws and abolition of entails: the regulation of conventual discipline: municipal liberties, and a constitution "looming in the future." Such is the system that in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in a kingdom civilized beyond any in Italy, is in danger of being abolished that Tuscany may swarm with monks and friars as in the palmy days of Cosmo de Medici.

It is right to state that the agents in these intrigues are Lucchese. That little Duchy of Lucca, incorporated with Tuscany in 1847 on the death of Maria Louisa of Parma, had not partaken of the Leopoldine reforms: and has now furnished agents, of whose character the less we say the better, to do the work of the not very scrupulous Court of Rome. The abolition of the laws emancipating the Jews, entire priestly control in the matter of education, and the free action of the Church according to the old regime, were the first matters proposed: and even at present the Jewish liberties *have* been curtailed by the abolition of the constitution: schools and teachers *have* been entirely subjected to the control of the clergy by the late law on education, and by the concordat of April 1851, the Church has made the first grand step towards resuming all its former privileges. The Concordat was profess-  
*edly a mere instalment*, and yet it establishes

the complete freedom of the clergy in their ministry, and the publications relating thereto, and in their communications with the Holy See. Bishops were left at full liberty henceforth to commit the Lent preachings and missions generally to whomsoever they pleased: and, besides, the censorship of books treating *ex professo* of religious matters, and the authority of prohibiting to the faithful the reading of any book whatsoever, were committed to the four Archbishops of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, the sixteen bishops, and their enlightened, liberal, and tolerant clergy. The subject of marriage belonged of course to the canon law. And the fifteen articles of this Concordat of the 25th of April were agreed on and signed by Cardinal Antonelli, and the minister Baldasseroni, at the very time when Piedmont, having passed the Siccardi Laws, was preparing to erect the very bulwarks that Tuscany had thrown down. The first great step then has already been made towards the abolition of the whole system of Peter Leopold: the ultimate aim, from which the Papal Court has never for one moment deviated since the days of Pius VI., being to re-establish the old mortmains, the ecclesiastical immunities, the Inquisition, and the Jesuits! A comprehensive programme this for 1852! To the honor even of the Baldasseroni and Lauducci ministry, be it said, that they have hitherto resisted these last proposals, and the Lucchese agent of the Papacy has been dismissed for the time from the Cabinet; but unless the representatives of such great powers as are still free interfere to protect the sacred rights of a whole people, or another revolution shake the central seat of continental despotism, Tuscany is now too feeble to defend the laws to which her sovereign was sworn.

The *third* point which we notice is the entire abolition of the constitution of February 15th, 1848. It is needless now to appeal to the oath of the Prince, or to the solemn promise given verbally by Leopold II. to the Tuscan deputies at Gaeta, and afterwards repeated in the proclamation of the 1st of May 1849, to preserve and to develop the constitutional regime he had instituted. The great example of political immorality had been already given by Pius IX. Austria, too, has set aside without compunction the constitution of the 4th of March, and, unfortunately, examples are but too abundant; and yet we are justified in citing the case of Tuscany as the most glaring. We exclude France, of course, which as becomes an ori-

ginal, independent, and free-thinking nation, never condescends to follow any stereotyped course or ecclesiastical canon for making oaths and breaking them. In Italy, however, there is a plain, ordinary, Macadamized road, by which reactionary princes invariably travel. But let it be remembered that what Tuscany sought was not Democracy, (we except the few now under process, and their adherents,) but constitutional government. The Medici themselves had not abolished the old "Council of Two Hundred," and "Senate of Forty," which represented the popular element; and the first Leopold, had the times been propitious, would have extended that representation to the whole State. Before the reforms of 1848, during a hundred and ten years, the Austrian Grand-Dukes and the French had introduced and promoted a new civilization, and it cannot be said of the Tuscan people that they are now unfit for constitutional government. They are educated and intelligent, temperate and moderate: they have been accustomed to municipal forms, and they have a history and traditions of greatness, and a name imperishable in the annals of Italy; and with all these claims, their cities must be guarded by foreign soldiers who cannot speak their language, and their every movement watched by spies and the police. That system of spies and informers, above all, tends to corrupt and de-

moralize, and by none of the Italian dynasties has it been plied more perseveringly than by the princes of Lorraine. Even Leopold I. spent enormous sums on spies; it was a taste of his family, and his Austrian mother kept spies *on him*; and it is notorious that Leopold II., who keeps his subjects under such infamous *surveillance*, is himself watched on behalf of Austria. There is no free press—no liberty of speech—suspicion and distrust prevail; and cases are but too well known in which the priest has divulged the secret of the confessional, the wife "informed" upon her husband, and the father on his child. And through the ever-watchful police, imprisonments take place, and cases are gravely tried on the most ridiculous pretences. We shall merely cite one such case. A confectioner of Siena had prepared in the materials of his "calling" a figure of Italy, and adorned it with the three national colors—a fine thing for children to look at in the cook-shop window! The confectioner was cited before the tribunals, and "the great gingerbread case" became famous among the lawyers of Siena. There was no law, however, on the statute-book that made a parti-colored cake offensive to the Grand-Duke, "his crown and dignity;" and the confectioner, triumphantly acquitted, was allowed henceforth to work out his politics in pastry.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

## NOTES ON PLANOFORTES.

BY SIGISMOND THALBERG.

It is necessary, in the first place, to notice the fact that music, though perhaps, of all the fine arts, the first in the order of cultivation in every country, has been certainly the very slowest in its development. In all its sister arts we look for the finest productions to the past, and in some cases to very remote periods of European civilization, while the great productions in music belong, as it were, to the present time, and are nearly all in-

cluded in the last seventy or eighty years, certainly in the last century. For ages, even amongst the most cultivated and polished people, music was confined almost wholly to melody, and its execution was bounded by the natural powers of the human voice, slightly and artistically cultivated; and to instruments, most of which were exceedingly imperfect. But the pleasure from music even then was derived from a complication

of separate effects; from the quality of the tone, from intonation or variation in the degrees of gravity and acuteness, from modulation, or the departure from and return to the principal key, from rhythm, or divisions into equal groups, from the modes of expression—staccato and legato, forte and piano, &c. And from the various movements appropriate to different feelings, from the solemn adagio to the merry presto, this complication of the elements of pleasure was increased by the employment of instruments in accompaniment to song, at first in unison with the voice, which gradually led to counterpoint, which in its turn immensely increased and varied the effects of music, caused the science to be far more studied, induced numerous experiments in musical acoustics, and gave a new and more elevated character to musical compositions. New instruments were invented, and old ones improved. Accompaniments began to be composed to vary and heighten the effect of the melody, by using different figures of intonation, and orchestral effects were produced by appropriating different instruments to particular purposes. Then harmony, properly so called, began to be cultivated, or the flow of different melodies in harmonic agreement. At length came the great masters—as Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c.—who gave an entirely new intellectual and real artistic character to music, by employing in their compositions subjects appropriate to the character intended in the particular piece, and breathing the different elements of musical pleasure in a methodical and artistic manner.

These great composers thus elevated music to a level with its sister arts, and made the pleasure to be derived from it, like that from painting, complicated and refined, requiring a certain education in the hearer, as in the observer, to be able to understand and appreciate its higher productions; so that we may now include music with the other fine arts, in so far that the uncultivated taste feels only this or that element of pleasure, while the cultivated taste appreciates all the elements employed, and reaps the full enjoyment of the most beautiful productions of art.

In this progress of the art, composers found all the aid they desired for the composition of melody in the truth and flexibility of the voice and the violin; but, for their orchestral and concerted pieces, they could not keep in their studios bands of musicians. To meet this exigency, they employed spi-

nettes, clavichords, and harpsichords, and afterwards pianofortes, which, though feeble instruments of no great compass, answered this purpose so well, as to become universally adopted by composers. This use of this class of instruments led to the peculiar capabilities of the pianoforte being thoroughly studied and appreciated; and the composers repaid their obligation to the instrument by writing for it many of the very finest productions in music, and by practising the execution of these productions to such an extent, as to be able to bring them before the public with the greatest *eclat*. The importance which the instrument had thus gained, led from time to time to its improvement and enlargement, and this again to still finer compositions being produced for it, and to the adaptation for the pianoforte of all the best orchestral compositions; so that the advance of the art, and the improvement of the piano, have had a mutual effect upon each other, until it is now beyond all question the first of musical instruments, both to the profession and to the cultivated classes of society.

More than three centuries back there were in use two kinds of small instruments with key-boards; the clavitherium, of a square shape, having strings of catgut, which were vibrated by bits of hard leather about a quarter of an inch long projecting from the side, and at the upper end of the jack, which was operated on immediately by the inner end of the key; and the clavecin, of nearly the same form as the present grand piano, having strings, which were vibrated by plectrums of quill or hard leather. These limited instruments, with others of kindred forms, such as virginals, spinettes and harpsichords, continued in use, with very slight improvements, for two hundred years, until the beginning of the last century, when in 1716, Marius presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a clavecin, whose strings were vibrated with hammers instead of plectrums. This was a very great step, wholly changing the quality and character of the tone of the instrument, and making it in reality a new and different one; in fact the embryo piano. Two years after, Christoforo, at Florence, introduced some further improvements in the instrument, and produced what has generally been considered the first piano. But the new inventions, although immeasurably superior to their predecessors, had great difficulties to contend with, and were a half century in fighting their way into any considerable degree of favor. However, in 1760, Zumpe in England, and Silberman in Ger-



many, had established small manufactories of the piano, and it was successfully competing with its more established rivals, as is sufficiently shown by its having been adopted and used by Haydn, who left sixty sonatas composed expressly for it. Gluck also adopted the piano, and we have seen the instrument on which he composed his *Armida* and other works, made for him by Johannes Pohlman in 1772. It is but  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length and 2 feet in width, with a small sounding-board at the end, the wire of the strings being little more than threads, and the hammers consisting of a few plies of leather over the end of a horizontal jack working on a hinge. The instrument, compared with a fine piano of the present day, is utterly insignificant and useless, and it is difficult to conceive how it could have been used for the purposes it certainly served, till we reflect upon the importance to the composer of having at instant command any description of orchestral effect.

About this time Sebastian Erard made the first pianos in France; in the following year Stodart patented in London a combination of the harpsichord and grand piano; and, in 1783, Broadwood took out a patent in relation to the piano. From this period pianoforte makers rapidly increased in every part of Europe, especially in Germany, England, and France, showing how broad-spread became the estimation of the instrument. Since 1786, up to the present moment, hardly a year has passed without the appearance in England alone of patents for real or imaginary improvements, countless experiments being made, most of them totally empirical and unimportant, but some, especially in the last thirty years, truly scientific, resulting in the enlargement and improvement which we now find.

In 1786, Gieb took out a patent for what is called the grasshopper action, which is still in use for square pianos, in the dampers of which improvements were patented in 1794 and 1798 by Southwell. In 1809, Sebastian Erard, to whose genius the pianoforte is so much indebted, patented the upward bearing of the strings, which was a very great and scientific improvement, now almost universally adopted. In 1819, Thom and Allen patented compensation metallic tubes, which were adopted by Stodart in the grand piano. These tubes, firmly fixed at one end, were made moveable in a slide at the other, to allow them to contract and expand with changes of temperature. They had not the

slightest compensating effect as intended,\* but they were very effective for bracing, and certainly gave much greater strength to the frame. In 1821, Pierre Erard brought his first repetition action, and, in 1824, patented a complete system of metal-bracing for the grand piano, by bars firmly fixed at both ends to plates and abutments of metal, and employed a number of thicknesses of oak glued together in a mould to form the bent side, thus obtaining such increased strength of frame as to permit thicker wire to be used in stringing, from which he discarded brass altogether, and employed steel strings throughout the scale, which was followed, in 1827, by a new repetition action. Broadwood, Collard, Kirkman, Stewart, Wornum, and a few other makers, have likewise contributed in various degrees at different times to the progress of the instrument.

During the first years of this century, two systems chiefly prevailed with regard to the grand piano, the older one followed by the London makers, known as the English system, and the newer one in Germany, called the Vienna system. The difference was principally in the action, that of the English being the common grand action, the origin of which is unfortunately unknown; and that of Vienna, a new action invented, it is said, at Augsburg, by an organ-builder. The old grand action gave a more powerful blow, and produced a fuller and finer tone, while the lightness of touch of the Vienna action afforded far greater facilities of expression, and caused it, therefore, to be adopted by most of the eminent pianists of the time. This is not at all to be wondered at, when we consider the immense importance of the action of the piano, in bringing out the elements of expression which are peculiar to the instrument. Between the mind of the player that conceives, and the string that expresses by its sound the conception, there is a double mechanical action, one belonging to the player in his fingers and wrists, the other to the piano in the parts which put the strings in motion. No two piano players touch the instrument alike—that is, no two players have the same mechanical action in their fingers, or produce the same tones; and the difference in the style and degrees of excellence of pianists is more owing to this than to any other cause. It is, therefore, self-evident, that that part of the piano which

\* And yet for that very purpose they continue to be used by many celebrated makers up to the present time. —Reporter.

continues the action of the fingers, and completes the connection between the mind of the player and the strings of the instrument, should have a delicacy and a power answering as near as possible to those of the hand of the player. Every difference in the action of the piano will give a corresponding difference in tone and expression; and hence this part of the instrument has at all times been justly considered of paramount importance, not only by the great professional pianists, but by the highly-cultivated amateur player. Now, however, we have an action, the invention of the late Sebastian Erard, which gives a more powerful blow than the old grand action, and a far more rapid and delicate effect than the old Vienna action—thus combining the advantages of both systems.

To give an idea of the degree of perfection attained at the present day in the construction of the piano, we will describe one of the grand pianos in the Exhibition.\* This instrument is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet in its greatest width; its frame is of enormous strength, compared with the instruments of former times, being heavily braced with wood below the strings, having a complete system of metallic bracing above the strings, firmly abutted, and consisting of longitudinal bars led into metal at each end, and having the curved side formed of a number of separate pieces glued together in a mould to insure durability and fixedness of form. Its sounding-board extends to the frame on all sides, except the space left for the action. The strings are made entirely of steel, and of wire so thick, that the tension necessary to bring them to the proper pitch produces an aggregate strain equal to at least twelve tons weight, while they are passed through studs drilled into the metal-wrest plank, thus giving the strings an upbearing position, which prevents the slightest displacement of the point of contact by any force of the hammers; and the system of placing the strings on the instrument, determined by accurate acoustic experiments, caused them to be struck by the hammer at the precise nodical point which produces the freest and clearest tone. The compass is extended to seven octaves from A to A. The action of this piano is described by Dr. Lardner, in a work just published on mechanics, as a 'beautiful example of complex leverage in the mechanism which connects the key and hammer. In this instrument the object is to

convey, from the point where the finger acts upon the key to that at which the hammer acts upon the string, all the delicacy of action of the finger; so that the piano may participate, to a certain extent, in that sensibility of touch which is observable in the harp, and which is the consequence of the finger acting immediately on the string in that instrument without the intervention of any other mechanism.' The power of this instrument depending on the quantity of matter brought into vibration, the resonance, or the perfection of that vibration, depending on the correct proportions of its parts, and the accuracy of intonation depending on the nature of the bridging, the proportions of the strings, and their arrangement with regard to the blow of the hammer, are all most admirable; while the action depending on the peculiar mechanism employed far surpasses everything else of the kind, for it enables the player to communicate to the strings all that the finest formed and most skilful hand can express, and becomes, as it were, a part of himself, reflecting every shade of his feelings, from the most powerful to the softest and most delicate sounds. This action is, indeed, so perfect, particularly in its power of delicate repetition, that if any note is missed in execution upon it, it is the fault of the player and not of the instrument. Many persons have a very meagre notion of the power of expression possessed by the pianoforte. The fact is, however, that it really possesses almost all those elements of expression which belong to any other instrument, and several which are peculiar to itself, from the circumstance of the various parts of music adapted to the instrument being brought out by the same hand and same feeling. An immense difference of volume of tone and of effect is produced by the manner of touching the keys and by the use of the pedals, especially upon an instrument of great power, fine quality of tone, and delicate mechanism in the action.

The manufacture of the piano as a branch of trade is of very great importance, from the superior character of the principal workmen, and the vast numbers employed, directly and indirectly, in connection with it. In all the cities of the civilized world, there are numerous makers of this instrument, with immense numbers of workmen; and in most secondary towns throughout Europe there are small makers; while the increase of the number of pianos, compared with the population, is every year more rapid, a circumstance which is not observed with regard to

\* *Mr. Erard's, in the British Department.*

other musical instruments. This is corroborated by the fact that some years ago, pianoforte music constituted only a very modest portion of a music-seller's stock; whereas now it fills more than three-quarters of his shelves, and makes his chief business. The number of teachers is something wonderful: many are reduced ladies, who find in this exercise of their acquirements the most available means of support. Every professional pianist has often had occasion to exercise his kindly and generous feelings in recommending and assisting accomplished women, whose helpless families would otherwise have been utterly destitute.

The social importance of the piano is beyond all question far greater than that of any other instrument of music. One of the most marked changes in the habits of society, as civilization advances, is with respect to the character of its amusements. Formerly,

nearly all such amusements were away from home and in public; now, with the more educated portion of society, the greater part is at home, and within the family circle—music on the piano contributing the principal portion of it. In the more fashionable circles of cities, private concerts increase year by year, and in them the piano is the principal feature. Many a man, engaged in commercial and other active pursuits, finds the chief charm of his drawing-room in the intellectual enjoyment afforded by the piano.

In many parts of Europe this instrument is the greatest solace of the studious and solitary. Even steam and sailing vessels for passengers on long voyages are now obliged, by the fixed habits of society, to be furnished with pianofortes, thus transferring to the ocean itself something of the character of home enjoyments.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

## CHINA AND THE CHINESE.\*

Among the Chinese, the "middle kingdom," as it is called, has a history stretching back to a period long anterior to the day when Adam was created. Its first man (and therefore, of course, *the* first man,) was named Pawn-hoo, who was also (we should suppose with very trifling difficulty) the ruler of the world. Arrayed in a kingly vesture of verdant leaves, with horns like the branching antlers of a noble stag, and teeth like the protruding defences of a sturdy boar; of superhuman stature, and super-Chinese sagacity, his reign was the reign of a beneficent sovereign, who blended with the pomps of his primeval royalty the utilities of navigation. He taught men how to hew a passage through the stony hills, and told them many of the deep and sacred mysteries of earth and heaven. The brightness of his glory is partially obscured by the thick mists of thousands of intervening ages; yet how great must that glory have been which has

in any degree survived such countless possibilities of oblivion!

Pawn-hoo was succeeded by the imperial dynasties of heaven, earth, and man. The first embraced a period of 18,000 years, and the reigns of thirteen brethren. The second, the same length of time, distributed among eleven brethren. The third extended through the mighty space of 45,000 years, and the rule of nine brethren. The thirteen blessed the world by their meditation and self-purifying inactivity, the eleven by calculations of times and seasons, and the nine by the details of government and offices of State. During their supremacy, moreover, was accomplished perhaps the most important of all discoveries, for "males and females originated food and drink."

This is the purely fabulous of Chinese history; regarded as such by their own literati. These persons and achievements are alike the inventions of a comparatively modern date, "when the stream of time rolled back." After a very strange fashion did the people in whose imagination they had birth make use of the license granted to

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\* *China during the War and since the Peace.* By Sir John F. Davis, Bart., F.R.S., &c. In two volumes. London. Longman & Co. 1852.

antiquity: "ut miscendo humana divinis, primordia urbium augustiora faciat." These creations are *intensely* foreign to us. They have not truth enough to be good fictions; they are not sufficiently like men and men's doings to resemble anything with which men can sympathize. The very names of these primeval heroes and demigods are strangely repulsive. The uncouth sounds of a barbarous monosyllabic language seem to impart their own unattractiveness to the legends with which they are associated; and we shudder to think what must have become of the sweetly flowing verses of Homer and of Hesiod if they had been compelled to struggle through the incumbrances of so unharmonious a vocabulary. Yet even these fables have their value. The character of a people is in its tradition of the olden times. The war-god was the glorious author of the Roman state, and the career of the Roman people was the march of a nation of heroes to the conquest of the world. Love, 'the subduer of gods and men,' was among the very earliest of Greek divinities, and Wisdom and the Graces were not slow to follow; and the career of Greece was one of intelligence and civilization; hers was the love of fatherland, the power of eloquence, the song of bards, the miracles of sculpture, the masterpieces of history, the genius of philosophy, the dominion of beauty in everything. And no people less stagnant than the Chinese could have invented so do-nothing a mythology as their own. The passion for extended sway would have been hopeful, for it would have been energetic; the varieties of an exuberant fancy would have been full of promise, for they would have been the evidence of mental activity; but 18,000 *invented* years exhausted by the reigns of thirteen brethren, 'who were wholly abstracted and inactive,' is—*Chinese*.

The immediately subsequent history of the Celestial Empire is scarcely more credible than the purely fabulous portion of its annals. A share of the common stock of necessary human knowledge is allotted as a discovery to the reign of each successive sovereign, through many centuries; and with this exception, and a sprinkling of slightly varied wars, and rumors of wars, we learn nothing more from the record of these times than after as much wakefulness as was befitting an exalted Chinaman: "Chow-wow slept with his fathers, and Chaou-waou, his son, reigned in his stead."

We must mention, however, as a further *exception*, the account of the Chinese deluge,

which we regard as a very decided evidence to the truth of the Scripture narrative of the deluge of Noah. Here the very stupidity of the people is in our favor. They could never have invented such a catastrophe. There is no great similarity in the details of this stupendous occurrence. The causes are not the same; the effects are not the same; the ruin and the rescue are equally unlike the Bible narrative, as are also the means of escape. But we regard this as of very minor importance. The Chinese are characteristically imitative, not inventive; and they have been notoriously isolated from all connection with other nations. When they have made any attempt at invention, the result has been widely different from what we find in any other connection. Yet here, as everywhere else, we have a tradition of a terrific deluge overwhelming in utter destruction the vast majority of the human race. It was an event beset with the improbable; strictly impossible, except by the intervention of an unexampled miracle. In the Bible record we are taught to regard the expectation of it, even according to the language of Jehovah himself, as the sublimest achievement of the faith of Noah. We believe that it would never have been the legend of China if it were not there as a distorted relic of old and authenticated tradition; and we regard this tradition, not as a proof in itself, but as one of a long series of proofs of that awful visitation which swept away the corrupt nations that first peopled the earth, and made Noah the second father of the human family.

The beginning of Chinese history is with Confucius. Of the time before him we only *know* what he has handed down to us. He is, indeed, the restorer of the past. His wisdom is that of the ancient sages. He found society degenerated; and it was his ambition to strengthen the foundations of order and virtue, to inculcate forgotten principles of obedience and moderation, and to urge the importance of that outward decorum, and those external proprieties, which were, in his view, the best, and almost complete expression of the virtue which dwells within.

Nor did he labor in vain. More than two thousand years have passed since the age of Confucius; but he has never ceased to live, nor ceased to rule; people, nobles, and emperors of China, to this hour, submit to his undisputed authority. The rites of the state religion, the etiquette of the court, the principles of Chinese philosophy and politics, the style of Chinese literati are the creations or



the restorations of Confucius. If you seek his monument, take your stand among the millions of that eastern people and look around. Since his time, Plato and Aristotle have been born, have enunciated their measures of truth, have received, alternately, worship and contempt, and have ceased, more than indirectly, to have power among men. The power of old Rome has risen from obscurity, has achieved the conquest of the world, and yielded up its trophies into the hands of nations that had grown out of nothingness to be mightier still. But Confucius, and the people who are his offspring, are unchanged by time and fate; and this vulnerable philosophy and feeble race, have remained unaltered, while about it strength and grandeur have everywhere fallen into decay. Among his own nation he stands alone, as a giant among a nation of pigmies—well-nigh the only *man* amongst them. His successors lean upon him, grow by his stature, abide in his strength as twining plants ally their feebleness to some stately monarch of the forest. If *he* be not great, how contemptible must be the generations that have come after him.

He was a tall, well-proportioned man, with remarkably high forehead, and generally commanding appearance. He could boast an illustrious ancestry, and his father had held high office in the state. His boyhood, we are informed, gave promise of the intellectual greatness of his riper years. The ordinary amusements of children had no attraction for him; and at the age of fifteen, he had made himself familiar with the ancient records engraven on bamboo. He sought knowledge because of its practical value, and endeavored to make his own wisdom subservient to the well-being of the state. With growing fame and increasing merit, he became the faithful, though then unheeded counsellor of kings, and the teacher of 3000 admiring disciples. His rigid morality was distasteful, however, in an age of general depravity, and even his life was sometimes endangered by the violence of his enemies. But his dignified courage and sage precepts were his safeguard; and having more than completed his threescore years and ten, he passed peacefully from the world which he had so earnestly labored to benefit, regretting only that he had seen so little fruit of his sincere and patriotic efforts.

It is characteristic of the Confucian philosophy that man is regarded scarcely at all with respect to his own individual greatness, responsibilities or destiny. He is merely one of a vast community, and for that community

he must live. Self-culture, indeed, is enjoined, but only that the individual may be better fitted to minister to the general good. The child lives for the father, the elder for the younger, the subject for the sovereign, and the sovereign for the sake of a sublime law of order. That impalpable abstract—society—is to be perfected irrespective of the happiness of the living members composing that society, except so far as their happiness may depend upon the universal order. May not the diamond used in polishing another diamond be itself deserving of the utmost care of the lapidary? Is there nothing for man to achieve in utter loneliness and apart from every sort of connection with his fellow-men? To such questions we find no answer. There is but a dim consciousness of individual importance and individual destiny; and the principle of 'self-love' is annihilated, lest it should degenerate into selfishness.

Another peculiarity, manifesting itself also through the whole of Chinese society, is the subserviency of the inward to the outward—the preference of propriety of conduct to rectitude of motive—of politeness to sincerity—of ceremony to truth. It is not that the value of sound principle is wholly unrecognized; but the end of life is action; the end of education is right and becoming action. And what is this but obedience to the laws—just dealing, a recognition of the rights of others, a regard to the amenities of life? If this, then, be *the end*, those inner virtues which are the *means for its attainment* are of less importance than itself, may be indeed *supposed* or dispensed with, whenever the great object is attained. The value of such an ethics is very much in proportion to its being unnecessary. A good man may very safely be trusted without it, and a bad man will be reformed by it only into a hypocrite. Confucius, indeed, admits the value of sound principles, but with distinct reference to their importance as a security for uniformly right action. The outward, ceremonial, ritual, occupies the place of highest honor.

It would be an injustice to this philosopher, however, to leave in any sort of doubt his own sincerity. He had ever, it would seem, some dim notion of a deep meaning in those religious rites of his country which he did so much to restore. Hence he regarded them with reverence. With the modesty of a true sage he forebore to intrude unduly into these holy mysteries, but the insight he had obtained, or believed himself to have obtained, into their real significance, gave fervor to his zeal and depth to his piety. It is

well, too, to notice the amount of truth there is in his system of ethics, so far as scattered apothegms may be considered such. If outward propriety be nothing without the sincerity of true virtue, that virtue will be under just suspicion which is not full of good fruits. Obedience to wise laws, submission to rightful authority, the discharge of the duties of parents, children, neighbors, may indicate other things than virtuous principle; but this last will never exist in a state approaching in any degree to perfection without its fitting manifestation in right action. It is refreshing also to meet with a philosophy of unselfishness, even though in that very characteristic may be one of its chief defects. Nothing can be plainer than that we are intended to love ourselves. The 'public affections or passions' (to use Butler's phraseology) do not less indicate that we are to 'live unto ourselves,' by tending to private advantage, than the 'private affections or passions' indicate that we are to live 'not unto ourselves,' by their tendency to promote public and general advantage. But we know which argument men have found it the easiest and the most pleasant to admit. It is a nobler thing to seek our own happiness in ministering to the well-being of others, than to care for the well-being of others only in so far as we can secure it by taking care of our own. It is a mean thing to regard nothing in virtue but its usefulness. What is there, indeed, of virtuousness at all in *mere utility*? What were a patriotism that should not be strong to suffer, which should not feel as we are taught to feel in our schoolboy days, that

'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?'

And looking to the future of the Chinese, we have in the social bearing of the Confucian philosophy an encouraging augury for the success of a better faith among them. Shall not this people hail with interest a doctrine which shall be the divine confirmation, and rectification, of the teachings of their own honored sage? 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,'—'look not every man to his own things, but every man also to things of others,'—'none of us liveth to himself.'

The philosophy of Confucius is almost entirely practical. He was a state officer and a state reformer, and his teachings are what might be expected from such a man. He has united, however, with this sort of instruction much misty speculation about the *origin* of the world. Our space will not admit of an examination of these theories,

excepting when we come to consider their bearing upon the Chinese religions. Indeed, on this subject men have in all ages and countries involved themselves in very similar absurdities, and it could scarcely be otherwise. They have amused themselves with dreamy notions as to the operation of some all-producing law, and very generally confounded production with *re*-production. Link after link they have added to the great chain, but where shall be the first link, how forged, how suspended? The Chinese have personified the 'no-further.' 'Existence must begin from non-existence' (strange comment on the axiom 'ex nihilo nihil fit'); 'therefore the T'ae-keih produced the two figures. T'ae-keih is the designation of what cannot be designated; it is impossible to give any name to it. We consider the fact that all existences have a terminus, and we call this the grand terminus.' (*Notions of the Chinese*, &c. p. 18.) In its strange difference from all human speculation on this subject, we should recognize the divine origin of the sublime announcement—'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' In this *God* we believe by a necessity of our nature, because every lesson of experience has confirmed the assurance of our instinct that for every effect there must be a cause; because it is impossible to be convinced that 'existence can begin from non-existence.'

We have dwelt thus at length on the philosopher of the Chinese, not only as being the most remarkable man that has appeared amongst that people, but because all China is *in him*. If we understand him, we understand Chinese character, and government, and religion; for they are his work, heretofore, and still. The knowledge of his writings has been deemed essential to state promotion, and the literati are the aristocracy and the influential men of the empire.

Our space will not admit even of a brief abstract of Chinese history. Notwithstanding the union of the middle kingdom, its stereotyped institutions, its unchanging literature, its unprogressive semi-civilization, its despotic government, its millions of soldiers, its prodigious wall, and much else in which it has been hitherto unalterable, it has been often rent almost asunder by wide-spread rebellion; dynasty has succeeded to dynasty; other races have had their turn of supremacy; the celestial armies have experienced defeat as well as gloried in conquest. Still, the great nation is the same; it has absorbed its conquerors; they have been moreover of kindred races and similar civilization. Chinese,

Mongols, Tartars, each in their turn supreme and subordinate, but still it is change without progress—movement without advance.

One of the most obvious causes of this stagnation has been the jealous exclusion of foreigners. Excepting when closely allied by affinity of race and proximity of territory, or seeking friendly intercourse by a servile condescension to the haughty and overbearing commands of the 'son of heaven,' all strangers have been regarded as ignorant and uncivilized barbarians, for *the* sages belong to China, and, of course, there are no other sages. Isolated from other countries to a large extent by natural boundaries, the celestial empire has been deemed the Middle Kingdom, the centre of the whole earth—destined by Providence to be the seat of universal dominion and unquestioned supremacy. Hence all attempts at intercourse on terms of equality have been treated as intolerable presumption; wars have been called rebellion, and foreign enemies regarded as traitors. The satisfaction with which the emperor regards his own power and position is incomparably ludicrous. No one upon earth is so convinced that 'he can call spirits from the vasty deep,' nor so completely unconscious of the difference between commanding and being obeyed. The great monarch forebore to decree it, or England itself would long ago have been destroyed, and the people of England have gone far down in the scale of abjectness. There could have been no difficulty at all in such achievements. The Chinese forces could have marched 'directly through the Russian territory' to this contemptible corner of the world, and have swept us from the face of the earth. If such a plan had been rejected, we might have been attacked by water. The imperial forces might have been ferried over in stupendous junks; the valiant Ghorkas, and the invincible Cochin-Chinese, would have aided in this holy warfare, and our poor dot of land might have been blown to pieces, or flung by handfuls into our own seas. A few years ago, our days were well-nigh numbered; edicts of extermination had gone forth against us; the Ghorkas, 'whose territory borders upon *London*,' had conspired with heaven's armies to visit us with utter destruction; but when these fearful plagues were being poured out upon us, we seemed to die so hard, and so slowly, that the imperial heart relented, pitied our many disasters, paid our doctors' bills, and opened the best ports of the empire to our barbarian commerce.

War and defeat were the only likely instruments for the regeneration of China. Of these fearful remedies we have a very sincere horror. We admit the truth of the prophet's language—"every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood"—and we know that famine and pestilence follow in the track of war, sweeping away those whom the sword of the conqueror may have spared.

But there is much that we regard as far worse even than all this. We deem it far worse that a whole people should be ground down for century after century by an unrelenting despotism. That all progress should be forbidden—that the intercourse of daily life should be rendered insecure by the pervading presence of a strong-armed tyranny—that offices of state should be "honorable graves"—that liberty of conscience should be but the liberty to incur the loss of life;—what is this but *war* in its worst—because in its most slowly-killing form; less hated only because more disguised than the open hostilities and palpable slaughter of the field of conflict. Peace is one of the latest fruits of a mature civilization—and it is among one of the mysteries of Providence that it can be the fruit of nothing else. It seems to be by a law of the Divine government that good shall come to us not only *after* evil, but *out of it*; and that order and harmony shall be the children of their opposites; and "we build the tombs of" heroes who have led armies to victory—not only because they have acquitted themselves as patriots, but because they have been, though indirectly, among the most powerful of God's instruments for promoting "peace on earth and good will to men."

Of the origin of our war with China we shall say nothing. It has been a great benefit to the empire, however it may have arisen. That the Chinese authorities had themselves connived at the illicit practices which they professed to hold in such abhorrence, is beyond denial, whether such connivance was our justification or not. Nor do we hold exactly the views which have found favor in some quarters on the sale of opium, considered simply as a branch of trade. A shopkeeper is not responsible for the abuse of the articles he may think proper to vend, *so long as they have a use*. A man may strangle himself with the most innocent hosiery; gorge himself to death with the finest wheaten bread; poison himself with the best-intentioned medicines, even though they be "life pills," or "pills of health." Are



we then to go without stockings, to eschew the baker, and to be visited with shudderings of horror when

“We do remember an apothecary?”

Opium has its uses—over and above the particular service it renders to the government of India. That an opium-smoker shortens his life, debilitates his constitution, enfeebles his mind, and directly or indirectly does violence to his conscience, and destroys his moral power, we do not pretend to dispute. But a man is not obliged to *smoke* opium because he has it in his possession; and opium vendors do not sell the drug only to be “puffed on the premises.” If we are to enter upon the moral and spiritual tendencies of the abstemious, moderate, excessive, use of every article of commerce, we may undo, and even reverse, our free-trade policy tomorrow, and shut up every shop within the four seas. And how noble a virtue would that be which should be but another name for the impossibility of vice! How flattering a triumph over his foolish and wicked propensities that a debilitated Chinaman should forbear the seductive pipe when he can get nothing to put into it! We must remember, too, that the extensive use of opium in China is the indirect effect, in a great measure, of the foolishly restrictive policy of the empire. Most lamentable, however, are the effects of this prevalent evil. The increase of the population through the whole empire is perceptibly lessened by the use of this terrible poison. The misery of those who have become enslaved by the potent drug is beyond all conception. Their utter prostration of body, their shattered nerves, their frightful alternations of dreamy rapture and deepest mental agony, must have been a part of the experience of any one who would approximate to the understanding of them. Here is room, and to spare, for a display of the zeal of some of our teetotal agencies.

A very serio-comic business was the war with China. We shall return to it, and to Sir John Davis's book as the best authority on the subject. We cannot, however, completely understand it without a closer consideration of Chinese manners and customs, and of the forms and details of government among this extraordinary people.

The great virtue of the Chinese is filial affection, or rather (for here, as elsewhere, we have the outward for the inward) the conduct supposed to be befitting children. *Into this all other excellences may be re-*

solved. The governor of a province is its father, and the emperor is the benign parent of all his subjects. Hence, obedience to the law is the expression of becoming filial feelings, and the Chinese empire is rather a family than a state. It is scarcely needful to say that these mutual relationships of parent and child have been mistaken from beginning to end, and have degenerated into the connection between master and slave. A parent has power over his child, simply because such power is a necessary condition to the discharge of his duties. As the duties vary, so also does the authority. In its earliest years, a man must support entirely the offspring which God has given him. Having been the human author of its existence, he is bound to supply its wants, and to take care that it is put into possession of the means requisite to secure its happiness, and enable it to accomplish its obvious mission. Body and mind must alike be carefully watched, and becomingly educated. In the earliest period of childhood, from the importance of his own duties, and the complete immaturity of the child, the authority of the parent must be absolute. But when the babe has become a man—when he can direct his own course, and provide for his own necessities—much more when he has himself become the head of a new family, and the father of a new generation—obedience changes into respect, and submission assumes the character and the form of the compliance of a grateful affection. In China there is nothing of all this recognized. The relation between father and son is such as may come to interfere very materially with that between the son and the grandson; while ridiculous ceremonies, frequent prostrations, slavish obedience, stringent laws, and severe penalties, distort affection into caricature, and cannot but engender a most offensive hypocrisy.

The paternity of the Chinese government is simply another name for the right claimed by the emperor to do to all his subjects as seemeth right in his own eyes. His authority is a pure and absolute despotism. Fine, degradation, bastinado, imprisonment, exile, torture, decapitation, are all among the wholesome chastisements placed at his disposal, and not sparingly employed. He is subjected practically to no constitutional check whatsoever. The members of the court of censors, though nominally invested with the right to reprove the son of heaven, are either wholly corrupt, or completely disregarded, or put to death when their fidelity



is especially unpalatable. It is undutiful to be wiser or holier than their august parent, and their offences are visited upon them with becoming severity.

A paternal government can never be more than a mere euphemism for an autocracy. It can be harmless only when the supreme power happens to be vested in a man of extraordinary wisdom, and energy, and true patriotism, but it cannot guarantee the existence of such a man, still less a succession of such men. Under it all security of person and property must be subject to innumerable accidents. It is the product of a very low stage of civilization, for the tendency of advancing knowledge and general intellectual progress is to diminish the importance of *individuals*, and to subordinate their influence to that of society. It is founded, moreover, on a great political fiction; for a state is in very few and unimportant respects merely a larger family. Family relations are of nature and necessity, political relations are of expediency and compact. The administrators of a government are simply representatives of the people, whether hereditarily so, or by election at short intervals. They are to do just what they are told; and this not for their own emolument, but for the good of the commonwealth. Indeed, questions of suffrage, universal or otherwise, are not now so much questions as to the people's rights, but as to the best mode of ascertaining what the people *really* desire. A father, so far as he rules at all, rules *jure divino*, and according to his mere discretion. A prince governs at the request of his subjects, either expressed frequently (as in elective monarchies), or in the original constitution which successive generations have accepted—and for him, according to their own notions of it, "*salus populi suprema lex.*"

We make these remarks, obvious enough though they may be, because in some quarters the filial piety, and parental government, of the Chinese have received very absurd laudation. We regard them both as mere "*shams*," and somewhat *dangerous* misnomers. They are based upon mistake, and productive of not a little inconvenience and suffering.

While the emperor is wholly absolute, he is compelled, by the mere impossibility of doing otherwise, to delegate some part of his authority to others. The supreme direction of affairs is entrusted to the "*inner court*"—a sort of cabinet council, completely subservient to the wishes and control of the au-

toocrat. The complicated business of so extensive a dominion is divided among a number of supreme tribunals—viz: the board of ranks and dignities, the board of revenue, the board of penal law, the board of public works, and the military board. The names of these will almost sufficiently indicate the nature of their respective duties, though certainly many of their functions would never be considered by Englishmen as forming any part of the business of civil government. In connection with these superior courts are a vast number of subordinate offices and inferior tribunals, ramifying through the whole empire, and having the management of the details of state business. It is the province of a totally separate department to preserve a faithful register of the imperial household—births, deaths, official dignities, and the like; and even to administer the punishments which may, under certain circumstances, have been deemed necessary. The most promising (theoretically) of all the Chinese institutions is the board of public censors. To their animadversions every individual in the empire is subject, not even excepting the monarch himself. "Their persons are sacred, that they may have no evil to apprehend in consequence of disclosing unpalatable but salutary truths." This inviolability, however, has not always preserved them from the gentle chastisement of decapitation. They have secret emissaries throughout the country, and one of their number is present to watch and report the proceedings of all the supreme tribunals. They scrutinize the conduct of provincial governors, and recommend reward and degradation according to their discretion. They superintend, however, the only hopeful department of public service, and, by a dignified use of their immense and constitutional powers, they might teach some salutary lessons even to the autocrat himself.

There is thus a system of constant espionage carried on through the whole empire. Each public officer is watched by some other, whose business it is to make a truthful report to the autocrat. He is to settle all disputes; and by a very frequent change of ministers, provincial governors, and state functionaries in general, together with the ceremonial necessities for their very frequent journeys to Peking, the emperor may be supposed to be in possession of a tolerably accurate acquaintance with all the affairs of his vast dominion. This, at any rate, has been obviously the intention of so complicated a series of arrangements; yet it has been a

singularly complete failure. The *etiquette* of the court has neutralized all this vigilance, and the only result of what appears so promising, has been a universal hypocrisy, that can be matched nowhere else on the face of the whole earth—a facility and intensity of *lying*, which may bid defiance to all competition—with bribery, extortion, and a despicable meanness beyond all power of expression. The formalities of the palace, its bodily prostration and affected humiliations, are alone sufficient to extinguish in the nobles every spark of honest manliness; and the loathsome and contemptible hypocrisies of Peking have spread throughout the whole of the celestial territories—have degraded the entire people into whited sepulchres—and have reacted most mischievously upon the character and interests of the supreme ruler himself.

Another piece of most disastrous impolicy in the Chinese government consists in its notion as to the responsibility of rulers to their superior. An unsuccessful general, and the governor of a turbulent province, have no resource but suicide. They have to account to their great master for all the evils which have for any reason been connected with their administration, and success alone can vindicate their honor, ensure their reward, or save them from degradation and punishment. That the servants of a state should be responsible for their actions, is reasonable enough in itself, but they must have, to some extent, discretionary powers, or obedience to the letter of the command of a superior will often be more ruinous than rebellion itself. The great marvel in the steady aim of William Tell was in the fact that the apple he pierced so skilfully was on the head of his own son; and though a man may have more cause for carefulness, he will scarcely be in a better position to serve his country when he knows that every unavoidable error will be deemed a crime, and that even the slightest inadvertency may cost him his life. On such conditions, individual genius will be one of the most dangerous of possessions; and a new mode of attack must be fatal, for who would be responsible for a new mode of defence? It has been well for China that nature herself has undertaken to defend this "central kingdom;" and she has indeed been far more deeply indebted for her continuance to her mountain and ocean boundaries, than to the bravery of her soldiers, the skill of her military commanders, or the civil policy of her emperors.

*The people themselves are of the sort to*

be formed by such a system of government. Perhaps their great characteristic is hypocrisy—an abundance of politeness, which is as hollow as it is profuse. They have made considerable progress in the manual arts, but are wholly destitute of inventive genius. Their paintings display a superior skill in colors, but are absurd in point of perspective; their astronomy has been praised far beyond its merits; their medicine, being founded upon a most ridiculous theory of the component elements of the human body, is much likelier to kill than to cure; and anatomy is unknown. The Chinese are necessarily industrious, for the immense population of the empire renders it absolutely necessary to stretch its resources to the utmost; but they are a filthy race, and for all purposes of ablution afflicted with a terrible hydrophobia. Their women are degraded, as in all semi-civilized countries, being merely required for the purposes of labor and reproduction. Marriage is regulated entirely by law. The contract is made by the parents, without the slightest regard to the wishes of the parties concerned, and the bridegroom is simply the highest bidder. Divorce is not difficult, as it may be obtained even on the ground of the wife's *loquacity*; and sterility, as it defeats the object of the union, will easily secure a separation. The private conduct of a Chinaman is under a constant surveillance, and the punishment of his offences of the most summary description. Still, the people are by no means without capacity, or incapable of civilization. Their contact with European intelligence, and the influence of the Christian religion, must have results which cannot fail to become perceptible. We dare not attempt to predict their future. Even now, there are signs of movement, however slow and reluctant. Apart from such influences, their condition is not only rude, but rendered contemptible by the excess of their arrogance, by the degree in which their ignorance and pride go together. Their complicated government, their aristocracy of learning, and the high-sounding names given by them to their various institutions, are, for the most part, a mere delusion, for the good is neutralized by a thousand abuses, and upon everything there is written, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

The late war brought out abundant illustrations of the peculiarities of Chinese character, and of those mistakes as to constitutional policy which we have to some extent pointed out. In this department the work of Sir J. F. Davis is of very special value.

The first volume is in fact a *Chinese* history of their own struggle with England, "founded on native documents, not intended for our information, but captured, or otherwise collected, during the war:" and a precious collection of monstrous fictions and crude speculations has thus been put together. Considered as a narration of the real course of hostilities, they constitute a complete example of the boundless powers of mendacity which are native to a Chinaman; they form one of the strangest exhibitions of the union of assumption with ignorance that has ever come under our notice. Our marvel is, that this people could possibly have attained, even by all their carefully guarded isolation, to a condition of such utter stupidity; that no mere accident should ever have enlightened their darkness, and forced some ray of intelligence upon them. Perhaps our pride is somewhat offended by being thus quietly ignored! We had thought that the name of England was known and honored, perhaps even feared, through every region of the earth.

"Qui gurgis aut quæ flumina lugubris  
Ignara belli? Quæve Britannicæ  
Non decoloravere cædes?  
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?"

We had dreamed that the names of England's heroes had become household words in almost every land, and that, like the illustrious defenders of Ilium, they could never have found a people among whom they should have been strangers.

"Quis genus Æneadum, quis Trojæ nesciat urbem,

Virtutesque, virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?"

Alas! how grievous has been our error! Our neighbors the Chinamen have discovered that we are barbarians, and they mean to put an end to us so soon as they have a little spare time!

We give one quotation from the very beginning of the first volume of Sir J. F. Davis's Chinese history, as a fair sample of the

sagacious *documents* above referred to, and as illustrative of some of our foregoing remarks:—

"The governor of the opposite province of Chekeang gave this account of the fall of Ting-hae, the capital of Chusan, to his sovereign:—'On arriving at Chinhae (which commands the entrance of the Ning-po-kion.) I had an interview with the admiral, and learned that the second in command had been wounded in an engagement with the English rebels, and several of our vessels sunk. On the capture of the town of Ting-hae, neither the magistrate nor registrar would surrender to the enemy, but threw themselves into the water and were drowned. My surprise and horror were great on receiving this intelligence; viewing the important position occupied by Chusan, and its short distance from the main. I directed a number of men to watch the approaches of Ching-hae, and gave orders to sink vessels in the channels, drive stakes into the river, and close the entrance with a chain. While thus engaged, I learned that the enemy had arrived in larger force, and among the vessels were some with three tiers of guns, and others with wheels at the sides, moving as swift as the wind. Our force cannot cope with the barbarians in number, and must therefore keep on the defensive, wearying them out. When the great army is assembled, we shall take measures to seize them alive. . . . The vice-admiral had been advised to withdraw into Ting-hae (abandoning his vessels), but he persisted in remaining outside. As the city was lost when above 1000 disposable troops remained, he will be arrested until your majesty's pleasure is known. The magistrate and registrar who drowned themselves rather than submit, are deserving of all praise, and as soon as their families are discovered, they will be duly considered.'"—(*China during War, &c.* Vol. i. pp. 4—6.)

As an explanation of the suicide of these miserable officials (we have offered one of our own above). Sir J. Davis remarks, in a note, that this practice is considered as an honorable solution of a difficulty, and that "the Japanese officers, when reduced to extremities, *disembowel* themselves"—one of the most painful deaths that could be devised: "mais il faut mourir selon les règles."

A FULL-LENGTH OF "THE DUKE."—"The integrity and purity of his patriotism; his unflinching devotion to what he believed to be his duty; his utter freedom from every taint of selfishness, meanness, or trickery; his simplicity of purpose, and his indomitable energy in execution; the sterling good sense of his head, and the manly honesty of

his heart, are genuine English qualities of practical value in every station of life, and in the exercise of which his countrymen, as long as the race endures, will see their best model in him, whom we, by a half sportive but most significant epithet, have learned to call 'the Iron Duke.'"

From Dickens's Household Words.

## MY FORTUNE.

A GREAT many years ago—two-and-twenty years to-night—I well remember what a cold, wet night it was, with a thick sleet driving against the windows, and a melancholy, moaning wind creeping through the leafless branches. It had been quite a sad winter time to us at home—the only sad one I had ever known, for it was just two or three weeks after the accident had happened that first laid me on my couch, and only a few days before, my father had told me that I should never be able to rise from it any more. It had been a heavy blow to us all.

We sat together in the drawing-room all the long evening, my father, and my mother, and I—my sister Kate had gone the day before to some friends of ours in the country. One gets so soon used to misfortunes and disappointments when just a little time has passed; but, at the first, they are often so hard to bear, and I think that never, at any time, did I feel such sorrow at the thought that I must be an invalid my whole life as I did that night. I was only a girl—not fifteen yet: and at that age we are so full of bright dreams about the future, looking forward with such clear, joyous hopefulness to the world that is just beginning to open before us, stretching out our hands so eagerly to the golden light that we think we see in the far distance. It was so hard to have the bright view shut out for ever, to have the bright dreams fade away, to have all the hopes that to me had made the thought of life so beautiful, torn from me for ever in one moment.

I had borne the knowledge of it all quite calmly at first; it was only now that I thought I really felt and knew all that I was losing. But, thank God, my life has not been what in my faithlessness I thought, that night, it would be; thank God, that the whole bitterness of those few hours' thought has never come to me, as it did then, again.

Early in the evening my father had been reading to us aloud; but since he ceased, no word hath been spoken in the room. He had been writing for the last two hours; my mother, sitting by the fire, was reading. The

whole house was silent; and from without, the only sounds that came to us were the wind howling through the trees, and the cold rain dashing on the windows—both cheerless sounds enough to hear. It was indeed a night for melancholy thoughts; and to one ill and weak as I was then, perhaps it was to be forgiven that, thinking of the future and the past, looking back upon the happy days that were gone, and forward to where the sunless clouds hung so heavily, I should scarcely be able to press back the tears that tried to blind me.

For when we are very young we shrink so from feeling prison-bound; we pray so earnestly, that if sorrow must come to us, it may rather burst in sudden storm upon us, and, passing away, leave the blue sky clear again, than that our whole life should be wrapped up in a cold gray shroud, through which no deep sorrow can ever pierce into our hearts—no deep joy ever come to gladden us.

And in that gray shroud I thought that my life was to lie hidden and withered; and now, while as yet it was only closing over me—while with passionate resistance I would still have struggled to tear it back, I felt that my hands were bound.

A little thing will sometimes serve to divert our thoughts even when they very much engross us; and so it was that night that I was suddenly startled out of the midst of my reverie by two loud, sharp knocks upon the street door—a sound certainly by no means uncommon. And perhaps, if nothing more had followed, I might have fallen again into my former thoughts; but, as I lay for a few moments listening, the door was opened, and then there followed such strange hurried exclamations—half of surprise, half of alarm—mingled with such apparently irresistible bursts of laughter, that my first dull interest began rapidly to change into a far more active feeling.

"My love, what's that?" asked my father, without looking up.

"I can't imagine!" my mother answered, in a puzzled tone, laying down her book.



Just at this moment we heard a quick step running up the stairs, and all our eyes with one accord turned to the door, which in two or three minutes was burst open, and to our extreme amazement, in rushed our servant Ann with a little half-naked child in her arms. Yes, that little creature standing on the step, was the only thing to be seen when she had opened the door.

"Upon my word this is going too far," my father exclaimed, angrily, when we had heard Ann's story. "It isn't two months since the same trick was played in town. Ann, call Tom, to get a lantern immediately, and follow me. We must make a search; though indeed it's hopeless to think of catching any one on such a night as this. Whoever has done it is out of reach by this time. My dear," he turned round as he was hurrying from the room, "don't do anything with the child until I come back; I'm afraid she's" and he closed the door.

I shall never forget what a poor little object it was. It had scarcely an atom of clothing on it—just a torn old frock that would hardly hang together, and its poor little white shoulders and arms were all bare, and wet with the heavy rain. Her pretty fair hair was wet too, but her face was what attracted and astonished me most, for in spite of the bitter coldness of the night, it was glowing like fire, with a spot of the brightest scarlet on each cheek, and her large blue eyes so unnaturally bright that it was quite painful to look at them. Yet such a sweet face it was!

My mother made her kneel beside me on my couch, and we talked to her, and kissed her, and taking off the old wet frock, wrapped my mother's shawl around her; but all the time, and though she was certainly more than two years old, she remained as perfectly unmoved as though she had been a little statue, only those great bright eyes were fixed upon my face, until I began to get absolutely frightened at her.

In about twenty minutes my father returned from his useless search.

"We can do nothing more to-night," he said, in a tone of considerable vexation, as he joined us again. "Poor child, she's very feverish indeed; why, exposure on such a night is enough to kill her. My love, you must put her to bed; there's no help for it, and I'll see what I can do for her. But really it's a little too much to expect that all the sick children of the neighborhood are not only to be cured for nothing, but to be housed too, by the physician." And my father

left the room to change his wet garments, in no very contented state of mind.

My mother put out her hands to lift the child from my side, and then for the first time a moaning sound broke from her, and leaning forward she caught my dress with her little hands, and held it tight, half crying, as if she feared to go away. I pressed her to me, and clasped my arms around her. I couldn't help it—and she let me do it, and laid down her head upon my bosom, the dear child! with that plaintive moaning sound again. I was almost weeping myself—half with pity, half with love—for I loved her so much already, as we love all things that cling to us, all things that—weaker than ourselves—appeal to us for protection. And so, for I could not bear that against her will she should be made to leave me, still keeping her in my arms, I had the couch wheeled into my bedroom: and there, in Kate's bed we laid her, poor little weary suffering thing.

It would be too long to tell you all about her illness, for she was ill for many weeks; how patient she was; how anxious we all were for her; how, in spite of a few cross words at first, my kind father tended her with as much care as ever he bestowed upon his wealthiest patient; how my dear mother sat up night after night with her, as though she had been her own child; how the little thing crept so into all our hearts, that when at last one evening my father pronounced her out of danger, even his voice was broken with emotion, and we were fairly crying—both my mother and I.

Nor will I trouble you with an account of all the fruitless search that was made to discover who she was or where she came from, but one thing I must mention, because it perplexed us very much, and added to our difficulty in deciding how to dispose of her. It was this: that we began to suspect—what at first had never entered our heads—that she had been stolen, and was not a poor woman's child. It was her own dim recollections of past things that gave rise to this supposition, but the fever had so confused all things in her poor little head that we never could reach any certainty upon the subject.

Well, the end of it all was that we could not part from her, for we had all grown to love her so well already, and we knew that if we sent her away from us, the only place that would receive her was the workhouse. So it was quite settled at last that she should stay with us, and because she had taken to me so much from the first, they pronounced,

laughing, that she should be my child ; and I was so happy.

I called her Fortune—Fortune Wildred we baptized her—that, should she never find her own surname, she might at least have some proper claim to ours. Of course she must have had a Christian name before ; indeed she said she remembered it, and declared that it was Willie ; but, Willie seemed so odd a name to give a little girl, that we agreed it would not do, and then I chose Fortune.

My little Fortune—she was so dear to me, and she loved me too so well ! Young as I was, our relation to each other became in many things like that of mother and child. It was strange that, of her own accord, from the first she called me Aunt Dina. And I so soon grew accustomed to the title, and so soon too fell quite naturally into calling her my child, for though yet but a girl in years, I was becoming a woman very quickly, as I should think must often be the case with those who have their destiny in life fixed as early as mine was, for I had no other outward change to look forward to as most girls have, and all my business was to settle down and be content.

My life, I often think, might have been lonely and sad without my child, but with her I was very happy. It was as if I lived again in her, for all the hopes and wishes that my illness had crushed came into life again, but not for myself now. It was for her that I dreamed, and hoped, and thought,—for the little bright-eyed child who loved to lie beside me, with her white arms round my neck, and her soft cheek pressed on mine ; who loved—Heaven bless her—to be with me always ; who never was so happy as when, even for hours, we two would be left alone together, and, with the perfect confidence that only children have, she would talk to me of all things that came in her mind, gladdening my very heart with the loving things she said. They all loved her, but none as I did, for she loved none of them so well. They used to say that I should spoil her, but I never did ; she was not made to be spoiled, my little Fortune, my sunny, bright-haired child !

She was my pupil for the first few years, and such dear lessons they were that we used to have together,—dear to both of us, though most to me. She was so good and gentle, so sorry if she ever grieved me, so eager to be good and be forgiven again—as though my heart did not forgive her always, *even before she asked it*—so loving always.

She never wearied of being with me—the kind child—not even when, as happened sometimes, I was too ill to bear her childish merriment, and she would have to sit quietly in my room, and lower her sweet clear voice when she spoke to me, for she would hang upon my neck then too, and whisper to me how she loved me. Ah, I never shall forget it all,—I never shall forget how good my little Fortune was to me.

I may as well mention here, that soon after it was settled she should stay with us, we had a little miniature portrait of her taken, which I have worn ever since as a locket round my neck. We did this on the chance that it might possibly serve on some future day as a means of identifying her. Here is the little picture now ; it is so like her, as I have seen her a thousand times, with her sunny veil of curls around her.

The years went on, and brought some changes with them—one change which was very sad—my mother's death. It came upon us suddenly, at a time when we were least thinking of sorrow, for when her short illness began we were preparing for my sister Kate's marriage. It was long before the gloom and grief that her loss threw upon our little household passed away, for she was dearly loved amongst us, and had been a most noble and true-hearted woman.

When Kate had been married about a year, my father withdrew from practice, and, to be near her, we removed to Derbyshire, and he, and I, and Fortune, kept house there, in a quiet cheerful way together. And so the years went on until my child was about seventeen.

In this new part of the country we had not many neighbors with whom we were intimate, but there was one family, who, since our first coming, had shown us much kindness. Their name was Beresford, and they consisted of a father and mother, and one son who was at college. They were wealthy people, with a good deal of property in the county. When we first knew them I had not been without a suspicion—I almost think it was a hope—that Arthur Beresford and my Fortune might one day fall in love with one another ; but it was not to be, for as they grew up, I saw that there was no thought of more than a common friendly love between them ; and, indeed, boys of one-and-twenty are generally occupied with other things than falling in love, and girls of seventeen, I think, generally suppose that one-and-twenty is too young for them to have anything to do with, as no doubt it very often is. So they remained good friends, and nothing more.

I remember well Arthur Beresford's return from college two or three months before he came of age, and how, on the day after—a bright June morning it was—he burst into our drawing-room, with the gay exclamation, "Here I am, Aunt Dinah, and free for the next four months!" and coming up to me, took both my hands in his, and looked so gay, and so happy, and so handsome, that it did me good only to look at him. He was in very high spirits indeed, for not only had he gained his freedom as he called it, but he had succeeded in bringing back with him his cousin, Nevill Erlington, a fellow and tutor at Oxford, who had done him, so he said, such services during his career there, that had it not been for him he should never have been the happy fellow he was there, which, whether it was as true as he thought it or not, I liked the boy for saying and thinking.

And one or two days afterwards, Nevill Erlington came with Mr. Beresford and Arthur to call on us. He was six or seven years older than Arthur, and neither so lively nor so handsome, but he had a firm, broad, thoughtful brow and deep lustrous eyes, and a voice so deep, and rich, and soft, that it was like the sound of music to hear him speak. I liked him from the first—we all did—and it was not long before he became an almost daily visitor at our house, coming sometimes alone, on the excuse—I knew it was but an excuse—of bringing us books, or news, or some such thing, but more often with one or other of the Beresfords. Indeed, after a little time, I know that I, for one, fell quite into a habit of missing him if ever a day passed without his coming, for his quiet, gentle presence had in it a great charm to me, and he had fallen so kindly and naturally into my ways, that I had felt, almost from the first day, that he was not a stranger but a friend.

Nor was I the only one who watched for his daily visits, or felt lonely when he did not come. My dear child seldom spoke much of him when he was away: even when he was with us she was often very quiet, but I knew soon that in both their hearts a deep, true love was growing up, and that my darling would one day be Nevill's wife. And he deserved her, and she him. Timid as she was now, I knew that it would not always be so: I knew that, presently, when all was understood between them, her present reserve would pass away, and my Fortune, as she really was, with her bright, sunny gaiety, with her graceful, hoping woman's nature, with her deeply-loving, faithful heart, would

stand beside him, to illumine and to brighten his whole life. Such happy days those were while these two young hearts were drawing to each other—happy to them and me, though over my joy there was still one little cloud.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were the only persons amongst our new friends to whom I had told my Fortune's story. I did not feel that it was a thing I needed to tell to every one; but now I was anxious that Nevill should know it, and felt uneasy as day after day passed, and kept him still in ignorance. But indeed I was perplexed what to do, for he and I were almost never alone, and in the state in which matters were yet between him and Fortune, it would have been premature and even indelicate to ask Mrs. Beresford to interfere. There was only one opportunity I had for speaking to him, and that I lost. I remember that day well. My father and Fortune had gone after dinner to my sister Kate's, expecting to be back in an hour, and when the hour had nearly elapsed Nevill came in alone, bringing a request that they would return with him to spend the evening at the Beresfords. I thought they would soon be in, so he willingly agreed to wait; and sitting beside me at the open window he presently began—it was the first time he had ever done so—to talk of Fortune. It was strange; without a word of preparation or introduction, he spoke of her as only one who loved her could speak. For a moment I was startled; then I fell into his tone, and I too talked of my child as I could have done to few but him. There was no explanation between us, but each read the other's heart fully and perfectly. And yet, not even then did I tell him Fortune's story. I longed to do it—it was on my lips again and again—but I was expecting her return with my father every moment, and I feared to be interrupted when I had once begun. So the time went past, and I was vexed with myself when it was gone, that my tale was still untold.

Though it was after sunset when they came in, Nevill persuaded them still to accompany him back. I remember well his warm though silent farewell to me that night. I remember, too, when they were all away, how long I lay and thought in the summer twilight. I ought to have been glad, and I was glad, but yet some low sad voice, that I thought I had hushed to silence years ago for ever, would awake in my heart again, making me break the beauty of that summer evening with my rebellious tears. It was

only for a little time, for I, who had been so happy, what right had I to weep because *some* hopes had died? I pressed my tears back, praying to be forgiven, and soon the soft stillness of the night calmed me, and I thought again of my dear child, and eagerly and hopefully as ever I had done when I was young, I dreamed bright dreams for her future life. When I was young! I was but nine-and-twenty now, yet how far back my youth seemed! Strange; there was scarcely two years between me and Nevill, yet how every one—how he, how I myself—looked on me as old compared with him.

It was late when they came home that night, and I thought my darling looked sad—I had thought so once or twice of late. She slept in a room opening from mine; and always came the last thing to say good night to me. To-night when she came, I was grieved, for she looked as if she had been weeping. She stood beside my couch—the light from behind that streamed through the opened door falling on her bright, unbound hair, and also herself looking so pure and beautiful—my own Fortune! I kept her a few minutes by me, for I longed to cheer her; but she did not seem to care much to talk. I said something about Nevill, and she asked if he had been long here before they came.

“About an hour,” I said.

“Ah, I am glad,” she answered. “I was afraid my poor Auntie had been alone the whole night. It was kind of him.”

“Yes, he is always kind, dear,” I said.

Which she did not answer, but smiled gently to herself, and stood in silence, with my hand in hers; then suddenly she frightened me, for quickly stooping down she laid her head upon my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing. At first she would not tell me why she wept, but whispered through her tears that it would grieve me; that I should think she was ungrateful—I, who had been so good to her, and loved her so well always. But when I pressed her earnestly, it came at last. It was because through the wide world she knew not where to seek for a father or a mother; because to the very name she bore she had no claim; because to all but us, she said, her life had ever been a deceit, and was so still; because she felt so humbled before those she loved, knowing that she had no right they should be true to her whose first step had been a falsehood to them.

She told me this, pouring it out rapidly—passionately; and I understood it all, and *far more* than she told me. Alas! I might *have guessed it all before*.

I comforted her as I could. I told her that her first grief she must bear still—hopefully, if she could; that for the rest she should not sorrow any longer, for all whose love she cared for should know what her history was. I told her to have courage, and I thanked her earnestly, and truly, for how she had spoken to me then; and presently, weeping still, but happier and full of love, my darling left me—left me to weep, because a grief I should have known would come had fallen on me.

I said that the Beresfords were landed proprietors, and Arthur was their only son; so his coming of age was to be a great day. Of course, I very seldom moved from home; but it had long been a promise that on this occasion we were to spend a week with them, and the time was now close at hand; indeed it was on the second day, I think, after I had had this talk with my child, that our visit was to begin. So, early on that day we went.

I have not mentioned that, for the last fortnight, besides Nevill, the Beresfords had had other visitors with them—a brother of Mrs. Beresford's—a Colonel Haughton, with his wife and their two children, a little boy and girl. They had just returned from India, where, indeed, Mrs. Haughton had lived many years. She was in delicate health, and did not go out much, so that she was as yet almost a stranger to me; but the little I had seen of her, and all that Fortune had told me about her, pleased me so much that I was not at all sorry for this opportunity of knowing more of her. There was something graceful and winning in her manner, indeed, that prepossessed most people in her favor, and there was much, both of beauty and refinement, in her face.

It was the day after we came, and a kind of preliminary excitement was through the house, for the next morning was to usher in Arthur's birthday; and to-day Mrs. Beresford was giving a large children's party, expressly in honor of little Agnes and Henry Haughton. I think we had every child for six or seven miles round assembled together; and there had been music and dancing, and a ceaseless peal of merry voices all through the long summer evening, and everybody looked gay and happy, and all went well, for not a few of the elder ones had turned themselves into children too for the time to aid them in their games.

It was growing late, and even the lightest feet began to long for a little rest, when from one large group that had gathered together, there came a loud call to play at



forfeits ; and, in two or three moments, all were busy gathering pretty things together to pour into Fortune's lap ; and then they merrily began the game, and laughed and clapped their hands with delight as each holder of a forfeit was proclaimed.

The most uproarious laughter had just been excited by Nevill's performance of some penalty allotted to him ; and then I recollect well how he came, looking very happy, to kneel at Fortune's feet and deliver the next sentence. She held up a little ring ; and, when she asked the usual question, what the possessor of it was to do, he answered gaily,

"To give us his autobiography."

There was a pause for a moment, while they waited for Fortune to declare whose the forfeit was, but she did not speak, for the ring was hers. Nevill had risen from his knees, and seeing it, he exclaimed laughing, for he knew it,

"What, Miss Wildred, has this fallen to your lot ?"

She looked up hurriedly from him to me, and said, "Aunt Dinah," quickly, as if to ask me to speak. But, before I had opened my lips, Mrs. Beresford came forward, and said kindly,

"Nevill, I think it will be hardly fair to press this forfeit. We can't expect young ladies to be willing to declare their autobiographies in public, you know."

I interrupted Nevill and answered,

"But if you will take my account of Fortune's life instead of calling on her for her own, I think I can answer for her willingness to let you hear it. Shall it be so, Mr. Erlington ?"

But he was eager that it should be passed over, was even vexed that any word had been said about it at all. I understood his delicacy well, and thanked him for it in my heart, but I knew what my child's wish was, so I would not do what he asked me, but promised that when the children were away the story should be told ; and then the game went on.

It was past ten o'clock when they gathered round me to hear my child's history. There was no one there but the Beresfords, and the Haughtons, and Nevill, and ourselves. I saw that my poor child was agitated, but I would not have her either know that I guessed she was so, or that I shared her agitation, so I took out my knitting, and began working away very quietly as I talked, just glancing up now and then into one or other of my hearers' faces—into Nevill's

oftenest, because there was that in the earnest look he fixed on me which seemed to ask it more than the rest.

There was not really very much to tell, and I had gone on without interruption nearly to the end, and was just telling them how I called her Fortune because we thought the name she said she had so strange, when, as I said the word "Willie," a sudden cry rang through the room.

It fell upon my heart with a strange terror, and in an instant every eye was turned to whence it came.

Pale as death, her figure eagerly bent forward, her hand grasping Fortune's shoulder, Mrs. Haughton sat. From my child's cheek too all color had fled ; motionless, like two marble figures, they fronted one another ; their eyes fixed on each other's faces, with a wild hope, a wild doubt in each ; it lasted but a moment, then both, as by one impulse, rose. Mrs. Haughton stretched out her hands. "Mother!" burst from Fortune's lips. There was a passionate sob, and they were wrapped in one another's arms.

I saw like one in a dream—not feeling, not understanding, not believing. A giddiness came over me ; a sudden dimness before my eyes ; a feeling of deadly sickness, as we feel when we are fainting. There began to be a buzz of voices, but I could distinguish nothing clearly until I heard my own name spoken.

"Dinah," my father was saying hurriedly, "you have that little portrait—give it to me."

I roused myself by a great effort, and taking the locket from my bosom, put it in his hand. Another moment, and there was a second cry ; but this time it was a cry only of joy.

"Yes, yes !" I heard Mrs. Haughton passionately saying, in a voice all broken with emotion. "I knew it, I knew it ! It is my child—my Willie—my little Willie !" and she pressed the portrait to her lips, and looked on it as even I had scarcely ever done.

Ah ! I needed no other proofs. I needed nothing more than that one look to tell me I had lost my child.

Mrs. Haughton had sunk upon her seat again, and my darling was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand, and weeping. They spoke no more ; they nor any one : then, when a minute or two had passed, Colonel Haughton raised my child kindly from the ground, and placing her mother's hand again in hers, led them silently together from the room.

I closed my eyes and turned away, but still

the tears would force their way through the closed lids upon my cheek. And, as I wept, feeling—that night I could not help it—so lonely and so sad, a warm, firm clasp came gently and closed upon my hand. It was Nevill who was standing by my side, and as I felt that friendly pressure, and met the look that was bent upon me, I knew that there was one at least who, rejoicing in my Fortune's joy, could yet feel sympathy for me.

It was not long before Colonel Haughton came back, and from him we learnt all that there was to tell. Mrs. Haughton, when very young, had married a Captain Moreton and accompanied him to India, where my child was born, and called after her mother Wilhelmina. But she was delicate, and the doctors said that the Indian climate would kill her: so, before she was two years old, they were forced to send her home to England, to relations in the north. An English servant was sent in charge of her, and both were committed to the care of an intimate friend of theirs who was returning to England in the same vessel; but the lady died during the passage, and neither of child nor nurse were there ever more any tidings heard, except the solitary fact—which the captain proved—that they did arrive in England. It was fifteen years ago. The woman had money with her belonging to Mrs. Haughton, as well as the whole of the child's wardrobe; quite enough to tempt her to dishonesty.

And such was the history of my Fortune's birth.

I went away as soon as I could to my room, and lay there waiting for my child; for I knew that she would come. The moonlight streamed in brightly and softly, and the shadow of the trees without the window came and waved upon my couch, rocking gently to and fro, with a low music, like a song of rest. It stilled my heart, that quiet sound; and lying there alone, I prayed that I might have strength to rejoice, and not to mourn at all, and then after a long time I grew quite calm, and waited quietly.

My darling came at last, but not alone. Her mother entered the room with her, and they came together, hand in hand, up to my couch, and stood beside me with the moonlight falling on them, and shining on my child's white dress, as if it was a robe of silver. We spoke little, but from Mrs. Haughton's lips there fell a few most gentle, earnest, loving words, which sank into my heart and gladdened me; and then she left me with *my child, alone.*

My darling clung around my neck and wept, and, calmer now myself, I poured out all my love upon her, and soothed her as I could, and then we talked together, and she told me all her joy. And there were some words that she said that night that I have never since forgotten, nor ever will forget—words that have cheered me often since—that live in my heart now, beautiful, distinct, and clear as when she spoke them first. God bless her—my own child!

Brightly as ever the sun rose upon an August morning, did his first rays beam through our windows to welcome Arthur's birthday. There was nothing but joy throughout the house, and happy faces welcoming each other, and gay voices, and merry laughter making the roof ring. There are a few days in our lives which stand out from all others we have ever known; days on which it seems to us as if the flood of sunlight round us is gilded with so bright a glory, that even the commonest things on which it falls glow with a beauty we never felt before; days on which the fresh breeze passing over us, and sweeping through the green leaves overhead, whispers ever to us to cast all sorrow from our hearts, for that in the great world around us there is infinite joy, and happiness, and love. Such a day was this; and bright and beautiful, with the blue, clear sky, with the golden sunbeams, with the light, laughing wind, it rises in my memory now, a day never to be forgotten.

I was not very strong, and in the afternoon I had my couch moved into one of the quiet rooms, and lay there resting, with only the distant sound of gay voices reaching me now and then, and everything else quite still. I had not seen much of my child during the morning, but I knew that she was happy, so I was quite content. And indeed I too, myself, was very happy, for the sunlight seemed to have pierced into my heart, and I felt so grateful, and so willing that all should be as it was.

I had lain there alone about half an hour, when I heard steps upon the garden walk without. The head of my couch was turned from the window, so I could not easily see who it was, but in a few moments they came near, and Fortune and Nevill entered the room by the low, open window.

"I was longing to see my child," I said softly, and with a few loving words she bent her head down over me, kissing me quickly many times.

Nevill stood by her side, and smiling, asked:—

"Will you not give me a welcome too?"

I said warmly, for I am sure I felt it,

"You know that you are always welcome."

He pressed my hand; and after a moment's pause, half seriously and half gaily, he went on—

"Aunt Dinah, I have come to ask a boon—the greatest boon I ever asked of any one. Will you grant it, do you think?"

I looked at him earnestly, wondering, hoping, doubting; but I could not speak, nor did he wait long for an answer; but bending his head low,

"Will you give me," he said—and the exquisite tenderness of his rich voice is with me still—"Will you give me your Fortune to be evermore *my* Fortune, and my wife?"

I glanced from him to her. I saw his beaming smile as he stood by her, and her glowing cheek and downcast eyes, and then I *knew* that it was true, and tried to speak. But they were broken, weeping, most imperfect words, saying—I well know so faintly and so ill—the deep joy that was in my heart; and yet they understood me, and, whispering "God bless you!" Nevill stooped and kissed my brow, and my darling pressed me in her arms, and gazing in my face with her bright tearful eyes, I saw in their blue depths a whole new world of happiness.

A few more words will tell you all the rest. My child was very young, and Nevill had little beside his fellowship to depend upon, and that of course his marriage would deprive him of. So it was settled that they should wait a year or two before they married; and at the close of the autumn they parted, Nevill—who had been some time ordained—to go to a curacy near London, and Fortune, with her mother, to relations further north.

It was to me a very sad winter, for I was lonely without my child, but I looked forward hopefully, and every one was very kind. And in the spring an unexpected happiness befell us, for a living near us, in Mr. Beresford's gift, became vacant suddenly, and before it was quite summer again, Nevill was established as the new rector there. And then my darling and he were married. There is a little child with dark blue eyes and golden hair, who often makes a sunshine in my room; whose merry laughter thrills my heart, whose low sweet songs I love to hear, as nestled by my side she sings to me. They call her Dinah, and I know she is my darling's little girl; but when I look upon her face, I can forget that twenty years have passed away, and still believe she is my little Fortune, come back to be a child again.

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! From Fraser's Magazine.

## THOMAS MOORE.\*

THE work named below has been awaited with considerable interest by all classes of the reading public. The excitement felt on the subject, too, has been somewhat enhanced by the recent efforts of Lord John Russell at Leeds. While men of the younger generations, who have only known his lordship as a politician and a debater—as the leader of a party and as a minister—have been somewhat surprised at the noble lord's familiarity with literature in general, and his perfect acquaintance with the English and Italian poets in particular—those who have observed his career for a quarter of a century, and

who have had occasional opportunities of coming into contact with the member for the City of London, are perfectly aware that Lord John Russell is an accomplished and lettered man, with an intense and hearty relish for literature, who has read much and has travelled much, and who seizes with avidity every opportunity which leisure affords him to commune with the poets, historians, and memoir writers of this and other countries. Though the hitherto published works of Lord John Russell do not place him in a very high position either as author or thinker, yet he has, even in these earlier productions, evinced a taste, a judgment, a discrimination, and a varied reading, which well qualify him to be an editor or biogra-

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\* *Memoir, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

pher; so that men somewhat advanced in life, who remember his earlier efforts, were prepared to admit, long before these volumes appeared, that the noble editor was competent to perform his task creditably, whether busily employed or comparatively idle—whether in or out of office. The fall of the Whig leader from power has with some hallowed his literary efforts, while others, neither admiring his principles nor his politics, are yet prepared to receive him on this, the neutral ground of letters, with no unfriendly or hostile prejudices. It is true that the poet Moore resembled but little in character or disposition the Whig leader, for the one was lively, garrulous, and joyous, and the other is reserved and thoughtful; but literary and social friendships are as often formed from contrasts as from similitudes—from difference and opposition as from community of tastes.

No two men could be more unlike than Goldsmith and Johnson, than Johnson and Boswell, than Swift and Pope, than Moore and Byron, or than Byron and Scott, yet they were all linked together in the friendliest feeling. In the case of Moore and Lord John Russell, there was, indeed, a long acquaintance of five-and-thirty years, a similarity of political opinions and literary tastes, great deference for the politician and party-man, on the one side,\* and great respect and admiration for the abilities and character of the poet on the other; so that however difference of rank, of education, of years, and of pursuits may have occasionally separated the parties, there were yet two points of contact between them very noticeable. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that in the will of Thomas Moore, written a quarter of a century ago,—namely, in 1828,—the poet confided to his valued

\* The feelings of Moore for Lord John Russell are well known. When the latter meditated retirement from Parliament, in 1821 or 1822, Moore thus addressed him:—

What! *thou*, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name,—

Thou, born of a Russell,—whose instinct to run  
The accustomed career of thy sires, is the same  
As the eagle's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamped with a seal,  
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set,  
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal  
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt *thou* be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,  
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,  
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,  
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to com-  
*mand!*

friend, Lord John Russell (having first obtained his lordship's promise to undertake the service,) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals he might leave behind him, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which might make a provision for his wife and family, then consisting of three or four children. Notwithstanding the number of years that have elapsed since this promise was made, and that every one of the children have prematurely died in succession, Lord John considers that the obligation to fulfil his plighted word is not the less sacred.

The papers left to him consist of a memoir of Moore's life, written by himself, beginning from his birth, but only extending to 1799, when he had attained his twenty-first year, and not, as Lord John says, "when he was not twenty." There are also comprised a journal begun in 1818, and extending to the years 1846 and 1847, letters to and from various correspondents, but more especially to his mother, for whom Moore undoubtedly entertained the fondest and most devoted filial affection. The editor has first given the memoir; secondly, about 400 letters, which extend from 1800 to 1818, and with respect to which there is neither memoir nor journal. Following the letters is a short account of the duel with Jeffrey; written by Mr. Moore himself, and then comes the journal, certainly the most interesting production of the whole—a journal which has been carefully kept till the period of the poet's illness.

The editor tells us in the preface, and we have no doubt he tells us truly, that he has felt the embarrassment which all under similar circumstances must experience who have a similar task to perform. It is not, indeed, easy to choose between the inconvenience of overloading a work on the one hand with what may appear trivial letters and anecdotes, and the danger of what Lord John Russell calls, "losing the individual likeness by softening or obliterating details." But the editor in the present instance has elected to be full and copious, or, as some would say, minute, rather than to be bald, insufficient, and unsatisfying; and everybody will say that he has wisely elected. The world is eagerly curious to know every particular about men and women of genius, and no works are more popular or more voraciously devoured by the reading public than personal memoirs or autobiography: Lord



Clarendon's life, by himself, is much more popular, much more generally perused than his wonderful history. The diary and correspondence of Evelyn, extending from his childhood nearly to his death, is the most popular—perhaps the only popular portion of his works. The autobiography and journal of Gibbon is far more read than his marvellous history: The confessions of Rousseau, written by himself, and containing great part of his inner life and true character and history—the *Dix Années d'Exil* of Madame de Stael, have each a more personal and flesh-and-blood interest than even the eloquent *Nouvelle Héloïse* or the matchless *Corinne*. The autobiographical memoirs of Holcroft are far more read than the *Tales of the Castle*, or the *Road to Ruin*; and the memoirs of Gifford, prefixed to the translation of Juvenal, have obtained a celebrity and popularity which neither the translation itself nor the *Baviad* or *Mæviad* have ever attained. We cling, therefore, to the opinion, that of eminent or distinguished people too many details cannot be given. Who would wish one word in the too short memoirs of Madame Roland abridged, or a single line in the simple and charming memoirs of Marmontel to be blotted out? Applying this theory to Moore, we hold with Lord John Russell that he was one of those men whose genius was so remarkable, that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life and the lesser traits of his character. We agree with the editor in thinking that one is more interested by the voluminous life of a celebrated man than one would have been by a more general and compendious biography. Thus, as Lord John states, the lives of Walter Scott and Madame de Genlis (a strange conjunction of names does the noble lord fall on) derive much of their interest from profuse details. We are anxious to know what the one, a man of consummate sense and genius, but withal, plain, sober, and inartificial, thought, said, and did under a certain combination of circumstances. Nor are we less anxious to know the interior and inner life and character, in so far as we can at all learn it, (whether interpreting her declarations by the rule of contraries or otherwise,) of that most contemptible of all self-seekers and intriguers, Madame de Genlis, who nevertheless wrote one good book,—*Mademoiselle de Clermont*.

It is also true, as Lord John Russell states, that the greatest masters of fiction—and he might add, of history, too—introduced small circumstances and homely remarks, in order

to give life and probability to stories which would otherwise strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable. Let any one refer to Thucydides' *History of the Plague of Athens*, Boccacio's *History of the Plague of Florence*, or Defoe's *History* (an imaginative work) *of the Plague of London*, and he will find this remark strictly true. It is well observed by Lord John, that Dante brings before us a tailor, threading a needle, and the crowds which pass over a well-known bridge, in order to carry his readers with him on his strange and incredible journey. This attention to minute circumstances, as the ex-Premier notes, gives a hue of reality even to those wondrous and fanciful fictions, and makes Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver, better known to us than Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare.

There is a remark in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, which is perfectly true: "Let it be granted to me," says he, "that Scott belonged to the class of first-rate men, and I may very safely ask, who would be sorry to possess a biography of any such man of a former time, in full and in honest detail?"

Lord John may be therefore perfectly sure of not encountering any blame for overloading his work with details, for every one is anxious, to use the words of Lockhart in reference to his father-in-law, to have every full and honest detail concerning Moore.

The second difficulty to which Lord John Russell adverts, it is very evident, presses on him more seriously. He does not wish to amuse the world with stories and remarks which are not harmless. Some of the transactions and conversations related in Moore's journal are of such recent occurrence that it is difficult, as his editor remarks, to avoid giving pain by the publication of his papers. The times of George IV. and William IV. cannot be displayed with the same openness and freedom as the times of Charles II., Queen Anne, or George I. These considerations, therefore, he gives us to understand, have weighed with Lord John Russell, and he leaves us to infer that he has exercised a discretion—we dare say a very proper and prudent discretion—in for the present omitting or retrenching some details.

But while Lord John, as a gentleman and a man of feeling, is desirous of giving no pang to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected, he has endeavored to preserve, and we are bound to say he has succeeded in preserving, the interest of letters and of a diary, written with great freedom and familiarity. We do not

mean to say that Moore would have written anything venomous, false or malignant touching any human being. The kindness and generousness of his nature, and the general benevolence of his heart and disposition, would have induced him to put the best aspect and construction on everything. But we may observe, in passing, that the unrestrained conversation of the most benevolent and kindly people in society, if freely published till a species of literary statute of limitations has run out by efflux of time, would be, not merely mischievous, but quite unendurable.

The best account of Moore's life, as his editor truly says, is represented in his own memoir, letters, and diary. The most engaging, as well as the most powerful passions of Moore, it is truly said in the preface, were his domestic affections. One who knew him well and esteemed him highly—a countrywoman of his own—Miss Godfrey, the sister of the Dowager Marchioness of Donegal, says sagaciously of him in a letter, "You have contrived, God knows how, amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone, and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all." It is greatly to the poet's credit that twice every week during his whole life (excepting his absence in America and Bermuda) he wrote to his mother in Dublin. If he had nothing else to announce, his letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. 'His expressions,' says his editor, in a most creditable sentence, 'are in my estimation more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit.' They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world. Nor is his true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife less remarkable. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person, says Lord John Russell, received from him the homage of a lover. Whatever sights he might behold—whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere—he always returned to his home with fresh delight; of this the letters and journal now before us bear honorable testimony. Nor were the affections of Moore as a father less deep and genuine. The death of his daughter Barbara, called after Lady Donegal, her godmother, deeply affected him; and frequently, years and years after her

decease, he made a pilgrimage to her grave at Hornsey. His remaining daughter and two sons died at a later period. One of these sons had entered the army, and though the editor casts a veil over the subject, it is well known that the conduct of this young man was such as to give his father very great pain and affliction. Young Moore launched into extravagance neither justified by his position nor his fortune: he resorted to the bill system, the bane of so many young officers, and this circumstance cast a gloom over the latter years of his father's life, which was never entirely dispelled.

From the memoir of himself, begun many years since, but which he labelled, in 1833, "never, I fear to be completed," we learn that of his ancestors on the paternal side the poet knew little or nothing. His uncle, Garrett Moore, was the only member of his father's family with whom he was ever personally acquainted. When Moore became somewhat known, there turned up, indeed, as is always the case in Ireland, a numerous shoal of Kerry cousins, who were eager to advance their claims to relationship with him, and who were anxious to avail themselves, in their respective lines, of his patronage and influence. But Tom was shrewd and sensible enough to appreciate properly these parasitical self-seekers, and to keep them at a proper distance. With the family of his mother he was better acquainted. The father of his mother, or, as he calls him, his old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, lived in the Corn Market, Wexford, and besides being engaged in the provision trade, had something to do with weaving. In 1778, Anastatia, the eldest daughter of this Tom Codd, became the wife of John Moore, and in 1779 Tom Moore came into this world of woe and misery. The son and heir of this happy couple says that his mother could not have been more than eighteen, if so old, at the time of her marriage, while his father was considerably her senior. To this fact we can ourselves bear testimony, for having in our early boyhood seen both parties, we then judged, and probably not incorrectly, that there was a difference of at least a dozen years in their respective ages. The father of the poet appeared at that period fully 74 or 75, while from the agile step and erect person of the mother, we should say that the lively little woman was about 62. Previous to his marriage, i. e., in 1777, Moore states that his father kept a small wine-store in Johnson's court, Grafton street; but on referring to a Dublin almanack of that year,

we find Johnson's court described as off East Clarendon street, not off Grafton street. On his marriage, however, having received some little money with his wife, John Moore took the house, 12 Aungier street, then a second-rate street of business, and in this house the poet was born on the 28th of May, 1779. The name of the father, as grocer and occupying this house, appears in the *Dublin Almanack* of 1780 and 1781. At a very early age, Moore was sent to a school, kept by a man of the name of Malone.

This wild odd fellow, who wore a cocked hat, used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. When Moore was not quite four years old, his mother taught him to recite some verses which had appeared against Grattan, reflecting severely upon the conduct of the Irish Parliament. His mother subsequently told him he used to repeat with peculiar energy:—

Pay down his price he'll wheel about,  
And laugh like Grattan at the nation.

As soon as the little fellow was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that he should be sent to the best then in Dublin, which the poet calls "the grammar-school of the well known Samuel Whyte." But they who would suppose that "grammar-school" had the same significance in Ireland as in England would be egregiously mistaken. In Wilson's *Dublin Directory* for 1780, we find Mr. Whyte described thus:—"Whyte, Samuel, Master of the Seminary for English Grammar and Geography, 75 Grafton-street." It is curious that about a quarter of a century before little Moore was entered at this school, namely, in 1758, Richard Brinsley Sheridan had been under Whyte's care, and had been pronounced by him to be a "most incorrigible dunce." So far from being ashamed of this mistake, the worthy schoolmaster had the good sense to mention the circumstance as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children. To the drama and all connected with it Mr. Whyte had been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived all his life in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the ornaments of the Dublin stage. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the *dramatis personæ* himself, and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished

by his pen. Whyte's connection with theatrical people was rather against his success in his profession, as many parents were apprehensive he might inspire a theatrical taste into his pupils. "As for me," says Moore, "it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor, and my poor mother, who was sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, and had destined me to the Bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage." Among the most intimate friends of the schoolmaster, were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife, the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mrs. Lefanu was strangely smitten with the love of acting, had played the part of Jane Shore at Lady Borrowes' private theatre, Kildare-street, with considerable success, when Tommy Moore, being then about eleven years of age, recited the epilogue. On this occasion it was that the little fellow first saw his name in print, in the playbill, and was more than enough proud of it.

The commencement of Tommy's career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. His first "versicle," as he calls it, was written on a toy, very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a *bandalore*, and in English a quiz. What this toy was we have no means of knowing, as the word *bandalore* is not to be found in any French dictionary in our possession, and we have at least forty at hand, beginning with the *Dictionnaires de Menage et de Travaux*, and ending with the *Dictionnaire Classique de la Langue Francaise*, published by Baudouin within the last twenty years. Moore states that he is enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign from a circumstance stated to him by Lord Plunkett:—"I remember," said Lord Plunkett, "being on a committee of the Irish House of Commons in 1790, with Captain Wellesley, or Wesley, then one of the aide-de-camps of the Lord Lieutenant, and it is remarkable enough Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes the whole time of the sitting of the committee." In this statement there must be some mistake, and Lord Plunkett did not display his accustomed accuracy. For in the Parliament which met at Dublin on the 21st of January, and ended the 5th of April, 1790, though the Hon. Wm. Wesley Pole (afterwards Lord



Maryborough) sat for the borough of Trim, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald sat for the borough of Athy, Captain, or Major, Arthur Wesley was not elected a member. In the Parliament, however, which met on the 20th of January and ended the 5th of May, 1791, he *was* a member for the borough of Trim, as another celebrated character, Arthur O'Connor, was member for the borough of Philipstown; but unfortunately for the accuracy of the statement, Lord Plunkett was not in the Irish Parliament either in 1790 or 1791, though we believe it is quite true that the Duke of Wellington was an aide-de-camp during a portion of the second viceroyalty of the first Marquis of Buckingham, somewhere about 1789 and 1790, and during a portion also of the viceroyalty of John Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, between 1790 and 1794. We have ourselves known two officers, one the brother of a peer, and the other who was subsequently created a peer, who served with the Hon. Arthur Wesley as aide-de-camp during this period, and the concurrent testimony of both was that a less promising or a less gifted or brilliant man than the Captain of those by-gone days was not to be found in the British service, or the less likely to rise to high command in his own profession. Moore truly states that Luttrell, who died a couple of years ago, who was about two years older than the Duke, who was intimate with all the leading men of 1790 (as indeed he was intimate with all the leading men for considerably more than half a century afterwards), used to state in the face of all the Duke's glory that which he had remarked more than half a century before, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face—"Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." We have ourselves often heard remarks openly made to this purport by Luttrell in one of the first clubs of London, and the views of that very acute and accomplished observer have been also maintained by an Irish county member who held office in Ireland before, and in England after, the Union, and by an independent Irish gentleman who sat in the Irish Parliament just before the Union, and subsequently in the English Parliament to the period of the passing of the Reform Bill. Luttrell, Lord Plunkett, and the two very able and accomplished county members we allude to were all mistaken in their estimate of the man, as indeed was the elder and more accomplished and scholarly brother of Captain Wesley, *afterwards* Marquis of Wellesley, who never *entertained a very high opinion* of his brother

till the period of his own Governor-Generalship of India.

To return, however, to Tommy Moore. All this while his youth was a happy one. His mother examined him daily in all his studies, and even when she came home from evening parties used to wake Tom up and make him repeat his lessons, a task which he cheerfully entered on. On one occasion, when the little fellow was treated with some injustice at a public examination, at which the parents of the boys were present, the indomitable mother stood forward for her son, exclaimed against the injustice, and saw Tommy righted. The first public efforts of young Moore were in acting and rhyming. It is necessary, however, that some account should be given of his beginnings in music, the only art for which in his own opinion he was born with any natural love, for his poetry, he asserts, sprung out of his deep feeling for music. While yet quite a child an old lumbering harpsichord was thrown on the hands of his father by some bankrupt customer, and on this he received his first lessons from a youth employed in the service of a tuner. Much progress was not made, for Tommy and his companion chiefly occupied themselves in vaulting over the chairs and tables. It was soon, however, discovered that he had an agreeable voice and taste for singing, and this talent was frequently called into play to enliven the suppers and tea parties of which his mother was fond. In the summer theatricals, too, his singing of the songs of Patrick, in the *Poor Soldier*, particularly of the duet with Norah, into which he threw a feeling beyond his years, was received, he says, with too encouraging applause.

The Irish act of the 33d George III., which passed in 1793, swept away those disqualifications which excluded persons of the Roman Catholic faith from the university and the bar, left Tommy's mother free to indulge her long-cherished wishes of bringing him up to the profession of the law. He was accordingly placed under the care of the Latin usher at Whyte's, old Donovan, and was prepared to enter the university in 1794. The year before his entry, he enjoyed the pleasure of first seeing his verses in print in the *Anthologia Hibernica*. The tutor under whom Moore was placed in Trinity College, was the Rev. Mr. Burrowes, a man not merely of classical acquirements, but renowned for wit and humor. This worthy divine, besides being the author of many papers in the Transactions of the Royal



Academy, was celebrated as the author of a flash song, called 'The night before Larry was stretched' (i. e. hanged). In the examination of the first year, Moore gained a premium and a certificate, but here the brief career of his college honors terminated. Of the college fellows with whom he came in contact, Moore does not appear to have formed a high opinion. The Greek lecturer, he says, was Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, a man much beyond his compeers, both in learning and taste. This description fully agrees with the general opinions both within and without the university. Magee was not less celebrated as a classic than as a scientific scholar and a divine. Mr. Percival pronounced him the ablest divine in the Protestant church. On the shameless way in which the fellows contrived to evade the statute of the university which expressly forbade their marrying, the little poet is very explicit. 'The wife of my tutor,' says he, 'went about with him in society by the name of Mrs. Grierson, she being the daughter of Grierson, the king's printer. Magee's wife was called Mrs. Moulson, and so on.'

In the second year of his college course, Moore wrote a masque, which was personated by his sister and a Miss Sally Masterson. We remember having met this Sally Masterson in London, in the spring of 1832. She was then called Selina, Countess of Masterson, having adopted the rank of countess on being made a *chanoinesse* of the order of St. Anne of Bavaria. This lady had a small estate at Martinique, whither she proceeded in 1833 or 1834, and where, we are informed, she still lives, in a green old age, doing a world of good among the slaves. About this period, Tommy complains how unfairly a dull monk of Trinity dealt by him. The delinquent was Prior—fat Tom Prior, as he was called—who was Senior Fellow, Catechist and King's Professor of Greek, when we knew something more of Dublin University than we profess to know now. Tom Prior, though an exceedingly dull and heavy, was yet a good-natured man, compared with some of his associates.

The political ferment that was abroad about this period soon found its way within the walls of the university. A youth destined to act a melancholy but ever-memorable part in the troubled scenes that were approaching, had begun to attract the attention both of his fellow students and the college authorities. This was Robert Emmet, whose brilliant successes in his college studies, and more especially in the scientific portion

of them, had crowned his career with all the honors of his course.

Of the Debating Society which was held within the walls of the College, Moore became, in 1796 or 1797, a member. In this society the powers of oratory displayed were beginning to excite universal attention. When Moore became a member of the society, he found Emmet in full fame, not only for his scientific attainments, but for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners. Besides the Debating Society, there was another society for the higher classes of students, called the Historical Society, established on the ruins of one bearing the name, which had been put down some years before by the fellows, but continued to hold its sittings outside the walls. Of this latter, Moore truly states the late Chief Justice Bushe was one of the most eloquent, though not, as he intimates, one of the most turbulent members. There was in truth nothing turbulent in Bushe's nature. We have ourselves frequently seen the MS. journals of the Historical Society, and in them we find that Mr. Charles Kendall Bushe, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, closed the session in a speech from the chair on the 26th of October, 1785, equally brilliant and effective. The gifted speaker must have been very young at this period, for he was not called to the bar till eight years afterwards. Moore speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful effect of Emmet's eloquence in the small society. He states that he forgets whether he ever ventured on any oratorical effort. We are enabled, on the authority of one who was a member of the society all through Moore's college career, to state that he did not. On one occasion, however, he was so excited by a discourse of Emmet's, that at its close he started up, enthusiastically exclaiming, "I'll sing the prose of Robert." It is impossible now to form any idea of the feverish excitement of the public mind both in the university and in Dublin, in 1797. One of the oldest college acquaintances and friends of Thomas Moore, Edward Hudson, was one of the committee seized at Oliver Bond's, in 1798. Hudson was a remarkably fine and handsome young man, full of zeal and ardor for everything connected with the fine arts. He drew with much taste, was passionately devoted to Irish music, and had with great industry collected and transcribed all the most beautiful airs, and used to play them on the flute.

In his eighteenth year Moore stood for a

vacant scholarship; well knowing, however, that it would be labor in vain. "For though," says he, "I were to come furnished with the learning of an Erasmus, I should still, being like Erasmus a Roman Catholic, have been shut out from all chance of the prize."

In the course of 1797 the little poet was admitted a member of the Historical Society, in which the most distinguished and eloquent among the supporters of power were a young man named Sargeant, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick. On the popular side, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet. So exciting and powerful were his speeches deemed, that the Board sent among the members of the society a man of advanced standing in the university named Geraghty. This Geraghty—a fact which Moore omits to state—had been then three years at the bar, to which he was called in 1794; and his efforts at the Historical Society, in opposition to young Emmet, were rewarded with the especial patronage of Lord Clare, the Chancellor. He was dull, but a well-read man, who continued to practise his profession till 1850, when, we have heard, he died at the advanced age of eighty-two. He was the author of a pamphlet on the *State of Ireland and on the Union*. In the autumn of 1797 the newspaper called the *Press* was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. Drennan, and Dr. Macnevin. We have now the *Press* before us, and we agree with Moore in thinking that it was not distinguished by any great display of literary talent. Moore praises the letters written by the elder Emmet under the signature of Montanus, as being the only compositions claiming notice for literary as well as political merit. We have recently looked through these letters, amounting to ten in number, and we confess we can find in them no merits, either political or literary. Anything more vicious than the style, or more broken than the metaphors, it has seldom been our fortune to meet.

At the end of 1797, Burrowes having left the college on a living, Tommy was placed under a lay fellow of the name of Phipps, a warmhearted person who strenuously and confidentially recommended him to avoid being seen so much in public with Robert Emmet. There was now little time for caution or deliberation. The plot was soon after discovered, and one of the first scenes the curtain rose upon was that formidable inquisition held within the walls of the college by, to use the very words of Moore, that bitterest of all Orange politicians, the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon.

An inquiry, on oath, took place, and Moore candidly admits that the facts that came out in the course of the evidence but too much justified the inquisitorial proceeding. There were a few among the number of the incriminated whose total absence from the scene, as well as the dead silence that daily followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the transactions to be inquired into.

These were Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two Corbets. Of the two latter Moore gives no account, but we may state that after they had been expelled the University, both of them entered the French service. One of them we well knew as Colonel Corbet, aide-de-camp to General Maison in the Morea in 1827 or 1828, subsequently as General Corbet, commanding the Correes under Louis Philippe in 1834 or 1835, and afterwards as General Corbet in London in 1838, when he came over with Soult to witness the coronation of her Majesty. Corbet, the elder, of whom we speak, was a very distinguished officer, was a good linguist and geographer, and had been employed on the staff during the wars of the Empire. In the inquisitorial proceedings to which we refer, Moore himself was examined among others.

At the table sat Chancellor Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, and by his side the notorious Paddy Duiganan, immortalized by Grattan:

'The oath was proffered to me,' says the poet. 'I have an objection, my lord,' said I, in a clear, firm voice, 'I have an objection to taking this oath.' 'What's your objection, sir?' the Chancellor asked sternly. 'I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's character who would be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so felt. 'How old are you, sir?' I told him my age, between seventeen and eighteen, though looking, I dare say, not more than fourteen or fifteen. He then turned to his assessor, Duiganan, and exchanged a few words with him in an under voice. 'We cannot,' he resumed, again looking towards me, 'We cannot allow any person to remain in our University who would refuse to take this oath.' 'I shall then, my lord,' I replied, 'take the oath; still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with you, sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness-chair.

The questions were then put. 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the

purchase of arms and ammunition?' 'No, my lord.' [How could he, if he never belonged to any of the societies, as he had stated in his first answer?] 'Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassinations?' 'Oh, no, my lord.' Lord Clare then said, 'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance in taking the oath?' To this Moore answered, that he had already stated his chief reasons, in addition to which this was the first oath he had ever taken; 'he thought the hesitation natural.' Whitley Stokes, a fellow of the House, a man of liberal politics, totally opposed to these inquisitorial proceedings, turned round to his neighbor and said, 'That's the best answer that has been given yet.\*' Moore was now dismissed without any further questioning. His young friends crowded round him with hearty congratulations, not so much on his acquittal as on the manner he had acquitted himself.

During the outbreak of the rebellion in May, 1798, Moore was confined to his room with illness, and when he recovered started for London to serve his terms as a Templar. By the way, however, he tells us of many of his college companions, and among others of Hugh Thornton Macklin, a very distinguished scholar and member of the Historical Society. Macklin, however, was a great boaster. Being asked once on the eve of a great public examination whether he was well-prepared in conic sections, 'Prepared,' he exclaimed, 'I could whistle them.' A quarter of a century after this time, we ourselves well remember Macklin robust, good-humored, and popular, with a flushed scorbutic face and empty bag, pacing the hall of the Dublin Four Courts. By some he was called 'Delicate Hue' (Hugh) in allusion to his carbuncled countenance. By others of the members of the N. E. Bar he was called *Fieri Facias*, a name said to be invented for him by clever and gouty Joe Rolleston, one of the leaders of his circuit, whom Hugh had christened Counsellor Rolleston, because of his gyrations moral and political. Both Hugh Thornton and Joe Rolleston are now gathered to their fathers. A pair of pleasanter compa-

nions it were difficult to encounter in the shades of evening. We remember making a journey from Rotterdam to the Hague, and an excursion to Schiedam, with Rolleston, in August, 1827, who was then near 70, and a more lively, agreeable, and delightful companion it was impossible to meet. There never was a vacancy in the representation of T.C.D. that Macklin did not *threaten* to stand for it. But we believe he never came to the poll but once.

In 1798 or 99, Moore took his degree of A.B., and left the University. Sometime in 1799 he became acquainted with the Griersons, who enjoyed the valuable situation of King's printer, and who lived in good style, and also with Joe Atkinson, the lively and popular secretary of the Ordnance Board, and the author of several dramatic pieces, as *Mutual Deception*, *Match for a Widow*, *Killarney*, or *Love in a blaze*, &c. He also became acquainted with Sir George Shee, then holding an official station in Dublin, and at his house he was asked to meet Lord Clare.

The first lodging which Tom Moore rented in London, as a Templar, was 44, George-street, Portman square, where he paid the magnificent sum of 6s. per week. This neighborhood was then the resort of poor French emigrants. In his first visit to London, Moore, through one of his friends, Dr. Hume, arranged for the publication of *Anacreon*, with Stockdale, of Piccadilly. It was on his second visit to England that he became acquainted, through Joe Atkinson, with Lord Moira, and was invited to pay a visit to Donnington-Park, on his way to London. One of the most vivid of his early English recollections is of Lord Mornington, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighting him to his bed-room. Here the memoirs end.

We now come to the letters, which extend from 1793 to 1818. The greater number of these are to his mother, and display a tenderness and filial love beyond all praise. Early in 1800, he wrote to his mother that he had submitted his *Anacreon* to Dr. Lawrence, that he had got Mrs. Fitzherbert's, the Duke of Bedford's, and the Marquis of Lansdowne's names as subscribers. In May, he had got the Prince's name (afterwards George IV.), with a permission to dedicate *Anacreon* to his highness. In July, 1800, he writes to his mother that he was waiting in town to be introduced to the Prince, and that he had, a few evenings before, met Prince William (afterwards William IV.) at 'a very elegant

\* John Whitley Stokes, of whom mention is here made, was a man of the highest attainments in classics, in science, and in law, in which he graduated. He was the father of the very eminent physician now practising in Merrion-Square, and to whom the writer of this review is deeply indebted for professional skill and attention bestowed on a relative.

party' at Lady Dering's. In August, his wishes were realized in being introduced to the Prince, and he describes him to his mother, as "a man of very fascinating manners." When I was presented to him, writes Tommy, he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities, and when I thanked him for the honor he did me in permitting the dedication of *Anacreon*, he stopped me, and said the honor was entirely his in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit.

On Monday, January 4, 1802, he writes to his mother that he had arrived in town from Donnington (Lord Moira's seat), "with Curran, who had kept him in an uninterrupted fit of laughter all the way." This tallies with all we have ever heard of that wonderful orator and celebrated conversationalist, of whom Byron said, that he could draw tears and excite laughter almost in the same breath.

In September, 1803, through the interest of Lord Moira, Moore obtained the place of register at Bermuda; and in that very month he set sail from Portsmouth. In November he arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia; at Bermuda, his destination, in January, 1804. He very soon found it was not worth his while to remain there. So many prize courts had been established, that Bermuda had but few causes referred to it; and even a Spanish war, the poet stated, would make his income by no means worth staying for. He returned home through the States, and passed through New York in 1804. He says, writing "to my dearest mother," "The oddest things I have yet seen are young Bonaparte and his bride." This was Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, Marshal of France! Prince of the Blood! President of the servile Senate of M. L. N. Bonaparte, lately Governor of the Invalides, and now ready to do, say, or suffer anything for prompt payment by his putative nephew, out of the moneys of the French people. Of all the worthless schemers of the Corsican clique of Bonapartes, this Jerome is unquestionably the most mean. The bride of whom Moore speaks was Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, an American lady whom Jerome, then a lieutenant, or *capitaine de Vaisseau*, repudiated at the request of his brother. In May, 1804, Tommy was at Baltimore, on his way to England; in June, at Philadelphia; in July, at Chippewa, in Upper Canada and Niagara; in August, at Quebec; and in November, 1804, at Plymouth, in the dear old country, after a passage of twenty-eight *days, crying out with joy, on paper, to his*

"darling mother," that he was again on English ground. Tommy, it is plain, from his letters, his "epistles and odes," as well as his conversation, did not like the Americans. On his arrival in London, he took up his abode at 27, Bury street, St. James's, whence to his mother, to Miss Godfrey, to Lady Donegal, and many others, both male and female, he addressed numerous "missives," beaming with that playfulness and affection so congenial to his nature. In January, 1805, we find him writing to his mother, that he worked as hard as a Scalliger all the mornings, and that a dinner now and again with Lady Donegal or Mrs. Tighe was all the excess in which he allowed himself to indulge. In September of the same year, we find Lord Moira accepting the dedication of the *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, published by Carpenter, of Bond street. The greater portion of these was written during his fourteen months' absence from Europe. It was in the power of the noble Earl to whom these poems were dedicated to render the poet a service in 1806. Lord Moira, who was then Master-General of the Ordnance, appointed John Moore, the father of Thomas, to the barrackmastership of Dublin. Moore himself was promised an Irish commissionership, but this, it need not be stated, he never obtained. Previously to his going to America, in 1803, he was half inclined to accept the place of Laureate, though every one he consulted, *except* Croker, (afterwards Secretary of the Admiralty) advised him to reject it. It was not, however, till he had received a letter from his father that he felt quite decided to reject the offer.

We now come upon the particulars of his hostile meeting with Jeffrey, in 1806. This hostile meeting took its rise from an attack which the *Edinburgh Review* contained on his *Odes and Epistles*. When Moore first read the article, at the inn at Worthing, though his Irish blood was a good deal roused, the idea of seriously noticing the attack did not occur to him till some time after. His first application, when he came to town, was to Woolriche, to act as his friend, whose answer implied delay and deliberation. He next applied to Hume, who without hesitation agreed to be the bearer of the message. The note which he sent, Moore thus describes:—

"Of the short note which I sent, the first few lines have long escaped my memory; but after adverting to some assertion contained in the article accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers,



I thus proceeded:—To this I beg leave to answer, you are a liar!—yes, sir, a liar! And I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance, in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt, for your own satisfaction, that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine."

When it is considered that this note was written nearly half a century ago, and by a young Irishman and a poet to boot, numbering only twenty-seven summers, people will be disposed to excuse its vulgarity and intemperance. There was of course but one kind of answer to such a cartel. Hume was referred by Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Francis Horner, afterwards the celebrated M.P. and Bullion Committee reporter, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning, at Chalk Farm. William Spencer promised to provide Moore with pistols, for Hume was possessed of no such implements, and Moore scarcely knew their use. "Tommy" states that he forgets where he dined the day before the duel, but in the evening, at all events, he was engaged in the task of finding powder and bullets. It was agreed that the combatant was not to sleep at home, and as Hume was not the man, says Tommy, to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly took the sheets off my own bed, and huddling them up as well as I could, took them away with me in the coach to Hume. Strange episode, for many a man has been convicted of robbing his furnished lodgings for taking the sheets off the bed, not with a view to enable him to fight a duel, but to raise the wind at the sign of the three balls. Matters are thus subsequently described:—

"Horner retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together. All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We of course had bowed to each other on meeting, but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is.' 'Yes,' I answered, with a smile, 'a morning made for better purposes.' To which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings, and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations, upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barriater, once said when he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading."

An instant afterwards, two Bow Street officers made their appearance, and the parties

were conveyed, crest-fallen, to Bow Street. It may not be unnecessary to state here that Moore and Jeffrey subsequently became the best friends, and that Tommy was afterwards a distinguished contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

In April, 1807, Moore writes to Lady Donegal that he is determined on being called to the Irish Bar in the following year, but this intention he never fulfilled.

On the 25th March, 1811, Moore was married at St. Martin's Church, London, to Miss Dyke, a lady who we believe had been previously on the stage. In allusion to his marriage, he says, in a letter to his mother in May, 1811, "I breakfast with Lady Donegal on Monday, and dine to meet her at Rogers's on Tuesday; and there is a person to be of both parties, whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week." Within twenty months after his marriage, and in his thirty-third year, we find him writing to Power, the musical publisher, saying, "If you can only let me have three or four pounds by return of post, you will oblige me. I would not have made this hasty and importunate demand on you, but I have foolishly let myself run dry without trying my other resources, and I have been the week past literally without one sixpence." Again he writes to Power a short time afterwards,—“Your contribution of 10*l.* came very seasonably, and was just sufficient to release me from my turtle-eating confinement, and pay a month's house expenses at home.” In the same month and year, dating from Kegworth to Power, he says,—“Many thanks for your *truly eloquent* letter”—a letter which contained money.

The second volume opens with the letters from 1814 to 1818, when the correspondence closes. The greater number of these letters are to his mother and to Power, the musical publisher. To Power he sometimes ends his communication with a transcript of a whole song, which he had written since his last communication, and which the latter forwarded in course to Sir John Stevenson. Thus, in page 12 we find the whole of the air, “When first the fount of life was flowing.”

In the summer of 1814 we find him living at Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne. Here he was pleased and gratified, as we learn from a letter to his mother, by the offer of Admiral Douglas, who had just been named admiral on the Jamaica station, to appoint him to the secretaryship. He had not seen Douglas, whom he had known at the Bermudas in 1804, more than twice in eight or nine years. “Don-

salary was something under 500*l.* a year, but the perquisites, even in peace, were considerable, and in case of war it was a sure fortune. It is a singular proof of the loveable and attaching character of Moore that this offer should have been made after so long an interval of separation between the parties, accompanied too as it was with the use of a fine house and 100 acres of land, both attached to the admiral's office. Nor was it only friends and acquaintances who were thus kind to him. From the Strutts, of Derby, "who had fine piano-fortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and who, to crown all, were right true Jacobins after Moore's own heart," his wife received presents of "rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks," and great social kindness, the more to be appreciated as some of the family were distinguished by literary tastes. For instance, Moore found one of them, a pretty, natural girl of sixteen, a classic and a poetess, reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it.

After the duel that was to have been with Jeffrey, and which was prevented by the police, neither party entertained any animosity towards the other. As the would-be combatants had a number of common friends, and agreed together in politics, civil and kindly speeches made by Jeffrey of Moore and by Moore of Jeffrey were repeated by those with whom both came into constant intercourse. All these reciprocal though indirect civilities ended in a letter from Jeffrey to Rogers requesting the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* to use his influence to induce his friend Moore, and "I hope," added Jeffrey, "mine also," to write in the *Blue and Buff*. It ended in Moore's becoming a regular contributor, and one of his first articles was on the Fathers.

Among all the friends to whom Moore addressed his letters, there were no two who took a livelier or a sincerer interest in his welfare than the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal and her sister Miss Godfrey. To Lady Donegal herself, celebrated as painter, as musician, and accomplished in all feminine graces and literary accomplishments, he dedicated the first of the second volume of the *Melodies* in a prefatory letter, penned with taste, feeling, and knowledge of the science of music. This was in 1810, and five years afterwards, namely, on the 30th March, 1815, we find Lady Donegal writing to him from Tunbridge Wells, and using the privilege of an old friend, "to warn him that Ireland was not a safe residence for him in any way—(Lady

Donegal meant politically safe)—and "I cannot let you go," said his fair correspondent, "without intruding my wise caution upon you." "You will be in the society of some whose heads and hearts are too wrong to have any influence with you, but their very society will do you harm. Be as guarded as in your nature, for the Irish Democrats—if you choose I will call them opposition—are a dangerous, unprincipled set as ever existed. I am satisfied that you should go as far in your politics as Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grenville, but I will never give my consent to your going one step beyond them." To this Moore answered as follows:

TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, April 10, 1815.

If there is anything in the world that I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues; and, though it be the religion of my fathers, I *must* say that much of this vile, vulgar spirit is to be traced to that wretched faith which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and inquisitions, and which, of all the humbugs that have stultified mankind, is the most narrow-minded and mischievous; so much for the danger of my joining Messrs. O'Connel, O'Donnel, &c.

These are manly sentiments, and very creditable to the good sense and discrimination of Moore. In fact there was no man less of a demagogue, or more prudent in his political and private conduct than the little poet. Fastidious in his tastes, gifted with rare good sense and equal moderation, Moore, when in his teens, escaped the perils of the Rebellion of 1798, and it was not likely that, at the mature age of thirty-five, he would put his position in England at stake by joining the Catholic Board of that coarse and unscrupulous demagogue, the late Daniel O'Connell.

In 1816, *Lallah Rookh*, for the sale of which Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, had personally negotiated at the price of 3000*l.*, was ready for publication. As the year, however, was one of great distress and very unfavorable to publishers, Moore most handsomely wrote to the Longmans, to leave them at liberty to postpone, or modify the bargain, or even to relinquish it altogether. Considering the years he had spent in the work, as Lord John Russell remarks, and the value of 3000*l.* to his family and to himself, this conduct was really magnanimous. But Mr. Longman was too liberal a man to take ad-

vantage of such generosity. The poem appeared in May, 1817, with a dedication to Mr. Rogers.

In 1817, Moore wrote to his publisher, Power, that his father had lost his situation. "This," he said, "is a heavy blow to me, as I shall have to support them for the remainder of their lives." This admirable and exemplary son was in a measure relieved from this necessity. A few days after the letter to Power, Moore learned that his father had got half-pay, which was a considerable relief from what he expected. 'Between ourselves,' he writes to Power, 'he never could have got it, had I not myself written to Lord Mulgrave on the subject.'

At the time when Moore was making this resolve to support his family, he being then a married man with a young family, and in his thirty-seventh year, he wrote to Power thus,—'Could you, in the course of a week or ten days, muster me a few pounds (five or six), as I am almost without a shilling.' Such admirable filial piety requires no comment.

In May, 1817, he had most pressing solicitations from the opposition to undertake the superintendence of a new paper, called the *Guardian*. This he declined, and wisely declined. To edit a daily journal is the task of Sisyphus, was well said by Marmontel. Men who sell their flesh and blood to party in this line are ill rewarded for their pains.

In July, 1817, Moore set out to Paris, in company with his friend Rogers. In 1818, he first heard of a calamity which had befallen him. His deputy at Bermuda had made free with the proceeds of a ship and cargo deposited in his hands, and Moore was called on by a monition from Doctors' Commons to be accountable for it. The glorious little fellow, however, was not cast down by the prospect. 'As it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer,' he wrote to Power, 'there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience.' When Jeffrey heard of his misfortune in respect to the Bermuda business, he wrote to him, in 1818, thus,—

I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. It is very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please, and as much more which I can advance upon any reasonable security of payment in seven years. Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me to say this, but upon my word, I would not make you the offer if I did not feel that I would accept it without scruple from you. At all events, don't be angry with me, and don't send me a letter beginning Sir.

When one reads these effusions of the eminent men of letters, one is proud of belonging to or having any connection with a profession illustrated by such noble, such exalted natures.

A few days after he received this letter from Jeffrey he set out for Dublin, where his visit excited the greatest enthusiasm, and where a grand public dinner was given to him, Lord Charlemont being in the chair. The speaking at this dinner was of a very superior order, and Moore very happily distinguished himself in more than one post-prandial address, a species of oratory in which it is peculiarly difficult to excel, yet in which the poet Moore, from the nature of his talent and the geniality of his cordial and kindly disposition, was supremely felicitous.

The letters, many of which are without a full date, disclose the exceeding sweetness and tenderness of his disposition, the cordiality, warmth, and kindness of his heart, and the goodness of his nature. To Dalton, who held the situation of Surveyor, or land-waiter, in the Irish Customs, who was an exquisite musician and singer, and who married the daughter of Sir John Stevenson (afterwards Lady Bective,) he almost always writes—"My dearest Dalton;" and he exhibits as much anxiety about him when ill and suffering as though he had been his brother or his son.

The diary, which commences in 1818, and runs to 212 pages, is, we really think, the most interesting part of the volumes. In it Moore records his daily impressions truthfully, vividly, and without affectation. Under the date of the 13th of September, 1818, we find the amiable poet proceeding, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Scully, to visit the grave of his daughter Barbara, at Hornsey, and calling on his way at Perry's, who lived near Tavistock Square, in a house subsequently, we believe, occupied by Sir John Romilly. In a note to this entry to the journal, we find that Scully, Moore's brother-in-law, was delighted with the beauty of the house and library, and that they agreed how gratifying it was, in these times of servility and apostasy, to see one man prospering on the side of independence and consistency.

In the 9th of September, 1818, when Moore was diurnally making entries in this journal, he was also daily working at his *Life of Sheridan*, and ever and anon we find racy stories of the scampishness and reckless want of principle of Sheridan. Thus, under the date of the 26th of October, 1818, we learn that Sheridan persuaded the Linleys to

part with their shares in Drury Lane for annuities, which were never paid: he in this manner got the disposal of everything, even the sale of private boxes, into his own hands. The trickery of this man in money-matters was extraordinary, but people seemed to acquit him of any low, premeditated design in these various shifts and contrivances.

In October, 1818, Moore mentions Mrs. Merryweather, a sister of Captain Lockyer, R. N., a neighbor of his at Sloperon, singing in very good style; and also in Henry Hall Joy, another neighbor, a barrister, who every man who wears a wig, and who is of fifteen years' standing at the bar, well remembers. Moore speaks of Joy as a good fellow, but a coxcomb rather (he might have added very much of a coxcomb, both in dress and manners,) and as constant a quoter as Dr. Pangloss. In fact, like the eternal Mr. Penn, a quarter of a century ago (who was said to have been *the Penn that never mended*,) Horace was never out of Joy's mouth, whether you met him at Caen Wood, or breakfasted or dined with him in those splendidly-furnished chambers in Paper-buildings, which Joy's father—an American merchant and loyalist, of Irish origin—purchased from Samuel Rogers, poet and banker, somewhere about 1804 or 1805.

Under the date of the 8th of January, 1819, we find what Moore calls a good thing of Madame de Stael about the Duke of Wellington. Necker's daughter said, "there never was a great man made out of such small materials." Just following this anecdote, we find a *mot* wrongly attributed to Kelly, the Irish barrister, stated by Moore to be his god-father. The *mot* was of Jack Parsons, brother to the Earl of Rosse, and not Kelly. Leonard Macnally, an Irish Old Bailey-barrister, of no very good repute, and who was really a paid agent of the government, had a son a scampish jail attorney, called Leonard Macnally, junior, who was once rifled by a highwayman. On the following day, his father, limping through the hall of the Four Courts, met Jack Parsons, a celebrated black-letter lawyer, as well as a man of real wit and humor. "Well, Parsons," said Leonard, "have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, Leonard," exclaimed Jack, with a most deliberate and drawling lisp, "who did he rob, my dear boy, who did he rob?"

Under date of 31st of January, 1819, we find the following entry:

I called in at Perry's and wrote some lines I *had long promised* in his splendid copy of *Lallah*

*Rookh*; the binding of this cost him, I think, 12l. The lines are mere prose, but I wished to state plainly the fact that, it was owing to his interference with the booksellers I got such a magnificent sum for the work.

Under the 4th of May, 1819, we find the following entry:

Dined at Longman's—they are speculating already upon the purchase of poor Perry's paper—and had much talk with me as to whether I should like to be editor, with a share and a salary.

In no part of the journal, as yet published, do we find any allusion to Tommy's own contributions in verse to the *Chronicle*: yet that they were many, brilliant, and highly remunerated, there can be no doubt.

The following passage, 7th of May, 1819, is worth extracting:

Dined at Rogers's, to meet Grattan: company only he, J. Rogers, and his brother and sister. Grattan still very delightful. Spoke of old Sheridan; he used to take the good speeches of other characters for his own. Agreed with me in preferring Burke to all orators. Rogers remarked that Burke had an advantage over others in having reported his own speeches. Another remark of his, when we spoke of Burke's wonderful display of knowledge, that a man who has not much taste often seems to know more than a man whose fastidiousness of taste restrains him from such an exhibition.

The Burns dinner took place on the 5th June, 1819. Moore was present, and spoke wonderfully well, as he ever did after dinner.

At every sentence, he says, I was interrupted by plaudits: my own countrymen never received me with more enthusiasm. *By the bye, there were 350 Scotchmen at the dinner, and the donations of my party made more than a fourth of the subscriptions at the table.*

There are many more extracts which we might make, but here we unwillingly break off.

We must say that Lord John Russell's preface and editorial efforts are erudite, elegant and scholarly; distinguished by correct taste, exquisite tact, and thoroughly good and gentlemanly feeling. The details of Moore's life are given briefly and clearly, and the Whig leader bears honorable testimony to the real goodness of the man.

Moore was nominally a Roman Catholic, and in his declining years he published a work of rather recondite research in defence of the Roman Catholic Church. But withal he frequently attended the parish church of



his village, and had all his children baptized in the religion of the Church of England.

All who knew him must have been persuaded, says Lord John Russell, of his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God, and of his love of his neighbor, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good will to all men. In his last days he frequently repeated to his wife, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God." That God is love was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbor as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life.

The critical part of Lord John's remarks will repay perusal.

That there is not merely a good sense and kindness in the remarks of the editor, but a large and catholic spirit of criticism, accompanied by a delicacy of tact and touch very remarkable, and for which the world at large would not and will not, till these volumes are better known, give Lord John Russell full credit. He has well shown what Moore was as a man, as a poet, as a politician, and as a member of society. As a man he was of a tender and generous nature, not merely likea-

ble but loveable; as a politician he was firm and true to his party, but not so blind a partisan as not to be aware of the fatal cliqueism and exclusiveness of the Whigs; as a poet he was of a light, graceful, and vivacious fancy, abounding in sparkle and sprightliness, dashed occasionally with a pathos and sensibility unsurpassed by any poet of our day. His collocation of words was exquisitely musical, marked by a measure and fall satisfying, not merely to the ear, but to the sense of the reader.

As a member of society Moore fulfilled all his duties to family and friends in a most exemplary manner, and gained the love and admiration of all those with whom he came into contact. As a lyrical writer, his Melodies, Irish and National, will live as long as poetry and music have sway over the human heart. His singing, or rather his recitation of the airs of his country, was the most perfect thing that can be imagined, and was pronounced by Sir John Stevenson, a man thirty years his senior, and who was distinguished as a composer of operas, concertos, church music, and songs at the period of his birth, to be unrivalled and unique.

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From the Westminster Review.

## MARY TUDOR.\*

If persecution was necessary to give stability to the reformed Church of England, it was no more than retributive justice that the instrument of it should have been the daughter of Catherine of Arragon. The wrongs of that lady were so widely felt, and the Reformation, ill able as it was to afford so far to compromise itself, was so deeply implicated in the history of them, that nothing less than the long list of the Marian victims was sufficient for their expiation; and we may congratulate ourselves that the education and early life of Queen Mary had left her with no other qualities than what were necessary for the part thus assigned to her,

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\* England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe; illustrated in a Series of Original Letters, never before printed. By Patrick Fraser Tytler. London: 1839.

or Cranmer's prayer-book and Articles might have perished with himself; the Church of England, like the Church of France, might have risen out of the confusion of the sixteenth century, a moderate Catholicism; and the course of all European history have been different. According to the loose notions generally prevalent, the fluctuations of belief under the Tudors are to be explained by the variation of opinion in the successive princes, whose dominion is supposed to have been absolute over the souls if not the bodies of their subjects. But no prince of the Tudor, or any other dynasty in England, has been able to do more than incline the scale between parties equally balanced; and so large a majority of the English people went along with the return to Catholicism, the will of the country was so repeatedly and distinctly pronounced for

it, that we must look elsewhere for the explanation of a revolution so remarkable. Incomprehensible as it may seem, it would have been far more easy for Mary to have recovered for the old faith the ground which it had lost, and renewed—at any rate for a period—the lease of its endurance, than it afterwards proved for Elizabeth conclusively to establish the Reformation.

The whole story is so curious, and illustrates, in so remarkable a degree, the danger to which the English may expose themselves by their distaste for speculative change, that it is worth while to examine the nature of the influences which were then at work among them, as closely as the limits of our present essay will permit us.

English Protestantism, in the form of resistance to papal and ecclesiastical encroachment, is as old as the Norman kings; in the Mortmain Act, and the apparently extravagant provisions of the *Præmunire* Statute, we perceive the same spirit growing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and although the splendid victories of Henry the Fifth in France gave temporary success to the more papal policy of the Lancasters, and enabled the Church partially to recover its position, yet the body of the nation went along willingly with Henry the Eighth in following out the traditionary English policy to its national issue, and wiping utterly out the last traces of the authority of the Pope throughout the country. It was a measure as welcome to the clergy as to the laity; for the former were delivered from the intolerable burden of first-fruits, and had no reason to foresee any other consequences; and the latter had always resented the pretensions of an Italian priest to nominate to English offices of so much political importance as the great abbacies and the bishoprics. The suppression of the monasteries, though less popular at the moment, yet was also felt by most serious persons, of whatever creed, to be imperatively called for. The grosser moral disorders have been probably overestimated by Protestant controversialists, and the rare exceptions too lightly assumed to be the rule. But the evidence which came out on the visitation of them in 1532, singularly resembling, as it does, that lately given in reply to the circulars of the Oxford Commissioners, revealed a systematic breach of vows, non-observance of statutes, and misapplication of funds, which, after exposure, could be neither defended nor tolerated; while the large discovery of sham miracles, sham relics, winking Virgins, and

bowing roods, by which the pockets of believers were relieved of their superfluous contents, very properly and naturally aggravated the general irritation. The Establishments themselves, under the best interpretation of the mode in which they were conducted, had long been of doubtful value. Wolsey, assuredly no enemy of the Catholic Church, had set the example of appropriating their revenues to more useful purposes; and it was supposed and expected, when Henry finally broke them up, that he would go on with Wolsey's schemes, and endow large national foundations for education and charity.

The sole duty of the monks for some time past had been confined to chanting poor souls out of Purgatory; and the monastic theory of Purgatory had become suspicious when it was represented as a place from which there was a legal deliverance through private masses, at per dozen. The deliverance was considered too problematic to be worth the cost; and although the king himself, on the chance that there might possibly be something in it, provided in his last will that six hundred such masses should be said for himself, yet he did not hesitate to deprive his subjects of an advantage which they had no reluctance to lose, if they might exchange it for others of a kind more definite and palpable. Nevertheless, all this implied very little advance in the direction of a reformation of doctrine, as the Protestants understood it. The poor Lollards went to the stake as usual; and Cromwell, when he ventured upon leniency towards them, went to the scaffold. The movement on the continent was ruined in the eyes of the sober English by the Anabaptist exiles, who had, many of them, belonged to John of Leyden's congregation, at Munster; and the language in which they and the foreign Reformation were spoken of, might seem, with a change of a few words, to express the feelings with which sober-minded people now regard the liberals of Germany and France. The exceedingly profligate doctrines attributed to the Anabaptists existed (as in the modern parallel) rather in the terrors of the orthodox than in the poor misbelievers themselves; but there is no doubt that they were a questionable set of fanatics, whose theories were impracticable, if not worthless, and they unhappily conceived themselves to be at liberty to propagate them with the sword of the flesh as well as of the spirit. Thus the dislike in England to speculative change became almost more decided in proportion to

the natural expectation that such a change was likely to take place. *Masses* might be suspected as patent instruments of making money; but it did not follow that the Sacrifice of the Mass should be called in question. Transubstantiation remained an article of faith with all educated persons; and Cranmer, and even Latimer, only ceased to believe it when the death of Henry opened their minds to conviction. Though the *scholastic* doctrine of Purgatory was overthrown, yet men were still unable to face the appalling alternative, that all who leave their bodies unfit for heaven must remain in hell for ever. Other doctrines of Purgatory might continue to be believed, though the *scholastic* passed away; and if the monk's masses were no longer thought of any value, yet the saint, whose glorified figure lived in light in the chapel window, still remained to make prevailing intercession. For the marriage of the clergy, the distaste which was long felt for it may be seen in the ecclesiastical titles which survive to the present day as the surnames of families, and which were cast opprobriously on those first "monks," "clerks," "abbots," "priors," "deacons," "archdeacons," and "bishops," who broke their vows, and begot children; and the statute of the Six Articles, cruel as it may seem to be, was no more than the deliberate expression of the English feeling on all these subjects. The executions which took place under it were regarded by the body of the nation as the legitimate penalties of damnable and soul-destroying heterodoxy.

The intention of Henry the Eighth was to sever the English branch of the Catholic Church from the Roman Stem, and to graft it on the life of the nation; perhaps accepting the literal analogy of this metaphor, at any rate expecting it to teach the same doctrine, and enforce the same discipline, unaltered either of them in any essential point, as it had taught and enforced before. The supreme authority in it, which had belonged to the Pope, was to be transferred to the king, and that was all the change. The infallibility, he expected, went along with the position, and the very idea never probably occurred to him, that a heretic might succeed him on the throne. Whether the branch thus severed—severed after it had been attached for a thousand years to its parent tree—would continue to live and thrive, was a problem which only experiment could resolve. He himself, however, never had a misgiving about it; and his security, shared in, as it was, by the nation generally, had at

least the countenance of one man of high ability, Bishop Gardiner. This remarkable minister was, for twenty years, his ablest assistant in the Reformation; and in nominating him at his death among the guardians of his son, Henry expected that, as a matter of course, he would fill the same position, and exercise the same authority, as he had done under himself.

Henry, however, lived long enough to discredit both himself and his work. The spoils of the monasteries, instead of going to found colleges and hospitals, had been squandered in extravagances, or divided among a good-for-nothing aristocracy. It was hard to believe in the infallibility of a man who succeeded so ill in his domestic relations, and who mixed brass with the current silver, when he wanted money. His Church theory had begun to shake, even while he lived. He was no sooner dead than it fell to ruins. Gardiner himself would have been perplexed to discover where the supreme headship resided, with a council composed of such elements as that of Edward the Sixth. The fear which had previously compelled the various members of it to pretend uniformity, was no sooner gone than it was found to be composed of factions in which his voice, at least, would have little chance of being heard. Cranmer had been long married, and hastened to throw off a concealment which had become intolerable. The majority in the council were the noblemen who had already shared largely in the Church plunder, who being anxious for a further slice of spoil so tempting, were disposed to favor whatever doctrine would most readily gratify them; and the majority, with the *Præmunire* Statute in their hands, could silence any opposition from the bishops and clergy. Before the king had been a week dead, Gardiner found himself without power; within a year he was in the Tower, and the Catholic ritual was gone.

The Lords of the Council, to secure the Church lands and to get more, and the reforming Bishops, from real conviction, flung themselves into the track of the Germans; the more the body of the people complained, the more it became necessary to secure the attachment of the extreme Protestants; and the reign of Edward the Sixth presents the unedifying spectacle of a spiritual anarchy deepening day by day; the supreme authority in the hands of a clique of profligate nobles, quarrelling over their plunder, and destroying one another; and each faction, as it rose to power, buying adherents by

fresh and fresh spoliation. First, the lands went, and when there were no more lands the tithes went, to be impropriated by some noble lord or noble lord's dependent. Cranmer's liturgy, too, venerable and beautiful as it may now seem at the end of three hundred years, was but a bald exchange for the old ceremonial. Composed in the warmth of his own conversion, it contained expressions which outraged the belief of far the greater number of the people, (the obnoxious passages were afterwards struck out by Elizabeth,) and yet the use of it was made everywhere obligatory. The priests who objected were turned out of their benefices; and because there were no educated men to be found who would, or who could, take their place, the income was seized upon by some hungry squire, and the parish was either left unsupplied, or some poor tradesman or mechanic was thrust upon the place at the lowest conceivable salary.

We can well understand that measures such as these should have been considered too serious to have been undertaken in a minority, and should have caused sufficient dissatisfaction. After changes, too, of so grave a kind, there was naturally with many people a certain earnest looking for of judgment, an expectation that, in some way or other, God would show whether He was pleased with them; and several years of unusual suffering were construed into an expression of His anger. Short harvests brought more than their usual consequences: for the currency had been still further debased; and wages remaining at their old level, with the necessities of life at famine price, there was no longer distress, but positive starvation. We can fancy with what feelings, therefore, at such a time, the poor hungry peasants must have gazed at the walls of the desolated abbeys, all the sins of them forgotten, and only the open table and the warm hearth remembered. Hard landlords at least the monks had never been; and if charity had grown cool with them, cool charity was better than none at all. The silent eloquence of the ruins found a voice too in the unhappy remnants of their old possessors, who wandered, like wretched ghosts, about their wasted homes; ten thousand of them, friars and nuns, turned adrift to beg or die, only by a refinement of cruelty with their vows of chastity continued upon them under penalty of death. Cromwell had assigned them pensions, which Henry had guaranteed; but the world is a hard place for those who have no means to force

their claims. While Henry lived, they were perhaps paid; but in the after reigns, "through the greediness of the officers of the exchequer," their poor pittances never found a way to them; and it was left for Elizabeth to do tardy justice to such few as were alive when she became queen. She indeed had them all sought out, and paid to the last farthing, but years too miserable to be thought of must have intervened; and the sight of them, shivering along the roads and villages, in raggedness and hunger, must have been a bitter and telling protest against the iniquity of the times.

To leave conjecture for fact, we have Lord Paget's evidence that the new Prayer Book was distasteful to eleven-twelfths of the population. The number is perhaps exaggerated, and in these eleven-twelfths there was a considerable fraction for whom it was not too little popish, but too much so. It was determined, at all hazards, to conciliate the latter, and perhaps it was necessary to do so; but it was at the cost of alienating the middle party more hopelessly than ever. The victories of Charles the Fifth naturally were regarded as a signal declaration from Heaven against the doctrinal reformers; and a worse effect of them was to increase the multitudes of Dutch and German fanatics, with whom England was already overrun. The presence of such men at all was sufficiently offensive; and when their leaders were placed in authority at the universities, when Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr were consulted on the services and the Articles, the majority of the English felt much as they would now feel if Louis Blanc were invited to a council of State, or a modern project of church reform submitted to Feuerbach or Ronge. The Reformation was so rapidly discrediting itself, that if Edward had not died, and the policy of the government had remained unchanged, the same rebellions, supported by the same coalition from abroad, which were so formidable to Elizabeth, would in all probability have broken out irresistibly against him, and swept away the very name of Protestant out of the country. But it became evident that there would be no need of any such violent measures. In the spring of 1553, the health of the young king rapidly declined: in the middle of the summer he was on his death-bed. It is the misfortune of all great movements, political and spiritual, that if men of the very highest character are to be found on their side, they have attractions not to be resisted for the most worthless. A man of



this latter sort was unhappily supreme in the council, and was able to inflict one more stain on the Reformation by implicating it in treason. John Knox had long before seen through the Duke of Northumberland; but possessing, as he did, the absolute confidence of Edward, this bad nobleman was able without difficulty to work on the fanaticism of the dying boy, and induce him to tamper with the succession. As a party measure, nothing could have been more infatuated. Extraordinary powers had been granted to Henry the Eighth by parliament, on purpose that the succession should be decisively settled; the wars of the Roses had been too severe a lesson of the consequences of a dispute to require repeating; and since, in consequence of his proceedings with his wives, it was difficult to define which among his children were or were not legitimate, he was empowered to determine by will the order in which they were to succeed him. It was not likely that a measure so gravely considered could be set aside by a private nobleman of questionable character, for his own personal advantage. The few really good men who were in the council, foreseeing the inevitable consequences, implored the king, at the risk of their lives, to abstain from committing both himself and them so fearfully; and although their entreaties were ineffectual, and they themselves, at Edward's order, subscribed the instrument which nominated Lady Jane Grey as queen, yet Northumberland knew well that even by such an act as this, neither Sir William Cecil, nor Sir William Petre, nor Lord Arundel, nor Lord Pembroke, nor Lord Paget, was committed to an approval of the proceeding. They had agreed among themselves, as it appears, to sign their names, but only as witnesses; and Northumberland's after conduct proves that it was no secret even from him.

All was over in nine days. London—the stronghold of Protestantism—declared enthusiastically for Mary. The fleet went over; the troops which Northumberland attempted to gather in the eastern counties deserted in a body. The conspiracy was crushed without a blow, and the duke himself was arrested at Cambridge by Lord Arundel, whom he had left in London. The following conversation is said to have passed between them:—

“For the love of God consider,” the duke said, “I have done nothing but with the consent of you, and all the whole council.”

“My lord,” quoth the Earl of Arundel, “I am sent hither by the Queen’s Ma-

jesty, and, in her name, I do arrest you.”

“And I obey it,” quoth he; “but I beseech you, my lord Arundel, use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is.”

“My lord,” quoth the earl, “ye should have sought for mercy sooner: I must do according to my commandment.”

If these are the very words which were spoken, they are still but an imperfect evidence of what past; for words bear many meanings, and we do not know the tone in which they were pronounced, but, at any rate, it is impossible to agree with Mr. Tytler, in regarding the scene as one of revolting perfidy. He would have us believe that the council had effected an enthusiastic unanimity, and that, when the failure of the attempt had become evident, it was a race of treachery which should first betray the other. Difficult as it would be, under any circumstances, to believe that four or five statesmen of unblemished character could have stooped to conduct so degrading, it becomes impossible when we remember that Arundel, Petre, Pembroke, and Paget were continued upon the council, and that Cecil was only excluded by his own refusal to serve. If they might have earned a contemptuous pardon by perfidy, they could not have earned confidence; and historians overshoot their mark, when they attempt to explain the obscure actions of men who for any length of time fill important offices of trust and responsibility, by motives to which, in their own basest moments, they could not conceive themselves as yielding. It is certain that the entire council did sign the instrument: it is equally certain that these five members of it signed only at the express command of the dying king,—a command which it might not only have been exceedingly dangerous, but, on quite other grounds, exceedingly difficult to disobey; but the compliance ended with the formal act, and was never believed, by any party concerned, to have extended beyond it.

The conduct of the leading bishops was far more exceptionable. Cranmer was among those who were at first unwilling to subscribe; but he acknowledged that he had yielded at last, not to the king's command, but to the persuasion of the law officers of the Crown. Ridley preached against Mary at Paul's Cross, denounced her as an inveterate papist, and appealed to the fanaticism of the people; and although Hooper and Bradford were actively loyal, yet the dominant Anglicanism was identified in public feeling with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and the party

were forced to share in the odium and the guilt of its two great leaders.

And, as we said, as a question of policy, to say nothing of duty, a more wretched blunder has never been made. Mary's entry into London was a triumphal procession; her devotion to catholicism was notorious, but, even with the Protestant Londoners, loyalty was too sincere a passion to be interfered with by theological intolerance, and it was not till she had forfeited their attachment by her own infatuation that they ceased to feel it for her. She sailed in on the full stream of popularity, surrounded with all the prestige, and invested with all the real power, which a triumph over an unpopular conspiracy is certain to confer; and scarcely any English king or queen was ever more warmly welcomed to the throne than this poor princess, who has left such a name behind her. She herself was only known as a harmless, persecuted devotee, the child of a lady whose cruel injuries had enshrined her in the affection of the people, and their only wish was to offer to the daughter such poor compensation as loyalty and obedience could bestow.

Her first actions as queen, though inevitably displeasing to a part of her subjects, were, on the whole, well calculated to sustain her in the advantage which she had gained. Gardiner, whom she found in the Tower, was made chancellor, the council being composed of the national party in the council of the late king, and the leading Catholic nobility. The only symptom which she showed of a disposition to act independently of them or their advice, was in a letter which she wrote to the emperor for instructions as to how she should best proceed; but the emperor's advice coincided with that of her own ministers in prescribing the utmost circumspection. The immediate and pressing question was the late conspiracy, and if she showed any want of judgment at all, it was in the leniency with which she dealt with it. Charles had been taught in the preceding year by Maurice of Saxony that Providence had not irrevocably decided for the Catholics; that Protestantism was still dangerous enough to require to be proceeded with cautiously; and, by his recommendation, the whole affair was treated as a private treason of Northumberland, for which only he and two others, one of them a man of abandoned character, should suffer. Cranmer, Ridley, and the Duke of Suffolk, had undoubtedly forfeited their lives; and *no reasonable person* could have complained,

if she had determined to send them to execution. But Cranmer and Suffolk were set at liberty without fine or even reproach, and against Ridley, though he was kept in prison, there was no apparent intention of proceeding. Nor is there anything to object to the steps which she took about the religions. Being a Catholic, she will not be found fault with for permitting the open exercise of a form of belief which was not only her own, but that of at least half her subjects: but nothing further was to be attempted till she had taken the advice of Parliament.

The conduct of the Protestants in the two months which elapsed before it assembled, is a most curious evidence of the temper of the time, and of itself is sufficient to explain many things. They had as yet no reason to complain of persecution, but Popery with them was in real truth a doctrine of devils, and it was little to them to be allowed their own religion, if they were to be prevented from trampling out the other. The fierce annals of the Israelites provided them with ample precedents of what was lawful for saints in dealing with idolaters—and the arms of the Reformed Church militant were by no means those of peaceful and mild persuasion. The revered the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, afterwards bishop and archbishop, preached a seditious sermon, and when called in question for it, drew his dagger in the senate house, and was only held back by two grave doctors of divinity from doing prompt execution with it. Strange scenes took place in the churches, priests and parsons scuffling for the pulpits, and the conqueror taking possession of the conquered citadel with a flourish of rapier and pistol. One priest of Baal was stabbed at the altar, his blood running over the chalice and mixing with the wine; a dagger was hurled at a second, and a musket fired at a third. Elsewhere, the consecrated wafer was seized by a desperate iconoclast and trampled under foot, as he cried, between his teeth, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself;" and even the mild Archbishop Cranmer, within a few weeks after the remission of his first treason, composed a declaration, which, although it was in fact made public by accident, he acknowledged that he had intended to have fastened against the door of St. Paul's; wherein, after setting out the virtues of Henry and his son in promoting the Reformation, he ascribed the reappearance of the idol of the Mass to the devil, of course in the form of Queen Mary. He excused himself on the plea that the many rumors current about

him, made some public declaration from him necessary. But it would have been more prudent, and perhaps more proper, if he could have waited for the opportunity which would so soon have been afforded him, of declaring himself from his place in Parliament. Mary had nothing to do but to sit still and wait; no amount of political sagacity could have invented a course which it was more desirable for her that her adversaries should follow, than that upon which they now were thrusting themselves. Partially conservative (as the English always are) when in power, they were no sooner in opposition, than no ultra extravagance was too wild for them; and the queen, by the incessant homilies against rashness which poured in upon her from the emperor, the Pope, and her own ministers, was persuaded (irritated as she might naturally be) to continue to submit to provocation, and venture on nothing by her own authority. Only one thing she did, and that was really forced upon her. The pulpits had become political tribunes, or high places from which the opposite clerisies cursed each other; and the scandal becoming intolerable, she wisely required her subjects of both beliefs to content themselves for a while with prayer; and abstain, till more quiet times, from such a dangerous amusement.

Having done this, she quietly waited the approach of autumn, when Parliament was to meet. Neither she nor her ministers could foresee the result of the elections; but, in spite of all which Protestant writers have stated, of the means which were used to secure a majority, it does not appear, on examination, that they used any means at all: their policy was, to appear, as far as possible, to submit to the will of the country, and the absence of any evidence of attempts at bribing and intimidating, such as does exist for the elections of the following year, makes it far more than probable, that at first they desired to feel their way, and really to learn the actual temper of the people; on the present occasion a matter of unusual difficulty. On most subjects which divide a nation, it is possible, at least roughly, to conjecture the comparative strength of parties; but on the present, it was impossible, for the singular reason that three-fifths of the nation are described as of no religion at all; that is, neither Catholic nor Protestant, but ready to attach themselves to whichever party promised to be least extravagant.

On the 5th of October, the legislature assembled. We are told that it was violently

purged of its anti-Catholic members, but the records of its proceedings entirely disprove this random charge; and it is no more than an exaggeration of the expulsion of two of the bishops, who, on occasion of the high mass at its opening, were ostentatiously disrespectful, and were ejected in consequence out of the Abbey. Proceeding to business, the House of Commons was desired at once to consider the state of religion, and determine whether there should be any change in the existing Establishment—whether they would leave things as they were; or tolerate both religions; or, if not both, then which, and on what conditions. The discussion lasted eight days. There was no violence, and certainly no precipitancy; and at the close, a commanding majority of two-thirds of the House agreed to repeal every act which had been passed under Edward, to abolish and forbid the use of Cranmer's prayer-book, and to restore the ritual unaltered, which had been in use in the last year of Henry the Eighth. Nothing could be more decisive. It was a grave and calm declaration that the country had tried doctrinal Protestantism, and did not like it. The protest against Rome was retained and re-affirmed; but, in all other respects, England was declared to be again a Catholic country, on the terms on which Henry and Gardiner had desired to establish it. And so distinctly this appears to us to have been the general desire at the time through England, that if Mary could only have brought herself to be contented with what she had achieved, if she could have felt that she was the queen of a great nation, as well as the restorer of the belief in Transubstantiation, and bridled in her eagerness with ever so little human understanding, the game was fairly in her hands. The crisis was of that rare kind when the after history of centuries may be seen to depend on the conduct of a single person; and it rested with her to change the entire current of the fortunes of Europe.

Happily for all of us, Mary was without the faculty to understand her opportunity. There was no reason which could be expressed in word why Henry's Anglo-Catholicism should be a delusion. It is not easy to say (to keep to the usual illustration) why an aged branch cut from a tree should be unable to live independently; but so it is with the branch, and so it is with the State Church. Henry had affirmed *one* doctrine as supreme head: Edward had affirmed the opposite by the same authority; and now Mary, the third to whom it descended, declared in virtue of



it, that it was usurped altogether, and desired to give it back to its proper owner. So decisive a *reductio ad absurdum* was enough even for Gardiner. When he found himself unable to prevail upon the queen, he gave up his project conclusively, and left her to carry out her own schemes undisturbed any further, although knowing too well what a price she would have to pay for them.

These schemes, however, she was wise enough to keep from the knowledge of the Parliament. She accepted what they gave, and would not frighten them by touching on dangerous questions, as long as she had further work for them.

The religious revolution being completed, they proceeded next to repeal the act by which Mary was declared illegitimate, with some unfairness laying the blame of the separation of Henry from her mother on Archbishop Cranmer.

The illegitimacy of Elizabeth was thus in a manner re-enacted; and if, instead of waiting till the following year, the queen had then pressed to have her cut off from the succession, there is little doubt that the two Houses would have readily consented. Elizabeth herself was little known, and only rose in popular favor as Mary's scale went down; and, if she was set aside, the next heir would have been Mary of Scotland, a princess whose succession to the throne of England would, for many political and other reasons, have been extremely convenient. The country was weary of spiritual anarchy, and could not afford these constant revolutions of ritual, and the peaceful union of the two crowns of England and Scotland was equally desired by all thinking persons on both sides of the Tweed.

Such appear to have been the feelings of the English Parliament in October, 1553. But in periods of revolution the air is electric, and the wind shifts sharply and suddenly. In November all was changed. They had expressed a polite desire that their queen would marry. She took them at their word, and allowed it to transpire that she proposed to give her hand to the most powerful prince in Europe, the heir of the emperor. In an instant, the entire English heart began to palpitate; England was already, in imagination, become a second Netherlands, a province of Spain; the old liberties were seen vanishing one by one, Spanish noblemen dividing the great offices of State, Spanish bishops over the dioceses, Spanish priests in the pulpits, behind the Spanish prince the Pope, and behind the Pope, revolution, anarchy, civil war, and the devil.

Dr. Maitland, in his anxiety to prove every statement which has ever been made by any Protestant writer to be a lie, denies that the Spanish marriage was unpopular, and sets aside, without scruple, the entire testimony of contemporary history, on the single ground that the rebellions which it provoked were all unsuccessful. We will not quarrel with Dr. Maitland for the word "unpopular;" it is enough that Mary's wisest advisers, including two Roman cardinals, assured her that it would not only lose her the affection of her subjects, but ruin the cause which she had most at heart; and that the Parliament, at the first hint of the matter, petitioned against it without a dissentient voice.

Mary, however, had ceased to listen to advice which went against her own opinionativeness. The Parliament were sent about their business on the instant, for their impertinent interference; and on the evening of the day on which the resolution was passed in the House, she called the Emperor's ambassador into her closet, and before the image of the Virgin, swore her troth, somewhat theatrically, to Philip of Spain. She had never seen him. He was only twenty-six years old, while she was thirty-eight, and she had been betrothed to his father before the latter had married his mother. It is said that she fell in love through a portrait, which, if it was lovely, must have been unlike the original. It is more likely that she saw in him a prince like herself, devoted to the Catholic faith, who would go hand-in-hand with her in her crusade against the Protestants; the difference of years would hardly be so perceptible to her as it was to him, who had vainly implored the Emperor to spare him so unwelcome a connection; and, poor lonely creature, after her joyless existence, it was likely enough that she might long for a companion who might love her and be loved by her. But, whatever it was, it was a miserable dream, from which a bitter awakening was in store for her. Neither the disapprobation of her people, nor the entreaties of her ministers, nor the indifference of the bridegroom, which was evident to every one, could turn her from her purpose, and she went through with it to the natural consequences, which the emperor and herself were, perhaps, the only two persons in Europe unable to foresee.

Whatever Dr. Maitland may suppose, rebellion with the long-enduring English is not the immediate consequence of disapproval,—it is the last and most desperate remedy, to which they can only be compelled when all else has failed; but, in the partial revolts



which broke out in the winter of 1553-4, in Kent, in Devonshire, and Suffolk, there were warnings enough, if the queen could have understood them, of the changing feelings with which she was now regarded. Though the two last were insignificant, the first, under Wyatt, was dangerous ; and though London, on the whole, remained obedient, there were threatening symptoms visible which it would have been prudent to have treated with less disdain. But the Catholic princes had yet to learn the lesson which it required a century to teach them, that human beings could not any more be governed by the corollaries of Roman theology ; and she went on her way, believing, like a religious woman, that it was God's way, and that He would carry her through.

The secret history of the five months which followed, has been recently laid open to us by the industry of the late Mr. Tytler, who has published, from originals at Brussels, the despatches of Renaud, the Spanish ambassador then in England negotiating the marriage. The execution of Wyatt was just, and even necessary. Fox has classed him amongst the Protestant martyrs (as, indeed, he classed a noted highwayman who was put to death for serious murders and robberies, but who expiated his offences, and earned an apotheosis by cursing the Pope under the gallows,) but we cannot think that he has any business among them. His crime was treason, not heresy : he rebelled and failed, and had no right to complain of the consequences. But Mary disgraced her previous clemency by another execution, which was neither necessary nor just, and was no more than a useless piece of cruelty. Lady Jane Grey was not implicated in Wyatt's rebellion ; she was not to have profited by it if it had succeeded, and other motives are supposed to have influenced the queen beyond what appeared upon the surface. It is said that she never forgave a speech which Lady Jane had made a year or two before, when on a visit to her at New Hall. One of the ladies in waiting was showing her over the house, and took her, among other places, into the chapel. In passing the altar, the lady curtsied. Lady Jane inquired what she meant by that. Her God was present there, the lady answered, and she curtsied to Him. Lady Jane, with half a smile, said she believed the baker had made him.

Such a piece of profanity, doubtless, lost nothing on the way through the lady in question, to Mary ; and, on the mind of so thoroughly devout and real a believer, may

well have made an impression which could never be effaced. It would of course be foolish to suppose that this, or any other *single* feeling, determined her upon acting as she did, but the sense that she was punishing an obstinate heretic, as well as her rival for the throne, may have softened the reluctance which we will hope that she experienced. This warrant was signed the day after the battle in the streets, in the midst of that excitement of feeling which follows the escape from serious danger. And, familiarized as Mary had been from her childhood with the shedding of blood, accustomed to see the friend and counsellor, even the queen of one day going the next, as a matter of course, to the scaffold, and having herself, for many a year, lived in steady expectation of the same end to her own life, she could not be expected to look upon it as the dreadful thing which it appears to us. If her conduct still remains unaccountable to us, we must leave what is obscure to our charity, and think the best which we can. From her treatment of Lady Jane Grey, we turn to her treatment of another rival, whose position towards her was infinitely more questionable and painful.

The person in whose behalf Carew and Wyatt had professed to rise was the Princess Elizabeth. At the time of the outbreak she was ill at Ashridge. Letters written by Wyatt to her had been intercepted, in which he warned her to keep away from London. It appears to have been forgotten, both by those who were most anxious to destroy her, and by those who, in later times, most wish that she had been destroyed, that the fact of these letters having been intercepted is a proof that, at least, she never received *them*. Wyatt, on the scaffold, entirely exculpated her : she herself declared, on her honor, that no word from him had ever reached her. The only other evidence against her was a letter in cypher, supposed to have been written by her to the French king, which was found among the despatches of the French ambassador. But this, too, broke down when it was examined ; and at the end of three months, after the most active efforts of hatred, the law officers of the Crown were obliged to declare that there was no matter on which to proceed against her whatever. It will, therefore, surprise persons who are unacquainted with the way in which history is written, to hear that modern historians speak of her concern in the rebellion as a certain and indisputable fact, and do not hesitate to say, that she owed her life solely to the clemency of her sister.

So many lies have been told about this business (Lingard is among the worst of the offenders,) that it is worth while to follow the detail of it with some minuteness. We make no pretence to the character of the "unprejudiced historian"—a pretence hardly compatible with much self-knowledge; indeed, we are far from satisfied that, for beings like men, to be without prejudice is a virtue at all. But we undertake that we will not willingly and consciously tell any fresh lies, there being already so vast a superabundance of them.

That any love could have existed either at that or any other moment between the daughters of Anne Boleyn and Catherine of Arragon, it is not necessary to believe. There had been too many jars and jealousies in their early lives, arising out of their father's caprice, to have permitted them at any time to regard each other as sisters; and their several duties to their mothers compelled them to regard each other as illegitimate. Mary had, indeed, as we have seen in the past autumn, declared her own legitimacy by a formal act, and although we may excuse and even admire her doing so as an act of natural piety, it was a violation of her father's will, who had undoubtedly desired to place both his daughters on the same footing; while to Elizabeth it must have appeared a serious injury. But it is equally certain that no resentment ever provoked her to forget her duty as a subject, and only the most spotless integrity could have saved her from the efforts which were now made to destroy her.

One of the parties concerned in these efforts we are at no loss to identify, for the Spanish ambassador makes no secret of his own share in them. His letters in this critical year are almost a diary for the months of March, April, and May, and he exposes, without hesitation, his own aims and motives, and those of every one about him, as far as he was able to enter into them. His own most single-minded wish appears to have been, since his master's son was to commit himself to a residence among the English savages, to make his coming as little dangerous as possible. He freely expresses his terrors at the ferocity of their nature, and describes them as uncertain tempered wild beasts, alternately fawning and rabid, whose claws must be pared, and whose teeth must be drawn before they can be safe company for persons whose lives are valuable. Elizabeth was to him the rallying point of disaffection, and as long as she was alive

there could be no safety for his precious Philip.

We said that she was at Ashridge at the time of the rebellion. A few days before the outbreak, Mary had written to desire her to come up to Whitehall, but she replied that she was ill, and was unable to leave her house. Lingard believes that it was pretence, that she was guilty, and conscious, and shrunk from showing herself. As he has no evidence to offer, except what he considers internal probability, as all the evidence which there is lies the other way, and as other people have other notions of internal probability, we need not trouble ourselves any further with this opinion of Dr. Lingard. At the end of a fortnight, a second dispatch came down of a more peremptory kind. The queen's own litter was sent to fetch her, with a company of the royal guard, and the escort was accompanied by the court physicians, who were allowed discretionary power, and were to take care that she was not injured by the journey. She was brought up by slow stages, four or five miles a day; the diary of each day remains to us exact, and it is evident that her own account of herself was literally true, and that she was seriously ill. Renaud's description of her entry into London is not a little striking.

"The Lady Elizabeth arrived here yesterday the twenty-third of February), clad completely in white, surrounded by a great assemblage of the servants of the queen, besides her own attendants. She caused her litter to be uncovered, that she might show herself to the people. Her countenance was pale, her look proud, lofty, and superbly disdainful—an expression which she assumed to disguise the mortification which she felt. The queen refused to see her, and caused her to be accommodated in a quarter of her palace, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guard. Of her suite only two gentlemen, six ladies, and four servants are permitted to wait on her."

From the palace she was in a few days sent to the Tower, and with her the foolish profligate Lord Courtenay, who it appears Wyatt had intended should marry her, and in whose own head some notion of the kind had nursed itself. No sooner were they securely encaged, than Renaud assured the emperor that he never ceased to admonish her majesty of the necessity of a "prompt punishment;" the preliminary of a trial being, in the Spanish view of such matters, a very unnecessary formality. The safety of a Prince of Spain was at issue, whose little finger was of greater value than the lives of a thousand English princesses. The council met day

after day, and soon Gardiner followed Renaud in the same strain. He saw in Elizabeth a heretic, who, if Mary's frail body failed, would be a more dangerous enemy to the Church than her brother had been, and we cannot wonder at Gardiner any more than at Renaud. Most glad we should be, if we could believe that in the queen there was any reluctance to listen to them; but it is certain, that Elizabeth had no friend except her own innocence, and those unfortunate laws of England, which necessitated an arraignment and a conviction as the antecedents of the scaffold.

Mary did not hate her: we could almost wish she had. The most vindictive personal malignity would be a feeling more intelligible and more respectable than that which was now influencing her. We acknowledge, as we said before, that written accounts of spoken words, however correct, are necessarily an inadequate account of them, and often an absolutely false one. The intonation is everything, and the intonation evaporates in the passage from the lip to the pen. But after the most cautious employment of such means of judging as we possess, we really conclude that Mary at the time was capable of no feeling whatsoever, except an impotent eagerness for the arrival of her husband, and a readiness to sacrifice everything which lay in its way. At a meeting of the council, in the first week of April, Renaud declared—

“That it was of the utmost importance that the trials and execution of Courtenay and the Lady Elizabeth should be concluded before the arrival of his highness.

“The queen answered, that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming.

“Gardiner then remarked, that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquillized, and that if every one went on soundly to work as he did in providing the necessary remedies, things would go on better.”

The difficulty, Renaud acknowledges, was not from any unwillingness in any quarter to proceed to extremities, “but that they had not been as yet able to fall on matters sufficiently penal according to the law of England. Nevertheless,” he adds, “her majesty tells me that every day they are finding new proofs against her.”

These little sentences, if they are given correctly, appear to us to admit of only one interpretation. It is but fair to say, however, that a very chivalrous defence has been made for Mary, by Miss Strickland; and

thoroughly creditable as it is to this lady, that she has been the first Protestant historian who has dared to speak a word for her, we should be disposed, if the defence were entirely single-minded, to leave it unchallenged. There is no danger of an over lenient judgment of Mary Tudor in the minds of the English, and Miss Strickland's conception of her is, at any rate, infinitely more like the truth than the popular one. In this particular case, however, she is unable to confine herself to the subject before her; and in vindicating one sister takes the opportunity of a side-blow at the other.

There is a foolish story to be found in Foxe, Heywood, and other Protestant writers, which has been copied from one to the other without comment or inquiry, to the effect that when Elizabeth was in the Tower,

“A warrant came down for her execution, Gardiner being the inventor of that instrument. Master Bridges, the lieutenant, no sooner received it, but mistrusting false play, he presently made haste to the queen, who was no sooner informed but she denied the least knowledge of it. She called Gardiner, and others whom she suspected, before her, blamed them for their inhuman usage of her sister, and took measures for her better security.”

It is scarcely credible that a person of Miss Strickland's experience should have transferred to her pages such an extravagant piece of folly. No warrant could have been issued for Elizabeth's execution before she had been tried; and if any warrant was issued, it must have been signed by Mary. The Lord Chancellor of England is not likely to have set an example of such preposterous illegality; and if he really did venture on it, it is more disgraceful to Mary than anything which we know of her, that she passed it over with a reprimand for inhumanity. But nothing of all this occurs to Miss Strickland; and it is an opportunity for her too good to be passed over to make a point on a favorite subject. As Gardiner was to Elizabeth, so was Burleigh to the Queen of Scots. Though the latter was tried by a high commission and formally condemned; though the Houses of Lords and Commons petitioned that sentence might be executed, and the warrant had been duly signed before Burleigh despatched it; yet she can see no difference of circumstance in the two cases; Burleigh only succeeded where Gardiner attempted; and Mary is an angel of mercy and Elizabeth an inhuman murderess. It remained to be seen what she would make of Renaud's despatches; from her frequent allusions to them, there was no doubt that

she had studied them carefully, and we were really anxious to learn whether any other meaning than that which we had gathered ourselves, could with any plausibility be forced upon them. Giving her the benefit of every doubt, the manner in which she proceeds is little to her credit.

"He" (the Spanish ambassador), she writes, "observes, angrily, that it was evident the queen wished to save Courtenay, and of course Elizabeth, since she does not allow that her guilt was as manifest as his."\*

This passage she includes between inverted commas, as a direct quotation from Renaud; and if any such passage were to be found in his letters, it would of course be conclusive: we felt certain, however, that they contained nothing of the kind, and her reference being wrong, we could only conjecture, on going again carefully through with them, that what she intended to quote was this:

"Quant au dit Courtenay, je la vois inclinée et persuadée pour luy donner liberté.

"Quant au dit Elizabeth *les gens de loix* ne trouvent matière pour la condamner."

The queen's desire to save is pointedly limited to Courtenay, while the difficulty with Elizabeth is ascribed not to any feeling of hers, but to the impracticable honesty of the *gens de loix*; and this is the perpetual burden of Renaud's lamentation; but it is a very different thing indeed from what Miss Strickland represents him as saying.

We suppose that she intended to quote only the first paragraph; that she paraphrased the second according to her own interpretation; and that the remaining errors are due to the carelessness of the printer and to her own want of attention in revising the press. But that she should have forced such an interpretation from such words at all, is a grave evidence of her untrustworthiness when her prejudices bear upon her judgment.

And now to leave this somewhat tedious story, and to follow Mary along the rapid process by which she disembarrassed herself of her brief popularity. The executions for the Wyatt rebellion had neither conciliated the Londoners, nor frightened them. Parliament was to meet in April to settle the preliminaries of the marriage; and as the time drew on, the English wild beast began to show its displeasure by antics which not a little terrified Renaud. One morning the city urchins turned out three hundred on a side to play at English and

Spanish, the prince of Spain himself figuring in all the splendor of rags and tinsel; after a brief fight, in which Spain was contumeliously routed, the said prince was clutched up by friends and foes, and vicariously suspended from a branch; and so eager were his executioners, that the mock death was very near a real one. The queen lost her temper, and declared that she would have her parliament meet at York or at Oxford, where the people were good Christians and not a nest of heretics; but this was only an impotent threat; and, considering the way in which the Londoners had behaved a few months previously, it was neither wise nor graceful. At any rate, matters did not mend; a few mornings later, when the sun rose upon the cross at Cheapside, a cat was found swinging from it, apparelled like a priest with a shaven crown, her fore-feet tied over her head with a paper like a wafer-cake between them; and when Easter came there was "a great scandal" at St. Paul's, which was considered the best practical joke of the time.

"The custom was to lay the sacrament into the sepulchre the even-song of Good Friday, and to take it out at break of day on Easter morning. At the time of taking it out, the quire sung, *Sur-rexit, non est hic*. But then the priest, looking for the host, found it was not there indeed, for one had stolen it out, which put them all into no small disorder; but another was presently brought in its stead. Upon this a ballad followed, that their God was stolen and lost, but a new one was made in his room."

It would have been well if this had been the worst; but attached to both religions there was a refuse of population, in which, both under Mary and Elizabeth, foul scandals against the character of the princesses readily generated themselves, and these were printed and scattered about the streets. It is to the credit of the Protestant historians that the most foolish of them have not polluted their pages with these abominations, while no cesspool has been too foul for priests, bishops, cardinals, and even great ladies, to dive into, for materials with which to defile Elizabeth. But although the stories against Mary were left to rot where they were thrown, yet they were offensive enough when first they were uttered, and wounded her cruelly.

At last, however, Parliament was sitting; and for these and all other disorders a remedy would be devised. If the towns were heretical, the country was orthodox, and the loyal knights of the shires would outnumber

\* "*Life of Queen Mary.*" By Agnes Strickland.



and overawe the insolent burgesses. It may be asked with what good hope the queen, who had been obliged to dismiss her first Parliament with such precipitation, could look without alarm to the assembling of a second. The secret comes out in the despatches of Renaud. The hope of her life, in case she ever had the power, had been to make reparation for her father's injustice, and restore the property of the Church. The distribution of it had been in direct violation of the principle on which the confiscation had been justified. But Cranmer and Latimer had protested in vain; and the latter, unable to rescue a single acre for education or for charity, was obliged to content himself with anathematizing in his strong way the hypocritical lords and squires, who only pretended to be "gospellers" for the chance of the scramble. The gospel part of the affair was now laid aside; but the convenience of the broad lands remained unaffected. Almost all the peers, and a large body of the commons, had shared more or less in the plunder; and as the queen's wish was no secret, and many right-minded persons in the country were disposed to sympathize in feeling the enormity of the wrong, however they might differ as to the manner in which it should be remedied, there was no little anxiety among them. They were determined not to part with the lands, cost what it might to defend them; but they were not desirous that things should be pushed to extremities, and were open to reason if the queen would come to terms. And so it was arranged that they were to make no more difficulty about the marriage, and she was formally to relinquish her design upon their property. So far, all went easy. It was a downright bargain; so much was paid on one side, and so much was given for it on the other, and both parties affected to be mutually satisfied. But the queen attempted to close her eyes to its nature; to flatter herself that they had been persuaded not to a single act, but to approbation of a policy, and proceeded to make fresh demands upon them. The Catholic faith was re-established, but the country still swarmed with heretics, and she desired fresh powers to repress them. It was still in schism, if not in heresy; and she desired a reconciliation with Rome. Considering that at least the upper house was composed of the same men who had gone along with Henry's anti-papalism, and who, under Edward, had forbidden the very exercise of the mass under any pretext whatsoever; the

demand which she was pressing upon their consciences was extravagant, and without further "consideration" she was made to feel that it was impossible that they could concede. The reconciliation with Rome was for the present again postponed; but the chancellor, in the beginning of the session, brought forward a bill for the restoration of the penalties against the Lollards; and now it appeared that a second transaction was necessary. The difficulty had been foreseen as a possible one; and Renaud was empowered to meet it with promises of Spanish gold; but the peers were so well aware of the baseness of their doings, that without the money down they would not give way. Renaud's letters of agony are not a little amusing. First the peers sent the bill to the commons, refusing to pass it while the penalties were made death. Oh! the pensions—the pensions! where were they? Then they threw it out altogether; and still no money. At last there was\* an understanding that it should be passed in the following session, with another understanding that the Prince was to bring the money when he came over. After this disgraceful revelation, we can understand Queen Elizabeth's motives in creating a new aristocracy.

Among other misfortunes which befell England through the gold of Spain, too clearly is due to it that dark and dreadful persecution which has made Mary's name execrable through all generations. The Parliament was now dismissed, the proceedings in it having scandalized the country, and "a great revolt," in Renaud's opinion, "being imminent," which it would be better "should be over before the arrival of his Highness." When this arrival was to take place was now the important question. The articles were drawn, and Mary was impatient; but Renaud was anxious about the revolt, and wished first to see the steam let off in an explosion. He regarded political effervescences as periodical necessities of the English, and recommended autumn as the safest to make a first acquaintance with them, "*pour ce que ordinairement les humeurs des Anglois bouillent plus en l'esté qu'en autre temps.*" The danger might, however, be less than he feared. The queen assured him that there was not the slightest occasion for alarm, and that "*gaignant et s'assurant des principaux par pensions et*

\* This must have been what really took place. Renaud says the bill was actually carried; but this is a mistake. It was not passed till the following December.

liberalitez l'on n'aura occasion de craindre le peuple." At last, although he could not close his eyes to the determinedly cold attitude of the country, and though no preparations were made anywhere to celebrate the arrival except at the Court, he made up his mind that it might be ventured in July (midsummer though it was), and reported to that effect to the emperor. So in July it was to be; and, like the tragedy writers, who scatter sunshine over the scenes which precede the catastrophe, as if they would linger in the light to the latest moment before they plunge into the darkness, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of loitering over the tragi-comedy of the meeting of the bridegroom and the bride.

On came the summer, like no summer in all the world except in England—raining, thundering, and blowing. The English fleet went down to the coast of Spain to join the Spanish, and form a squadron of escort with them. But the Spaniards would have been better pleased to have been left to themselves, for complaints were forwarded to the Court that Lord Clinton, the admiral, did nothing but laugh at their ships, and "call them mussel-shells;" and as the prince was long in coming, and the sailors grew weary and wanted amusement, they did so "cruelly push and torment" the crews of the said mussel-shells when they were on shore for water together, that it became necessary to fix separate hours for their landing, to keep them apart. And this was not the worst; for when the prince came at last, and a stiff south-wester had blown them into the channel, where the English considered themselves sovereign, the Spanish admiral, though the heir of half the world was in his ship, was made to strike his top-sails, and do homage to English supremacy. What poor Philip thought of this there is no saying; probably all minor evils were drowned in the one terrible evil which was before him, and probably too he knew nothing about the matter; for to add to his miseries he was wretchedly, pitiably sick. The voyage, however, if a detestable, was at least a brief one, and after no more than seven days of suffering, he was set on shore at Southampton, on Saturday, the 20th of July—a memorable day in the history of this country, for the prospects of the queen may now be said to have been finally closed up, and the love, interest, sympathy, affection of her subjects gone from her for ever: thenceforward there was no more inclination for Catholicism; thenceforward, in the terror of being absorbed into

the dominions of a foreign country, England sought only to intensify and defend her nationality, and isolate herself within her own white walls from all foreign princes, priests, and potentates. It was not the husband of her sovereign that she could recognize in Philip of Spain, but the deadly enemy of herself, her laws, and her children.

Fortunately for us mortals, however, necessary as any future may be, and inevitable as by our own actions we may have made it, it is kindly kept from us wrapt up in clouds, and we are not made wretched about it by anticipation. No visions of wrecked armadas or plundered caracques haunted Philip's dreams, as he rested his wearied body at the Southampton mayoralty. And if Mary's sleep was troubled when she heard that he had landed, it was certainly from no thought of impending disasters. On the Monday evening, they were to meet at Winchester; and the long summer's day would only be long enough for the slow magnificence of the procession, in which the bridegroom was to march thither from Southampton. He had brought with him a glorious retinue, decked out in all the splendors in which they had been wont to glitter up and down under the blue sky of Castile. The choicest chivalry of Europe were there in choicest holiday costume, with gold, and pearls, and silks, and velvets, and plumes of gorgeous birds of Paradise, from the forests of the new world. Southampton had never seen such a troop of cavaliers as on that July morning wound along her streets; and well might Southampton stand and gaze, and wonder at them, for never before or since were so many men worth marking seen together there. Alva was among them, and Count Egmont, and, greater than either, William Prince of Orange, and Count Horn, four men whose equals were not perhaps alive in Europe, or in the world. Poor England, and still more the English climate, which showed such weak perception of the honor done to it! The sun, at least, did not care to look at them, however the people did. Swithin lying there in his shrine at Winchester would not sacrifice one hour of his moist rites. Down fell the rain, as if the whole torrent of the forty days were streaming into one; down it fell, hopeless, cheerless, incorrigible. The gay feathers dangled in the bonnets; the drenched horses drooped their heads, trailing their gaudy caparisons as they waded through the chalk slush of the roads; but no horse might quicken its pace, and no outward composure be disturbed: on they paced, slow, solemn, and most miserable. We can fancy

how the Hampshire peasants stood grinning under the dripping eaves of the cottage porches, and bare-legged urchins darted out with disrespectful capers, as the last horse went by. We can fancy the oaths which were muttered between Philip's yellow lips at all England, weather, marriage, queen, and the whole accursed connection. And the rain was not the worst. To propitiate the gods of his new subjects, he had drained in their honor, before starting, a huge tankard of "the wine of the country"—Hampshire ale—the flavor and properties of which alike displeased his inexperienced stomach; and within and without he was drenched in wretchedness.

Two hours had brought them two miles from Southampton, when suddenly a messenger dashed up from Winchester full gallop in a shower of rain and mud, and delivered, breathless, a mysterious message, that the prince was to come no further, and was instantly to return. What was to be done? What was the meaning of it? Renaud's warnings, what he had said of English inconstancy, the mysterious *boulissement* of their evil humors periodically recurrent at the dog-days, all rushed into his mind; the cavalcade was halted, and Alva, Egmont, and he, drew up at the edge of the road to consult. Tradition has not preserved what passed between them; but what strange thoughts the associations of those three names call up in us when we think of them on that wet day, standing talking at the ditch side, on the Southampton road. After such a ride together, and such a scene, it is hard to understand why they were not sworn friends for ever. But we must cut short our sentimentalism, as an English nobleman, who was present, cut short their agitation. "Sire," he said, laughing, "the queen only begs you will not think of coming to her in such dreadful weather." If Philip ever blushed, he blushed then. He gathered himself together, dismissing the hope which perhaps, for a moment, had shot across him, of a reprieve from the purgatory into which he was to be precipitated. The foot march recommenced; and after eight more mortal hours of slush and shower-bath, the draggled cavaliers waded into the town of Winchester, and found dry clothes and supper waiting for them at the Deanery. Where let us leave him to digest his watery welcome as best he could.

In another day or two, the precipitation was completed. How long a time elapsed before the queen's eyes opened to the light

in which she was regarded by him we cannot tell. There was much to blind her; and perhaps, during the few succeeding months, she was as nearly happy as with her unhappy nature she could be. At the close of August, they made their entry together into London; where, though they were received with a show of pageantry, there were threatening indications visible also, which showed that the temper of the citizens had not become more submissive. At one end of London Bridge stood a large painted figure of King Henry, holding a book as if to present to her as she passed, on which was written, "Verbum Dei." Without taste, and without tact, she halted till a painter had been summoned, and had dashed out the words.

The objects, however, most notable on this occasion were the twenty cart-loads of bullion which followed in the train, and in which, as behind the triumphal car of the prince and queen, the honor of the English nobles was drawn along in shameful captivity. The price of blood was come, and Parliament was now to meet once more, when they were to fulfil their promise. Means of another sort, though equally sure, had been taken to secure a pliant House of Commons, and now the queen was to inaugurate her final victory, and place the last stone on the reconstructed edifice of Catholicism. Her first parliament had given her the mass, but protested against Pope and husband. Her second had granted the husband, but there ceased their compliance. The third was to do submission, in the name of the country, to a Roman legate. England was to be received again as a returned prodigal, in the bosom of her mother, and, as a token of her repentance, was to offer up her misleaders with fire and faggot at the altars of the offended gods.

Unanimity would be certain; for no dissentient voice was to be permitted. The Church had been diligently weeded; the heretical bishops were in prison or in exile; three thousand clergy had been turned adrift to find some other employment or to starve. Convocation was already, therefore, secured, and the elections to the House of Commons could be controlled. A letter of Mary's is preserved to us, obviously a circular to the lieutenants of the counties, directing them how to proceed. It is addressed to the Earl of Sussex, and runs as follows:—

"Mary the Queen.

"Right-trusty and well-beloved Cousin, we greet you well: And whereas for divers causes, tending principally to the advancement of God's

glory and the government of this realm, we have thought convenient to call our High Court of Parliament for the twelfth of next month, as by our writ of summons sent unto you you may at better length perceive; like as for your own part we doubt not but ye will be ready to assist us with your best advice and counsel for the furtherance of our good purpose in such matters as are to be treated of in our said Parliament, so, to the end the same may be more gravely debated and circumspectly handled to the honor of Almighty God and general commodity of our loving subjects, we have thought convenient specially to require and pray you to admonish on our behalf such our good and loving subjects as by order of our writs have the election of knights, citizens, or burgesses, within our realm, to choose of their inhabitants such as, being eligible by order of our laws, may be of the wise, grave, and Catholic sort; such as indeed mean the true honor of God with the prosperity of the commonwealth, the advancement whereof we and our dear husband the King do chiefly profess and intend, without alteration of any man's possession, as, amongst other false rumors, the hinderers of our good purpose and favorers of heresy do report.

"Given under our signet at our palace of Westminster, the 6th of October, this second year of our reign."<sup>79</sup>

The specific form of admonition which Sussex was to administer to the good and loving subjects may be left to conjecture. It is enough that it answered its purpose; persons who attempt a game of this kind usually taking precautions which shall secure them against immediate failure. All was at last ready, therefore. The commons were nominees, the peers were bribed, the convo-

cation weeded; and, with a hand of packed cards, the game would not be difficult. Considering what the work was, it had been dexterously done. The island of heretics was prostrate, and nothing remained but that Cardinal Pole, the legate, should now make his appearance and complete the farce. It was the culmination of Mary's star,

"and from that full meridian of her glory, She hastened to her setting."

On the 28th of November, the Parliament and the cardinal came face to face; on the 29th, the motion for the reunion with Rome was carried with acclamation; on the 30th was the great scene with legislature, king, queen, and legate, at the close of which, after mutual weepings, prayings, and admonishings, the latter rose in his place, and declared that "all those present, and the whole nation and the dominions thereof, he absolved from heresy, schism, and all judgments, censures, and penalties for that cause incurred, and restored them to the communion of the holy church, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Amen, amen, amen, rang out round the hall, the members rose from their knees, and they and the court and the legate adjourned to the chapel and sang *Te Deum*; with what emotions we feel no temptation to pause and to consider. Next followed a similar scene with the convocation, and the Sunday after Gardiner did penance at Paul's Cross, and preached a sermon of self-abomination for his schism. The Parliament made haste with the work which remained. On the 18th of December, the persecuting bill passed, and, with the new year, the heretic burning was to begin. It was a great victory, or it looked like one; and to add to it, in the middle of all the joy, the queen was declared to be *enccinte*. Up went *Te Deum* again from every cathedral in Europe. Bells rung and bonfires blazed. There was no doubt any more; Heaven had spoken; Heaven had blessed the queen for her glorious work, and doubly blessed the Church through her. The news was sent flying to the emperor. "I never doubted of the matter," he said; "I never doubted but that God, who had wrought so many miracles, would make the same perfect by assisting nature to His good and most desired work." It was only natural that Catholics should think so. It was natural, too, perhaps, when it all turned out a dream, that they should not have seen, in the failure of

\* If this letter was the only evidence remaining to us, it would not be sufficient to prove that the means employed by the court were decidedly unconstitutional, as the constitution was then understood. It is important, however, as a comment on the universal complaints of the Protestants, that the elections were unfairly controlled, and the following language of *Michele*, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Mary, inapplicable as we know that was to her first two parliaments, describes the impression which he gathered from the proceedings of her third. He is mistaken in deducing a practice from a single instance, but his evidence is no less valuable as to what he himself witnessed:—

"The kings use in more than one way to keep out, (of parliament), or bring in, whomsoever they please; choosing for the latter purpose such only on whose good disposition towards them they can firmly rely. They are at this time become so formidable and powerful that they may do even as they please; nor can anybody, whether in parliament or out of it, impune, or indeed without utter ruin to himself, venture to stand up in opposition, or even to make the least show of resistance to their pleasure generally. In short, servants they enter Parliament, and servile are their proceedings therein."



their hopes, the same evidence of the disfavor of God as they supposed themselves to see of his favor, while they thought it a reality. The weight of the evidence was the same, into whichever scale it was cast. But so it is with the sons of men. The most trifling coincidence, the idlest straw driven before the wind, will be claimed as a providence when it flatters their prejudices; the most startling catastrophe will be explained away, ascribed to luck, to fortune, or the malice of the devil, sooner than they will acknowledge it to be a judgment on their sins.

That Mary's pregnancy was a pitiable delusion, politically we cannot but rejoice. With her ultra-montane extravagance she had sacrificed forever the hope of reconciling the English to any form of Catholicism, however moderate; and the events of the next three years would have inevitably precipitated a revolution, if her breaking health had not enabled them to expect an early remedy in natural causes. There is no doubt how the struggle would have ended, but while it lasted it would have been inconceivably dreadful; and instead of the long glorious peace of Elizabeth, when the population doubled their numbers, and trebled their wealth, the best blood of England would have flowed away on new fields of Towton or of Barnet, and the Protestants might only have found themselves conquerors, to bleed to death on the scene of their victory. But for the poor queen herself, it was a disappointment which may well command our commiseration. From her childhood she had been the plaything of a fortune which had bound her heart in ice; and her woman's feelings, as she brooded over her own and her mother's wrongs, had curdled into bitterness. With a more powerful nature, injuries such as hers would have brought about some tragical catastrophe; but such a result was prevented by the poverty of her disposition, and she was transformed instead into a wretched being who could neither love nor be loved.

If her husband had treated her even with ordinary kindness—inexperienced as she, who had never known kindness at all, must have been in distinguishing between the degrees of it—it might have satisfied her self-flattery; and if those other hopes had not deceived her, and if in becoming a mother fresh springs of affection had been allowed to open for her, it is not impossible that the hard frost-bound soil might have thawed, and the latent humanity shot up again.

It might have been so; and those dark blots which will now lie upon her name forever, might either never have been, or have been washed away by repentance. There is no saying. History is not of what might have been, but of what was; which, indeed, perhaps is all which could have been. But Queen Mary, cruelly as she was wronged in her own young days, is not one of those persons whom it is possible to hate, and we pity her, even for her crimes.

To return to the Parliament. Although Pole had received a commission from the Pope to confirm the existing tenures of the spoliated Church lands, there was, nevertheless, a hope, that by persuasion, if not by violence, the holders of them might be induced to disgorge. The Mortmain Act was suspended for twenty years, to give the priests the opportunity of working upon them on their death-beds, and perhaps of terrifying them by a refusal of the viaticum. The queen set an example by giving back what remained to the Crown; and Pole, in the very speech in which he consented to the Acts of Parliament which established things as they were, yet reminded those whom he allowed to retain what they had got of the punishment which God sent upon Belshazzar for his sacrilegious usage of the vessels of the temple. Here and there a few straggling monks began to nestle among the ruins of the abbeys, like the remnants of a wasp's nest about the blackened hole which has been their home; and natural repentance, and natural uneasiness, when the dying point was near, would soon, it was hoped, lead many a man to sacrifice for his children what he could not resolve to sacrifice for himself.

The gangrene of heresy was now to be cauterized. The queen had got her bill, and might now burn when she pleased. We can believe that the legislature, in granting her the power, had little notion of the manner in which she would use it. The Statute of the Six Articles, except on a few occasions, had been a dead letter in the hands of her father; and they may easily have been unable to conceive that a woman, who had been merciful to traitors, would be harder upon heretics than so ostentatious a champion of orthodoxy as Henry the Eighth. But they had underrated the power of Catholicism over a heart in which no natural feeling operated to soften or to counteract it.

We have no intention of pursuing the horrible history of the years which followed; but many attempts have been made to remove the responsibility from the queen; and

it is necessary to say, that the closer we examine, the more certain we feel that it is wholly and exclusively hers. It has appeared so horrible a thing that a woman should have done it all, that the blame has been desperately hurled upon Philip, Gardiner, Bonner, Pole, any one whose name is prominent. And yet, the Sunday after the first execution, Philip's confessor preached openly in severe condemnation of it; Gardiner and Bonner recoiled from their loathsome duty, and we have letters extant of Mary's own, in which she rebuked them for their slowness, and goaded them into proceeding. And Pole was so notoriously opposed to the persecution, that complaints were entered against him at Rome, his legative office was suspended, and only his death prevented his being called to account as a favorer of heresy. It was the queen, and the queen only; and the explanation of her conduct, if we will only reflect, is not so exceedingly difficult.

A Catholic, if he is really sincere, cannot but approve of persecution. If he believes, as he professes to believe, that teachers of what he calls heresy are indeed leading away the souls of all miserable men who listen to them, into the eternal fires of hell, no crime can equal theirs in atrocity, as the consequences of none approach it in horror. Catholics who pretend to deplore the spirit of persecution, can by no possibility be sincere in denying salvation to all who are beyond the pale of their church; and when they prate of toleration, they make their profession an imposture and a lie. We naturally shrink from pressing one another with the logical consequences of our creed, whether political or religious, and it seems a hard thing to charge upon the faith of so large a section of educated, well-disposed people, so dreadful a necessity. But the question is too serious to be trifled with; and whether we like it or not, we must look it in the face. Let us consider what damnation means in the creed of a Catholic; consider what the *crime* must be which involves a penalty so appalling. And if a simple heretical belief is sufficient to involve it, what can we say of those who teach heresy? It is only because the gates of hell lie beyond the grave, and he does not with his bodily eyes see the poor souls hurled through them, that the Catholic of weak faith talks of toleration. If he have the power to crush a heretic teacher, and spare him, he must stand self-condemned—condemned of a crime as infinitely greater than that of him who lets loose a murderer from his prison, as the tor-

ture of unending years exceeds the moment's pain of a single death.

And thus Catholicism, wherever it is dominant, and wherever it is sincerely professed, would always carry out persecution to its extreme and cruel issue, were it not that in the generality, if not the whole, of mankind there is an element of humanity which no creed can extinguish, making them *men* as well as orthodox believers, and compelling them to refuse the conclusion, even while they continue to accept the premises. Gardiner would have punished the *leaders* of Protestantism, as he would have punished the leaders of a rebellion; but four or five, instead of as many hundreds, would have closed the lists, if he had had the keeping of them. Bonner, a good-natured, choleric man, would have whipped a few for the example, and let the rest go free. But in Queen Mary, early ill usage had trampled out the natural woman, and delivered her up to Catholicism, to be moulded by it exclusively and completely. With a resolute wish to do the will of God, without one bad passion, careless of herself, and only caring for what she believed to be her duty, she had no idea of what duty meant, except what she gathered from her creed; and all her loves, and all her hatreds, submitted to the literal control of the propositions of it, uncounteracted and uninfluenced by a single human emotion. The character is a fearful but an intelligible one; and we shall not easily exhaust the instructiveness of it. We may look through history in vain to find a second specimen: one such was enough, and that one was raised up on high on the English throne, for all mankind to gaze upon as an example of what Catholicism was able to do with a nature wholly given over to it, in which no other influence, either of head or heart, assisted or interfered with its operations.

The most painful feature in the English persecution is the rank of the victims. Five bishops, and a very few leading clergymen alone appear, of men whose names were known to the world. There was neither peer among them, nor knight, nor gentleman—only poor mechanics, weavers, tailors, carpenters, common day-laborers, and poor blind boys. We are unwilling to think that the queen only struck where she dared, and would not risk a collision which might put an end to her proceedings; we know, as a fact, that it was among the poor that Protestantism had the strongest hold, and that the preachers of it were as unlettered as the first apostles: and yet as we turn over the

catalogue of sufferers, the painful impression will cling to us that cowardice was added to inhumanity.

The rest of Mary's life is soon told; she was shot down from the show of her prosperity as swiftly as she was raised to it; her life on earth was one long mistake, and but for the brief delusive interval, which only served to make her cup more bitter, it was one long misery. The symptoms which she had mistaken for pregnancy were the approaches of a hideous disease. Her husband, for whom she had sacrificed the hearts of her people, detested her, and, brute as he was, took no pains to conceal his aversion. He insulted her by infamous solicitations of the ladies of her court; when they turned with disdain from him, he consoled himself with vulgar debauchery; and making no secret of the motives which had induced him to accept her hand, when the policy burst like an air-bubble, he hastened to leave a country which was always execrable to him, and a wife whose presence was a reproach.

Thus bitterly Mary's heart was again flung back upon itself; and, with seared feelings and breaking health, she threw herself with undivided heart upon her religion to fulfil the mission on which she believed that she had been sent by God. The most severe edict which was issued for the persecution went out after her husband had left her, proving, if proof were wanted, that she, and not he, was the author of it. Heretics, like the Hydra's heads, seemed to multiply by their destruction, and every victim offered, kindled fresh and fresh enthusiasm for martyrdom. Dragged in troops before the bishops, the labor of the latter was to thrust upon them opportunities of escape; and, fairly read, the history of the Marian trials is that of wretched judges compelled to administer a law which they abhorred, and whose one effort was to escape the duties which it forced upon them. The queen's determination, however, only grew with failure. She saw the hatred of her people, but it did not move her. She felt her life was ebbing from her: it was the more reason she should make haste. Her sister's accession, which now she could not hinder, would be the signal for the downfall of all for which she had labored, if she could not first destroy the poison. In the portraits which remain of her, we can read the history of it all; that high projecting forehead, falling in and narrowing above the eyes—weak, and yet inflexible; foolish,

yet with the conceit of wisdom. As she sank and sank, the more fiercely she drove on the persecution: fresh and fresh powers were given to the ecclesiastics and fresh and fresh injunctions; what had begun in conviction of duty, had settled into a monomania. But the endurance of the people, like the queen's life, was drawing to its limits; and it was a race between them which would first give in. Near as the close of the latter evidently was, Cecil had to fear some dreadful outbreak would anticipate it. Her death was openly prayed for in the churches, and it was idle to declare it treason. The exiled clergy in Germany poured pamphlets across the Channel, in which it was declared lawful, and even meritorious, to make away with her *ferro veneno quocunque modo*, and though she justly made the possession of such papers punishable with death, yet, when the nation shared the treason, the impossibility of executing it made the threat contemptible.

Thus wretchedly, the last sovereign in England who reigned on to her natural end a Catholic, sank towards the grave. She ascended the throne when the people whom she was called to govern were inclining to return to their old bondage, and her reign, though but of little more than five years' duration, was long enough to make such a return impossible for ever. Fearful as it was, we cannot regret it, for those poor men whom she destroyed secured in their death a perpetual freedom to England; and if to die nobly in a noble cause be really for a mortal man the happiest service of life; if, in the midst of the profitless existence of so many millions of millions, those few are to be accounted blessed who have not lived in vain, the five hundred poor working men who sank to ashes at the stake by the order of Mary Tudor, are not among those whose fate we most deplore, or who would themselves ask us to deplore it. Surely happier far was the meanest of them all, than that poor forlorn princess who was piteously divorced from life by years of agony; who, although she passed away a queen amidst the splendor of a palace, yet knew too well in dying that no man or woman left on earth would waste one regret, or shed one tear upon her memory; and who, in the miserable consciousness of the vanity of her existence, prayed that she might be buried in the habit of a poor *religieuse*, in which alone it would have been well for her if she had lived.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO WINDSOR.

SPITE of all the great lions of London, and wearied with the incessant bustle of the Strand, where omnibus followed omnibus through the whole day and night, how delicious was it to take a flight by railway from London into the country, and there to spend a few days with friends whose indescribable kindness made it pleasant to feel one's self obliged to them.

It had rained and been stormy the whole day, but towards sunset the west horizon grew bright, and cast splendid beams upon the heavy masses of cloud in the east. The wet trees and fields shone in the radiance of the sunset, which became still warmer, still more brilliant, giving promise to the earth of a bright to-morrow.

And several bright and beautiful days succeeded; beautiful and quiet days spent in conversation, wandering in verdant groves listening to the songs of birds; in cheerful drives; agreeable, calm, social life! Would that it were the lot of many to enjoy rural life such as I enjoyed at —, in the house of Mr. and Mrs. —.

With my hostess and friend I visited the wealthy houses of some of their rural neighbors, furnished with all the conveniences of life, with exquisite articles of luxury, flowers, paintings, statuary; I visited also the little farmhouses and cottages in the village, and in the fields, where the people labor for their daily bread, and know little of any other luxury than that and rest.

The houses of the rich were richer in noble works of art than is common in the wealthy houses of Sweden; the condition of the poor seemed to me nearer to that of our peasantry in Sweden, but the dwellings were lighter, more roomy, and, above all, much neater. This was in the county of Surrey.

One day we were present at a so-called ploughing match between the counties of Surrey and Middlesex. The day was beautiful, and the scene new and fresh, although not many people were present, that is to say, a few hundred peasants, and about twenty equipages. The country people, and most

of the middle class, ranged themselves like a moving framework to the field in which the ploughing was to take place. The carriages were drawn up on a green mound which commanded it. There also was erected a white tent, before which stood a colossal head of Indian corn and bows of ribbon, which were intended, as I imagine, to accompany the distribution of the prizes. The people seemed well disposed and to be enjoying themselves, many smoking their pipes. I saw no strong liquor on the field, nor indeed any refreshment whatever.

All eyes were directed to the ploughmen, who, about twenty in number, ploughed and ploughed industriously and in silence under the eyes of the spectators. Each light plough seemed to be provided with a little wheel by which it was guided. I walked around the field, on the arm of one of the rival gentlemen; but, according to my judgment, it seemed difficult to decide between Surrey and Middlesex. The general opinion, however, appeared to be in favor of a Middlesex man, in the service of my polite conductor, who was said to plough the most accurate furrows. And I learned, in the evening, that the prize had been adjudged to him.

In about an hour the people collected together on the mound where the tent stood. A sort of travelling carriage, full of persons, drove up and made a halt there. One of the gentlemen in the carriage stood up and addressed the people, and announced that prizes would now be given as rewards for faithful servitude in that neighborhood. The speaker lamented, at the same time, that persons of affluence there showed a decreasing interest in this institution, and that, with every year, the subscriptions became less, from which cause they were compelled to offer smaller rewards, and to leave many good servants, well deserving of reward, altogether without any. The speaker admonished the wealthy to warmer zeal in the cause, and more liberality in their contributions.

After this, several men and women of the working class were called forth, and these,



in appearance and dress, were not unlike our Swedish peasantry around Stockholm. They advanced, each in his place, to receive the prizes, which consisted of money, from half-a-crown to a sovereign. I could have wished the man—a sort of rural police or orderly—who called out the servants, and who showed them to their seats after they had received their rewards, in some other place, with such dry and uncourteous manner did he perform his office, making a contrast equally striking with the real gentlefolks as with the peasantry.

The whole scene gave me the impression that this distribution of prizes, mere money rewards of from five to twenty shillings, for twenty or thirty years' faithful service, does not belong to the present age, and certainly says as little for its conception of virtue, and virtue's reward, as of the necessity for society to stimulate it in this manner.

We were invited to a breakfast after the ploughing match, but, as it was then late, we preferred driving home, pausing by the way to observe some beautiful views in that richly cultivated country. How like a large beautiful garden!

There grew upon the height where we stood, and I had seen the same in many fields of England, bushes not unlike our Swedish juniper, but which bore remarkably beautiful yellow flowers, of the pea-blossom form. Mrs.—told me that Linnæus, when he first came to England, and saw a field covered with these bushes, then in full bloom, threw himself on his knees, and kissed the earth which produced flowers so beautiful.\*

One day, one of my beautiful days at——, we drove—my amiable hostess and myself—to Windsor, where Queen Victoria was then residing with her family. The castle and its neighborhood are among the most noble and most magnificent in England, and deserve to be visited for their own sake. Nevertheless, it is possible that the chance which was thus afforded me of seeing England's Queen was the attractive power in my case. I had been assured that I might easily be presented, but there was not attractive power enough to draw me to the Queen on those terms, as then various requirements of the toilet would have had to be taken into consideration. Yet surely, for such a woman, and for such a Queen, I might very willingly take a deal of trouble, and put on my best clothes—

merely for the pleasure of looking into her eyes and touching her hand.

Lightly rolled our easy little carriage on our way to Windsor. The day was mild, but cloudy; we had both umbrellas and parasols with us, that we might be prepared either for rain or sunshine. We drove along a garden-like, cultivated country, here and there scattered over with peasants' cottages and pretty country residences. After an agreeable drive of two hours, we reached the park of Windsor, which appeared to me extensive and rich in noble trees, whilst it lacked the romantic beauty and picturesque character of the royal parks of Sweden, as Djurgården, Haga, and Rosenborg.

From the commencement of the magnificent avenue, commanded by the equestrian statue of George III. on a rock, the Castle of Windsor presents itself in magnificent perspective, with its battlemented walls and tower, and its fluttering banner, reposing firmly and quietly on its height, with a background of ethereal space.

The Normans first erected the castle. William the Conqueror, charmed by the glorious prospect from this height, fortified the castle here by his own strong hand. And all the English monarchs who have resided there have left some memorial of their love for that proud and beautiful abode. The noble, magnanimous Edward III., born at Windsor, built nearly the whole of the castle. The tyrannical, sensual Henry VIII., the husband and murderer of many wives, built the gate which still bears his name. Bloody Queen Mary celebrated here her honey-moon with the husband so worthy of her, Philip II. Queen Elizabeth built the most magnificent of the terraces. Charles I. lived here, first as king, and afterwards as prisoner. Charles II. left here traces of his love for pomp and luxury of all kinds. William III. and Queen Anne beautified the park, by planting avenues of elm and beech. George III., who lived almost entirely at Windsor, restored the antique beauty of the castle. Windsor was his favorite residence. There he abode in his youthful days, and during his whole life, abounding in storms and victories; here he was confined when the eyeballs of mind and body became darkened; here he might be seen wandering about in dressing-gown and long white beard, the blind eyes rolling restlessly, now and then striking on the piano a few notes, a few accords of his favorite Handel, but deaf to the sound of the bell which tolled for the burial of his grand-daughter, the heir of his crown, the

\*It is perhaps needless to mention that the flower referred to is the yellow gorse.—TRANS.

beloved of his people,—deaf to the rolling wheels of the funeral procession which conducted her to the grave, which seemed as if it would not open for him.

Next came George the Fourth, lavishing gold and finery upon Windsor, to make it a suitable home for pleasure and dissipation more heathenish than Christian, and shrinking from the public eye, and thus he was compelled to purchase, at a great cost, a lofty tower, which a curious subject had built close beside the park, for the opportunity of seeing what went forward there, especially in the neighborhood of the charming Virginia Water, where the monarch was accustomed to row about, in a little boat ornamented with Mahomedan symbols.

George the Fourth left at Windsor many portraits and statues of himself, but not a single noble memory.

But that did William the Fourth, the sailor king, as he is called, and the good Queen Adelaide. They made Windsor a favorite place of resort for the people, whose eyes they did not shun, but whom they loved to see around them, as parents do their children.

Under Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is Windsor less than ever a home of pomp and festivity? No! but more and more is it the home of human virtues, both public and private. People do not talk of the pleasures of the royal pair, but they speak of their excellent schools for poor children, and their excellent institutions for old servants. People do not build inquisitive towers in the enchanting neighborhood of Virginia Water, that they may spy out the secret pleasures of royalty, but they drive thither to see the beautiful farms which Prince Albert has designed, where happy human beings live and children play.

We drove through avenues three English miles long on each side the park, composed of beautiful trees, elms and beeches. The view of the castle the whole way, with its round tower and fluttering banner, is really magnificent. We drove through the little town of Windsor, and then up to the castle. We first visited the chapel, a beautiful antique building, which powerfully moves the excited mind to devotion, and then, whilst waiting for admission into the castle, walked to and fro upon the Terrace—Queen Elizabeth's work and place of exercise; in truth, a promenade fit for a proud queenly spirit. The view from this point is so extensive and free, that one seems to behold half the globe at one's feet. Through the vast expanse of *meadow*, the royal Thames meanders, gleam-

ing forth like silver, while the spires of Eton College raise themselves commandingly above a multitude of lesser towers, country churches, villages, and towns, till at length, in the blue distance, the horizon encloses the rich and immense landscape in a half circle. How Queen Elizabeth must have felt as she gazed on this picture!

Elizabeth Tudor!—I love her not, for she was not a noble woman, however grand she might be as a sovereign; but I love her picture in history, love it for the contrasts which it presents. The proud Queen on the terrace at Windsor, with half the world at her feet; and then later, during the last days of her life, heart-broken by the treachery of Essex and his death on the scaffold, sitting silent, with eyes riveted on one spot, the finger pressed upon the closed lips, refusing medicine, wishing for death, deaf to all words, excepting those of prayer. How unlike are the pictures! I think that I love her best in the last, because she died with a yet warm heart.

This Elizabeth stands, nevertheless, with a rare glory in history, alone in more than one way. Happiness and misery, love and hate, victories and the scaffold; the utmost splendor of noon-day; the deepest darkness of night; and amid all these a will, an intellect, which knew how to govern, to govern itself as well as others—an extraordinary human life!

Beside this stands Queen Victoria, as a sun-bright idyl.

We went into the apartments of the castle; I shall not say much of their magnificence, or of their paintings. I was more struck with what I saw in Warwick Castle; besides, as the Queen was now residing at Windsor, the most beautiful rooms and the best pictures were not shown. Of the latter, none made a deeper impression on my memory than the excellent portraits of Pope Pius VII., and of Cardinal Gonsalvi, perhaps in some degree from the remarkable contrast, in form and character, which these presented with those of the English statesmen, on the opposite side of the gallery. The most refined and the highest degree of intellectual character is expressed in these beautiful Italian forms, speaks in their penetrating eyes, seems to exist in the very touch of the tips of their fingers; one might say that the noblest Italian wine flowed in their veins.

Will Queen Victoria drive out to-day? we inquired from some of the castle attendants. No one could say positively; the Queen had gone out on horseback several times last

week, perhaps also to-day she might ride out in the afternoon.

We had already been two hours at Windsor, it was now past three in the afternoon, and as we wished to reach home before dusk, and as we saw no signs of a royal cavalcade, we determined to wait no longer, but to set out on our homeward way. We went down to the carriage which had drawn up below, outside the iron gates, the nearest approach to the castle. Here we found about a hundred persons assembled, mostly of the lower class, although well dressed, who appeared to be waiting for something that was to come from the castle, towards which they looked up.

We had just taken our seats in the carriage, when we heard it said, "The Queen is coming."

So it was! Queen Victoria with Prince Albert, and their attendants, came riding down from the castle, and on toward the iron gates, which opened for them. We drew up our carriage in order to see the Queen as perfectly as possible; and that was not difficult, for she came on slowly, and looked quietly around her. She was dressed in a black, closely-fitting riding habit, a black riding hat, without veil or ornament, and rode upon a brown horse. To the left of the Queen rode Prince Albert, on her right an elderly gentleman, who looked like a German. After the Queen, upon a pony, rode her eldest son, the young Prince of Wales, no one on either side; after him came a stately lady and two gentlemen, with three servants following. All were dressed in black, all rode upon brown horses; the whole cavalcade looked as simple and unpretending as possible. I had my eyes riveted upon the Queen. She seemed to me, between the two tall gentlemen, almost like a little girl. I remembered the imposing figure and glance of our Northern Queen. I could not judge of the much-praised and beautiful form of the head on account of the riding hat, which also concealed the upper part of the forehead. However, the small figure appeared to me remarkably well proportioned and elegant, and she sat her horse, which seemed to carry her as if in sport, gracefully and well.

She looked at us, and saluted us with a short nod of the head. There was more of kindness, however, in Prince Albert's glance and bow. Then came the little Prince with his hat lifted from his head, and the light locks raised by the wind, a delicate looking boy, but with eyes and an expression from which an angel seemed to glance, so grave

and gentle did he look, that lovely nine-years' old boy! The sight of him affected me greatly, and I could not help saying in Swedish, "God bless thee, thou beautiful child!"

Some over-loyal little boys waved their hats so zealously, that the Queen said to them, "Put on your hats! you frighten the horses!" And, turning at the same moment towards where we were, I saw an expression on her pouting under lip of which I would willingly have seen more, because there was in it suppressed merry laughter.

But they rode on, the cavalcade turned to the left into a by-road of the woods, and vanished among the green trees. I said farewell to the hope of ever seeing more of Queen Victoria; yet, nevertheless, I did see more of her, thanks be to fate and to my old Swedish umbrella, which for the last time in foreign parts did me now good service. Mrs. ———'s coachman, one of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects, who had, during our drive to Windsor, been especially desirous of avoiding a certain heavy and sandy road, now found reason for not avoiding it, probably because he had seen the Queen take the same road; and hence it was that, to our surprise, we found ourselves, after half an hour's ploughing of the sand, close upon Queen Victoria's train. After we had driven slowly for a few minutes, the Queen turned round and motioned with her hand for our coachman to drive past them. He obeyed, and just as we came past the Queen, he dashed forward in order to clear the way for Her Majesty. We had not gone fifty yards, when, in consequence of the rapid movement of the carriage, one of the doors flew open, and all the umbrellas and parasols flew up to cast themselves on the ground at the feet of Queen Victoria. I caught at them, but too late to save my Swedish umbrella, which resolutely seemed to fling itself out of the carriage upon the road. My Swedish umbrella! my faithful companion during a three years' travel—my travelling companion in America and the West Indies—no! I could not leave it here to be trampled upon by the feet of Queen Victoria's horse. I must pick it up even if from beneath that very horse's feet.

"We must stop! I must get out!" said I to my irresolute friend, "I must have my umbrella again!"

Mrs. ——— called to her coachman to stop, and I alighted from the carriage. At the same moment up galloped the Queen and Prince Albert, laughing and nodding kindly to me, who could not help laughing myself. Then they rode past us, one of the gentle-

men indicating to us that the umbrella had been picked up and restored to the hands of the coachman. I was glad to have recovered my faithful travelling companion, and almost equally glad that by means of its self-sacrificing interposition, I had received an impression of Queen Victoria which could scarcely have been improved.

There are countenances, which we may see for whole days, and yet not understand them until one has seen a tear in the eye. Other countenances there are, which are unexplained enigmas, until a smile, or a good hearty fit of laughter lights them up. And thus was it, when Victoria, laughing and nodding to me, flew past me light and airy as a fairy Queen. I at once understood the magic power of her person; for, like sunlight breaking through the cloud, like a flower bursting from its bud, was the laughter in the Queen's countenance. There was in it a high degree of natural life, freshness, vivacity, good humor, and a good deal of peculiar character. After this, I can easily comprehend what a noble lady, who often sees the Queen, said on one occasion, in reply to my remark, "What a little Queen you have!" "Yes, she is a little Queen, but on a large scale! She seems to me always like a human being such as God made her, while the greater number of human beings seem to be such as God did not make them!"

A human being such as God made her, natural, true in everything! What a beautiful idea. And the "greater number of hu-

man beings such as God did not make them"—how true!

Alas! educators, establishments for education, books, the world—they take care that we shall not be that which God created us, and that it shall sometimes require half a life, nay, that we shall not succeed sometimes through the whole of life, in discovering what the Creator really intended us to be.

It is easy to see what a power of fascination a Queen, perfectly natural in manner, and who possesses so much that is naturally noble and good in character, may exercise over the human mind in this artificial world.

On our return from Windsor we passed Runnymede, so remarkable in English history, which lies on a little island in the Thames, where Magna Charta was signed by King John. The sweet idyllic landscape, now illumined by the rays of the setting sun, scarcely recalled the gloomy times, and the bitter contests between the people and the kingly power, which led to the concluding of the contract between the two, and which thus made the place remarkable.

When at home, once more in that kind, beautiful home, at ———, I wrote that which it and its possessors made me feel:—

"From a good home it is not far to heaven!"

And if I carry with me, to my beloved home in Sweden, no other knowledge than that of the many good and beautiful homes on earth, it is no small gain from my long wanderings.

THE BUSINESS HABITS OF THE QUEEN.—A few days ago her Majesty had ordered a piano-forte for one of the royal children to be sent from a London maker's to Windsor, and it not arriving as speedily as she expected, she summoned the Controller of the Household to "know the reason why." "Please your Majesty, it *has* arrived," said Cecil Foster, who dreads the arithmetical irritability of the British lion, "but there is 15s. 9d. carriage to pay, and it has not been unpacked yet." "Then pack it back again!" exclaimed Vic. Reg. Fid. Def. Britanniarum Dei Gratia; adding, "Were I a private customer, they would have been glad to send

it free, and they shall not impose on a queen." Back accordingly went the instrument, which has never left off playing the Stomach-Ache Overture ever since, at least in the imagination of the manufacturers. Since her return from the north, also, she has found out that Castle coal cellars are by no means so well off in the matter of economic caloric as the bills for that item led her to suppose; and the discovery exploded in a flare-up that made the place considerably too hot for those who had undertaken to provide a comfortable fireside by the domestic hearth of "regal Windsor's stately keep." —Correspondent of a Liverpool paper.



From the Athenæum.

## APSLEY HOUSE.

**THE Duke of Wellington**—with great good taste and a thoughtful consideration for the wishes of many who feel an interest in Art, and a laudable curiosity about the habits at home of his illustrious father—is about to open Apsley House to the public. Apsley House was built about 1785-6, by Henry Bathurst Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst, and Lord High Chancellor, the son of Pope's friend:—

"Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?"

It was for some time the residence of the Duke's elder brother, the late Marquis Wellesley,—and was purchased by the great Duke in the year 1820. The house, originally of red brick—as Mr. Cunningham tells us in his Handbook,—was faced with Bathstone in 1828,—when the Piccadilly portico and the gallery to the west or Hyde Park side were added by the Messrs. Wyatt. Much of the house is, however, of Bathurst's building,—and exhibits throughout tokens of want of skill and taste in the original builder, and the more modern tokens of alterations that have not very skilfully supplied or concealed the original defects. The portico is a portico to let,—fit only for London sparrows. The site, however, is the finest in London:—commanding the great west-end entrance into London, and the gates of the best known Parks. A foreigner called it, happily enough, No. 1, London:—and when the Duke was alive and in Apsley House, many have been heard to regard him not only as Constable of the Tower, but as Constable of London, with his castle actually seated at its double gates. The house, indeed, stood at one time a kind of siege; and the iron blinds—bullet proof, it is said—were put up by the Duke during the ferment of the Reform Bill, when his windows were broken by a London mob. What the great man saw,—and what he lived to see! How far less universal would the feeling have been about him in 1832, had he died then instead of in 1852!

The house is left very much as we remember to have seen it in the Duke's lifetime. We recollect, however, a very large and impressive collection of marble busts on the Waiting-Room table, grouped together without much order, but striking and tasteful notwithstanding—very few of which are now to be seen. There were two of "the Duke"—one by Nollekins,—two of "Castlereagh,"—two of "Pitt,"—and busts of "George the Third," the "Duke of York," the "Emperor Alexander," and "Sir Walter Scott,"—the Scott by Chantrey. Now, the busts are fewer in number, and differently arranged. On one side of the door leading from this room to the principal staircase is Steele's bust of "the Duke,"—and on the other Chantrey's "Castlereagh." In a corner is Nollekin's characteristic bust of "Pitt,"—and in a place of honor is a reduced copy of Rauch's noble statue of "Blucher." Above are views of Lisbon and other places in Portugal and in Spain,—too high to be seen to advantage.

From the hall the visitor passes to the principal staircase:—a circular one,—lighted from above, and through yellow glass. Here, bathed in saffron color, stands Canova's colossal statue in marble of "Napoleon" holding a bronze figure of Victory in his right hand. This—to our thinking Canova's greatest work, for it is manly and antique-looking, not meretricious and modern—was presented to the Duke by the Allied Sovereigns. It was executed, however, if we mistake not, for Napoleon himself. The staircase opens on the "Piccadilly Drawing Room":—a small, well-proportioned room, containing a few fine and interesting pictures, ancient and modern. Among the former is a fine Caravaggio—"The Card Players":—half-lengths,—fine in expression, and marvellous in point of color, and light and shade. Beneath it—but not too well seen, on account of the barrier—is a small good Brouwer—"A Smoking Party." Over the fire-place, is a small full-length—perhaps by Vandermeulen—of the great "Duke of Marlborough on Horseback."

From the "Piccadilly Drawing-room," the visitor passes to *the* "Drawing-room:"—a large apartment deriving its chief light from Piccadilly. Here the eye is at first arrested chiefly by four large copies by Bonnemaïson after Raphael. The ladies are detained here by two Sèvres vases presented to the Duke by Louis XVIII.,—country gentlemen by "The Melton Hunt," by Mr. Grant, the Royal Academician,—and historical students by a small full-length of Napoleon studying the map of Europe.

From the "Drawing Room" the visitor enters "The Picture Gallery:"—the principal apartment in the house. Here are seen the King of Sweden's present of two fine Vases of Swedish Porphyry—standing modestly at the side,—while in the centre are two noble Candelabras of Russian Porphyry, a present from the Emperor Nicholas. The walls are hung with yellow,—the ceiling is richly ornamented and gilt,—and the furniture throughout is yellow. In this room is the "Jew's-eye" of the collection,—the little Correggio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives,"—the most celebrated specimen of the master in this country. It is on pannel; and a copy, thought to be the original till the Duke's picture appeared, is now in the National Gallery. This exquisite work of Art—in which the light, as in the *Notte*, proceeds from the Saviour—was captured in Spain, in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte,—restored by the captor to Ferdinand the Seventh,—but, with others under like circumstances, again presented to the Duke by that sovereign. Next in excellence after the single Correggio are, the examples of Velasquez—chiefly portraits, but how fine!—something between Vandyck and Rembrandt. The pictures at Apsley House are either chance acquisitions abroad, commissions to artists, or portraits of Napoleon, of his own officers, his own family and friends. In this room, at the north end, is a marble bust of Pauline Bonaparte, by Canova—a present to the Duke from the artist, as appears by the inscription on its back.

From the Gallery, the visitor now enters the back of the building, with its windows looking northwards, past the statue of Achilles, and up Park Lane. Here are two rooms—"the Small Drawing Room" and the "Striped Drawing Room"—both filled with

portraits of all sizes. Here are, Wilkie's full-length of William the Fourth,—Gambardella's hard-painted portrait of the present "Duchess of Wellington,"—and the large picture by Sir William Allan of the "Battle of Waterloo," with Napoleon in the foreground, bought from the painter by the Duke himself—with this remark, that it was "good, very good—not too much smoke."

From "the Striped Drawing Room" the visitor descends by a back-staircase into the rooms immediately below the Picture Gallery. Here is "The China Room:"—not rich in Delft, or China, or Chelsea, or Dresden ware,—but boasting a most elegant and exquisite blue and gold service that many a lady will linger over with eyes of admiration. Here, too, is Stothard's "Wellington Shield," in gold, presented to the Duke, in 1822, by the Merchants and Bankers of London,—and here is the Silver Plateau presented by the Regent of Portugal. A few good busts in bronze crown the cases containing these elegant and costly gifts.

From this little El Dorado of handsome things the visitor passes first to "the Secretary's Room,"—then to "the Duke's Private Room,"—and, lastly, to "the Duke's Bed Room!"—all three on the ground-floor.

"The Secretary's Room" wears the appearance of a room belonging to a man of business and a methodical man who is Secretary to a great man. The Duke's own room is just what one expected the Duke's room to be like:—lined with book-cases—filled with red-covered Despatch Boxes—having a red morocco reading-chair, a second chair, a desk to stand and write at, a glass screen to keep the cold away and not conceal the books and papers behind it, tables covered with papers, and a few portraits.

A narrow passage to the east leads to the "Duke's Bed Room:"—a small, shapeless, ill-lighted room, with a rather common mahogany young person's bedstead, surmounted by a tent-like curtain of green silk. Neither feather bed nor eider-down pillow gave repose to the victor of Waterloo and the writer of the Dispatches. This illustrious and rich man was almost as humble in his wants in this way as Charles XII. of Sweden. The Iron Duke,

What though his eightieth year was by, was content with a mattress and a bolster.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The *Literary Gazette* sums up in the following comprehensive manner, the literary products of the past year :

By far the richest department has been that of history and biography. Of historical works the following are among the most important: Grote's *Greece*, volumes ix. and x., Bancroft's *American Revolution*, Niebuhr's *Ancient History*, Dr. Gutzlaff's and Davis's *China*, Life of Gustavus Vasa, Urquhart's *Francesco Sforza*, Pocock's *India in Greece*, Sharpe's *Egypt*, England and France under the House of Lancaster, Miss Strickland's *Queens of Scotland*, Pauli's *Life of King Alfred*, Miss Pardoe's *Marie de Medicis*, Lamartine's *History of the Restoration*, Stirling's *Cloister Life of Charles V.*, Lady Lewis's *Lord Clarendon and his Contemporaries*, Farini's *Roman State from 1815 to 1850*, translated by Mr. Gladstone, and the continuation of Alison's *History of Europe*. Of works of biography, some of which abound in historical materials, we may mention Mrs. Romer's *Memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême*, Hardy's *Memoirs of Lord Langdale*, The *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham*, The *Life and Letters of Niebuhr*, Lord Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, Elme's *Life and Times of Sir Christopher Wren*, Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*, Count Cesare Balbo's *Life and Times of Dante*. Of biographies more literary in their themes, or less bearing on public events, we may name Aird's *Life of D. M. Moir (Delta)*, The *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, Countess d'Ossoli, Guizot's *Corneille and Shakespeare*, Morley's *Palissy the Potter*, Chambers's *Life of Burns*, *Memoirs of Robert and James Haldane*, Freeman's *Life of Kirby*, and the first volume of Lord John Russell's *Life and Correspondence of Moore*. Nor must we omit Miss Mitford's *Literary Recollections*, and Mr. Jerdan's *Autobiography*. Of books of voyages and travels a large number have appeared during the year, some of them relating to countries not over-visited by tourists, as Fortune's *China and the Tea Districts*, Capt. Keppel's *Indian Archipelago*, Huc's *Travels in Tartary and Tibet*, Coke's *Ride over the Rocky Mountains*, Oliphant's *Nepaul*, Captain Peel's *Ride through the Nubian Desert*, and Thomson's *Himalaya and Tibet*. Of travels in countries more frequently described there is much that is new or interesting in Sullivan's *Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America*, Andrew Hamilton's *Denmark*, St. John's *Isis, an Egyptian Pilgrimage*, Lear's *Journal of a Tour in Calabria*, Bartlett's *Syria and Sicily*, Sir F. B. Head's *Fortnight in Ireland*, and *Our Antipodes*, by Captain Mundy. Several works connected with the arctic exploring expeditions have also appeared, of which the chief are Osborne's *Stray Leaves*, and Dr. Sutherland's *Journal*.

We may name, as among the chief poetical works of the year, Lord Maidstone's *Abd-el-Kader*, The *Poems of the Hon. Julian Fane*, *Affghanistan*, Helen of Innspruck, Lochlin Dhu, and Titus, or the Fall of Jerusalem. The poetical Remains of Sidney

Walker, and the collected edition of the Works of Edmund Reade, deserve honorable mention; and Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of Wellington* merits for its author the distinction of being the laureate of the year, as well as the official wearer of the bays. Of prose works of fiction the usual crowd has appeared, Thackeray's *Edmond* being the first in merit, with Eliot Warburton's *Darien*, Deacon's *Annette*, Miss Sinclair's *Beatrice*, Mrs. Trollope's *Uncle Walter*, and other ordinary novels, as *Agatha Beaufort*, *Basil*, *The Melvilles*, &c.

Among classical works Dr. Latham's *Germania*, and the *Dictionaries of Dr. William Smith*, deserve special notice. Of works connected with theological literature, the most important are the Chevalier Bunsen's *Hippolytus and his Age*, and Rogers's *Eclipse of Faith*.

The publication of new as well as valuable works in the cheap monthly series of volumes, such as the *Traveller's Library*, *Readings for the Rail*, and the like, is more generally extending, and in this form many good and useful books have been of late issued.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and its accompanying literature, has been a remarkable feature of the year; while the gold discoveries in Australia, and the death of the Duke of Wellington, have called forth a large number of publications. Among the miscellaneous literature of the year there have been some important works, as Roget's *Thesaurus of the English Language*, Campbell's *Modern India*.

The year has been marked by the death of several men eminent in literature, art, or science, among whom will occur the names of Thomas Moore, Eliot Warburton, Fynes Clinton, Professor Macgillivray, Professor Thomson of Glasgow, Wm. Thompson of Belfast, Gideon Mantell, J. G. Children, and Professor Empson; and the death of Ada the only daughter of Lord Byron, and of the two Miss Berrys, the friends of Horace Walpole, suggested many literary and historical recollections.

Of the recent issues of the London press the following are the principal :

Lord John Russell's *Life and Correspondence of Moore*, first two volumes, attract general attention, as well as provoke some criticism. The work takes a foremost place in literature. It is elegantly reproduced in this country by the Messrs. APPLETON, New York.

Continuation of Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. i., has appeared, and is reprinted by the HARPERS in numbers.

Capt. Keppel's long announced *Narrative of the Voyage of the Mæander*, with the journals of Sir James Brooke, the celebrated Rajah of Sarawak, has appeared elegantly illustrated, a most valuable book on the India Archipelago.

Ranke's *History of the Civil Wars and Monarchy in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, 2 vols.

A *Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy*, illustrating their present political, social and religious condition, by Edmund Spencer, Esq., was

work on Turkey, Circassia, &c., was so well received.

Lives of the Brothers William and Alexander Humboldt. Translated from the German of Klencke & Schleiser. A work of interest, though evidently defective, and not well written.

Pictures from Sicily, by W. H. Bartlett, the celebrated artist-traveller.

A Sixth Edition of Dr. Hook's well-known Church Dictionary.

A translation of Prosper Merimee's *Demetrius, the Impostor, or Romantic Episodes in Russian History*.

A supplementary volume of the *Life and Letters of Niebuhr*. The volume consists of four parts—the Chevalier Bunsen's account of his master's political views; a series of extracts from Niebuhr's letters from Holland in 1808-9, addressed to his father, Dora Hensler, and others; a collection of political fragments; and miscellaneous selections, chiefly historical and antiquarian, from the body of his minor writings. The first part is entirely new, and in some respects it is the most interesting portion of the volume.

*Sepulchral Antiquities of Livonia*, by Bähr. The occurrence of a spring-flood of unusual height in the River Dwina, which passes near the village of Ascherade, in Livonia, in the year 1837, by washing away the incumbent soil, disclosed the sepulchres of some of the ancient inhabitants of Livonia—the implements, arms, and ornaments which they contained belonged to a race essentially different from the three great families which have furnished the chief population of Europe—the Celt, the Teuton, and the Slave. The work of Bähr contains the first detailed account of this discovery which has appeared. The burial place which contained these graves had an area of 1000 paces by 400, divided into squares by double rows of stones, about the size of common paving stones. The skeletons were contained neither in stone nor wooden coffins, but laid on the naked earth, about a foot and a half or two feet below the stones. Among the contents of these graves, the helmets or headpieces are most remarkable for their form. They are composed of strips of bronze, fastened on a cap, and ranged in six rows, growing gradually smaller towards the top, and surmounted by a couple of bells. Torcs are frequent, of the form familiar to us in the ancient sepulchres of northern and western Europe; others have cylinders of twisted wire strung upon them, or small metallic plates, jingling against each other. Beads of colored glass, clay, and amber, are common in the graves, even those of males. Some of the glass beads indicate great skill in their fabrication, and therefore were probably imported from countries in a higher state of civilization than Livonia ever enjoyed.

A narrative of a visit to Lew Chew and the Lew-chewans, in October, 1850, by George Smith, D.D., Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, presents the most recent information on the condition of the country, about which much interest was first raised by the journal of the voyage of Captain Basil Hall. Dr. Smith devotes a large part of his narrative to a statement of the laudable efforts made, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, to introduce Christian knowledge and civilization into these islands.

*History and Mystery of the Three; or, the Triple System from the ancient Egyptians to the Britons, including the birth of the new sun, or year*, by J. Bates.

*Statistics and Facts in reference to the Lord's Day*, by J. T. Bailee.

A new and uniform edition of the *Congregational Lectures*.

*The Works of Bishop Cosin*, now first collected, 4 vols.

The second volume of *Dickens's Child's History of England*.

*Tuscalana, or Notes and Reflections*, written during vacation, by A. Edgar, Esq., barrister.

*The Silent Revolution, or the future effects of Steam and Electricity on the condition of mankind*, by M. A. Garney.

*A Methodization of the Hebrew Verba*, by Rev. T. D. Gregg.

*Guizot's History of Representative Government*, translated.

A new edition of Prof. Hind's profound work on *Comets*.

*An Astronomical Vocabulary*, also by Prof. J. R. Hind.

*Political and Military Events in British India from 1756 to 1849*, by W. Hough, Esq.

*Manco, the Peruvian Chief, or an Englishman's Adventures in the Country of the Incas*, by W. H. G. Kingston, 2 vols.

*Burmah and the Burmese*, by H. R. H. Mackenzie.

*Müller's Christian Doctrine of Sin*, translated by Wm. Pulsford.

*Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian*, 3 vols.

*Study of the English Prose Writers, from the Fourteenth Century to Queen Anne*, by A. Spiera.

Mrs. Marsh's new tale, *Castle Avon*; Mr. Collins's tale of *Basil*; Miss Sinclair's *Beatrice*, are among the principal new works of fiction.

The announcements for the coming year are equally attractive with the foregoing. Mr. Bentley announces the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, on which the late Lord Holland was understood to be so long engaged. The work, however, is now to be edited by Lord John Russell. A history of the Administration of the East India Company, by Mr. Kaye, author of the *History of the War in Afghanistan*; a *History of the Colonial Policy of the British Empire from 1847 to 1851*, by the present Earl Grey; the fifth and concluding volume of the *Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, including some new letters now first published from the original MSS., under the editorship, as before, of Lord Mahon; two volumes of *Letters of the Post Gray*, so often announced by Mr. Bentley, are to come out at last during the present season. They will be edited by the Rev. J. Mitford, author of the *Life of Gray*.

Murray announces the *Lowe Papers*, left in a mass of confusion at the death of Sir Harris Nicholas,



presenting the St. Helena Life of Napoleon in its true light. The Castlereagh Papers will include matter of moment connected with the Congress of Vienna, the Battle of Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris. The same publisher announces the Speeches of the Duke of Wellington, also a work by Mr. George Campbell, called India as it may be, and another by Capt. Elphinstone Erskine about the Western Pacific and Feejee Islands.

The Messrs. Longman announce a Private Life of Daniel Webster, by his late Private Secretary, Mr. Charles Lanman, and a new work by Signor Mariotti, An Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times.

Mr. Bohn will have ready in a few days Yale-Tide Legends, a collection of Scandinavian Tales and Traditions, edited by R. Thorpe, Esq.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, whose names now take the place of Mr. Colburn's, as his successors, are about to publish Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third, to be compiled from original family documents by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century is the title of a Course of Lectures by the Earl of Belfast. The delivery of popular lectures by men of distinguished position in social or political life is a new and notable feature of the present time. The Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Oxfords, Lord Ebrington, are among the titled lecturers who have thus contributed to the instruction and entertainment of the people. In Ireland the example has been followed by the Earl of Belfast, who delivered, during the month of March in the present year, a course of lectures on the poets of the nineteenth century, for the benefit of the Library Fund of the Working Classes Association.

#### AMERICAN WORKS.

Dr. Hamilton's erudite work, originally published by Mr. Dodd, of New York, under the title of "The Friend of Moses," has been republished in Edinburgh. The *Athenæum* says of it: "Dr. Hamilton for the most part defends the literal and commonly received interpretation of the Mosaic narrative, and this he does with a full knowledge of all the most recent objections, whether derived from science, from critical research, or from alleged ancient oriental archives. The researches and arguments of the most recent writers of all classes and countries, both believers and skeptics,—as Bunsen, Lepsius, Strassens, Agassiz, Prichard, are ably examined in this volume. Whatever amount of assent may be given to particular statements and positions of the author, every reader will acknowledge the ability and fairness of his arguments, the extent of his research, and the clear and comprehensive view given of all the subjects under controversy."

Fox's Works, with a notice of his life and genius, by James Hanna, Esq., with twenty illustrations, have been republished. The illustrations are styled by the *Literary Gazette* as "gracefully fantastic."

Dr. Samuel Davidson's learned and elaborate treatise on Biblical criticism, the most complete and erudite work on the Higher Criticism of the Scriptures in the English language, has been reprinted in two elegant volumes, by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston.

The work and the manner do great credit to this enterprising house.

Miss McIntosh's beautiful and touching tale, *The Lofty and the Lowly*, has been reprinted by Mr. Bentley, under the title of *Good in All and None All Good*. It was here published by Appleton & Co.

Guisot's admirable Critiques upon Corneille and Shakespeare have been reprinted in two neat volumes by Harper & Brothers.

The third volume of Lamartine's *History of the Restoration in France*, has also been issued by the Harpers.

The fourth and concluding volume of Chambers's *Life and Writings of Burns*, has been issued by the Harpers.

Mr. Redfield has published during the month, Dr. O'Meara's well known and most valuable work, *Napoleon in Exile*, in 2 vols. 12mo. Dr. O'Meara was Napoleon's surgeon, residing with him during most of the period of his incarceration. The memoranda of conversations with the great exile are full of interest, and give a better view of his character and mind than perhaps could be gained in any other way.

Mr. R. has also conferred a great favor upon the literary world by gathering from the volumes of Hansard's Debates, the speeches of Macaulay in the House of Commons, which he has published in two neat volumes. Macaulay's speeches have much of the extraordinary brilliancy, clearness and power of his written productions. As they were fully prepared beforehand, some of the maturest thoughts of this greatest of living rhetoricians are here to be found. Those who have read his essays will need no inducement to desire to peruse his speeches.

Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia, have issued a second edition of Sir John Herschell's celebrated *Outlines of Astronomy*, a work of unsurpassed erudition and comprehensiveness.

#### IRISH.

"The *British Quarterly Review* is thus spoken of by the *Examiner*: "One of the best periodicals that ever has been devoted to the intellectual service of any one part of the religious public is this *British Quarterly Review*, the organ of dissenters from the discipline rather than from the general doctrines of the English church. It is distinguished by a wholesome liberality of thought, a large spirit of charity in the discussion of theological topics, and a pure spirit of religion spread incessantly and unobtrusively over the whole matter of its pages. It is immeasurably removed from the form of the old Methodist Magazines upon which Sydney Smith poured out the vials of his wit. It is as good and high minded as they were bad and low minded. Stronger praise we cannot easily express."

The gentleman who is to replace Mr. Empey in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, is Mr. George Cornwall Lewis,—long the Whig financial secretary at the Treasury; and on three occasions the unsuccessful candidate for election into the present Parliament. The *Athenæum* says Mr. Lewis is favorably known as an author,—is distinguished for his knowledge of political economy,—and though not himself a contributor to the higher classes of literature, is said to appreciate literature in all its branches with a hearty and discriminating relish.

In his hands, therefore, the *Edinburgh* may probably again become more a representation of general literature than it was under Mr. Empeon's management.

The speeches in Parliament of the late Duke of Wellington are, we are informed, about to be collected and published uniformly with the far-famed Wellington Despatches. The collection was commenced by the late Colonel Gurwood, continued by the Colonel's widow, and actually corrected in many places by the Duke himself.

Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's home, is to be opened to the public. It contains some fine works of Art—a first-rate Correggio—good examples of Velasquez, and throughout seems to represent the peculiar likings of the hero. Napoleon is very prominent, and always honorably so.

Mr. James Francis Stephens, F.L.S., late President of the Entomological Society, died on the 22nd of December, at his house in Kennington, after eight or ten days' illness, of inflammation of the lungs.

German papers announce that Herr Humboldt has completed a fourth volume of his *Cosmos*; and the manuscript being in the printer's hand, it is expected that it will shortly make its appearance.

Alexander Dumas has commenced publishing in the *feuilleton* form, in one of the Paris daily newspapers, a new work, called *Isaac Laquedern*. In a sort of introduction he tells the public that it is to occupy eighteen volumes, and that it is to be the result of twenty years' reading and reflection, and of innumerable journeyings—in fact, the grand work of his life,—that on which he will base his claim to fame. In this introduction Alexander makes known that from the commencement of his literary career up to the present time he has produced not fewer than seven hundred volumes and fifty plays.

The copyright of the complete works of Victor Hugo, together with the stock and engravings on hand, have just been sold in Paris for 82,000 francs, 3,280*l.*, by the company which purchased them several years ago. The new proprietors intend to publish the works in parts, at four *sous* each. This form of publication has already been adopted with immense success for the works of George Sand, Balzac, Sue, and other popular writers; also for translations of Scott, Byron, Cooper, and Dickens.

The Official German Newspaper Catalogue for 1853 contains the titles of 892 newspapers and periodicals of an unpolitical character, while the political papers advertised for the year number 1378. 646 papers and periodicals have become extinct since 1850.

The Archbishop of Cologne has ordered a museum of religious antiquities, and especially of art, to be formed from the possessions of different churches in his diocese.

The Garden of Plants at Paris has just been enriched with a fine chimpanzee, aged four years. He is very docile, seems pleased at being visited, and

manifests a desire, not difficult to be gratified, to play with children.

Dr. Julian Schmidt, whose distinguished *critiques* on the works of Dickens we noticed some time ago, is publishing a History of Modern German Literature.

It was stated some time ago that the French Government had prohibited any of the Paris newspapers from publishing any work of Eugene Sue in its *feuilletons*. The prohibition has now been withdrawn, and the *Siècle* has commenced a new work by him, called 'Gilbert et Gilberte.' The popular author, however, is still kept in exile.

Sir Robert Peel has presented a portrait of John Knox to the library of Geneva, and it has been received by the disciples of Calvin with marked pleasure. It is copied from the portrait of the reformer at Holyrood.

The French translation of Mr. Macaulay's History of England has been published within the last few days at Paris, and has been, as was expected, eagerly read.

Lord Frankfort is in the House of Correction. He wears the prison apparel, and appears to feel his degradation most keenly. He will be exempted from the task of the tread-mill and oakum-picking.

A witness of the two late ceremonies in France and England says, that the proclamation of the empire was far less magnificent than the Duke's funeral and a great deal more melancholy.

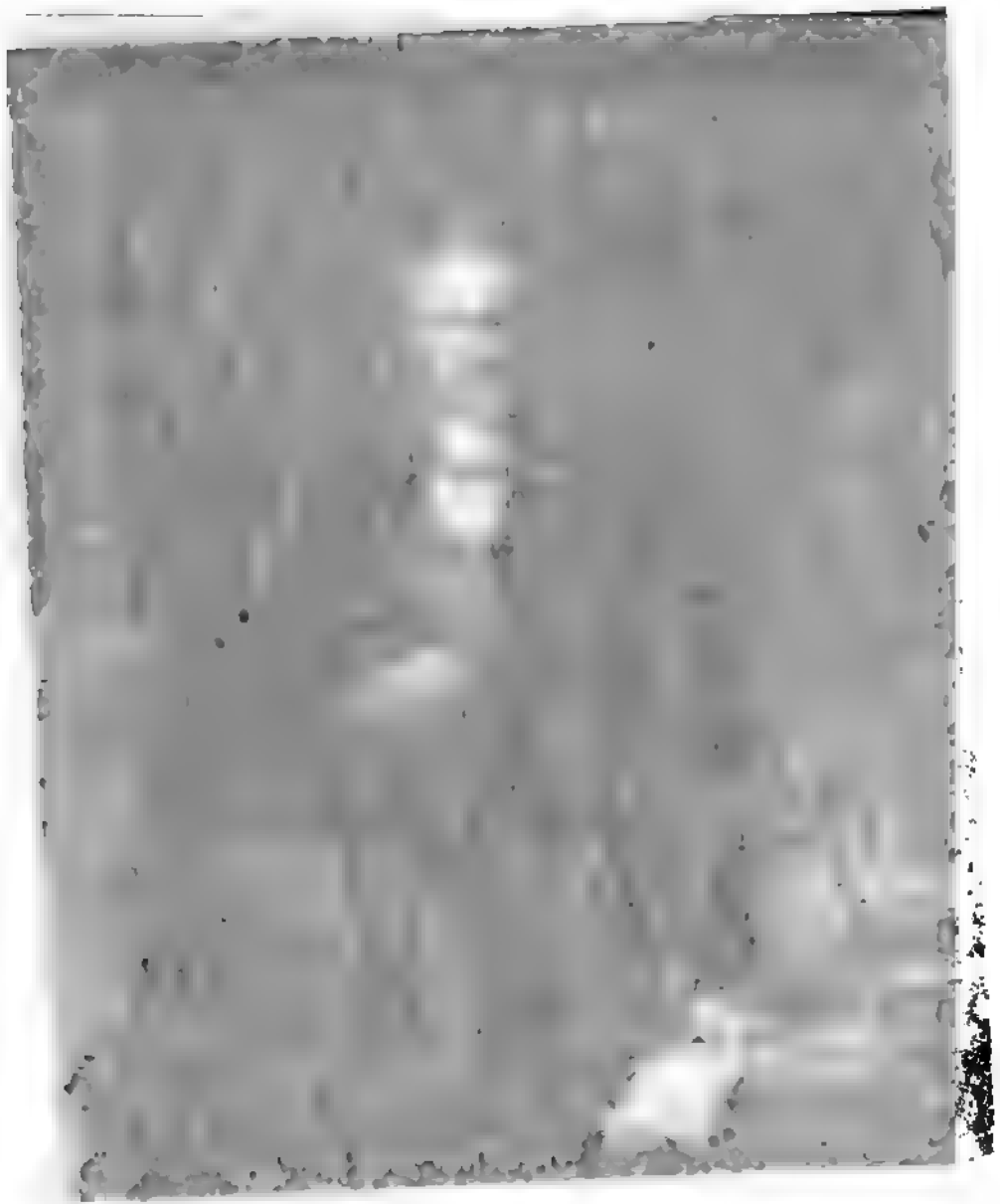
M. Michaud is engaged in publishing a new edition of his uncle's celebrated *Biographie Universelle*, which will contain the first series and supplement of that valuable work, with additions and corrections. It will be published in 52 vols. 8vo.; the tenth volume (Daab—Dhya) is published. The subscription price is 12fr. 50c. (\$2.50) per volume.

The son of Niebuhr, the historian, has published in Berlin a constitution for the Netherlands, drawn up by his father in 1844, at the request of King William I.

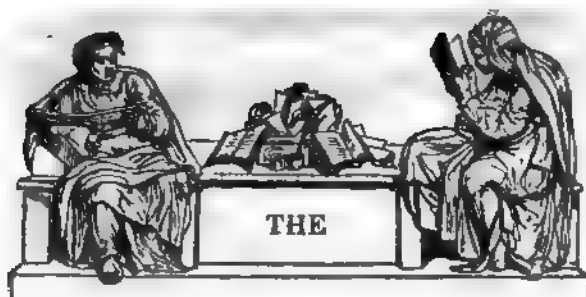
M. Thiers has gone to London to obtain from Lord Mahon, the executor of the Duke of Wellington, the permission to read the Duke's papers relating to the wars of Spain and Portugal.

PETER THE GREAT AND HIS MOTHER.—The engraving accompanying the present number graphically depicts a scene in the life of Peter the Great, whose life was saved by the daring and presence of mind of his mother. Pursued by the nobles and their followers, who had killed his father, the Czar, and all his brothers, the Empress kept the assassins at bay, by intimidations and importunities, until the arrival of a royal force which had started for the rescue. The event made a great impression upon the mind of the future Czar, and ministered to, if it did not create, that veneration for his mother which distinguished him in after life.









# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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## THE PRESS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

"Mr child, you have made a fortune," said the player in a Comedy; "it is time to have ancestors." Since Journals have become a power, we have created for them quite a genealogy. It appears too recent to date their origin during the middle ages, and whilst we are waiting for developments from Greece, it is to Rome that we would ascribe their nativity. One of these days, some learned man, surpassing his predecessors, will find in some inscriptions pretended traces of journals of Sparta and of Athens. Notwithstanding the authority of Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding the weightier authority of one of the most learned and ingenious men of our times, we cannot recognize journals in the *acta diurna* of ancient Rome. It is with as little foundation that we have ascribed their origin to Venice; this opinion is to be attributed solely to the etymology of the word *gazette* which is incontestably a Venetian word. At the time of the wars against the Turks, the Government of Venice, in order to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the cit-

izens, caused a *résumé* of the news, which had been received from the theatre of war, to be read on the public place, and a small piece of money, called *gazetta*, was given to attend the lecture, or to take communication of what had been read. For this reason, say the etymologists, the name of *gazette* was applied to single sheets containing the news, when they were printed and circulated amongst the public. Nothing appears more natural or more satisfactory, than a like conjecture; unfortunately, we do not find in Italy any trace of these printed sheets. As for the lectures made by order of Government on the public place of Venice, they probably took place in all the Italian republics, and certainly at Florence, as is proved by a collection of documents in manuscript, preserved in the library of that town.

These documents, no more than the *acta diurna*, have no resemblance to Journals. At all times and in all countries, it has been necessary for governments to communicate their laws and their acts to the public. In one place they were published at the sound of the drum and by the ministry of the public crier; in another, recourse was had to in-

\* The Press in England, its origin, its contents, and its establishment.

scriptions, sometimes engraved on stone, and sometimes on movable tablets. Since the invention of printing, this has been almost entirely superseded by placards affixed on the walls. The means have differed, the end has always been the same. Inscriptions, proclamations, public lectures are so many different channels employed by governments to communicate news to the public, which it is indispensable they should know. They are, if we choose to call them so, official publications: it is not what we understand by Journals.

The Journal is the offspring of the art of printing, it could not get along without it. Rapidity of publication, regular issues, the faculty of being multiplied indefinitely, the condensation of a crowd of matters in a narrow space, are all conditions, which form the very essence of a Journal, and which could not be reunited, when printing was unknown. It is therefore in modern times, and even at a very recent date, that we must place the origin of Journals. The English, at a very early day, claimed for their country the initiative in this kind of publication, but their pretensions were based on a literary fraud, of which no person is now any longer the dupe. There is preserved in the British Museum, amongst a collection of old Journals, which is the most complete in the world, three printed sheets, with the title of the English Mercury, bearing the numbers 50, 51 and 54, and the date of 1588. Reference is made in one of these sheets to the departure of the invincible Armada, and in another to an engagement between Sir Francis Drake and the Spanish fleet, and the capture of a vessel, the *Saint François*, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez. At the end of the last century, Chalmers met with these three sheets in the researches he made in the British Museum, and had no doubt of their authenticity. In the biography of a grammarian and Scotch journalist, published in 1794, the honor of the invention of newspapers is ascribed to England and the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the necessity of inventing a new mode to communicate information is attributed to the alarm which was created in that country by the Armada. On the authority of Chalmers, all the encyclopædias, dictionaries, and authors, that have had occasion to mention any thing about newspapers, for the last fifty years, have gone as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, to fix the appearance of the first periodical sheet. In 1839, a person in the employ of the British Museum, Mr. Thomas Watts, thought he would open

the precious volume which contained the English Mercury, and the first look convinced him, that the pretended Journal of 1588 was a forgery. The type was evidently of the last half of the eighteenth century, and the distinction between the u and the v and between the I and the J, which was altogether unknown to the printers of the sixteenth century, was every where carefully observed. Besides these material points, the examination of the text left no doubt whatsoever. The fabricated Journal gives to Sir Francis Vere the title of Knight many months before he received it from Elizabeth; it employs words which were not in use in the sixteenth century, and ascribes a victory to Drake on a day on which, on the contrary, the English Admiral ran a very great risk of being taken by the Spaniards. In a pamphlet which he afterwards published, Mr. Watts showed very clearly the fraud of which Chalmers had been the dupe, and subsequent researches have justified him in attributing to the second Lord Hardwicke the responsibility of this literary fraud.

The Journal dates its origin almost simultaneously in England, France and Holland, under the influence of the same causes. The religious controversy, so warm in the sixteenth century, found in printing at once an instrument and food to revivify it. Voluminous books, too long to write, too long even to read, gave place to short treatises, which it was easy to circulate. The treatises themselves were superseded by proclamations, manifestoes, and satires, printed on separate sheets and always on one side only, which were purchased at a low price, and stealthily circulated, or if necessary were placarded during the night. The parties, to influence the zeal or sustain the ardor of their adherents, caused an account of the advantages they had obtained to be printed and circulated. It was by means of circulars of this kind, hidden in the saddles of horses, or the lining of a traveller's cloak, that the Protestants of France informed their co-religionists of Germany of the victories they had achieved, and the latter, in their turn, used the same means. The usage soon became general to print on separate sheets, and to sell at low prices, accounts of the most remarkable events and of every fact calculated to excite the reader. This must necessarily have led them to narrate several events on the same sheet, or in the same form; and the day on which the industry of a man, encouraged by the increasing curiosity of the public, gave a uniform title to these separate sheets, established amongst

them an order of succession, and provided for their periodical return, must be assigned as the period when the *gazette* or the journal was created.

## I.

If it relate to a question of priority, the dates seem to be in favor of Holland and of England. At a very early period, even in the last years of the reign of Elizabeth and the first of James the First, we find in England a great number of isolated sheets and placards, intituled "News," and containing an account of events which occurred in England or on the Continent; in the latter case the title nearly always indicated, that the news offered to the public was translated from the original Holland language, and this precaution on the part of the English editors would be alone sufficient to decide the question of priority in favor of Holland. If we think of the intimate relations which then subsisted between England and Holland, and of the close alliance which united the two people since the Low Countries had risen against Philip the Second, we will not be surprised to find a Holland custom introduced into England. Beginning with 1619, a printer of the name of Nathaniel Newberry frequently published accounts from foreign countries under the uniform title of "News;" not being published at stated intervals, they could not be considered as gazettes. Three years later, they made this progress, for on the 23rd of May, 1622, Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer exposed to sale a sheet, intituled the "Weekly News." The complete title was, the Weekly News of Italy, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, &c.; it was more a summary than a title. The second number, that of the 30th May, and several of the following, contain the usual words, "translated from the original Holland," which proves, that they borrowed the idea from the neighboring country. The numbers seemed to be published regularly, but if the name of the printer did not change, that of the editors changed almost with every number. It was at one time Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer, at another Nathaniel Newberry and William Sheffard. It would appear, that several editors had an understanding together, to defray, each in his turn, the expenses of the publication. On the 25th September, 1622, there at length appeared the name of Nathaniel Butter. He was an old paper merchant, whose business had not been prosperous, and who, in order to obtain the means of living, had employed himself in publishing pamphlets and compiling news.

His first writings are as far back as the year 1611. He progressed so far as to become the author of news, which he wrote in handwriting, that is to say, he wrote news to gentlemen, for which he received payment; it was then quite a regular profession. Beginning with the 25th of September, the name of Butter appears regularly on the first line of each number of the "Weekly News," but it was always joined with the name of one of the booksellers of whom we have spoken. It is probable that the booksellers defrayed the expense of the publication, and that Butter superintended it on their account. By a change, which would to-day appear very simple, but which was then a revolution, Butter caused to be printed that which up to then he had confined himself to writing; he placed within the reach of every one that which he had addressed to a small number of persons. It is to be observed, that commencing with the day on which Butter's name appeared on the Weekly News, the words "translated from the Holland" disappeared from the title, which establishes the originality of the publication, and each copy, which appeared weekly, bore, besides its date, the number of the paper, which places beyond a doubt the regularity of the issue.

The Weekly News was therefore a true Journal in the sense in which we use the word at the present day. This first-born of the English Press was far from having the formidable dimensions of our present newspapers. A single number of the Times or the Chronicle contains more matter than the Weekly News gave in a year. It was a little sheet in quarto, printed on very coarse paper, which contained in a column one after the other, and without any connection the most important or singular events which happened on the Continent; a victory of the Earl of Mansfield in Germany, a sacrilege at Boulogne, an assassination or a case of poisoning at Venice, or a great fire at Paris. They never made the slightest allusion to what was occurring in England, and the events of the Continent are the objects of simple remark, without any commentaries. In this respect, the Weekly News did not differ from the isolated sheets which had preceded it, but from the interest which was attached to news from abroad, it was even then a great novelty. One century before, that which we term exterior politics was the business of Kings only and of their Ministers; the people were entirely ignorant of them and no one cared in France as to what was occurring in England or Spain. Religious warfare put an end to

this mutual indifference; there was afterwards, apart from the rivalry of sovereigns, a common interest between nations. The quarrel, which was being decided by a resort to arms in Holland and in Germany, was one between all the Protestants and all the Catholics—each battle, each taking of a town, threw one half of Europe into gladness and the other half into sorrow. News, even from the most distant countries, became then, for all classes, an object of ardent curiosity; the rapid and regular propagation of these news became a public want, particularly in a country like England, placed at the extremity of Europe, and isolated by the sea from the Continent. It is not therefore surprising, that the period of the “Thirty Years’ War” was also that of the origin of Journals.

It was in 1631 that the first French Journal appeared, the *Gazette of Theophrastus Renaudot*. We know what tradition generally says respecting the origin of the *Gazette*. Whether Renaudot commenced or not to write news by hand-writing, he was the first in France who conceived the idea of superseding writing by printing. Richelieu, of whom Renaudot asked permission to publish and sell his news, hastened to grant it to him; he even gave him the privilege of printing the *Gazette*, which secured Renaudot against all competition, but which also placed his Journal under the direct dependence of Government. The first number of the *Gazette* appeared on the 1st of April, 1631, and this *résumé*, afterwards conducted by Renaudot *fils*, was continued up to the Revolution. The success of the *Gazette* was immense. The official character of the publication, the exactitude and variety of its contents, all contributed to ensure its success. Paris and the provinces seized hold of the *Gazette*, and there was no person of any consequence outside of France who could do without it. King Louis XIII. was one of the assiduous readers of the *Gazette*, and it was even said that he occasionally contributed to it. Unfortunately, this publication, which owed much of the credit it acquired during several years to the protection of Richelieu and the editorship of a man of talent, was the only one in France. France, with which no nation can dispute the honor of having created *literary reviews*, did not produce any political journal before the Revolution. It was an initiative which was to belong to two free countries, Holland and England. Let us return to Nathaniel Butter.

Poor Butter had no King amongst his readers, no Minister amongst his subscribers;

it was with difficulty he daily collected sufficient news to fill his little square sheet of paper. He published them without any remarks, fearful lest a commentary might be considered as a crime, which might draw down on him the thunder of the Star Chamber. The only journal was then carried on by correspondence. In England, as on the Continent, great men had their correspondents, and this usage had also introduced these circular letters and news by handwriting. Butter had lived by these means for a long time. The nobles of the counties, who seldom came to court, had scarcely any other means of obtaining information than by these circular-letters, and public establishments and *cafés*, which began to be established, took care to receive them in order to gratify the curiosity of their customers. It required a long interval for the printed sheet to supersede entirely the manuscript *gazette* of the newsmongers. The reasons were very simple. The editors whom Butter employed had difficulty in procuring information, and whoever was at all intimate with the great people was better informed than they were. The *Weekly News* seldom ventured to speak of internal affairs; the newsmongers made them the principal subject of their letters, and they not only related facts, but they gave their opinion on them, and published criticisms, which they would not dare to print. The “*News Letters*,” as they were called, were therefore much more interesting than the printed Journal, and for half a century, they were considered more important, and had a much larger circulation.

The Journal did its best to keep up the competition, but the public mind could not conceive the idea, that a business might be made of news; a printed *Gazette* was such a surprising novelty, and made so much noise, that Ben Jonson who again wrote for the theatre after a long silence, believed he found in it an excellent subject for a comedy. He caused the “*Staple of News*” to be played in 1625, in which he ridiculed Butter and his enterprise. Butter was called in it Master Cymbal, but his true name, which bore its real signification in English, was mentioned every moment in the piece by way of sarcasm. Ben Jonson gave him for regular co-laborers four news-runners or emissaries, who were instructed to gather every thing that was said at Court, in the cloister of St. Paul’s, in the *rendez-vous* of the gay circles of London, on the Exchange, and at Westminster, where the Courts sat. Ben Jonson



added to these four newsmongers, a bad poet, a doctor of medicine, and as an irregular editor, Lick-Fingers, a kitchen poet, who devoted his leisure hours to making devices and other verses used by confectioners. The personal administration consisted of Master Cymbal, of a secretary, who enregistered the news as it arrived, of two clerks and a crowd of followers, who observed great etiquette. A comely country woman presents herself at the office of Master Cymbal, and asks for two farthings worth of news, in order to make it a present to her Curate; she is requested to wait a few minutes, for if she is served too readily, the public might believe, they fabricated news instead of gathering them.

Ben Jonson was not the only poet who turned Butter's enterprise into ridicule. Shirley, in his "Stratagems of Love," performed in 1625, also represents the great novelty of the day on the stage, and does not give a very flattering portrait of the newsmongers. "Those men there," says Shirley, "with one hour before them, will describe to you a battle, in whatever corner of Europe it may be, and yet they have never put their foot outside of the tavern. They will portray to you the towers, fortifications, generals and forces of the enemy; they will tell you their allies, their movements of each day. A soldier cannot lose a hair of his head, cannot receive a poor ball, without having a page for his reward in quarto form. Nothing stops those men there but the defect of memory, and if they have no contradiction they do not care." We might push the citation a little further, for this scene of Shirley's is the first and most complete edition of all the satires which can be made of journalism, and to look at the bottom of things, certain cotemporaneous declamations are not less than two hundred and twenty-five years old.

It appears that the Weekly News, having taken well at first, afterwards met with indifferent success. The correspondence from France, Germany and Italy, and the few words it contained of religious affairs from without, did not sufficiently excite the curiosity of the public. Butter complained besides of being subject to a censorship, which cut down his foreign news in its most essential parts, and deprived it of all interest. The publication at times met with interruptions; it occasionally took the name of *Mercurius Britannicus*, to try and gain a little of the popularity of the *Mercuries* of the Continent, but the public remained always indifferent

towards it. We lose all trace of it after the month of January, 1640; it appears therefore that Butter was either dead or had abandoned the undertaking at the very moment when political events were going to open a wide career to journalism.

It was, in fact, at this period, that the Star Chamber gave up the contest which it had been waging for some time against the pamphleteers. The religious and political fanaticism of the Puritans triumphed over the rigors of this exceptional tribunal, which had vainly employed against the writers the most cruel punishments, the most barbarous mutilations, the prison, exile and confiscations. The memorable trials of Prynne, of Wharton, of Lilburn, capped the climax of popular irritation. In the commencement of the year 1641 Charles the First abolished the Star Chamber. As early as the 3d of November of the same year, parliament permitted the regular publication of its proceedings under the title of "Diurnal Occurrences in Parliament." This publication was continued without interruption until the restoration of the Stuarts. The abolition of the Star Chamber was equivalent to a proclamation in favor of the liberty of the press, and thousands of pamphlets were immediately published either for or against royalty, or for or against the Anglican Church. Some journals also made their appearance, and launching forth into the domain of politics, published the Parliamentary Debates; they afterwards became sufficiently encouraged to publish the internal news and discuss the affairs of the country. It was not that they acknowledged their right to do so, for the Parliament was not more tolerant towards them than the Court had been; it wished to limit to printers of its own selection the right to publish its debates; it wished to subject the editors to the formalities of enregistration and a preventive censorship; in 1647, at the request of Fairfax, who wished to limit to two or three the number of journals which were authorized to appear, we see Parliament again augmenting the powers of the censorship and multiplying the penalties. It was the efforts of Parliament to exercise in its own name and for its own profit, the authority of which it had deprived the Star Chamber, which gave rise to those celebrated pamphlets of Milton in favor of the liberty of the press; but journals found in the necessities of the times a better advocate even than Milton. Parliament and Royalty were at open war, and on both sides, assistance was sought for in public opinion. It was soon

perceived that journals were superior instruments to pamphlets, and war was carried on by the pen as well as by the sword. During the nineteen years which succeeded 1641 to the Restoration of the Stuarts, nearly two hundred journals were established, but failed. Of this number, twenty of them bore the name of *Mercury*, which appeared to be as popular in England as that of the *Gazette* in France or the *Courier* in Holland. All these sheets were in quarto, and appeared but once a week; most of them on Wednesday, some of them on Saturday; they were, to speak truly, weekly diatribes, short pamphlets rather than journals.

Some writers, notwithstanding, attained by these means celebrity and even fortune. On the side of Parliament, the most famous journalist was, without contradiction, Marchamont Nedham, whose history deserves to be related. Nedham was not, like poor Nathaniel Butter, an unfortunate news monger who lived from hand to mouth; he was a real gentleman who had completed his studies at Oxford, and had taken his degrees; he was of a humane disposition, and had learned physic and medicine; he was curious in works of science, wrote very agreeable verses, and had a quick and caustic mind. On leaving Oxford he came to London, and at twenty-three years of age occupied a rather lucrative place, to which he soon added the profits of his medical practice, when he established in 1643 the *British Mercury*, which was the most bitter advocate of the Court and the oracle of the Parliamentary party. "All that Nedham said or wrote," said one of his political adversaries, "was regarded like the words of the Evangelist." In 1647 this same Nedham fell into the hands of the Royalists, and was brought to Hampton Court in the presence of Charles the First, who pardoned him. Nedham then established and conducted, for eighteen months, the "*Pragmatic Mercury*," in which he waged war against the Presbyterians, and defended the Royalist cause with nerve and energy. Arrested by the Roundheads and imprisoned in Newgate, Nedham was saved by Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice, both of them "Independents," who regarded with suspicion the Presbyterian party, and were very glad to have a good pen at their service. It was then that Nedham established, *for his third opinion*, his third journal, the "*Political Mercury*," which he edited for ten years with all the patronage of Cromwell, and which he made the

most widely circulated and influential journal in England. At the restoration of the Stuarts Nedham had again the talent to withdraw from business, but this time he renounced journalism and contented himself with the profession of medicine, which he followed with much success and profit until his death, which happened in 1678. Along with Nedham's *Political Mercury*, mention must be made of a satirical and burlesque journal, written in prose and verse, the *Rustic Mercury*, edited by George Withers, a graduate of Oxford, who had abandoned the bar to become a journalist and a soldier.

On the side of the Royalists the most distinguished writer was John Birkenhead, ancient Secretary of Archbishop Landfellow, and professor at Oxford. He was a courtier of elegant manners, brilliant in conversation and wit, who turned the Parliamentarians into the greatest ridicule. He was assisted in the editorship of the *Court Mercury* (*Mercurius Aulicus*) by another man who belonged to the church, Peter Haylin, a passionate writer, who had the talent of invective. After the Restoration, Birkenhead was made a Knight, became a Member of the House of Commons, Member of the Royal Society of London, Dignitary of the University of Oxford, and Master of Requests. This last place alone gave him three thousand pounds sterling a year. Peter Haylin became Sub-Dean of Westminster, and proved himself to be a preacher of merit. These details, which it would be easy to multiply, show sufficiently what progress journalism had made, and what importance it had acquired. There is no doubt the pamphlet was yet in vogue, but little interest was attached to it. There was a continual polemical controversy between the journals of the Court and of Parliament; each party was attacked in its turn, and each defended itself; there was some praise, but a great deal of abuse. The journal was no longer an object of commerce—it became a political instrument, and from the hands of editors it came, as we may have seen, into the possession of eminent writers, who were nearly all men of learning and merit, belonging to the Church or the Bar. Further progress was made in the mode of publication of journals, under Cromwell, who suppressed the Royalist sheets and was very badly treated by those of the republican party; the establishment of the mail service obliged the journals to appear with punctuality, in order that they might be regularly served each week in the provinces.

The restoration of the Stuarts, which apparently aimed a severe blow at the journals, which singularly diminished the number, restrained their liberty and even persecuted them, assured in reality the existence of the English press, by giving to some sheets an official authority and a lucrative publicity. One of the first acts of the new Government was to interdict the publication of the Parliamentary Debates. An order of the Privy Council deprived Nedham of the control of the "Political Mercury," which he had conducted during ten years, changed this journal into the *Public Mercury and Newspaper of Parliament*, and authorized two writers, Henry Muddiman and Giles Dury, to cause it to be published under this title. We soon see what right the royal authority arrogated to itself over the journals. In 1663 Muddiman and Dury made way for Sir Roger L'Estrange, son of a large proprietor in the Earldom of Norfolk, a learned man, a poet and a soldier. L'Estrange had led a most adventurous existence. He had fought valiantly for the Royal cause; taken and condemned to death by the Parliamentarians, he owed life and liberty to his singular good luck; one of the last to lay down arms, he was one of the first to be pardoned by Cromwell, and he presented the singular spectacle of an ancient cavalier being courteously received by the Protector. L'Estrange then quit the sword for the pen and became a journalist; he had a taste for this kind of work, and continued it under the Restoration. Having become proprietor of Nedham's old journal, L'Estrange again changed the title and caused it to appear twice a week under two different names; on Monday it was the "Public Intelligencer," on Thursday it was the "News." This lasted for eighteen months or two years, and in 1665, L'Estrange, at the request of the Court, abandoned the publication of his journal. Charles the Second wished to have a similar journal in England to the "Gazette of France," and on the 7th November, 1666, there appeared first at Oxford, and afterwards at London, the *Gazette of London*, which was published twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, on half a sheet in folio. The *Gazette of London* was an official sheet, placed under the special direction of an under Secretary of State, and conducted by writers of his selection. It has been continued without interruption to the present day, and its columns are yet the channel for all official publications. Roger L'Estrange was indemnified for his loss by the office of Censor, and devoted

his time to translating the historian Josephus, as well as a part of Seneca and Cicero.

Notwithstanding the patronage which was granted by the Court to L'Estrange's Journal, and the publication of the *Gazette of London*, there still existed a certain number of independent newspapers, and if they were not permitted to publish the Parliamentary debates, they continued to discuss politics. Thus we see in 1679, the same L'Estrange, Censor though he was, resume the pen and publish the *Observer* to defend the Court, which was accused of inclining towards Catholicism; but the number of journals was continually diminishing, and their existence became altogether precarious.

There is some exaggeration in this *tableau* of the eloquent historian; according to its letter, it would appear that, dating from the last years of Charles the Second, there was no other journal in England than the *Gazette of London*. Whereas, the *Observer* established by L'Estrange in 1679 continued to exist up to 1687, and in 1682, the *Loyal Protestant Intelligencer* was still published. It is nevertheless true, that if James the Second had triumphed, all liberty of the press, and consequently all journalism, would have ceased to exist in England. According to Mr. Macaulay's expression, the revolution of 1688 placed the government under the control of the press. Not only did the journals increase in number, but they became more independent, on account of the liberty, which a weak government was obliged to concede to them, and the rivalry of two great parties, which not being always able to combat with arms in their hands, fought by means of publicity and the pen. James the Second had no sooner placed his foot on the soil of France, than both parties seemed more impatient than ever to get hold of the journals. The new government was not the last to recur to this means of defence, as the immediate publication of the "Orange Intelligencer" would prove, whose name is enough without any other commentary. From 1688 to 1692, twenty-six new sheets made their appearance, whilst in the twenty-six years of the Restoration, from 1661 to 1688, only seventy were issued, which were nearly all discontinued a short time after their first publication. The law which required a previous authority for the publication of journals still existed, without William the Third daring to make use of the power which it gave him. This law expired in 1692; it was continued for a year, but the following year the Tories, the Jacobites, and even a few of the



disaffected in the ministerial party, coalesced against it and prevented it from being re-enacted. All the journals established since the revolution then had a legal existence, yet the extreme liberty which they enjoyed was rather an act of toleration than a right. Parliament even arrogated to itself the right of censorship over them, which royalty had lost; they were interdicted from publishing the debates of the two houses, and this prohibition was extended in express terms to the authors of political correspondence. A Jacobite writer of the name of Dyer was brought to the bar of the Commons, and reprimanded for having, in one of his letters, related what occurred at one of the sittings of the House, and named the speakers who had spoken. This fact proves the pretensions of Parliament, and also the continuation of political correspondence seventy-five years after the appearance of the first journal. This industry was still exercised under the following reign, for a newspaper of the day, the *Evening Post*, expresses its astonishment that many persons in the provinces should consent to pay three or four pounds a year to receive a correspondence, when a good journal would cost them much less. Many newspapers, in order to compete with the news furnished by hand-writing, made their appearance with two pages printed and two pages in blank, so that they might avail themselves of the journal in the shape of a sheet of letter paper, to send their friends the news of the day each time that they wrote to them. These journals were sold at two pence a piece.

The publication of real journals, devoted in part to the diffusion of intelligence, and in part to the discussion of political matters, may, finally, be ascribed to the reign of Queen Anne, the period at which these journals had a large circulation, and became the accredited organs of different opinions. It is Hallam who thus expresses himself in his "Constitutional History of England:" "The reign of Anne was in fact a very favorable period for the development of journalism. The war of the Spanish Succession, which had nearly the whole of Europe for its theatre, occupied every mind, because a counter revolution in England might have arisen out of it; public curiosity was therefore unceasingly awakened. Two strongly organized parties, the Whigs and the Tories, were formed, and disputed bitterly for power. The controversy was carried on not only in Court and in Parliament, but before public opinion, to which both parties appealed.

The journals were naturally called upon to devote an equal space to news and political discussions. The intellectual activity, which made this period the golden age of English literature, was not without its influence on the development and transformation of journalism."

Addison has made several allusions to the avidity of his cotemporaries for news, and to the "comfort which this general curiosity procured for half a dozen men of learning, who lived by it." The western wind, which prevented the mail from arriving from the Continent, was considered a public calamity, and plunged the Court and the town into the deepest *ennui*. The provinces were perhaps more anxious to procure the journals than the citizens of London, who at least had the *cafés* for a place of resort, where the newsmongers by profession repeated and heard the rumors of the day. Thus in Exeter, Salisbury, and several other large towns, the first provincial journals were at this period established, the publication of which would be sufficient of itself to prove the place which journalism then held amongst the wants of the people. As for London, there were then published there eighteen political newspapers, that is to say, seven more than in 1852. All these journals appeared at least twice a week, on the days on which the mail left, and the year 1709 was inaugurated by the establishment of the *Daily Courant*, the first daily newspaper published in Europe.

We ought not to pass over in silence a characteristic trait of the period, and which proves better than anything else the importance which journals had acquired; it is the intervention of great personages in the controversies of the press, and the number of eminent writers who made the editorship of journals their habitual occupation. We see Lord Bolingbroke, the chief of a party, who ought to have been Prime Minister, attack the government by a letter written in the *Examiner*, and refuted in the *Tatler* by the Lord Chancellor himself, Lord Cowper. This same Bolingbroke, having left the ministry, resumed the pen, wrote several polemical articles in the *Craftsman*, which he signed "An Occasional Writer;" and published a series of articles in the same journal, entitled, "*Letters on the History of England by Humphrey Oldcastle*," which were much commented upon, and were afterwards published in volumes. Swift, Steele, and Addison wrote either for or against Bolingbroke. These names recall a kind of journals



which had but a momentary existence, but which have remained celebrated; journals more literary in their character than political—where morals, philosophy, portraits of society, held as much if not more space than polemics, and of which the *Spectator* has remained the model. It was the good fortune of this period to produce journals which have been handed down to posterity, and which are yet read as books.

The first in date of these journals, and one of those which is more frequently cited, is the *Tatler*, founded in 1709, and which had Swift, and Addison, and Steele for its editors; but Swift soon left it to join the *Examiner*, which he conducted in company with Bolingbroke, and made it an essentially political journal. He afterwards gave up the management of it to Oldisworth, and did not resume journalism until after a long interval, when he furnished the *Intelligencer*, in 1728, with the "*Letters of Draper*," which enjoyed for a long time a great reputation, until the "*Letters of Junius*" superseded them and caused them to be forgotten. Addison, in concert with Steele, published the *Tatler*, the *Spectator* and *Guardian*. He conducted alone the *Freeholder*, and a short time afterwards the "*Old Whig*;" all political sheets, which had for their sole object the defence of the Whig party, the chiefs of which were the personal friends of Addison. Steele, whose pen was always employed, edited successively the *Tatler*, the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and whilst he was writing in the latter journal, found time to conduct alone, or nearly alone, the *Englishman*, which he established in 1713, and which he afterwards replaced by the *Plebeian*, the last journal in which he wrote. Two writers, who were very inferior to the preceding, but who had some merit, Thomas Gordon, the translator of *Tacitus*, and Trenchard wrote, at the same time, the *Letters of Cato* in the *British Journal*, of which some were attributed to Bolingbroke. The sheets which we have just mentioned would not be considered to-day as journals, but at the time at which they appeared, they had a larger circulation and their influence was greater than any journal. Besides the articles, which have since been collected in volumes, they contained a certain quantity of news and a good number of advertisements. None of them had a long existence, because they had but one or two editors, and the necessity of giving one or two articles a week from moving in a small circle, soon put the most fertile writers out of breath; there was no author whose means

were not exhausted in two or three years at such a business. The daily sheets, which always had the first news, soon exclusively treated of politics, and the journals which had literary pretensions, decreased rather than increased in circulation; they appeared once a week with caricatures, or were issued monthly, under the name of *Magazines*. The "*Gentleman's Magazine*" dates from the reign of George the First.

The very great influence which the periodical press had acquired gave umbrage to power, and called down its rigors on the Journalists. The power then was no longer Royalty, it was the Parliament and the House of Commons, which had considered it a crime for the Stuarts to establish the Star Chamber and practise their persecution against the Press, refused in its turn to yield that control over publicity which it had itself imposed on Royalty. It converted itself into a veritable Star Chamber to avenge its own injuries. Every allusion to its parliamentary debates, every reflection on the speeches pronounced in that body, every disapprobation of measures voted by it, became crimes punished by fines, imprisonment and the pillory. In its violence it did not even respect the principle of parliamentary inviolability; in 1707, it expelled from its body one of its members, for a book, which it declared injurious to the Christian religion. We know that the life of Daniel de Foe, the celebrated author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was marked by a long contest with Parliament, and that it was spent in writing pamphlets, which he afterwards expiated in prison. With respect to Journals, there was hardly a session that we did not see some writer or printer brought to the bar of the Commons and sent to Newgate. Steele himself, although he was a member of Parliament, incurred the penalty of the sarcasms which he had thrown out against the majority, and notwithstanding the assistance of Walpole and the whole of the Whig party, who took up his cause and defended it, he was expelled in 1713 from the House for three articles he had written in the *Englishman*. This fact alone is sufficient to give an idea of the bitter feeling of the Commons against that new power, which exercised a complete *surveillance* over it, and disputed with its members the direction of public opinion.

Tired of its controversy with the writers, Parliament resolved to directly attack the existence of *Grub street*, as the Journals were termed collectively, though ironically. Every year, it deliberated on the means of

restraining the liberty of the Press and protecting the affairs of the State from its malignity. They first thought of reviving the law on the Censorship, but they feared to awaken odious recollections. They afterwards thought of requiring the signature of the writer at the foot of each article. "It is time," said the author of the proposition, "that writers should drop their anonymons mask and sign their name to their works, in order to bear the responsibility:" we see, that there is nothing new under the sun. This second measure was abandoned, as being profoundly ridiculous. In 1712, some members of the Committee on the Budget reported "that the most efficient means of suppressing these libels would be to impose a very heavy tax on all Journals and pamphlets." This proposition was received with acclamation. The House of Commons voted a stamp duty of one sou (a halfpenny) on each printed half-sheet, a penny on each whole sheet, and twelve pence on each advertisement, inserted in a Journal. These taxes exist (with certain modifications) to the present day, and under the reign of George the First, the law was altered, because certain Journals, which had purposely assumed an intermediate form between the half-sheet and the whole-sheet, pretended, that they did not come under the operation of the law, and maintained, that instead of being subject to the tax, they ought to be placed in the same category with pamphlets, which paid a fixed duty on each edition, independently of the number of copies they issued. The stamp tax and that on advertisements, to which was afterwards joined one on the paper, had at first all the effect which was anticipated. Many Journals were abandoned, several found relief in consolidating themselves with other publications, whilst others lost a great number of their subscribers from the augmentation of their prices, and perished after having languished for some time. The *Spectator* was of the number. In 1709, there were eighteen Journals in London; in 1733, there were only three daily Journals, ten published three times a week, and a few weekly papers.

## II.

It would be useless to go further and enter into details of the history of the periodical press in England. On the accession of the House of Hanover, the *real* Journal existed, such as we find it at the present day, bringing each morning regularly before the reader its tribute of political articles, home and

foreign intelligence, and advertisements of all kinds. The stamp completed the resemblance. The only serious difference was in the commercial organization of the press; journals had not yet become separate enterprises, independent of other speculations. Thus, in 1726, all the Journals which were published in London belonged to booksellers, with the exception of the *Craftsman*, which was established with Bolingbroke's money. It would be inexpedient to mention the ephemeral existence of some sheets, whose names even did not survive them. It will be sufficient to collect a few facts in the interesting, but unfortunately too confused book, which Mr. Knight Hunt, one of the editors of the London Daily News, has written on the History of the Liberty of the Press, and consequently the history of Journals in his country. With a little more order and method, with more soberness in the details, and a more judicious choice of facts, Mr. Knight Hunt's book would have rendered our labor unnecessary, but the author has very advisedly determined, and he takes care to tell us so, to reduce his task to that of merely collecting materials.

In 1746, Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, through whose editorship of a ministerial Journal, he had obtained the place of a Judge of Police, founded the "*Covent Garden Journal*," and introduced in it an innovation, which may be very naturally explained from the author's exercising the functions of a Magistrate and his taste as a romance writer for dramatic incidents. This journal published regularly an analysis of the proceedings before the criminal tribunals. The other Journals did the same, but they gave publicity to the proceedings of all the Courts of Justice, and even at the present day, the Judicial reports, which are daily published in the London Journals, contain more matter than our *Gazette des Tribunaux*. It was scarcely fifteen years afterwards, that the first articles relating to theatres made their appearance; for a long time, they restricted themselves to advertising and analyzing new pieces, without commentary, or without any appreciation of the merit of the writers or the performance of the actors; it was about 1780, that the Morning Post conceived the idea of publishing regularly articles containing criticisms on pieces performed at the theatres. *Junius' Letters* occupy too much place in the literary and political history of our neighbors not to be mentioned here. These famous letters, which excited the whole of England, appeared in the *Public Advertiser* from the

28th of April, 1767, to the 2d of November, 1771, and they increased by twelve per cent. the daily sale of that journal. It was besides necessary to take seventeen hundred and fifty impressions of the number which contained *Junius'* letter to King George the Second.

The Journals had yet a right to conquer, that of publishing the parliamentary debates. In our times, the members of deliberative assemblies seek publicity in every manner; there are even some who would, by legislative enactment, impose upon Journals the task of publishing the most trivial thought they utter. In the eighteenth century, the English Parliament maintained with extreme rigor the interdiction, which had been formerly pronounced by the Stuarts, out of political expediency. We see the House of Commons periodically renewing the declaration, "that it is an insult to the House and a violation of its privileges to dare to give in a journal, either in manuscript or in print, any account or detail of the debates or deliberations of the House or of its Committees, and that the guilty parties should be prosecuted with the greatest severity." It was at the period of the controversy of the greatly celebrated Wilkes against the Ministry and the majority of the House of Commons. Stormy debates took place within Parliament, and the agitation laid hold of the public mind. An enterprising editor, named Almon, hazarded the publication three times a week, in his Journal, the *London Evening Post*, of some details he received from a few members. During two sessions he was not molested, and his success encouraged other Journals to imitate his example. The House of Commons thought it was outraged, and in the session of 1771 it summoned the printers of the guilty Journals to its bar. They did not appear, and the House issued warrants for their apprehension. The Lord Mayor and Wilkes, who was an Alderman, caused them to be set at liberty, as having been illegally arrested, and in contempt of the privileges of the City of London. The House of Commons, after a most bitter debate, reprimanded the Lord Mayor, who was one of its members, and sent him to the Tower. A dissolution followed, which placed the Lord Mayor and the persecuted printers at liberty, before the legal question had been decided. The new House of Commons, whether it was animated by a different spirit, or whether it feared a check, did not renew the contest, and allowed an account of its proceedings to be published. It was there-

fore at the risk of incurring the expenses of a suit, that the English Journals exercised the liberty of publishing the parliamentary debates; they continue to do so, thanks to the toleration of the two Houses, but not by virtue of an acknowledged or incontestable right. The defence of the House of Commons subsists yet, but it is allowed to remain in abeyance; it is not to be feared that it will ever be revived. O'Connell once gave expression in the House of Commons to a severe denunciation against the writers for the Press; the London Journals unanimously abstained from printing his speeches, until he had publicly retracted his words. Such is the change which time effects in the ideas of men; little more than a century ago, the silence of the press was a privilege, it is to-day a punishment.

A century after the revolution, which had saved the English liberties from destruction, arose the Journal, which this day holds the first rank in the European press; it was in the month of January, 1788, that the *Times* was published, which has (in part) ever since remained the property of the family of its founder, J. Walter, the printer. The *Times* was not so much a new journal as the continuation of another publication, the *London Daily Universal Register*, which had appeared, for the first time, on the 13th January, 1785, and was changed at the expiration of three years. Notwithstanding its sixty-five years of existence, the *Times* is far from being the senior member of the English press. Without speaking of the *London Gazette*, which we put aside, the *Public Ledger*, which is scarcely any thing else than an advertising sheet, dates its origin from the year 1760, that is to say, more than thirty years further back than the *Times*. The *Morning Chronicle* then follows: it was founded in 1769, to defend the Whig party. When it began it had for its printer and director William Woodfall, brother of the fortunate editor of the *Public Advertiser*, in which *Junius' Letters* were appearing. The *Morning Post* dates from 1772, and the *Morning Herald* from the 1st of November, 1780. Of the morning papers which are at present published in London, the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Daily News* are alone more recent than the *Times*. This long existence of these English sheets is a proof that journalism in England became, at an early period, an advantageous enterprise. At the time the *Morning Chronicle* was established, the *Daily Advertiser*, founded in the first half of the century, had already made the fortunes of several proprietors, and



its shares were sold at auction at almost fabulous prices. The *Public Advertiser* of Henry Woodfall published nearly 3,000 copies a day, an enormous number for the time. The circulation of journals increased more rapidly than their number. In 1753 the journals sold 7,411,757 copies; in 1760 9,484,791; thirty years later, in 1790, 14,035,739; in 1791, 14,794,153; and lastly, in 1792, 15,005,760. The rapid increase of these three last years was nothing but the prelude to the development which these journals would acquire from the agitation which was caused by the French Revolution.

Mr. Knight Hunt has established a curious comparison between the first numbers of the *Times* and the *Orange Intelligencer*, founded a century before by the partisans of William III. The journal of 1688, published twice a week, on a little sheet in quarto, is greatly surpassed by the first daily journal, the *Daily Courant* of 1709, which is itself nothing but a pigmy alongside of the *Times* of 1788. The latter was nevertheless not as large as its cotemporaries of the *Herald* and the *Chronicle*, and was not half the size of what it is at present. The constant increase in the size of the journals, rather than their multiplication, shows how public curiosity became more excited, year after year, requiring a wider scope of subjects and more comprehensive in their character. It shows also, indirectly, the progress of the power of the press, of which this general curiosity is at once the origin and the support. It is not within themselves that journals find the source of their power, but it is from that universal want of information which they alone can satisfy. Render the nation indifferent to public affairs, and neither talent nor sacrifices of any kind could prevent journals from languishing. We must not, therefore, judge of the real power of journals either by their number or the liberty they enjoy. No where are they more numerous or more free than in the United States, perhaps no where have they less influence; on the contrary, we have seen in France, under the Restoration, two or three lilliputian sheets, always at war with the censorship, govern public opinion. The English press is the one which still maintains, in our own times, the most credit amongst the readers it addresses, yet none had to contend against greater difficulties or a longer persecution.

It is scarcely sixty years since the printer of a journal underwent, in London, the pun-

ishment of the pillory. Beginning with the American war, the prosecutions against the journals became almost of daily occurrence in England, and as soon as the counter-shock of the French Revolution began to be felt, they assumed such a character of bitterness that Sheridan, one of the chiefs of the Whig party, felt it to be his duty to found a *Society of the Friends of the Liberty of the Press*, to come to the aid of those journals whose existence was menaced. We could fill twenty pages with the simple narration of the judgments pronounced against the English journals in the sixty years which ensued between 1770 and 1830. It is the trials of the press which made the reputation and the political fortune of Erskine, of McIntosh, of Brougham, and the greatest part of the distinguished men of the English bar. We have not forgotten the bill, consisting of six enactments, which Lord Castlereagh caused Parliament to vote in 1817. This bill contained no less than six different laws against the press. In a few months it peopled the prisons with journalists; it compelled a celebrated radical writer, Cobbett, to take refuge in the United States, and it reduced the whole of the press to silence. It was suspended two years afterwards, and in truth Lord Castlereagh did not require this exceptional legislation, for the ordinary legislation, which subsists even to the present day without any modification, is quite sufficient to carry on war against public journals. In 1812 the two brothers Hunt were condemned to one year's imprisonment and a fine, which, with the costs, amounted to 50,000 francs, for having printed in the *Examiner* that the *Morning Post* had gone a little beyond the truth in calling the Prince of Wales, who was then nearly fifty years old, an *Adonis*. In 1820 Mr. Francis Burdett was condemned to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 50,000 francs, which, with the costs, amounted to nearly 80,000. A parliamentary document establishes, that from 1808 to 1821, the English Government instituted a hundred and one suits against the press, and caused ninety-four journalists to be punished, of whom twelve were condemned to transportation for seven years and the others to imprisonments, more or less long. It is not in 1821 that this martyrdom of the English press terminated; Mr. Knight Hunt prosecuted his researches up to the year 1833, during which several suffered imprisonment. It appears, that since this period Government has ordered no more suits to be brought against the press. The honor be-



longs to the men who have been placed at the head of affairs for the last fifteen years, and not to the legislation, which has not changed. Lord Palmerston said, last year, at Tiverton, "that in England every man might express his opinions freely, whatever they might be." To be sincere, the minister ought to have added, "as long as it pleases Government not to prosecute him." School-ed by a long persecution and under the yoke of a most rigorous legislation, the English press has learnt moderation and reserve; she observes much dignity and decorum in her remarks on domestic affairs, abstaining from all violent attacks against persons or institutions; to speak the truth, she gives no cause for prosecution against her. The intolerable abuse of judicial prosecutions against journals which had been carried on up to 1830, had the effect of gaining public opinion in favor of the press, which would be alarmed and irritated by a return to the violence of a Liverpool or a Castlereagh. Political considerations have thus required Government to shut its eyes to some occasional wanderings from the path of duty, at the same time that its tolerance was rendered agreeable by the habitual moderation of the press. If, therefore, for the last few years there have not been any suits brought against the press in England, it is more owing to the state of opinion and of the public morals of the country, than to any more liberal system of legislation that prevails elsewhere. It is not, as Lord Palmerston would make it appear, that England grants more liberty of opinion than other countries; it is that the restricted, though sufficient liberty, which is granted to them, is less abused there than elsewhere. The limits imposed by the morals and the habits of the people alone prevent them from seeing or opposing the limits imposed by the law. The moderation and the dignity which characterize the English press generally, arise less from the apprehension of a legislation in abeyance than from a just pride and an instinctive want to be free from the most unjust of prejudices. If the journal be influential and popular in England, it is not thus of the business of a journalist, to which a certain disfavor attaches itself. Whilst in France, we boast of the editorship of the most insignificant journal, in England, we see no person who is proud of it. We must look for the origin of this prejudice against journalists in the long persecutions which the press had to undergo in England. It was not only fines and imprisonment which were inflicted on writers for the press, it was the

most degrading and infamous punishments. During the whole duration of the eighteenth century we find journalists hung, branded, placed in the pillory, whipped in public places, imprisoned with criminals, &c. Serious writers, men of real merit, kept at a distance from such a dangerous business, and the press was for a long time given over to a class of adventurers whom danger did not frighten, and whom the ebullition of passion, the hope of gain, or a spirit of speculation, hurried onwards to defamation and scandal. Even as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, Addison complained in his *Freeholder* of the excesses of the press, and they went on increasing commensurately as the dispute became more bitter between parties. Persons of all opinions showed the same intolerance, the same forgetfulness of all reserve, and they found the journals, instead of being powerful instruments of propagandism, but a means of wounding and dishonoring their adversaries. It is not surprising, that by such a course, a certain discredit attached itself at last to the daily press, and the bitter satires of Addison and of Crabbe, of moralists and of poets, appeared to the public to be the most just and well-merited of judgments.

The blow was struck, and when, at the commencement of the present century, the Journals, having fallen into the hands of honorable and wealthy men, assumed another tone and another line of conduct, it was only by holding out extraordinary inducements that they could again command the services of men of talent, and even they, far from thinking they would consult their vanity by the editorship, tried as much as possible to conceal their connection with the Press. The greatest names in literature and at the bar went through this school almost unknown. Lord Brougham has the reputation of having continued to write for the Journals, after his political fortune had been made. Benjamin D'Israeli took part in the editorship of an ephemeral journal called the *Representative*. Lord Campbell, who fills at the present day one of the highest seats in the Magistracy, made his *début* by writing articles of theatrical criticism for the *Morning Chronicle*, and even occupied the post in 1810. Amongst men of letters, it is sufficient to name Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, and Dickens, the novelist, who commenced by reporting the debates of Parliament in short-hand writing, before he took his place amongst editors and writers.

Whilst men who were the most capable

to cause an unjust prejudice to vanish, dared not confront it, and concealed themselves as they were writing, another class of writers never hesitated to put themselves forward. They were the gatherers of local news, the reporters, or, to give them the name by which they were popular, the *penny-a-liners*, that is to say, subaltern employees, whom the editors of Journals sent into town in search of accidents, fires and crimes. They are already portrayed under the name of *emissaries* in the satirical *tableau* which Ben Jonson drew of the *personnel* in Nathaniel Butter's employment; it is they who collect the events of the day at Westminster, Saint Paul's, and on the Exchange. Under the name, which was worth to them the amount of their salary, they exercised the brains of all the satirical writers of the eighteenth century, and at the period when dramatic works were not yet submitted to the censorship of the press, the hungry writer, who made a personage die one day, in order to have his dinner and revived him the next to get his breakfast, who would have willingly seen the half of London overthrown by an earthquake to relate the destruction to the other half, the *penny-a-liner* occupied pretty nearly the same place in the English theatre, which the parasite held in the ancient drama. His manners have not changed. Is a house burnt, has a murder been committed or a child run over? in the middle of the crowd, you will soon see an individual, who asks a thousand questions, goes from one person to another to inquire the most trivial details of the event, takes notes in a pocket-book, and who, if the crowd is compact and pushes back the importunate person, holds firm, keeps his place, and avails himself of his title, by repeating, that he is a *gentleman of the Press*. Of the numerous persons who participate more or less in the editorship of a Journal, the English public knows none but the *penny-a-liners*; they meet with them everywhere and at all hours: at the hotel offices, whither strangers of distinction resort, at the doors of great men, who are in ill health, at all meetings, races, cock-fights, and even at the foot of the gallows, on which criminals are executed. If in a public vehicle, at a place of entertainment, at a spectacle in the open air, where a man is being hung, at a procession, or when a royal cortege is passing by, a man is more communicative than others, speaks a little louder, shows himself ready to ask questions and give answers, appears to know every thing that is occurring, repeats the rumors of the

day with a thousand additions, and passes a joke on every occasion, now and then showing a piece of paper and pencil, he is immediately suspected and set down as belonging to the Press. These men, whom nothing can awe, who penetrate willingly or by force, openly or by stratagem, wherever news is to be heard, and whose avidity, which is not at all times scrupulous, braves every obstacle, represent alone in the eyes of a large portion of the English people, the Journalists, with whom it can scarcely be said they have any relations. It is by them we judge all the writers for the press, and it is not surprising that to many minds, the name of Journalist recalls a melange of self-sufficiency, ridiculous pretension, and vulgar manners, which some French novelists have attributed to the class of travelling clerks. This disfavor attached to the political press is the more singular, as it does not extend to the magazines, nor even to the reviews. Gifford, McIntosh, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Alison, have not only avowed their connection with the English reviews, but have always considered it a title of honor, and have by that means reached a high position.

In speaking of legislation respecting the English press and its consequences, we naturally recur to the present period; it is therefore proper to say a few words relative to the disabilities under which journals still labor. The stamp tax has been continually eluded by printers and journalists; nevertheless, it was one of the first taxes which Pitt increased, when he undertook to remodel the English finances. This tax then became so heavy for the printers, that the temptation to elude it became almost irresistible when they saw the prospect of an increased circulation. The revolution of July in France, and the Reform Bill in England, in throwing the public mind into a state of lively agitation, gave a great impulse to the press; the Radical party, which thought itself successful, redoubled its efforts and inundated England with publications. Enterprising men printed journals and pamphlets on unstamped sheets, had them cried out through the streets, distributed them at the houses, and as the tax on each number of a journal was then four pence or forty *centimes*, they could, notwithstanding expenses of all kinds, furnish their papers at prices three or four times less than the rates of the legal journals, and sold an immense number. In 1831, the sale of the *Weekly Dispatch*, a weekly journal of revolutionary principles, that a radical writer named Hetherington edited and

conducted alone, the price of which was only two pence, reached the enormous number of 25,000 copies a week. It was estimated that 150,000 sheets of unstamped publications were sold weekly; interested persons made it a matter of honor to encourage the fraud, and for several years there was a continual contest between the adversaries of the stamp tax and the police. In the three first years of Lord Grey's ministry, there were 509 suits instituted for the sale of unstamped journals; there were 219 in 1835 alone, and the number was even more in 1836. The powerlessness of the government to put a stop to the fraud, was the more manifest, since Mr. Hume said, there were then in force nineteen laws and parts of laws against the printers, editors and venders of unstamped sheets. The English ministry adopted the wise course of reducing the stamp tax to 40 centimes, or a *penny*; the daily journals soon brought down their price to the extent of the difference they had paid for the stamp duty, and by means of this considerable reduction competed successfully with the unstamped publications. The fraud ceased to exist as soon as there was no longer any inducement to evade the law.

The law which reduced the stamp tax was put in force on the 15th September, 1836; the immediate consequence was a considerable increase in the sale of journals. From the 5th of October, 1835, to the 5th of April, 1836, the journals had 14,874,652 sheets stamped; from the 5th of October, 1836, to the 5th of April, 1837, there were stamped 21,362,148. The immediate augmentation was therefore about fifty per cent. So the loss to the treasury, which had been estimated at three quarters of the sum which the tax had yielded in 1835, was a little more than a half, and was soon entirely covered. In fact, the number of journals increased, and the circulation became more extensive than ever. In the year 1842, the English journals alone caused stamps to be affixed to 50,088,175 sheets. In 1848, the following is the number of stamps delivered to the journals:

|           | Stamps<br>at a penny. | Stamps<br>at a half-penny. |
|-----------|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| England,  | 67,476,768            | 8,704,236                  |
| Scotland, | 7,497,064             | 176,854                    |
| Ireland,  | 7,028,956             | 44,702                     |

From an official return, printed by order of the House of Commons, the journals published in 1850 in Great Britain, comprising under this name, without distinction of form or mode of publication, all periodicals, ex-

cepting reviews and magazines, amounted in London to 133; in the counties of England to 250; in Wales 17; in Scotland to 213; and in Ireland to 110: total 623. Mr. Knight Hunt, who did not comprise any others than political journals in his calculations, gives the following figures for the year 1849. At London 113; in the counties of England and Wales 234; in Scotland 85; in Ireland 101. By adding to this number the fourteen journals which are published in the Manx and Channel Islands, there would be a grand total of 547. *Bentley's Miscellany* made a calculation that, for the twelve months of 1849, the sheets printed by the daily journals would have been sufficient to cover a surface of 349,308,000 feet, and that by adding the weekly and semi-monthly journals of London and the provinces, they would cover a total surface of 1,446,150,000 square feet. What power could at the present day bring back England to that miserable half-filled sheet, in which, two hundred and twenty-five years ago, poor Butter printed with used-up type "the news of France, Germany and England, after the original Holland!"

The figures which we have just cited would show that the number of Provincial Journals is considerable in England, but their importance is not commensurate with their number. It was towards the end of the reign of Queen Anne and the beginning of the following that several Provincial sheets were first issued: the large towns one after the other, had each their own. During the whole of the eighteenth century, these Journals did nothing but vegetate in rather an obscure state. They were all the property of the printer of the place, who filled up with local news and extracts from London papers, the space which want of advertisements placed at his disposal. "The London Journals, a little paste and scissors, these," says an author, "form the materials of a Provincial Journal." Pitt was the first, who tried to do something with these sheets and make of them political instruments. One of his agents entertained a correspondence with those Provincial Journals which had the largest circulation, and two or three London Journals were sent to them at the expense of Government, with those passages marked in them with red ink which they wished them to reprint. The next Administration improved on this system. The English Clergy furnished the Provincial Journals with Editors, who were devoted to Government, and who made the office a stepping-stone to further advancement. The Opposition, to sustain the controversy, was



obliged in its turn to use the same weapons, and to oppose the Ministerial by the Liberal Journals they established in the counties; this competition served to develop and give new life to Provincial Journalism.

Yet, none of these Journals ever arrived to any great importance, and the establishment of railroads condemned them for ever to insignificance. The London Journals are organized on that footing, that on all important occasions, they are sold in the large towns of England, and even in Edinburgh, only a few hours after they appear in London. If a Journal of Edinburgh, Bristol or Liverpool, should even have in London one of its editors to send them the Parliamentary debates, his stenography would not enable him to publish them one hour before the Daily Journals, which bring the debates already printed to them. So, the Provincial Journals are obliged to give up an unavailing rivalry; subject to the same fiscal charges as the London Journals, they are compelled to sell their sheet at the same price, and as, at an equal expense, the public would certainly give the preference to the metropolitan papers, the Provincial Journals, far from thinking of becoming *Dailies*, dare not even appear three times a week; they are nearly all weeklies, and in the larger towns, publish two numbers a week; for instance, the *Witness* at Edinburgh, and the *Examiner* and *Times* at Manchester. When several sheets are published in the same locality, they agree amongst themselves not to appear on the same day. With such a limited circulation, the Provincial Journals cannot, with a majority of readers, displace the London Journals; nor do they seek to do so, but are content with their own class of subscribers. They devote the greater part of a column to foreign news, and a column and a half to a *resume* of parliamentary debates, which have occupied the week; excepting in times of election, they are equally indifferent to general politics; to make up for it, they devote a large space to the discussion of local politics, and make it a point to fill their columns with the most reliable commercial intelligence. We must admit, however, that the greater part of these Journals are badly written, because they have only a small number of subscribers, and have not sufficient available resources. There are persons in London as at Paris, who make it a business to send editorial articles to the Provincial Journals, for which they charge fifteen shillings (sterling) each; it is a considerable economy for second class journals, which can devote but very

small sums to conducting their Journals, and they get from these people the worth of their money. The Journals of the large towns, which are able to make sacrifices and remunerate liberally the writers, whom they employ, are better got up; those of Edinburgh and of Glasgow have even some literary pretensions. Nevertheless, politics occupy but a secondary rank in the Provincial Journals, and none of them could live by it; but thanks to the abundance and variety of information they contain, the Journals of Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham are indispensable to all the large business houses of London, and manufacturing centres of the United Kingdom, as well as to the towns in which they are published. The advertisements, which are very considerable, and for which tradesmen and mechanics bargain not by the day or the month, but by the year, are, as in France, the principal revenue, and even the cause, why Provincial Journals are issued; politics is alone the pretext of their existence.

The Irish Journals are not so dependent on the metropolitan press. For fifteen years, the co-laboration of some writers of talent has raised the level of the Irish press, and has given it a certain standing. The difference of religion would be alone sufficient to originate and maintain Journals in Ireland, apart from the great English Journals; but Ireland has its Vice-Roy, its Capital, its small Court, its personal Administration, its Official Gazette, a whole distinct organization from the Administrative Hierarchy of England, and in the interval of the Sessions, the news from Dublin is more interesting to the greater part of the population, than that from London. Ireland affects to regard its interests as distinct and oft-times opposed to those of England; in many respects it has a different legislation, and if the deputies which it sends to Parliament are sometimes divided between the Whigs and Tories, in the majority of questions they act in concert, and take the part of defenders of Irish nationality against Saxon tyranny. These are sufficient topics to afford food for polemical controversy in the Irish Journals, and to elicit the support of their political friends. Add two favorable circumstances to this—the greater distance from London and the separation from it by St. George's Channel—and you will understand why Irish Journals have acquired greater importance and vitality than Provincial English Journals, and why the Metropolitan Journals can never expect to supplant them.



Such, moreover, is not the object of the London Journals; they have enough to do to interest the public, for which they cater, and whose increasing exigencies keep them always employed. If Sheridan, the founder of the "*Society of the friends of the Liberty of the Press*," were to return to this world and ask, what papers are this day most widely circulated in England, we would cite names which were well known to him in 1790, the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Herald*, the *Post*; but in preserving the same name, what a transformation have these Journals not undergone during sixty years! Formerly, they exclusively addressed themselves to the political classes, the Nobility, the gentry, the great property holders and the idlers of the towns. Nevertheless, thanks to the beneficent influence of the great protective system, commerce and industry even then began to make rapid progress. The contest against the French Revolution, in absorbing the activity of Europe, left the field open to the English country-people, and in the first years of the present century, a middle class sprung up with astonishing rapidity amongst our neighbors, rich, well informed, fond of luxury and enjoyment, careful of the education of their children, sending them to a distance and at great expense to complete it, and desirous above all things for that political influence, which they conquered in 1831, by the Reform Bill. It was to that class that the Journal addressed itself, when it wished to enlarge the rather narrow circle of its readers, and it followed step by step every progress that it made, which was called for by new exigencies. It is for that class, above all, that it writes to-day, for its favor is an infallible means to arrive at influence and fortune. Nevertheless, before providing for the political ideas of the middle classes, the Journal must provide for their interests. That is the reason why it has increased its size and devotes its second and third pages to political discussions, in order to leave a large space for the Merchant to insert his advertisements. In order to meet the views of the industrial classes, it records with assiduity the prices of articles, firstly in the markets of England, and next in all the markets of the world, remarking and commenting on

the slightest variation. The Banker requires to know the action of the public funds, the value of gold and the price of Exchange in all the capitals of Europe. The exporter wishes to know by an impartial and disinterested testimony, the true situation and prospective advantages of trade in the countries in which he deals. Each industry, each business claims its share, and obtains it by the most irresistible of arguments. That is why the English Journal, at once constrained to progress and enriched by the middle classes, has step by step become a panorama of the world, a daily Encyclopædia, the sole and indispensable companion of the business-man, the source of amusement to the idle, and the most imperious want of a nation of thirty millions of men.

Arriving the first at influence and liberty, the English press soon passed through all the phases which the Journals of other countries had to undergo a long time after her, or which they are undergoing at the present day. Her experience has been profitable to them, and her history can enlighten them; for this reason it seemed proper to us to make it known, if it even permitted us to establish certain points of comparison with what we have under our observation. The Press is everywhere an instrument of publicity, but the position which it assumes and the authority which it exercises are not the same in every country. From what does this difference arise? From the condition of the people, for which the Journals are written, or to the organization itself of these Journals? The French journals, which borrowed every thing from the English press, pretend to excel it in certain respects, and an American Journal lately claimed the preference, if not for its brethren, at all events for itself. To decide between these rival pretensions and say to which really belongs the superiority, would it not be to undertake to say what ought to be the task of Journals in free countries? It is a great question which the history of the English press has prepared us to discuss, and which its present position, compared with that of the modern press in other countries, can alone aid us to decide.

From Bentley's Miscellany for January.

## THE IMPERIAL FOUR.

ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, AND NAPOLEON.\*

BY PROFESSOR CREASY,

Author of "THE FIFTEEN BATTLES OF THE WORLD."

### CHAPTER I.

BIOGRAPHY is history of the highest order. It may not indeed seem so in the eyes of the fatalist, who fancies that he beholds in all events and actions an inevitable sequence of general causes and effects; and who estimates the greatness of individuals merely by the degree to which each appears to embody the spirit of his age. But this abnegation of the power of individual free-will is as false in history, as it is pernicious in morals. Many instances might be given of men, who have stood forward and achieved greatness in direct antagonism to the spirit of the times in which they lived, who have turned the prevailing currents of Thought and Act, and left the stamp of their own innate energy and volition on the general record of the fortunes of their race.† The Athenian poet‡ who wrote that "Circumstances rule men and not men circumstances," was tainted by the sophistical school, and so was the English poet who has followed him.§ Guizot rightly says, "whatever external events may be, it is, after all, man himself that makes his world; it is from the ideas and sentiments, the moral and intellectual condition of men, that the world is regulated in its progress; it is upon the inward state of man that the outward state of society depends." And each soul is absolute in its own Microcosmus. It is not intended to assert that the character of a man's age has nothing to do with a man's character. On the contrary, few rise altogether superior to conventionalities; few exercise the independent power which each possesses;

and few employ "the energy of will, the resolute endurance and self-sacrifice" which are the elements of greatness. Even where this is the case, the *natura naturans* of the hero may be modified, may be accelerated or retarded in its development by the temper of the world around, in which, and upon which, it operates. Unquestionably the greatest men will often, though not always, be found to have been largely influenced by the spirit of their age; but, as unquestionably, each will be found to have elevated himself above his contemporaries by his own powerful individuality.\* And, without attributing too much to personal effort, we may safely follow the great historian of European civilization,† who, in allusion to one of the Imperial Four, to the Emperor Charlemagne, has said, "that one distinct cause of the course of human events is the influence of great men. No one can say why a great man comes at a particular period, or the precise amount of his own spirit which he infuses into the development of the world, but the fact of such an influence is indisputable." To trace, therefore, the characters and careers of Great Men, is to examine the main-springs of the course of history. It is the study of causes, far more than the observation of effects. This it is which gives to biography its especial dignity as a branch of history, when biography deals with master spirits; independently of the superior interest which we feel in following the fortunes of a single fellow-creature, compared to that which we are able to keep alive when our subject is a State, an Age, or other similar generalization.

This work is devoted to Four of the great

\* The Author reserves the right of translation of this work.

† E. g. Miltiades, Epaminondas, Arminius, Mohammed, Gregory the Seventh, Lord Bacon, and the Czar Peter the Great.

‡ Euripides.

§ Byron.

\* See Humboldt's remarks on Columbus.

† Guizot.

ones of mankind; to Four whom I have designated as peculiarly, as Imperially Great. I mean by this epithet that they have been lords of Action as well as lords of Thought. If intellectual pre-eminence and influence were alone to be regarded, it would be from among the chiefs of poetry and philosophy, and not from among Conquerors and Sovereigns that selections would be made. But the kind of greatness which is implied, when Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon are given as its types, may be best described in the words used by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," in reference to Alexander himself.

"So much hath the spirit of some one man excelled, that it hath undertaken and effected the alteration of the greatest states and commonweals, the erection of monarchies, the conquest of Kingdoms and empires, guided handfuls of men against multitudes of equal bodily strength, contrived victories beyond all hope and discourse of reason, converted the fearful passions of his own followers into magnanimity, and the valor of his enemies into cowardice; such spirits have been stirred up in sundry ages of the world, and in divers parts thereof, to erect and cast down, to establish and to destroy, and to bring all things, persons, and states to the same certain ends, which the infinite spirit of the *Universal*, piercing, moving, and governing all things, hath ordained."

The attributes of greatness which Raleigh here points out are distinct; and they are each and all important. He speaks of Spirits whose prerogative it has been, not only to "cast down" and "destroy," but also to "erect and establish." The mere mission of destroying is comparatively unimportant. The Alarics and Attilas do not interest us on account of themselves, but on account of that which they overthrew. They were scarcely more than engines of havoc; they exercised little influence as arrangers of the present, and none as moulders of the future. They, and they alone, who have created as well as annihilated, claim paramount rank among the Magnates of mankind. Such men as Raleigh has described, not only challenge our admiration by the romantic daring of their aspirations and their sagacious energy in execution; not only do they fascinate posterity as well as their contemporaries by their military genius, and their capacity for wielding as well as for grasping vast power; but it is even more interesting and valuable to watch them as Ordainers, as haters of wasteful and purposeless misrule: for "There are men whom the spectacle of anarchy or

of social stagnation, strikes and distresses, who are intellectually shocked thereat as with a fact which should not be, and who become possessed with an uncontrollable desire to change it and to plant some rule, some uniformity, regularity, and permanency, in the world before them. A terrible and often a tyrannical power, committing a thousand iniquities and errors, for human weakness accompanies it; yet a glorious and salutary power, for it gives to humanity a vigorous jerk, an admirable impulse."\*

We look up to these men as founders of enduring institutions; as promoters of Art and Science; as aiders of the progress of civilization. Not unmindful of their failings, their vices, and their crimes, we still rejoice in them as types of the strength of human nature, when we recognize not only the awe which each inspired in his day, but the permanent effects of his existence, which have been left on all subsequent generations of mankind.

Four men stand pre-eminent in the history of the world for these attributes of greatness. Two lived in ancient times; one in the times which we style mediæval; and one almost in our own age. The first of these was Alexander the Great, of Macedon; the second was Julius Cæsar, Imperator of Rome; the third was Charlemagne, King of the Franks and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the West; the fourth was Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Emperor of the French. These are the Imperial Four. The epithet was actually borne by the last three, nor can be considered to be misapplied to the "Great Emathian Conqueror," when we remember the meaning of the word "Imperium." It not only denotes power more than regal, but its primary meaning was the power of the sword and of victory. It is significant of strife and triumph, as well as of majestic authority. Feeble successors to the purple of the first Cæsar have assumed the Imperial title, and so have degenerate princes of the house of Charlemagne. Possibly the Napoleonist dynasty may hereafter on this point also furnish a parallel. But the title was well chosen by the founders of their empires, it well denotes their character, and it may, with equal fitness, be employed respecting

"The Macedonian, whom Dominion

Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.

The world was darkened beneath either pinion  
Of him, whom from her crowd of conquerors  
Fame singled for her thunder-bearing minion."†

Before comparing the Imperial Four one

\* Guizot.

† Shelley's "Triumph of Life."

with another, in details of character and achievement, it may be useful to recall the leading circumstances of their biographies individually. Such a survey, if fully elaborated, and if made complete by examining the state of the world at the period when each of the Four came forward, and also by tracing the impress which each left on after ages, would form in itself a not very imperfect, and a most suggestive and vivid sketch of universal history. At present it can only be briefly attempted; yet, immediately we commence our task, when we turn to the first in date of the Four, how much, besides the memory of his own actions, does the name of Alexander bring upon the mind!—In order to judge him adequately we are compelled to reflect on what the Eastern world was which he subdued, as well as upon the character of the European nations, whose forces he led to the conquest of the sister-continent. In that continent had been the primary abodes of the human race. Wealth and science, architectural grandeur and mechanical ingenuity, the pomp of monarchical power, the subtle organization and ceremonial splendor of sacerdotal authority, were first developed in the stately cities that grew up along the banks of the great rivers, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Nile.\* They were the first seats of commerce; and it was in the rich alluvial districts near them that agriculture first flourished. Meanwhile the elevated plains, which form the vast centre of the Asiatic continent, were roved over by pastoral tribes, which not unfrequently assailed and subjugated the wealthy but less warlike inhabitants of the fertile lowlands, and of the cities with which they were studded. Here the conquerors settled, and became the founders of new dynasties, and the rapid acquirers of far-extended empire: but each dynasty, in a few generations, grew civilized and feeble, and yielded in turn to the assault of a new horde of nomade warriors from the central plains. All these great empires were absolute monarchies; in all of them education, literature, and science were controlled by a powerful hierarchy. The last and greatest of them, the Persian, had failed disastrously in its attempts to extend itself over Europe. It had encountered, as the vanguard of our continent, the energetic little Greek states, in which a civilization far different from the Oriental, and of a far higher order, had grown up. Among the little civic communities of

Southern Greece and their colonies republican institutions were almost universal, but with an almost infinite variety of detail, caused by the fluctuating predominance of the aristocratic and democratic elements. Unresting energy, as well as consummate skill, marked her statesmen. Daring originality, as well as the keenest perception of beauty and grace, characterized her philosophers, her orators and her poets.

The period of the splendor of Greece scarcely exceeds a century and a half, from the battle of Marathon, B. C. 490, to the battle of Chæronea, B. C. 338, two years before Alexander's accession to the Macedonian throne. But this brief period is one of unparalleled lustre, not only for the deeds that were done, and the military and political genius that was displayed during its Olympiads, but on account of the intellectual triumphs of the Hellenic race, and the imperishable empire over the realms of thought, which the poets, the philosophers, the historians, and the scientific writers of Greece then established. Some of these glories were achieved by Greek authors of an earlier, and some by those of a later date than the period that has been specified. But the meridian of Greek literary splendor coincides with the times of her political and military pre-eminence. Her physical power rapidly decayed. The little states into which she was subdivided had, by the middle of the fourth century before our era, exhausted themselves in incessant contests. Athens, the noblest of them all, Athens that had taken the lead in beating back the Persian invader, and that had once almost succeeded in making the Mediterranean an Attic lake, had been shattered by the disasters of the Peloponnesian war; and though she revived and retained some glimmerings of her former spirit, was crippled in material power, and still more demoralized in national character. Her former victors and rivals were equally decayed in strength. The power of Sparta had been broken by the blows which Thebes dealt it at Leuctra and Mantinea; and Thebes herself fell with the fall of her great leader, Epaminondas, and was fast subsiding into the insignificance from which the genius of that hero had raised her. No state capable of extensive conquest, or indeed capable of protecting its own independence against a vigorous attack, remained. It was certainly destined that the intellectual treasures of Greece should be diffused throughout the world, but it was not by the arms of Greece that this diffusion was to be accomplished. It was the mission

\* Ancient geographers generally treated Egypt as part of Asia.



of Macedonia to effect this great civilizing process in the Eastern world, as it was the mission of Rome to extend it in after ages throughout the West. In each instance the execution of this great task was mainly due to the genius of a single man; to the genius of Alexander in the first case, and to that of Julius Cæsar in the second. It was, moreover, chiefly by the genius of a single man, of Charlemagne, that the heritage of classic civilization was rescued, in mediæval times, from destruction, and preserved to mingle with the best elements of the Germanic character, and to become the civilization of modern Europe.

Alexander's father, King Philip, had, by an almost unparalleled exercise of strength, courage, and indomitable tenacity of purpose, completed the downfall of the southern republics of Greece, and had raised his own kingdom, at their expense, to a position of avowed and recognized ascendancy. Before his reign the Macedonians, a collection of semi-barbarous tribes beyond the Cambunian mountains, had been regarded with contemptuous indifference by the civilized Hellenic states. It is difficult to pronounce positively on the ethnology of the Macedonians. It is certain that there was some affinity between them and the Greeks; and it is equally certain that there were in the Macedonian language, race, and institutions, many elements that clearly were not Greek, and that were most likely Thracian or Illyrian. Probably the Pelasgic element was the one which the Greeks and Macedonians had in common. I believe this to have an element of Roman nationality also. The royal family, however, at Macedon was regarded as truly and purely Greek, and was said to have migrated thither from Argos: a tradition not in itself improbable, and exhibiting an historical fact like that of the Scandinavian Rurik and his descendants becoming the royal family of the Slavonic Russians.

Before King Philip's death he had created a military spirit, and he had organized a veteran army, with improved tactics and perfect discipline, in Macedon. He had crushed the resistance which the Athenians and Thebans made, when too late, to his ambition. He had procured himself to be recognized as generalissimo of the Greeks against Persia. His former military operations in Thrace and on the Hellespont, had involved him in hostilities with that empire; he had sent a detachment of his army into Asia, which was encamped on Mount Ida, and he was preparing to lead his full force thither, when he was assassinated in the year B. C. 336.

Attempts have sometimes been made, both in ancient and in modern times, to disparage the fame of Alexander by exalting that of Philip, and to insinuate that the father, if his life had been prolonged, would have accomplished at least as much as was effected by the son. But no one who scrutinizes the character of Philip, can help observing, amid civil and military qualities of a very high order, a degree of caution, and a fondness for accomplishing schemes little by little, which are utterly inconsistent with the boldness of the marches to the Euphrates, the Taurus, the Indus, and the Nile. Philip would probably have merely sought to annex some of the western provinces of Asia Minor to the Macedonian monarchy. Above all, we cannot discern in Philip a capacity for those comprehensive measures of civilization and commerce, which form the peculiar glories of Alexander's career, and distinguish him so honorably from the vulgar band of conquerors. It is not in his own age, it is not on his paternal throne, that his equal in greatness is to be found, whether we test his greatness by what it was given him to effect, or by the better test of what he was in himself.

Alexander was at the age of twenty, when he was suddenly called to the throne of Macedonia. He had been carefully trained in all military exercises, and in the art of war; and had already signalized himself at the victory of Chæronea, and in the conduct of operations against some revolted tribes in the interior of Macedonia. He had also received the practical education of a statesman, and had been entrusted with the regency of Macedonia during one of his father's campaigns against Byzantium. He had enjoyed also the inestimably higher advantage of the tuition of Aristotle. He early acquired a proficiency in literature, and displayed a love of knowledge, which never ceased to show itself to the close of his life, even among his greatest perils, and most laborious cares. Vigorous in frame as in mind, he was largely endowed with physical courage, and the capacity to endure fatigue and privation. He was eager for honor, an eagerness which, with prosperity and adulation, degenerated into arrogance and vanity. He was naturally generous, both to friend and foe, and his moral character was free from those impurities which taint so foully many a classic name. But he was addicted to intemperance in drink, the national vice apparently of the Macedonian court; and he gave way to occasional gusts of anger, in which he perpetrated actions of ferocious

cruelty. Without agreeing with all the censures which Niebuhr pronounces on Alexander, we must adopt the remarks of the great German historian, respecting the murder of Clitus, and other crimes of which Alexander was undoubtedly guilty. "I do not comprehend how persons can excuse Alexander for those things by saying that he was an unusually great man: if he was so, was he not then responsible for his unusually great powers?"\*

Before Alexander could undertake the conquest of Asia, he had obstacles to overcome, and hostilities to meet, in Europe, which would have proved insuperable at the beginning of a youthful prince's reign, had not that prince possessed ability and energy of the very highest order. Sufficient attention has not been paid to this part of Alexander's career. His military fame is sometimes disparaged, on the plea that all his victories were gained at the head of Europeans over Asiatics; but his first campaign of 335 was conducted against European enemies, and among difficulties of the most formidable description. All the fierce and warlike tribes around Macedonia took up arms on hearing of the death of Philip, whose personal ascendancy alone had checked their inroads. Demosthenes roused southern Greece against the young successor to Philip's oppressive mastery; and even in Macedonia itself, a strong national party was opposed to Alexander's accession. Instantly and decisively was the commanding genius displayed, that so soon was to awe the world. He promptly assembled the Macedonian army and secured its allegiance. He crushed every attempt at treason by force and terror. He traversed Thessaly and the rest of northern Greece to the Isthmus of Corinth at the head of his troops; and summoning a congress of the Greeks, he compelled all the states to yield him the same recognition of supremacy which they had made to Philip. He then marched back against the Thracians, Illyrians, and other foes to the north of his dominions. He met and defeated them; but not content with repulsing their attacks, he resolved to invade their territories in turn, and to deal them such blows as should secure the tranquillity of Macedonia during his absence in the East. For this purpose he forced the passes of the Hæmus, the modern Balkan; he crossed the Danube, and everywhere compelled the barbarous tribes of the regions that now form the northwest of Eu-

ropean Turkey, to submit to his authority. Returning thence, he subdued the Illyrian insurgents; and then, moving with unprecedented rapidity through Upper Macedonia, across the highest frontier mountains and Pindus, he appeared south of Thermopylæ, and quelled the fast-spreading insurrection which the Thebans and Athenians had reorganized against him while they believed him to be far distant, and entangled in war with the northern barbarians. Thebes, which had been before spared, was now stormed and destroyed by him; a fearful, but perhaps a necessary act of severity. Athens sued humbly for pardon; and Greece, though still nominally free, was now more thoroughly subject to the young King, than she had been after the day of Chæroneia to his father.

It was in the spring of 334 B. C. that Alexander commenced his Asiatic enterprise. He was then twenty-two years old, an age four years younger than that of Napoleon when he received the command of the army of Italy, and four years younger than that of Charlemagne when he undertook his first campaign in Aquitania. Almost all the great generals both of ancient and of modern times have commenced their military careers in youth. Besides the three great examples of this that have been already mentioned, the instances of Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Scipio Africanus, Gaston de Foix, Conde, Charles the Twelfth, Clive, and Wellington will readily recur to the memory. Julius Cæsar, who was nearly forty when he first commanded as pro-prætor in Spain, and Cromwell, who did not become a soldier until he was forty-four, are almost the only exceptions to the general rule. Nothing probably but the ardent temperament, the unbounded hope, and unclouded self-reliance which are the happy privileges of early life, could have buoyed the young Macedonian King to the perilous enterprise on which he staked his fortune and his life.

It is true that the Persian empire was rent with revolt, and weakened by every species of corruption and misgovernment; it is true that the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon, and the Asiatic campaigns of Agesilaus, had displayed the inferiority of the Asiatic troops to European, but still the design, not merely to win a few towns and provinces in Asia Minor, but to overrun and subdue all the realms over which Cyrus or the first Darius had borne sway, with an army not exceeding 40,000 men, which it would be almost impossible to reinforce from home, was daring to the very bounds of temerity. The

\* Niebuhr's "Ancient History," vol. ii. p. 348.

Persians had large troops of Greek mercenaries in their pay, which were no unworthy antagonists even of Macedonian veterans. Their resources in money and in native forces seemed inexhaustible; their fleet was far superior to Alexander's, so that there was every risk of his communications with Macedonia being cut off, and a counter-invasion of his paternal dominion successfully attempted. Nothing but victory, not merely an advantage in a battle or a campaign, but victory speedy and decisive, victory followed up with the utmost energy and aided by the utmost good fortune, could save him from utter ruin. Fearlessly, though deliberately, he prepared for the bold venture. Having divided among his friends nearly all his possessions, so that as he told Parmenio, in the spirit of a poet,

there remained for himself only the treasure of his hopes, he entered on the career which has gained him such an historical and poetical celebrity. Truly does Niebuhr say that Alexander and Charlemagne are the only men of history that have become poetical beings. "Alexander is for the East what Charlemagne is for the West; and next to Rustan he is the chief hero of the Persian fairy tales and romances. To us also he is a man of extraordinary importance, inasmuch as he gave a new appearance to the whole world. He began what will now be accomplished, the dominion of Europe over Asia; he was the first that led the victorious Europeans to the East. Asia had played its part in history, and was destined to become the subject of Europe."

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE (ADA BYRON).

WITH A PORTRAIT.

### ADA BYRON!

"The child of love, though born in bitterness  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements."

The ill-starred father, whose wail of remorseful sorrow was thus uttered in burning verse that found an echo, then and since, in many a heart, was, as such a poet should be, a prophet, when he added,

"But thy fire  
Shall be more tempered—and thy hope far higher."

Ada resembled him only in genius, and in that generosity and nobleness of feeling, which shone out from the midst of "all the madness" of her father's mind, and all his "faults," which the world was never slow to acknowledge. She inherited whatever was grand and good in his character; and even envy itself cannot but confess that, like the "archangel ruined," he could never divest himself of the divine part of his nature, which glowed in his undying numbers, when the subject he chose was worthy of them. Her heart, like his, was full of sympathy for others, of impatience of injustice, above all little views, and open to all liberal impulses. She had wit, readiness, and repartee; and

her genius, although it had a touch of her father's, was, in the direction it took, more prone towards those remarkable acquirements which distinguish the mind of her mother. The power of melody which dwelt within her found for itself a voice in music, rather than in verse, and, like her father, whatever she did was grand and perfect in its kind. Her mathematical attainments were of the highest order,—an accomplishment which the wilful poet, in his angry moods, condemns in a woman, but which he would hardly have wished to see repressed, had he lived to be justly proud of the

"Sole daughter of his house and heart,"

of whom he made an ideal in his desolate heart, cherishing the portraits sent to him from time to time, the little lock of soft glossy hair, and whatever tokens his unhappy fate could yet allow him.

"All this was in his nature;"

but, alas! there wanted some tender, judicious friend to step between him and his anger fed by solitude and by self-accusation, as well as by imagined wrongs. If he had lived till Ada had been old enough to understand the

exact position of her unfortunate parents, she would, doubtless, have been the angel of peace that might have preserved them from those "years all winter" which both had to endure.

No one who was acquainted with the daughter and the wife of the great poet, whose sorrows and whose faults a world deploras, but must feel certain that this is no baseless vision; for there existed in the heart of Ada so deep a fountain of goodness, that such a mission, had it been practicable, would not have been unfulfilled by her. It would be out of place at such a moment to express further conviction of the manner in which such ministry would have been welcomed by her who was the victim of

"The fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom."

It is too late!—the grave has closed over the erring father and the warm-hearted daughter; and the cloud destined to overshadow the life of one of the most injured, amiable, and patiently suffering of her sex, cannot now disperse—the gloom cannot be chased away; for though the storm has spent its fury, the sky so long disturbed can offer but transient gleams of consolation.

For long weary months the mother of Ada has kept incessant watch by the side of that couch on which her child lay in acute suffering—self-denying, devoting her whole attention, bent on the possibility of youth and natural strength prevailing, hoping to the last, and never quitting her melancholy post. It was otherwise decreed, and the

"Sole reward of so much love"

must be in the happy reflection of a sacred duty so resolutely and tenderly fulfilled.

Ada, in early life, had some of her father's tastes; she loved the sea, and delighted in the wild agitation of the waters; and she was also a fearless and persevering equestrian,—his long and rapid rides by the desolate margin of the Adriatic, were more than equalled by her untiring courses; and she felt the same exhilaration of spirit as he did when he laid his hand upon the mane of ocean, or gave the rein to his steed on the sandy Lido; but, alas! he fled from his own thoughts, while Ada bounded along full of joy and gaiety of heart, enjoying the pastime for its own sake.

There was something in her countenance, although she more resembled her mother, which recalled her father's expression at times. The brilliancy of eye and flashing glance, which gave animation to her words,

were his; and a momentary similarity might be occasionally detected in the play of her features. Her gentle, refined manners were her mother's, as well as much in her personal appearance.

She could not be seen without exciting interest, and her conversations are treasured in the minds of many who casually met her. Perhaps it was nearly the last time she appeared at an evening party, that the writer of this brief recollection saw her, at a nobleman's house in the country, where her appearance was somewhat unlooked-for. She had come from her own country-house by railroad to pay her mother a morning visit, when the host alluded to laid an embargo on her departure, and insisted that she should make one of his guests for the evening. There immediately arose a comic distress as to her costume, as she was in her travelling attire; all objections were, however, overruled, and by dint of a few bows of bright riband, and a black lace veil, her appearance was made as suitable as the case admitted.

Amongst the crowd of splendidly-dressed ladies that crowded Lord ——'s rooms, Ada's black robe was the more striking; and the writer was immediately led to observe her as one of the most picturesque and remarkable personages there. She sat near a heavy curtain of rich drapery; above her hung a classically-shaped lamp, whose soft light fell full upon her face: she was smiling and talking with animation; and the first impression was that she was handsome and brilliant-looking.

At the moment when she was thus observed she was conversing with Morier, the lamented author of "Hadji Baba," and said, *à propos* of some remark that had gone before, laughing gaily, as she spoke, in a tone that might well have been her father's,

"Oh, life, after youth is past, is like soda-water when the effervescence has escaped."

"Yes," observed one of the group near her, taking up the idea, "not like champagne, for what is left of that has still some spirit."

A laugh followed this sally, and Ada went on to speak of youth and its enjoyments.

"In youth," she continued, "one has such enthusiasm for things which appear so worthless and vapid in later life, and every trifling event is then an epoch with us. We look back with wonder on our former feelings!"

It struck me that this sentence was like reading a paragraph of one of her father's familiar letters. All she said was simple and



natural, but there was thought in every word. She had requested that the author of a recent novel should be presented to her, and the encouraging manner in which she expressed her pleasure in his book evidently went home to his feelings; and he must have been infinitely gratified to hear her, with ready memory, run through the scenes, and recall the situations, dwelling on certain characters, and pointing out the parts which she thought most amusing:

The unaffected good nature which had induced her to appear at this very party "without a bridal garment," was afterwards commented on in another sense; and her somewhat *bizarre* costume attributed to a

desire to attract attention!—so popular is misrepresentation, and so tardy are people to give credit in the right place. Total strangers alone, however, could attribute to the amiable and single-hearted daughter of Byron any motives but those which arose from a desire to satisfy others, and afford gratification to all around her.

She lived much in retirement, occupied by her favorite studies; and her friends and acquaintances were all chosen from the most accomplished and the most liberal-minded. To all of these she was dear and valuable; and a melancholy void is now left for them in the society which her friendship and cheerfulness vivified and adorned.

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From the Biographical Magazine for January.

## SCHILLER.

Of all the many distinguished poets and philosophers of Germany, the name and works of Schiller are most familiar to the English reader. And this preference is not a mere national liking of our own, arising from any consanguinity which the writings of Schiller have with English modes of thought and feeling. Its explanation is rather to be sought in the fact, that these writings bear on them the stamp of no peculiar nationality. They have had a prompt acceptance with all European nations, and the estimation in which they have been held has been permanent. Among modern authors Schiller is pre-eminently cosmopolitan. The poet of the *Real*, of actual life, of universal human sympathies, it was natural that his impression should be equally as wide as it was deep. Not a little of the hearty welcome with which Schiller has been universally received, may be attributed to the circumstance that the tone and temper of his writings, as also of his own interior nature, was wholly in harmony with the spirit of the age. He had a high estimation of the rights, duties, and privileges of the individual man. His notion of society was that of an ideal democracy. He loved freedom in his inmost heart, and his patriotism was as staunch as that of a Tell. The ardor with which he sympathized in the revolutionary movements

of the day, made him worthy, in the eyes of the French nation, of being honored with a diploma of citizenship.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg, situate on the banks of the Neckar. In the circumstances of his birth and parentage, he was rather fortunate than otherwise. Although the pecuniary circumstances of his parents were such as to place many barriers to the free development of his nature, yet, on the whole, his childhood could not be otherwise than cheerful and happy. His parents were pious, affectionate, honest, true-hearted German folk. His father, stern and severe in demeanor, was fervent in his religious exercises, and warmly attached to his family. His mother was somewhat grave and serious, but her manners were peculiarly gentle and mild. Neither were without intellectual culture, or deficient in sound judgment and information. Surely this were enough to compensate for a thousand disadvantages in their worldly condition. The pliant nature of the boy Friedrich, formed and moulded under these influences, soon began to exhibit the promise of a rich and abundant harvest. He was early a lover of the picturesque, and of everything grand or instinct with life or motion. At eight years old, wandering in

the woodlands with a boy about his own age, he exclaimed, "Oh, Karl, how beautiful is it here! All—all could I give, so that I might not miss this joy!" Another anecdote is told of this period, which is alike graceful and striking:—"Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of his sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last in a solitary place of the neighborhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation, that 'the lightning was very beautiful, and he wished to see where it was coming from!'"\*

When Friedrich was six years old, his father was sent to Lorch as recruiting officer. Here the boy first learnt the rudiments of education. His teacher was Philip Mozer, the pastor and schoolmaster of the village, and whom Schiller afterwards immortalized in his "Robbers." This person seems to have exercised considerable influence over his pupil. His favorite companion was Karl Mozer, the pastor's son, who was himself destined to become a preacher. His conversation with these, the religious atmosphere in which he had been brought up from the earliest dawn of consciousness, and the warm and deep emotions which were now aroused in the boy's soul by the study of the Hebrew prophets, seemed to have united together in determining him to become a clergyman. "A clergyman, indeed, he proved," says Carlyle, "only the church he ministered in was the Catholic—a far more Catholic than that false Romish one!" This determination, as might be supposed, accorded well with the sentiments of his parents, and accordingly, in the public school of Ludwigsburg (whither the family now removed), his studies were regulated with that view. Here, for four successive years, he underwent the annual examination before the Stuttgart Commission, to which candidates for the ecclesiastical vocation were subjected. He had ere this read the classics with some diligence, but with no degree of appreciation. In his ninth year, we are told, he had ("not

without rapturous amazement and a lasting remembrance,") seen the splendors of the Ludwigsburg theatre, thus unconsciously casting a dim, far-off glimpse into that world, where afterwards, with genuine inspiration and unfeigned joy, he was to achieve his noblest triumphs.

The Stuttgart examiners marked the young Friedrich in their records as *puer bonæ spei*—"a boy of good hope." This good hope, however, was to be realized in quite another fashion than was accordant with their intentions. Novel and unpleasant circumstances brought about a change in the domestic arrangements of the family. The boy's prospects for the future were to be completely changed in all too short a time. His life now approaches a period of harshness, oppression, and isolation, in which the blossoms of hope are remorselessly crushed by the hand of Fate;—the boy's spirit bent beneath the weight of an unloving discipline and stern dictatorship, and, under a quite contrary nurture to that which he had hitherto enjoyed, other and greater faculties developed within him. This, however, as will be clearly seen, is not to come and pass away without leaving its residue of good behind—without shedding a strengthening and fertilizing influence over the whole career of our Friedrich. For there lies, in that boy-soul, GENIUS—"that alchemy, which converts all metals into gold—which from suffering educes strength—from error clearer wisdom."

Karl, Grand Duke of Würtemberg, had founded a free-school for certain branches of education, at Solitude, afterwards transferred to Stuttgart. It was called a military seminary, but was not wholly confined to the military profession. The majority of the pupils were the sons of officers, and even privates, in the Würtemberg army, who had a preferable claim to the benefits of the institution. Instructions were, however, given in both law and medicine; and the sons of civilians were consequently admitted. "The father of young Schiller," says one of his biographers, "had recently been promoted by the Grand Duke to the office of Inspector and Laying-out of the grounds at Solitude, and was subsequently raised to the rank of Major. But these benefits were not cheaply purchased. The Duke, in return, desired to send Friedrich Schiller to his military seminary. This was tantamount to the rejection of the long-cherished scheme of the clerical profession. After much painful embarrassment, the elder Schiller frankly represented to his prince the inclination of him-

\* Carlyle.

self and his son. The Grand Duke, however, repeated his request, proposed to leave to Friedrich the choice of his studies at the academy, and promised him an appointment in the royal service. There was no resisting a petitioner, whose request was law, and from whose favor was derived the very bread of the family. Friedrich Schiller did not hesitate to sacrifice his own wishes to the interests of his parents; but this renunciation of his young hopes, and the independence of his free-will, wounded alike his heart and his pride. With grief and resentment equally keen, he, at the age of fourteen, entered the academy as student in Jurisprudence. The studies thus selected were in themselves sufficiently uncongenial; but to the dulness of the law-lecture was added the austerity of a corporal's drill. The youths were defiled in parade to meals, in parade to bed, in parade to lessons. At the word "March," they paced to breakfast. At the word "Halt," they arrested their steps. And, at the word "Front," they dressed their ranks before the table. In this miniature Sparta, the grand virtue to be instilled was subordination. Whoever has studied the character of Schiller, will allow that its leading passion was for intellectual liberty. Here, mind and body were alike to be machines. Schiller's letters at this time to his friend, Karl Mozer, sufficiently show the fiery tumults and agitation of his mind—sometimes mournful—sometimes indignant. Now sarcastic—now impassioned. Weary disgust and bitter indignation are seen through all. The German works, not included in the school routine, were as contraband articles—the obstacles to obtain them only increased the desire. No barrier can ever interpose between genius and its affections. The love of Man to Woman is less irresistible than the love that binds Intellect to Knowledge. Schiller stole—but with the greater ardor for the secrecy—to the embraces of his mistress—Poetry. Klopstock still charmed him; but newer and truer perceptions of the elements of poetry came to him in the "Goetz Von Berlichingen" of Goethe, with which, indeed, commenced the great literary revolution of Europe, by teaching each nation that the true classical spirit for each must be found in the genius of its own romance. "He who would really imitate Homer, must, in the chronicles of his native land, find out the Heroic Age."

Schiller, at this period, whatever doubts or uncertainties might hover in his mind as to his true destination and reasonable outlook for the future, knew full well that it lay not

in Law. This, to him an entirely foreign study, with which the tendencies of his mind had no sort of keeping, it is natural to suppose, came to be regarded by him as the embodiment of all those evils, and their necessary cause. His dislike of it continues to increase, and he makes no secret of his feelings, once even venturing to give them public expression. "One of the exercises," says his biographer, "yearly prescribed to every scholar was a written delineation of his own character, according to his own views, to be delivered publicly at an appointed time. Schiller, on the first of these exhibitions, ventured to state his persuasion that he was not made to be a jurist, but called rather by his inclination and faculties to the clerical profession. This statement, of course, produced no effect; and he was forced to continue the accustomed course, and his dislike of the law kept fast approaching to absolute disgust." However, the time came round (in 1775), when he was at last enabled to free himself from the burden. But it was only that he might take up another, which, however gladly he might at first make the exchange, he soon found was but one species of slavery substituted for another. He abandoned law for medicine; but neither presented a proper object for the faculties of his mind and the aspirations of his soul. He is gazing earnestly forward into some "far purer and higher region of activity, for which he has as yet no name; which he once fancied to be the church; which at length he discovers to be poetry."

All this is not to be mistaken for boyish wilfulness on the part of Schiller; something very different from that. Loving poetry with all the vehemence of a first passion; studying secretly the writings of Plutarch and Shakespeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, with the whole galaxy of stars which illumined the dawn of German literature, there were awakened in him longings of future literary glory, which ill-consorted with his present position of mental subjection. He felt with overpowering conviction, that in this direction, and no other, lay the grand purpose of his existence—the true idea of his whole being. A mass of performances published in the periodicals of the time, or preserved among his papers, are sufficient to prove that this idea had taken firm hold of his mind. Schiller was misunderstood—what else could be expected? Pedagogy could give no man the key to such a nature as his. Pedagogy, nevertheless, is for the present the law of his life.

"His prudence told him that he must yield to stern necessity—must forsake the balmy climate of Pindus for the Greenland of a barren and dreary science of terms; and he did not hesitate to obey. His professional studies were followed with a rigid though reluctant fidelity; it was only in leisure, gained by superior diligence, that he could yield himself to more favorite pursuits. Genius was to serve as the ornament of his inferior qualities, not as an excuse for the want of them.

"Schiller brooded gloomily over the constraints and hardships of his situation. Many plans he formed for deliverance. Sometimes he would escape in secret to catch a glimpse of the free and busy world to him forbidden. Sometimes he laid schemes for utterly abandoning a place which he abhorred, and trusting to fortune for the rest."\* Frederick, however, is young, without friends who can help him out of his difficulties, and without other resources. What can he do but calmly endure? "Doubt not, O poet, but persist." "The world," says Emerson, "is full of renunciations and apprenticeships; and this is thine; thou must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season. This is the screen and sheath in which Pan has protected his well-beloved flower; and thou shalt be known to thine own, and they shall console thee with tenderest love. . . . And this is the reward—that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impression of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious, but not troublesome, to thy invulnerable essence. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor—the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy; the woods and the rivers thou shalt own, and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true land-lord! sea-lord! air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly; wherever day and night meet in the twilight; wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars; wherever are forms with transparent boundaries; wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is beauty plenteous as rain, shed for thee; and though thou should walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune and ignoble."

Such, doubtless, was Schiller's reward; but the time of his complete emancipation had not yet arrived. He knew that, "in order to live poetically, it was first requisite

to live," and he could not but feel intensely the severe antagonism between his inward tendencies, and the position in which he was placed. What he wrote many years afterwards, clearly indicates his mental state at this period:—"A singular miscalculation of nature had combined my poetical tendencies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to poetry did violence to the laws of the institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements which tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities from which iron bars excluded me."

While ordinary natures would, in all likelihood, have sunk under these oppressive and disheartening vexations, the fiery energy of Schiller's was only concentrated and intensified. Denied external objects, it found a subjective world in his own imaginations, which, in time, proved an abundant compensation. A habit of stern self-reliance was induced. His undirected thoughts found material in the depths of his own consciousness, and his feelings and passions, "unshared by any other heart, had been driven back upon his own, where like the volcanic fire that smoulders and fuses in secret, they accumulated till their force grew irresistible."

"Hitherto," says one biographer, "Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient boy; but the time was now come when the gyves of school-discipline could no longer cripple and distort the giant might of his nature—he stood forth as a man, and wrenched asunder his fetters with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. The publication of 'The Robbers' forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world; and there seems no doubt that, but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stuttgart school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nineteenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed, are to be traced in all its parts.

"Translations of the work soon appeared in all the languages of Europe, and were read in all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of sympathy and judgment in the various minds which

\* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."



contemplated the subject. In Germany the enthusiasm which 'The Robbers' excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of the single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were; and though the general sentence was loudly in his favor, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation."

With the publication of "The Robbers," the first period of the life of Schiller is properly closed; but from that fact the immediate results it brought about ought not to be separated; there were many annoyances yet to be borne before his deliverance from the tyrannous yoke, under which his youth had been blighted, could be consummated.

Schiller had finished the original sketch of this drama in 1778, but had kept it secret till 1780, in which year he obtained the post of surgeon in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to print it at his own expense, not having succeeded in finding any publisher who would undertake the risk. The universal interest which the work at once excited drew attention to the author. This popularity, however dazzling, was not favorable to Schiller's immediate interests. The aversion on the one hand, was as great as the admiration on the other. And, what was unfortunate for our poet, the former was on the side of power and authority. The vehement revolutionary spirit which found so fiery a mouthpiece in "The Robbers," daunted the superior powers. Its bold, uncompromising defiance of prescriptive despotism angered them. And, what made matters still worse, the ability of the author was unquestionable, and he had the sympathies of the great mass of the people. It was settled that Schiller was a very dangerous servant of His Highness, the Grand Duke of Würtemberg; and forthwith he was summoned before that authority, and commanded to abide by such subjects as befitted his profession; or, at least, to beware of writing any more poetry without submitting it to the inspection of his Prince.

Time wore on, and our poet had to bear all the mortifications and restraints incidental to being a suspected person. "His busy imagination aggravated the evil. He had seen poor Schubart wearing out his tedious eight years of durance in the fortress of Schonberg, because he had been 'a rock of

offence to the powers that were.' The fate of this unfortunate author appeared to Schiller a type of his own. His free spirit shrank at the prospect of wasting his strength against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men who knew him not, yet had his fortune in their hands.... With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his tragedy, at Mannheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest, during a week, for this offence; and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given to him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity; and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Beleaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings, on every side; roused to the highest pitch of indignation, yet forced to keep silence, and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to quit his step-dame home, and go forth, though friendless and alone, to seek his fortune in the great market of life."

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia, with his young princess, niece to the Duke of Würtemberg, was visiting Stuttgart. All the city and neighborhood were astir with the festivities. In the midst of these—on the 17th of September—the flight was planned. Among Schiller's friends was a young, generous-hearted musician, by name Andrew Streicher. This young man had become Schiller's confidant, and enthusiastically sharing the feelings of the poet, accompanied him in his flight; and the vehicle which contained our adventurers rolled away through the darkest of the city gates. At midnight, on the left, about a mile from the road, by the light which streamed from the illuminated windows of the ducal castle, Schiller could clearly perceive the home of his parents. A suppressed "*O meine Mutter!*" escaped him, as he sank back in the carriage. So fled Schiller from the capital of Würtemberg, "empty of purse and without hope, careless of whither he went, so that he got beyond the reach of turnkeys and Grand Dukes, and commanding officers." The grating thralldom of his youth was now among the things of the past—the deliverance for which he

had long sighed was completed. Schiller was now in his twenty-third year.

Such were the circumstances of Schiller's early life. Through these—and who shall say to what extent by the help of these?—he grew to be the man he was. And was not that ordeal worth undergoing which presented in the end so noble a result?—this purification worth the purchase of all that suffering? Yes, surely; a thousand times, yes!

“Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate;—  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours,  
Weeping upon his bed has sate,—  
He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers.”

And now, after a childhood nursed in an atmosphere pure, healthy, holy—an atmosphere of affection, and piety, and joy; after a youth of hardship and suffering;—Schiller is at length a free man—a poet, with God's great universe before him. This he is now and henceforth, to the end of his pilgrimage. “All my connections,” he wrote in a little while, “are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; my study, my sov'ran, my confidant. To the public I from this time belong; before this, and no other tribunal, will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man.”

Our fugitives reached Mannheim in safety. Fearing to remain so near Stuttgard, they pushed on to Frankfort. . . . With scarcely means to meet the expenses of the journey on foot, early one morning they set off, over one of the most striking roads in Europe. At last, however, they reached Frankfort, where Streicher received thirty florins from his mother. The two friends now took up their residence at an inn at Oggersheim, sharing one chamber and one bed. Here Schiller wrote “Cabal and Love;” and, also, in November, completed his “Fiesco,” already partly composed. These were both published in 1783, and soon after were represented in the Mannheim Theatre with universal admiration.

While Schiller was residing at Oggersheim, a generous lady, Madame Von Wolzogen, whose sons had been fellow students of his, offered him the shelter of her home at Baurbach. Thither Schiller was but too glad to go. His only sorrow was that he must part from the faithful Streicher. The friends bid each other farewell. “After fifty years,” says a German biographer, “the musician

was filled with sadness when he recalled the moment in which he left that truly kingly heart—the noblest of the German poets—alone, and in misfortune.”

On a December evening, 1782, our homeless poet was received beneath the hospitable roof at Baurbach. The family were from home, but no comfort was wanting to him. Reinwald, the bookseller, who knew his secret, supplied him with books, and occasionally enlivened his solitude with his company. Madame Von Wolzogen soon returned, however, and with her her daughter Charlotte. This girl presently found a place in our poet's fancy. There was a kindly feeling on both sides, but it does not seem to have culminated in any abiding attachment.

The success of the dramas “Fiesco” and “Cabal and Love” brought about some change in the estimation in which Schiller was held by his superiors. The Duke relinquished the idea of further persecuting a man whose writings had gained him the esteem and affection of every true German; and the Count Dalberg perceived that the time had come when he might, at one stroke, second the pretensions of a man whom he still called friend, and give his theatre the advantage of a connection with the most popular dramatist of the day. Schiller was accordingly invited to Mannheim as poet to the theatre. He addressed himself to the duties of this post, with all the ardor and determination of a long cherished ambition. Here at the house of Meir, he once more beheld Streicher—this time with a joyful countenance and words of hope and congratulation.

Here, at length, he had reached his true distinction. Here was work of which he felt pleasure, and a holy joy in the doing—a furthering impulse, not a harsh restriction, to the free development of his inmost nature. At any rate, Schiller could now *live*, and was even in a fair way of realizing the *life poetic*. Surrounded by a circle of friends who honored him, acknowledged a subject of the Emperor Palatine—thus no longer having any cause to fear the Duke, and well satisfied with the moderate income awarded him, Schiller looked forward into the future, with new eyes and a lightened heart.

In Germany the theatre holds a very different place, in relation to society, to what it does in this country. It is there regarded as a moral and educational agent, here simply as an apparatus for amusement. Consequently there its exhibitions are attuned to the tastes of a higher and better cultivated class than here. They talk of it as “a lay

pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one." Schiller participated in this universal feeling, the bent of his genius laying so completely in that direction. He had high conceptions of the vocation of the poet; and the theatre was to him the proper, the only available medium between the poet and the world. His early longings for the priesthood had never become extinct; they were not now becoming so, but rather, they had received a new direction, a direction, if not the highest, yet that in which there was the greatest liberty and the widest scope. Laying down for himself and others (as we are told he did) the principle that the stage should take its rank with the church and the school among the primary institutions of the state; he felt proud of his own connection with the theatre, and exerted himself to the utmost in promoting its ends.

Here, situated thus pleasantly, and intensely occupied with manifold studies, the image of Charlotte Von Wolzogen ever hovered in his memory. He longed for a perfect union with some being, in whom he could repose all his thoughts and emotions. "To be linked to one," he writes, "who shares with us joy and sorrow; who meets us in our emotions and supplies to our humors; at her breast to release our souls from the thousand distractions, the thousand wild wishes and unruly passions, and drown all the bitterness of fortune in the enjoyment of domestic calm;—ah! such were the true delight of life." For him, he now thought the chosen one was Charlotte Von Wolzogen. He openly proposed for her to her mother, but without success. The happiness of the girl could not be entrusted to one in whose worldly position there was still much to excite doubts and fears. Convinced at last of the hopelessness of his case, his passion sought a new object, and presently found one in the person of Margaret Schwan, the daughter of the bookseller to whom he had sold "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love." She was of a cheerful disposition, and beautiful person, "rather devoted," say the German biographers, "to the world, to literature, and to art, than to the tranquil domestic joys." She was then nineteen years old, and it was about the autumn of 1784 that she first "gained possession of a heart still somewhat too inflammable for constancy." Indeed, it appears that some wilder and less spiritual passion than either Margaret or Charlotte had inspired, and influenced him in the interval. To this he alludes with regret, in one of his letters, some years afterwards.

About this time appeared the first number of the "Reinische Thalia," enriched by three acts of "Don Carlos." The new journal was principally devoted to dramatic literature, such as theatrical criticism, essays on the drama, poetry, and the details of representation, the history of the theatre, &c. A portion of its pages were opened to general literature and poetry. It was continued up to 1794. This periodical, without yielding Schiller any great pecuniary advantage, by no means increased his favor with the actors. The freedom of his strictures was highly displeasing to them; he in turn being greatly offended by the manner in which his verses were mangled on the stage.

At this period, says his biographer, Schiller knew not what it was to be unemployed. Yet the task of composing dramatic varieties, of training players, and deliberating in the theatrical senate, or even of expressing philosophically his opinions on these points, could not wholly occupy such a mind as his. There were times, when notwithstanding his own prior habits, and all the vaunting of dramaturgists, he felt that their scenic glories were but an empty show, a lying refuge, where there was no abiding rest for the soul. The "Thalia," besides its dramatic speculations and performances, contains several of his poems, which indicate that his attention, though officially directed elsewhere, was alive to all the common concerns of humanity; that he looked on life not more as a writer than as a man. While improving in the art of poetry, in the capability of uttering his thoughts in the form best adapted to express them, he was likewise improving in the more valuable art of thought itself; and applying it not only to the business of the imagination, but also to those profound and solemn inquiries which every reasonable mortal is called to engage with.\* "The Philosophic Letters," written about this time, contain evidence enough of the truth of this last statement, and the additional advantage of presenting Schiller's intellectual powers in a somewhat new point of view. To give any account, however, of Schiller's numerous writings, beyond recording the mere fact of their publication, and the peculiar circumstances in which they were brought forth, is altogether beyond our present design.

The charms of Mannheim, once to him so great and alluring, began to fade in the eyes of our poet. Notwithstanding that his amiable nature, his genius, manliness and virtue,

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\* "Carlyle's Life of Schiller."

had endeared him to a large circle of friends ; notwithstanding that Dalberg was still his warm friend, and that he saw and conversed daily with Schwan and his Margaret, he began to view his situation with less and less content. The theatrical world turned out to be quite other than the paradise he had imagined it to be. He wished for a wider sphere of action, and one in which he should not be dependent on the vicissitudes of the public taste, or subject to the harassing annoyances of inefficient representation. Accordingly he determined to leave Manheim, and an opportunity soon presented itself. The first number of his "Thalia" happened to arrive at the court of Hesse Darmstadt, while the Duke of Sachsen Weimar was there. That prince, being introduced to the genius of Schiller by the perusal of the first acts of "Don Carlos," expressed his delight with the production by transmitting to the author the title of Councillor of the Duchy of Weimar. The honor paid to men of art and literature, at the court of Weimar, excited Schiller's admiration, and gave a new turn to his ambition. His newly acquired dignity strengthened this feeling, and doubtless accelerated his departure from Manheim. At Leipsig resided some of the poet's most substantial friends, and a vast number of ardent admirers. This town, moreover, was the centre of activity both in commerce and literature ; it seemed to offer a wide field for the noblest endeavor ; and hither, accordingly, he directed his steps. Previous to going he wrote to his friend Huber :—

"This, then, is probably the last letter I shall write to you from Manheim. The time from the 15th March has hung upon my hands, like a trial for life : and, thank heaven ! I am now ten wholedays nearer you. And now, my good friend, as you have already consented to take my entire confidence upon your shoulder, allow me the pleasure of leading you into the interior of my domestic wishes.

"In my new establishment at Leipsig, I purpose to avoid one error, which has plagued me a great deal here at Manheim. It is this : no longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy, in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week ; and poetry, you know yourself, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. *My mind is drawn different ways ; I fall*

headlong out of my ideal world, if a holed stocking remind me of the real world.

"As to the other point, I require for my private happiness to have a true, warm friend, that would ever be at hand like my better angel ; to whom I could communicate my nascent ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not needing to transmit them, as at present, by letters or long visits. Nay, when this friend of mine lives without the four corners of the house, the trifling circumstance that, in order to reach him, I must cross the street, dress myself, and so forth, will of itself destroy the enjoyment of the moment, and the train of my thoughts is torn in pieces before I see him.

"Observe, my good fellow, these are petty matters ; but petty matters often bear the weightiest result in the management of life. I know myself better than perhaps a thousand mothers' sons know themselves ; I understand how much, and frequently how little I require to be completely happy. The question therefore, is, Can I get this wish of my heart fulfilled in Leipsig ?

"If it were possible that I could make a lodgment with you, all my cares on that head would be removed. I am no bad neighbor, as perhaps you imagine ; I have pliancy enough to suit myself to another, and here and there a certain knack, as Yorick says, at helping to make him merrier and better. Failing this, if you could find me any other person who would undertake my small economy, everything would still be well."\*

Schiller arrived in Leipsig at the time of holding the world-famed fair. His name got abroad, and the populace eagerly pressed to see the man who had touched every body's heart. His feelings respecting this manifestation of his popularity were not all of a pleasant character. Writing to Schwan, he says, "It is a peculiar thing to have an author's name. The few men of worth and mark, who on this account offer their acquaintance, and whose esteem confers a pleasure, are too greatly outweighed by the swarm who, like flesh-flies, buzz around the author as a monster, and claim him as a colleague on the strength of a few blotted sheets of paper. Many cannot get it into their heads that the author of the 'Robbers' should be like any other mother's son. They expected at least a cross, the boots of a postillion, and a hunting whip !"†

After some alternations respecting the

\* "Carlyle's Life of Schiller."

† "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."



adoption of some other profession than literature, he determined to complete his "Carles," and continued his contributions to the "Thalia;" among which latter may be mentioned, as having been written at this time,—the "Hymn to Joy," the most beautiful and spirited lyrical production he had yet achieved. Meanwhile he had ventured to ask the hand of Margaret Schwan. The letter, freighted with this request, and written in a manly and right noble spirit, may be read in "Carlyle's Life of the Poet." Margaret and he, however, were not destined for each other. Whatever Schwan's reply might be—and about this authorities are disagreed—it is certain no further steps were taken to bring about the marriage. The friendship existing between all parties concerned continued unabated.

Finding that Leipzig did not answer all his expectations, and perhaps to solace himself for the disappointment in which his courtship of Margaret had ended, he yielded to many invitations, and took his departure for Dresden towards the close of the summer. Schiller here found warm friends in Körner and his wife Minna Stalk, who had been lately married. Körner's house was romantically situated on the banks of the Elbe, near Loschwitz. A summer-house in the garden, surrounded by vineyards and pine-woods, became Schiller's favorite place of resort, and was surrendered to his use. Here the completion of "Don Carlos" was effected. On its publication it was received with immense enthusiasm. In the closet and on the stage it equally excited the pleasure and approbation of learned and unlearned.

"Amidst all this popularity," says his biographer, "he was still drifting at large on the tide of life; he was crowned with laurels, but without a home. His heart, warm and affectionate, fitting the domestic blessings which it longed for, was allowed to form no permanent attachment; he felt that he was unconnected, solitary in the world; cut off from the exercise of his kindlier sympathies; or if tasting such pleasures, 'snatching them rather than partaking of them calmly.' The vulgar desire of wealth and station never entered his head for an instant; but as years were adding to his age, the delights of peace and continuous comfort were fast becoming more acceptable than any other; and he looked with anxiety to have a resting-place amid his wanderings,—to be a man among his fellow-men." The only chance of realizing these strong desires, Schiller knew lay in the most persevering diligence in the

vocation he had chosen. He never plied his tasks with more ardor than at Dresden; but his enthusiasm was rather fretted away on a multiplicity of minor performances than concentrated on any great work. The most famous of his lyrical pieces written about this time was the "Free thinking of Passion." It is said to have been inspired by an attachment to Sophy Albrecht, a young actress whom he had met previously to his visit to Dresden. She was now one of the most celebrated actresses of the town. Schiller visited at her house on familiar terms; and there one evening, after the play was over, another entanglement was thrown across his dubious path. The poet was introduced to a young, blue-eyed stranger, of exquisite form and fascinating expression of countenance. The girl smiled, blushed, kissed her bouquet, and threw it to Schiller, who, unsuspecting, received it with enthusiasm. "Her mother," says one of his biographers, "was by all accounts an artful and abandoned person, who did not scruple to put to profit the beauty of her daughter. She saw in the admiration of so distinguished a poet the means of widening Julia's already lucrative notoriety. Schiller was accordingly lured into an intimacy which occasioned the most serious anxiety to his friends. . . .

"They, however, did their best to dispel his infatuation and tear him from a connection which they considered disgraceful to his name, ruinous to his means, and injurious to his prospects: finally, they succeeded in their appeals. He appears, indeed, to have become aware of the treachery practised on him, and, after many a struggle between reason and passion, at last he tore himself away."\* What are these anecdotes worth? what do they illustrate? "Simply," as Carlyle says, "that love could excite even Schiller to madness, as indeed all gods and men."

Having in the interim written the romance of the "Ghost Seer," many pages of which owe their vivid coloring to the fair Julia, he began to think of history. His mind was already tutored to its requirements by the historical studies he had undergone in the composition of his plays; and his tendency to the vocation of the historian was, doubtless, further augmented by the necessity which he increasingly felt for some substantial basis of fact—some external reality—on which he could repose his mind amidst his manifold conflicts and wanderings. "The

\* "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."

love of contemplating things as they should be began to yield to the love of knowing things as they are." The poet, therefore, resolved to become a historian. The designs which he meditated in this department of human inquiry were vast and comprehensive,—too great indeed for any one writer to achieve. Many of them, we are told, never reached a describable shape, and very few even partial execution. What he did accomplish worthy of record, we have in the "Revolt of the Netherlands," and the "History of the Thirty Years' War."

To visit Weimar, the Athens of Germany, had long been one of Schiller's earnest wishes. He arrived there in July, 1787. Goethe was not visible (why, will hereafter appear), but Herder and Wieland received him with open arms. With the latter was soon cemented an enduring friendship. Schiller determined to make Weimar his future residence. "You know the men," he writes, "of whom Germany is proud; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length, once more, get a country." In October Schiller made an excursion to Meiningen, to visit his sister, then just married to Reinwald. Here he met his old friend Madame von Wolzogen, and her son Wilhelm. With them he returned towards Weimar. They halted at Rudolstadt. This halt is a memorable passage in the life of our poet. He here met Charlotte von Lengefeld; and once more, not this time without result, his affections were enchained. Charlotte was highly prepossessing, and her mind was enriched by true culture. According to her sister, who is the author of a charming biography of Schiller, "The expression of the purest goodness of heart animated her features; and her eye beamed only truth and innocence." On his departure from the home of the Lengefelds, Schiller had already conceived the idea of spending the next summer at Rudolstadt. Fortune favored this attachment: that very winter Charlotte came to Weimar on a visit to a friend of her family, and Schiller had frequent opportunities of meeting her. He supplied her with his favorite authors; and she undertook to find him a lodging at Rudolstadt for the summer. On her departure this commission gave occasion for an interchange of letters. In this correspondence "there breathes," says one of his biographers, "a noble, mild, discreet inclination, without a trace of pas-

sion;" and adds,—“Our love is generally the effigy of the one we love. Schiller's present love was the gold purified from the sensual passion which had mastered him at Dresden.”

In May, in the following year, we find Schiller at Rudolstadt. He lodged in a small house in the village of Folkstätt, about half an hour's walk from the town. From his chamber window he overlooked the banks of the Saale, which flowed through the meadows under the shade of noble trees. High above towered the castle of Rudolstadt, and at the foot of the hill which rose from the opposite bank, lay small villages and the houses of the peasantry. The hours here spent were perhaps the pleasantest in the somewhat turbulent course of Schiller's life. His sister, in speaking of them, says,—“How welcome was it after some tedious visit, to see our genial friend approaching beneath the fair trees that skirt the banks of the Saale. A forest brook, that pours itself into that river, and was crossed by a little bridge, was the meeting place at which we awaited. When we beheld him in the twilight coming towards us, a serener, an ideal life entered within us; a lofty earnestness, and the graceful ease of a mind pure and candid, ever animated Schiller's conversation. One seemed, as one heard him talk, to wander as it were between the immutable Stars of Heaven, and yet amidst the flowers of earth.”

Schiller returned to Weimar in November, occupying himself with literary matters. The letters upon "Don Carlos," "The Artists," and the conclusion of the "Ghost Seer," are dated about this period. The publications of portions of the "Revolt of the Netherlands" in Wieland's "Mercury," now gave rise to the wish among many of his friends to have Schiller appointed to the Professorship of History in the University of Jena, a chair which was just then vacant by the departure of Eickhorn. To this desire, seconded by Voigt, the chaplain of the court, Goethe gave the weight of his influence. Schiller was accordingly called to the post. He went to Jena in 1789. His reception there was enthusiastic in the extreme. Four hundred students crowded the hall, and their applause filled the new and somewhat reluctant professor with confidence.

Schiller's wanderings were now over; and at last, after a severe probation, he could repose securely on that haven of man's rest and joy—domestic bliss. In the February following his settlement at Jena, he was

united in marriage to Charlotte von Lengefeld. A few months after this event, he writes to a friend as follows:—

“Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone, even in summer. Beautiful nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it,—live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how it all has happened, so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I expect everything. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit; nay, I think my very youth will be renewed; an inward poetic life will give it me again.”

Some while ere this, in the house of the Lengefelds, Schiller, for the first time, had met Goethe. With Schiller's early writings Goethe had little sympathy. The “Robbers” he hated, because, as he said, the very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which he was struggling to get liberated, had been laid hold of by a powerful but immature genius, and poured in a boundless vehement flood over the whole land. What exasperated him still more was, that his most intimate friends, those to whom he looked for thorough and unwavering sympathy with his own artistic completeness, seemed in danger of the contagion. “Had it been possible,” he wrote, “I would have abandoned the study of creative art, and the practice of poetry entirely; for where was the prospect of surpassing those performances of genial worth and wild form, in the qualities which recommend them?” From this cause, as he thus himself acknowledges, he kept aloof from Schiller. “It happened about this time that Moritz returned from Italy, and staid with me awhile, during which he violently confirmed himself and me in these persuasions. I avoided Schiller, who was now in Weimar, in my neighborhood. The appearance of ‘Don Carlos’ was not calculated to approximate us; the attempt of our common friends I resisted; and thus we continued to go on our way apart.” Neverthe-

less, as we have seen, the two antagonistic poets at last met beneath one roof, although, as was not to be wondered at, there was no lavish expenditure of cordiality between them.

Soon after this interview Schiller thus writes:—“On the whole, this personal meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination, no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will try.” By degrees, however, as the true character of each unfolded itself to the other, this feeling of mutual antipathy wore away; and there *did* ensue, after all, a “secure, substantial intimacy” between them. They ultimately came to pass much of their time in each other's company, and to co-operate cordially in many literary undertakings; the very contrast of their mental tendencies giving their intercourse a peculiar charm. They soon became necessary to each other's intellectual life; and their friendship once firmly established, was only interrupted by Schiller's death.

The parallel between these two distinguished men has long formed a tourney ground for all German scholars to break lances on. “Whether is Schiller or Goethe the greater poet?” is a question which has been oftener asked or answered than any other in connection with German literature. It is true that no proper comparison can be instituted between them; their difference being one of kind, and not of degree; and all measurement of the one by the standard of the other being therefore a manifest injustice to both. Nevertheless, the true relationship between these Titans of literature, whose lives were thrown together in one sphere of activity, will always remain an interesting problem for the studious. Perhaps the best solution of it hitherto given to the world, is that by Gervinus, in his “History of German Literature.”\*

The finest gold has its alloy; and Schiller's newly acquired domestic happiness came to him not without its drawbacks. A fell enemy soon disturbed the welcome repose

\* Gessé, a Poetischen National-Literatur.

into which his life had been led. Bodily disease had taken root in a constitution never strong, but which had been rendered weaker by the absence of that prudent carefulness which should have restrained our poet within the limits which nature prescribes, as the proper bounds of all human activity. A disorder in the chest took violent hold of him; and though he recovered from its immediate effects, the ever-vital seeds of disease were left behind,—he never afterwards wholly recovered his strength. Indeed at this period, a report of his death was spread abroad throughout Germany.... In Denmark, a circle of the poet's friends had resolved to repair to Hellebeck—there, surrounded by the enchanting beauties of the scenery, to hold a court to his honor, and to chant the *Hymn to Joy*, when the report reached Copenhagen, and changed their joyous festivities in honor of the living poet to a mournful solemnity in celebration of his death. The friends, among whom were the poet Baggesen, the Count Ernest von Schimmelmann, the Prince Christian von Holstein Augustenberg, and his princess, met, as was arranged, on the sea-shore, opposite the high rocks of Sweden. Two additional stanzas, in honor of the supposed death, were chanted; musical instruments added to the harmony; an intense feeling of solemnity pervaded the whole assembly; and as the song ceased, all eyes were bathed in tears. Such was the sympathy even amongst the high-born and illustrious of a foreign nation for our worthy poet.

No sooner was the report contradicted, than the mourners hastened to express their admiration of Schiller, by conferring upon him benefits of a more tangible nature. He received from the Count von Schimmelmann, and the Prince von Augustenberg, a letter, written in terms of the utmost delicacy, requesting his acceptance of an annual gift, for three years, of a thousand dollars. This communication also contained an invitation to Denmark:—"For we are not the only ones here," they write, "who know and love you; and if, after the restoration of your health, you desire to enter the service of our state, it would be easy for us to gratify such an inclination. Yet," they continue, "think us not so selfish as to make such a change in your residence a condition; we leave our suggestion to your free choice; we desire to preserve to humanity its instructor, and to this desire every other consideration is subordinate." Nothing but Schiller's increasing ill-health, and the declaration of his physicians,

that the visit to so northern a climate would be fatal, could have prevented him from at once responding to such an invitation. In a letter to Baggesen, the gratitude with which this offer had filled him is expressed in many terms. From it too we gain some glimpses into Schiller's views respecting the vocation which he had chosen for his own, which show how unwilling he was to have it degraded—not in his own case merely, but in any—into the mere brain-drudgery of the bread—scholar.

"From the cradle of my intellect till now, have I struggled with fate; and since I knew how to prize intellectual liberty, I have been condemned to want it. A rash step, ten years since, divided me from any other practical livelihood but that of a writer. I had given myself to this calling, before I had made proof of its demands, or surveyed its difficulties. The necessity for pursuing it befell me before I was fitted for it by knowledge and intellectual maturity. That I felt this—that I did not bound my ideal of an author's duty to those narrow limits within which I was confined—I recognize as a favor of Heaven.... As unripe and far below that ideal which lived within me, I beheld all which I gave to the world." With feeling and with modesty Schiller proceeded to enlarge upon the conflict between the circumstances and his aspirations.... to touch upon the melancholy with which he was saddened by the contemplation of the great masterpieces of art, ripened only to their perfection by that happy leisure denied to him. "What had I not given," he exclaims, "for two or three years; that, free from all the toils of an author, I could render myself only to the study, the cultivation of my conception,—the ripening of my ideal." He proceeds to observe that, in the German literary world, a man could not unite the labor for subsistence with compliance with the demands of lofty art; that, for ten years, he had struggled to unite both; and that, to make the union only in some measure possible, had cost him his health.... "In a moment, when life began to display its whole value—when I was about to knit a gentle bond between the reason and the phantasy—when I girded myself to a new enterprise in the service of art, death drew near. The danger indeed passed away; but I waked only to an altered life, to renew, with slackened strength and diminished hopes, my war with fate. So the letter received from Denmark found me! I attain at last the intellectual liberty, so long and so eagerly desired



.... I win leisure, and through leisure, I may perhaps recover my lost health; if not, at least for the future, the trouble of my mind will not give nourishment to disease. If my lot does not permit me to confer beneficence in the same manner as my benefactors, at least, I will seek it, where alone it is in my power; and make that seed which they scatter unfold itself in me, to a fairer blossom for humanity." And he did so.

In the intervals of sickness he devoted the leisure which was now accorded him to the study of Kant. To what extent the system of the philosopher of Königsberg moulded his thoughts, and influenced his latter writings, is a question we cannot here enter into. He appears to have appropriated his fundamental doctrines; the lofty spiritualism and ethic grandeur of the transcendental philosophy seems to have found a deep response in his inmost heart; and from that period, we are told, "a catholic, all-mild, all-comprehensive religion surrounds his writings as with a lucid atmosphere, and his craving for the serene ideal life loses itself in the Christian's heaven."

In the month of June, 1792, Schiller, accompanied by his wife, went to Dresden, on a visit to Korner. In the course of this journey they met Schiller's mother and his youngest sister, Nannette, whom he had not seen for many years. He determined, if his health and circumstances allowed, to return the following year to his Suabian home. In the summer following the Schillers made an excursion to the poet's fatherland, where they were warmly welcomed. At Heidelberg, not unmoved, Schiller saw once more the object of his early passion, Margaret Schwan. "Like all noble and manly natures," says Madame Von Wolzogen, "Schiller ever retained an affectionate remembrance of the woman who had inspired him with tender emotion. These recollections moved him always, but he rarely spoke of them." The wanderer was reunited to his long-separated family in August, 1793. Schiller visited Ludwigsburg, and resided for a time in the immediate neighborhood of his father's house; and it was here that he first became a father.

Having now brought on our narrative to the culminating point of Schiller's life-history—the period at which he obtained the goal of his youth's ardent hope—we must glance rapidly over many passages of interest, and draw near the final close. Those passages are interesting to us more, perhaps, from their own nature than from their forming part of our poet's biography. Schiller's scholar-

ship in the universal school was longer than that of most men; and, indeed, individually, he may be said never to have seen the horizon of his endeavor and of his hope. But to us, who know not the secrets of his inner life, his history henceforth is clothed in a tranquil uniformity. It is not now progress, but rather repose. Schiller's literary labors were continued with interruption. The "Horen," a monthly journal, was commenced, and in this undertaking were associated with his the greatest names of Germany, Goethe, Herder, Jacobi, Matthison, &c. In the "Musen Almanach," of which he was appointed chief editor, appeared some of his finest thoughts either in poetry or prose; and meanwhile "Wallenstein" was progressing. In the midst of these occupations he had the misfortune to lose, both in the same year, his father and youngest sister. Some time after, too, his mother also died. "Ah, dear sister," he wrote, "so both the beloved parents are gone from us, and the oldest bond that fastened us to life is rent! O let us, we three, (including his other sister,) alone surviving of our father's house, let us cling yet closer to each other; forget not that thou hast a loving brother. I remember vividly the days of our youth, when we were all in all to each other. From that early existence our fate has divided us; but attachment, confidence, remain unchanged—unchangeable." About this time (1797) he purchased a garden, a little to the south-west of Jena, on the banks of the beloved Saale. The site commanded a beautiful prospect of the valley and the pine-covered sides of the neighboring mountains.

"There, deck'd he the fair garden watch-tower;  
whence

Listening he loved the voice of stars to hear,  
Which to the no less ever-living sense  
Made music, mystic, yet through mystery  
clear."\*

Here he wrote and studied during the summer months of 1797 and 1798. In the following year "Wallenstein" was brought out. The highest critics spoke and wrote warmly in its praise. "This work," said Tieck, "at once rich and profound, is a monument for all times, of which Germany may be proud; and a national feeling—a native sentiment—is reflected from this pure mirror, yielding us a higher sense of what we are, and what we were;" and Goethe, long after its publication, compared it to "a wine which wins the taste in proportion to its age."

\*Goethe. Prologue to the "Lay of the Bell."

The following years were signalized by the publication of "Marie Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Wilhelm Tell,"—the two latter works in which the poet's highest characteristics are clothed in the noblest forms. Besides these, and sundry minor compositions, Schiller also executed several translations from the French and Italian. But, according to his biographer, his mind was long and earnestly engaged at this period with the most solemn of ideas. "The universe of human thought he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his latter poems indicate an incessant and increasing longing for some solution of the mystery of life; at times it is a gloomy resignation to the want and the despair of any. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared away in search of other lands, looking with unutterable desire for some surer and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Death he had no reason to regard as probably a near event, but we easily perceive that the awful secrets connected with it had long been familiar to his contemplation. The veil which hid them from his eyes was now shortly, when he looked not for it, to be rent asunder."

At length, in the spring of 1805, after many warnings, Schiller was stricken with his final illness. It was not long after its commencement that it became palpable that his death was near. In vain physicians; in vain the anxious offices of affection; in vain the ardent desire of still prolonged activity—nothing could stay the progress of the disease; no human power arrest the fatal blow. The attack commenced on the 28th of April. On the 7th of May he wished to converse with his sister on the subject of his unfinished tragedy of "Demetrius." She begged him not to disturb himself with such thoughts, but to keep quiet. "True," he answered with pathos, "now when no one understands me, and I no more understand myself, it is better that I should be silent." Before this, on the subject of his probable decease, he had said, "Death can be no evil, for it is universal." On the 9th his disorder reached a crisis; he grew insensible, and even delirious. This, however, happily did not continue. "The fiery canopy of physical suffering,

which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside; and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity once again before it passed away for ever. Restored to consciousness, in that hour when the soul is cut off from human help, and man must front the King of Terrors on his own strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as became him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell; he ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said, '*Calmer and calmer*;' simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man."\* About six he sank into a deep slumber. Awakening for a moment he said, "Now is life so clear!—so much is it made clear and plain!" He then sank back into a sleep, which "deepened and deepened till it changed into that, from which there is no awakening."

Schiller's death was presently known throughout Weimar, and the news soon spread over the whole of Germany. The sensation was universal—the grief of thousands deep and sincere. To Goethe no one at first had the courage to mention the circumstance. He perceived that the people of his house were gloomy and embarrassed, and seemed desirous of avoiding him. He divined somewhat of the truth at last, and said, "I see—Schiller must be very ill." That night the serene, unimpassioned, ever-collected man was heard to weep. In the morning he said to a friend, "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" The friend sobbed. "He is dead!" said Goethe. "You have said it." "He is dead!" repeated Goethe, and covered his face with his hands.

So lived and died Friedrich Schiller—one whose works will never cease to shed a glorious lustre on the literature of his country and of Europe—a man, the very memory of whom "will arise afar off, like a towering landmark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people, that once encompassed him and hid him from the near beholder."

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\* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

From Tait's Magazine for Jan.

## THE KINGDOM OF GREECE.

It is impossible, in our historical and classical associations, to separate from modern Greece our ideas of its ancient classic splendor. We cannot divest ourselves of the epics, lyrics, and dramas of her poets, the eloquence of her orators, the wisdom of her philosophers, and the bravery of her warriors. We are, as it were, inspired by Homer. We can imagine Demosthenes rousing into enthusiasm, courage, and patriotism all the energies of the popular assemblies whom he addressed in the most forcible, logical, and eloquent harangues that were ever uttered by man. We can also in imagination enter into the spirit of the Olympic Games, in which the most athletic and dexterous of the Greeks contended more vigorously for honors than they would for their lives—and we, in idea at least, enter upon the triumphal battle-fields and sea-fights which impart splendor to Grecian history. And we should indeed be ungrateful did we not acknowledge the instruction which we have derived in learning, in science, and in art from the ancient Greeks. It was the civilization of the Greeks which first enlightened and gave poetry, erudition, sculpture, architecture and painting to the Romans. It was to the Greeks that the Byzantine historians and writers owed their education and their knowledge. And it was immediately after the Eastern Empire was utterly subdued by the Turks that Central and Western Europe derived from the Greeks, who fled from Thrace, the benefits which revived learning among the Latins, and which afterwards extended erudition and civilization to the Teutonic and Celtic nations of the west and north.

But, with the exception of such of those magnificent ruins as have survived the depredations and ferocities, not only of the barbarians of the middle ages, but of some modern Vandals, and the local associations of scenery, with the configuration, unchanged since the days of Herodotus, of the continent and islands of Greece, the traveller amid those classic lands will find little that is agreeable or hopeful, but he will daily encounter that

disorder and degradation which generate sorrow and which subdue hope.

About 270 years before the utter subjugation of Greece by the Turks, the latter, after conquering Constantinople, partitioned Greece into feudal lordships, which they distributed among the Normans, Venetians, and French military leaders. Those feudal lords oppressed the Greeks no less severely than did the Ottomans at a subsequent period.

For 237 years—that is, from 1481 to 1718—the Greeks and Turks were almost incessantly at war, contesting every position of Greece. The treaty of Passarowitz ceded to the Porte the absolute sovereignty of all the Grecian States.

The spirit and practice of the Turkish Government—the insecurity of property during a long period, first of the rule of the Latins and afterwards of the Turks, disheartened the majority, rendered desperate, and generally demoralized the Hellenic race. This was not only the case in the Morea and Continental Greece, but especially in the Greek islands.

When the Greeks first attempted their independence, they met with the sympathies of all Christian Europe, and the sincere approbation of all who cherished the spirit of civil, political, and religious liberty. Had the Greeks been trained by education and practice to exercise and to appreciate the blessings of freedom, the hopes at that time of the benefactors of mankind would long ere this have been realized. But, unfortunately, the education and traditions for several centuries—the jealousies and animosities of chiefs, and the diversity of the races of inhabitants, have all been unfavorable to civilization, and to religious and civil freedom.

The Greeks revolted against Turkish domination in 1821—asserted independence, and proclaimed a Republican Government. A destructive war ensued; the Governments of Russia, France, and Great Britain interfered, and the Sultan was induced to consent to the independence of Greece. In 1827, Count Capo d'Istria was elected President of

Greece for the term of seven years; in January, 1828, he entered upon the duties of his office, and he succeeded in establishing nearly an efficient administration.

Greece was then divided provisionally into thirteen administrative sections; viz., Eastern and Western Greece, Argolida, Arcadia, Laconia, Lower and Upper Messenia, Elida, Achaia, Eubæa, the North and South Cyclades, and the Sporades.

The government was re-organized by the fourth National Congress, which met at Argos in the summer of 1829, Capo d'Istrias still remaining at its head. The Panhellenium, a council of twenty-seven members, was replaced by another body consisting also of twenty-seven members, called the Gerousia, senate or congress. This body gave its opinion on matters of legislation, but had not the power of a negative upon the decisions of the regency. Besides the senate, there was a ministry consisting of four departments, each having a secretary; viz., the home department, foreign affairs, including commerce, the judiciary, public instruction, and ecclesiastical affairs, war, and marine and finances. Three supreme tribunals were also instituted.

In February, 1830, the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, and Russia, named Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg as the hereditary Sovereign of Greece, with the title of "Sovereign Prince." He accepted the appointment, but afterwards resigned it.

Prince Otho of Bavaria was in virtue of the authority transmitted by the Greek nation to the convention held at London, and by the treaty concluded there in 1832, appointed king, and ascended the throne in February, 1833, with a regency of four persons until he attained twenty years of age, which was on the 1st of June, 1835.

The government was in 1833 divided into ten monarchies; viz., the Morea into five, Eastern and Western Greece into three, and the islands into two monarchies. These were subdivided into eparchies, and the whole into 468 municipalities or communes (Dimoi). Since the retirement of Capo d'Istrias, the affairs of Greece have been involved in financial difficulties, heavy taxations, and commercial restrictions.

The provisional government of Greece adopted liberal and sound principles of commerce and navigation; and if that under King Otho had continued to act under those principles, we might expect that the shipping and trade of this country—so conveniently situated for commerce, although its produc-

tions are not very abundant—would, before now, have enriched the population as well as the treasury.

Under the government of King Otho, which is in practice nearly a despotism, not only have many vexatious regulations and restrictions been introduced, but the state-officers and other *employés* interfere in a manner which in no country but in Spain and her colonies, and to some extent Portugal and Naples, has offered so unworthy an example to the world. Among other vexatious practices are those of absolutely rating the prices at which currants and other articles of export are to be purchased, and of affixing capricious values to augment the duties on commodities. Greece, under these circumstances, certainly does not afford the prospect of attaining financial, political, or commercial prosperity.

The export and import duties have been in practice augmented, so that the contrabandist, and not the treasury, profits by the unwise and impracticable policy; and so stringent are some of the articles of the recent customs'-law that the authorities in the out-ports are ashamed to attempt carrying them into effect.

The export-duties are severely oppressive on the growers of currants and other fruits. The new customs'-law is based upon the principle that "Fraud is the basis of all trade," and that this fraud can only be prevented by a formidable system of penalties and punishments.

The taxation of Greece is certainly grievous in amount, oppressively exacted from the people, and the whole system is ignorantly arranged and worse managed. For so small a population, the whole being under a million of inhabitants, the government is upon too great and too expensive a scale, and the outlay upon palaces and public edifices not only profuse, but unjust; while, at the same time, there is ample cause to suspect that neither economy nor honesty have been strictly observed in any branch of the public expenditure. The Greek loan, and the excess of payments over income, has increased the debt to nearly two and half millions sterling guaranteed by England, France, and Russia, £600,000 to Bavaria, besides a heavy internal debt; and the expenditure for the three years ending 1852 exceeds the revenue by one-sixth.

If Candia had been annexed to Greece on the revolution, and if a strong, intelligent, and strictly just administration had been established, the natural capabilities of Greece



and Candia, and the energy of the people, would have, during the last ten years, rendered both countries rich and independent. Agriculture, commerce, and revenue, would have naturally flourished, the public credit would have been maintained, and neither England, France, nor Russia, would have had to pay the interest of the Greek loan.

The military force of Greece for 1852 consists of 8,603 men, including gend'armie, frontier guards, and a small cavalry and artillery force.

The navy consists of two corvettes, of twenty-six guns, two small steamboats, three brigs, seven schooners, five cutters, one royal yacht, two or three packet-boats, and twelve gun-boats. The whole power of this force is insignificant; but the Greeks are admirable sailors.

The whole exports for 1849 amounted to 13,000,000 drachmas, or about £500,000 sterling; and the imports to 20,000,000 drachmas, or about £750,000 sterling. Yet with this miserable commerce, and a country the greater part of which is rendered unfit for profitable agriculture by rocks and mountains, there is a Government, and executive and administrative establishment, consisting of ministers of the interior, foreign affairs, finance, and justice, war, religion and public instruction, all with extensive bureaucratic appointments. The legislature consists of a senate and house of representatives; and although the former constitution of France was in a great degree imitated, there is scarcely a semblance of public liberty in

Greece. The legal tribunals are the Areopagus, or Court of Cassation, the royal Court of Appeal at Athens, and the royal Court of Appeal at Neuplia: besides which there are minor courts.

The police, which is the worst in Europe, is under a director-general. There is also a post-master-general, but the communication by letters is slow and uncertain.

Although the Greeks have preserved their ancient language in a much greater degree than the Italians, it is only in Eastern Greece that the Hellenic race predominates; and they are inferior both in chivalry, bravery, and virtue to the inhabitants of Northern Greece, who are chiefly Bulgarians, Wallachians, and Albanians. Out of Greece, however, the Greeks distinguish themselves as mariners and as merchants; and although in their own country they inherit a great share of the mendacity of their ancestors, yet as merchants in foreign countries they are generally faithful in fulfilling their engagements, and they soon accommodate themselves to the customs and morals of the people among whom they reside.

The Court of Athens is the focus of intrigues; and Russia and Greece having the same religion for their establishments, an extensive and intimate connection subsists between the priests of Greece and those of the Russian empire, which combination, by its influence over a superstitious people, and the ambition of an unscrupulous hierarchy, appears to us to be menacing the *statu quo* of Turkey in Europe.

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From the New Monthly Magazine for Jan.

## THE LATER DRAMAS OF SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

ENTHUSIASTIC in his love of poetry and his homage to woman, it must have been with delight that Mr. Sheridan Knowles once heard himself thus addressed by a living poetess:

Master of feeling and of thought!  
Poet, who still has truly wrought!  
Rich in the power our hearts to move  
With sudden touch of Nature's love;  
With thrill of passionate distress,  
Or gush of gentlest tenderness,

Or burst of free unconquer'd scorn,  
Or pride of noble instinct born—  
Who, of this present age, shall claim,  
In Skakspeare's art, an equal name?  
None! Thine should be a double wreath—  
Success in life—fame after death.\*

Those there are, or have been, to whose sanguine judgment "Virginus" and the "Hunchback" promised a revival of the

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\* Mrs. Norton.

Elizabethan drama, in its richness, fulness, and popularity. Mr. Knowles pleased rather than discouraged them by his direct imitation of the Elizabethan style—or rather, perhaps, the style of Massinger and his contemporaries. This imitation was unfortunately suggestive of uncomplimentary comparisons among critics of a school clearer to discern and harder to please.\* Yet there is much to be said on behalf of those modern playwrights who mould their style on that of the old Titans in question. In fact, it is almost an insuperable difficulty to write a successful tragedy, or poetical melodrama, that is *not* so moulded. “It is hard,” says an eloquent writer, “not to chime with the voice of our eldern Stage poets ever sounding in our ears; to them, as to divinities, we feel the origin of dramatic language is due, and none save the inexperienced or the vain will think discovery of another possible.... Each new play adds a proof that there is one style of our mother-tongue peculiar to dramatic composition, and that every other is unsuitable; if the author has adopted the modern style, his play infallibly turns out feeble and commonplace; if it evince any dramatic power, its style will as surely be artificial and antiquated.” And the critic points to Mr. Knowles’s tragedies as furnishing most conclusive examples of this doctrine—they being the nearest approaches to legitimate drama this age can vaunt, and their style declaring itself manifestly—mimic Elizabethan. Right or wrong, Mr. Knowles managed to win the public to his side. He had but to address them with his *vos plaudite*, and the plaudits made the welkin ring—if with an evanescent, yet with a hearty uproar. “Few men,” says Mr. R. H. Horne, “ever had the sympathy of the public more completely in their power than Sheridan Knowles. Scarcely any imprudence or deficiency that he could be guilty of, in a new play, would cause the audience to damn it, though they might not go again to see it.”† Imprudence and deficiencies are certainly not lacking in his theatrical writings; but it must be owned that he has superior and saving tact in the construction of his works, and in

their practical adaptation to the conditions of the stage—a quality wherein so many dramatists are wholly wanting. It was well for his renown as an author that he took to the boards as an actor; so becoming versed in the “whole duty of man” behind the green baize and proscenium, and, like Molière, turning his talents to purposes of utilitarian gain as well as glory.\* In one sense, therefore, it is flattering, though in another, and surely a higher sense, it is the reverse, to say that he is not a writer of closet plays.

To effect even a steeple-chase of the most harum-scarum kind through his dramatic territory, in its integrity, being quite impracticable, we propose to take direct notice, in the present instance, only of his later dramas, beginning with the “Maid of Mariendorpt”—selecting this section of his plays partly as comprising those with which the public are least familiar, and partly as the ripest if not the worthiest productions of his genius.

First, however, to enumerate his earlier theatrical essayings. In his twentieth year, the ardent Milesian perpetrated on paper a tragedy yclept “The Spanish Story,” and four or five years afterwards he followed it up by a play called “Hersilia:” both are closet plays—by which we do not mean that they are for reading, but simply that they are *not* for acting. A little later he wrote “Leo; or, the Gipsy,” which, with Kean for its *chef*, or bright particular star, met with decided success on the Waterford boards. This was followed by “Brian Boroihme” (revived in London in 1837), “Caius Gracchus,” and “Virginus”—of which the last elicited from Charles Lamb the flattering *éloge*,

. . . . . With wonder I  
Hear my old friend (turned Shakspeare)  
read a scene  
Only to his inferior in the clean  
Passes of pathos, with such fence-like art,  
Ere we can see the steel, 'tis in our heart.

Then came “William Tell,” “The Beggar of Bethnal Green,” “Alfred the Great,” and the “Hunchback.” “The Wife; a Tale of Mantua,” and “The Wrecker’s Daughter,” came next; and then “The Love Chase,” and “Woman’s Wit; or, Love’s Disguises.” He acted loyally on the principle, “Be the

\* Mr. Carlyle, for instance, had a passing rap at our author, where he said, in contrasting (*more suo*) our own times with those of Queen Elizabeth, that “the people were *then* governed, not by a Castlereagh, but by a Burleigh; they had their Shakspeare and Philip Sidney, where we have our Sheridan Knowles and Beau Brummel.—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1829.

† “New Spirit of the Age.”

\* “Ce fut alors que Poquelin, sentant son génie se résolut de s’y livrer tout entier, d’être à la fois comédien et auteur, et de tirer de ses talents de l’utilité et de la gloire.”—VOLTAIRE: *Vie de Molière*.

theme still dear woman!"\*—her charms, her caprices, her constancy, her passion, her devotion, her purity, her unselfishness—the varying aspects of her whole nature, from the mood of "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," to that of "ministering angel." The poetry in which he conveys his sentiment, though not sparkling, as an Edinburgh reviewer says, with dazzling lustre, nor with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, has at least the merit, such as it is, of seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, "but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life."†

The plot of the "Maid of Mariendorpt" is taken, with such alterations and omissions as stage-craft required, from one of Miss Porter's novels. It concerns the devotion of a daughter, Meeta, in behalf of her imperilled father, Muhldenau, who, while in quest of another daughter, lost during the siege of Magdeburgh many years before, and of whose existence he cherishes an irrepressible conviction, is seized in Prague as a spy, imprisoned, and sentenced to speedy death. Meeta quits home, and braves all hazards to see her sire once more, and to outpour her very soul in intercession for his pardon. In the supposed daughter of the Governor of Prague she secures an earnest mediator, and discovers her long-lost sister. The express orders of the emperor require the execution of the death decree on the aged prisoner; but the governor is delivered from the dilemma caused by conflicting duty and feeling, by an attack on the town conducted by Meeta's betrothed, the result of which is an *arsunt omnes* on the best of terms, and in exemplary and universal charity. The stout-hearted and eke tender-hearted maiden is of course the cynosure of admiring eyes; and several pretty things she says, as well as does, in the course of her enterprise; but there is no very striking evidence of art or of passion, no remarkable felicity of por-

traiture, or poetical sentiment. Her ardent, self-forgetting resolve to face any and all perils, that she may save her father, is expressed in a scene that recalls, to its own disadvantage, the similar undertaking of Thekla in Schiller's noble play. Joseph, the Bohemian Jew, by whose agency the redeeming *dénouement* is brought about, is a less philosophic version of Lessing's Nathan the Wise—one whose faith and works are essentially Christian, and who, if he is a little prosy, yet puts a Christianly restraint upon the longitude and latitude of his speeches. The good-natured, fussy, old governor, is another gentleman of excellent heart, whom the gods have not made poetical, though they seem to have inspired him with considerable powers of loquacity. Adolpha, his adopted child, and the sister of the heroine, is a graceful, winning damsel, whose changing moods, from gravest to most light, and all in like extreme, are ever sure of sympathy—whether her mirth defies all other wing, or her sadness dives a depth where none can follow her. We like, too, the sketch of Muhldenau; it is quiet, but pointed and affecting:

An old man  
With a pale brow, sweet face, and silver hair,  
That would not hurt a fly! and he must perish,  
And no one to console him, and his daughter  
Within the wall's breadth of him.

He is just the sort of father to save whom a high-minded child would not give up, or retreat, or compromise, "while there is chance the substance of a thread—a film." Well he warrants Meeta's staunch determination,

Altho' a thousand emperors  
Had sworn against the life of his gray hairs,  
While it is in them, I will try and save them!

Joseph. Thou lookest faint. Some wine will  
hearten thee.

Meeta. I'll have no wine but such as I draw  
hence,  
From my heart! There's not such wine in all  
thy house

To strengthen me! There's plenty, and to spare.  
What time is he to die?

Joseph. Tell her. No use  
Withhold it from her. Her spirit is the arch  
Which gaineth strength by that which burdens it.

On the whole, however, there is but a stinted outlay of pathos in this drama, notwithstanding the opening it affords for the pathetic; vigorous passages and ebullitions of fancy are few and far between; and as for the comic business, it is entrusted to a "fat, fair, and forty" housekeeper and an

\* A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* (Oct. 1852) remarks, that in portraying female characters, Mr. Knowles's excellence is universally admitted—so truthful, exquisitely delicate, and tender is the genius displayed in his pictures of the purity of woman's heart. The following anecdote is characteristic: "I wish," said a lady to him on one occasion, "I could speak on behalf of my sex, and thank you as you deserve, for the way in which you have drawn us." "What else could I have done, my dear madam?" said Knowles, in his own hearty way; "God bless you, I painted them as I found them."

† *Edinburgh Review*, 1832.

uncouth man-of-all-work, in whose hands its breadth is gained at the price of depth; unction there is none in so diluted a preparation; the wit is out at elbows, and how can humor be sprightly in such company? When Esther and Hans giggle, we hear no chest-notes in their laughter, nor in that (if any) which they provoke in others.

In 1839, Mr Knowles produced a play that gave the town some talk, and did the theatrical state some service; its title that *multum in parvo* monosyllable "Love." Although seldom repeated since that period, it had a marked success, and with the aids and appliances of clever acting and an elaborate *mise en scène*, it made what is technically called a sensation. It was written under pleasant and, to one of the author's temperament, highly favorable conditions—on the borders of Loch Ard, under the roof of Mr. Robert Dick, who, with his family, seems to have taken a kindly interest in the progress of the piece. "Never shall I forget," says Mr. Knowles, "the anxious, warm-hearted host, who one day laughingly snatched my fishing-rod from my hand when I was going to play truant; and, admonishing me that school-hours were not over yet—for it was noon, and I had limited myself to the evening for indulgence in the angle—set me to my book and pencil; on which occasion the fruit of my compelled industry was one of the best scenes in the play." Obligations of a literary and critical nature are also expressed towards Mr. John Forster and Mr. Planché; and altogether the play was evidently a source of more than wonted satisfaction to its enterprising author. The plot is neither very novel nor very ingenious; the action is sparsely doled out; the poetry is rather fluent and graceful than affecting or grand. But there is at least an absence of those stage solecisms which have swamped dramas of loftier pretensions; and we find throughout traces of no 'prentice hand in the creation of *tableaux vivans*, and the weaving of agreeable verse. A countess loves her secretary, a serf, but has never told her love. Her anxiety for his safety during a thunder-storm\* is her involuntary witness. The duke, her father, commands Huon—who returns in secret the unrevealed passion of his mistress—to wed another, one Catherine, a wealthy enfranchised serf. Huon refuses, but at the countess's behest, and deceived by her mode of putting it, obeys the summons.

A hasty private marriage is got up, at which Huon believes himself "sold" to the Catherine of low degree; whereas, by a *ruse* of the noble lady, whose name also is Catherine, he is booked for a *coupé* with herself in a first-class train. But alas and well-a-day! the poor dog knows not *that*; and incontinently he gives them all the slip, with as much hurry as though dunned by a *posse comitatus* of his bride's creditors, each armed with a "little account," and vigorously plying a steam leg a-piece. He goes to court, and becomes the observed of all observers—the glass of fashion and the mould of form—and but for the rooted memory of that *mésalliance* with Kate the cursed, would be as happy as he is a prosperous gentleman. Rumor says, the empress, having enfranchised him, and laden him with many honors, is about to make him conclusively and *in toto* her own. The poor countess is hereupon in "a state;" a crisis is hastened by the advent of the empress to attend a tournament, the victor at which, according to the will of the now deceased duke, is to have Lady Catherine for better, for worse: but the crisis has a happy turn; the fever of the patients abates by the seasonable "exhibition" (as doctors phrase it) of a plenary *éclaircissement*, and when the green baize descends, it is amid a shower of nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles, upon a set of worthy people who have just learned by heart that all's well that ends well. The countess is certainly portrayed with delicacy and vigor; the delineation and development of her character testify notably to our author's study of the human heart, and insight into its highways and by-ways. Her struggle is the old one between love and pride, and ends—as all such struggles do—on the boards. Pride of herself, intolerance of all equality, makes her a proverb among her peers, who mark with an evil eye how she

Treads stately—throws her spurning glances round—

And talks as mighty things as though the earth  
Were made for her alone.

How can such as she, they argue, stoop to one of low degree, to one despised alike in hall and hamlet, a social pariah, an outcast of the people? More loftily the stateliest of all her ancestors ne'er wore his rank, than she. The serf—what is he but a creature made for her pride to vent its mood upon, that insufferable pride, which alone seems fruit of her capricious womanhood! Be the problem hard of solution as it may, to the

\* Elaborately burlesqued by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, in his "Quizziology of the British Drama."



shopping logic of good society, it is forthwith solved by the title of the play; for, as Ulrich has it,

Never did achievement rival Love's  
For daring enterprise and execution.  
It will do miracles; attempt such things  
As make ambition, fiery as it is,  
Dull, plodding tameness, in comparison.

Nor has Mr. Knowles failed to avail himself of several highly effective situations in the conduct of this doctrine, in the conjugation of this verb *amare*. Such is the scene of the thunderstorm, when Huon is struck by lightning, and Catherine's pent-up affection overpasses every boundary, oblivious of all artificial restraint, and blind to the presence of others—a faithful illustration of the truth, that by fits and starts rather than by habits is the heart revealed—habits being put on, and subject to a science of calculation, whereas sudden outbreaks “so take the judgment off its guard, that inmost thoughts are shown”—hence, when the serf lay stricken beneath the forest trees,

With care for him  
She all forgot herself. Had doubt remain'd,  
It had vanish'd when assurance of his safety  
Restored collectedness,

and embarrassed her with quest of apologies—how she had a horror of lightning; how it took away her wits; how she was appalled by a vision of sudden death; and so forth. So, again, the scene with Huon, when she secures his promise to sign the marriage articles with another; and when he returns from the wars, the *preux chevalier* of the empire and favorite of the empress; and, once more, the interview between countess and empress in the last act. In depicting this mental strife, Mr. Knowles was treading on ground well worn by himself as well as brother playwrights; but he acquitted himself once more with emphasis and discretion. Huon, too, is ably drawn—a man “to envy, though a serf”—one who reads with a music as a lute did talk, and writes like a graver, and translates dark languages, and is wise in rare philosophy, and is a master of the hautboy, viol, lute—why not also harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of instruments? We could have relished a little more of savage grandeur in his composition, and somewhat less of the drawing-room hero: but passing that, he is a leal-hearted and deserving fellow, whom we like well enough to hope that he had no occasion, in after times, to enact private rehearsals of “Taming the Shrew”—a too possible hypothesis when a strong-minded female like the

countess, with all her attractions, makes up the better half of a man's domestic felicity. The other Catherine is one of Mr. Knowles's stock characters; modelled after the type of her vivacious but heart-whole namesake in Scott's “Abbot,” from whose history, moreover, a parallel may be found for the mystification of sex, which so nearly involves Sir Rupert in an unseemly battle o' the breeks. Ulrich, the sage, shrewd counsellor, is carefully painted, and gives utterance to some of the best poetry and best sense in the play.

Next year Mr. Knowles was ready with another, of less mark and likelihood—“John of Procida; or, the Bridals of Messina”—written, like the last, “in the sweet solitudes of Loch Ard,” and, like it, produced at Covent Garden Theatre, under the then management of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. It is a tragedy, and in parts an impressive one; fertile in dramatic effects, full of glowing rhetoric, and not deficient in instances of strong passion. But it is unequally written; the energy is often strained and spasmodic; the versification is rather eloquent than poetical. Occasionally, however, we meet with noble sentiment finely phrased, and situations ably contrived. The story turns upon the efforts of John of Procida to rid his beloved Sicily of the presence of the usurping and insolent Gaul. When Charles of Anjou seized the crown of Manfred, the latter was succeeded in his “struggle with the arch-felon” by Conradine, and he was beheaded by the royal victor, meeting the scaffold in his own kingdom,

Like a boat that's butchered  
In his own house, by thieves. . . Beside the block,  
Within the axe's glare, yet would not he  
Give up his righteous cause, but from his hand  
His gauntlet drew and flung into the space  
“Twixt him and those who came to see him die;

beseeching some kinsman to take it up, as a symbol of the Sicilian cause: he that picked up the gage, and so espoused the “rightful quarrel,” with all its possible train of calamities, and evil report and good report, was John of Procida. Staunch and steadfast was he to redeem the pledge. With this empty glove, and no other seconding, levies, munitions, allies, or subsidies, he went from Sicily, and returned “with monarchs and their kingdoms at his back, the sworn abettors” of his patriotic though seemingly desperate intent. A proof how Right,

Although at setting out, a dwarf in thews,  
By holding on will gather alnew, till  
It moves that giant Might.

A stern oath has that unquailing veteran sworn—even death to the Gaul whoe'er he be, that now has footing in the land. This oath he imposes on his newly-discovered son, Fernando, the favorite and son-in-law of the French governor—and upon the *imbroglio* of crossing interests, emotions, and duties, in which the young Sicilian and his French bride are involved, depends the tragic power of the drama. The interview whereat Procida acquaints Fernando with their ties of blood, after exacting his enthusiasm in behalf of fatherland, and his fiery indignation at the oppression of strangers, is managed with masterly art, and excites real emotion. The appeal—

Were thy mother—she  
That bore thee in the womb—in fetters, how  
Wouldst deal with those that put them on?  
Wouldst talk  
And laugh with them—shake hands with them—  
embrace them?  
“Thou wouldst not?” But I tell thee, slave, thou  
wouldst.  
For what's thy country, be she not thy mother,  
And like a mother loved by thee?—

this appeal, we say, suggests a parallel passage of much greater intensity of passion and force of coloring, in the splendid opening of “The Roman,” by Sydney Yendys, where Rome is presented under the same maternal aspect.\* Very striking, too, is the elaboration of the patriot father's struggle between patriotism and fatherhood—between the inexorable claims of his ideal and the budding sympathies of a new-born relationship. The woes of the catastrophe are highly wrought—Isoline's agony during the massacre, arising

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\* — We left her. I and all  
The brothers that her milk had fed. We left her—  
And strange dark robbers, with unwonted names,  
Abused her, bound her, pillaged her, profaned her!  
Bound her clasped hands, and gagged the trembling  
lips  
That pray'd for her lost children. And we stood,  
And she knelt to us, and we saw her kneel,  
And look'd upon her coldly and denied her!  
Denied her in her agony—and counted  
Before her sanguine eyes the gold that bought  
Her panga.—  
The robbers wearied, and they bade us hold her,  
Lest her death-struggles should get free. She look'd  
Upon me with the face that lit my childhood,  
She call'd me with the voices of old times,  
She blest me in her madness. But they show'd us  
Gold, and we seized upon her, held her, bound her,  
Smote her. She murmur'd kind words, and I gave  
her  
Blows. . . . . And my mother was  
Yours. And each man among you day by day  
Takes, bowing, the same price that sold my mother,  
And does not blush. Her name is Rome.  
—“The Roman,” pp. 4—6.

ing from apprehension for her father's fate, and devotion to her panic-stricken husband, is touching in its vehement nature, and verges on the sublime in its impulsive outbursts. With all its defects, this tragedy is starred with clustering beauties, and has a romantic interest that sometimes enthralls the mind, testifying the reality, if also the fluctuations, of the author's dramatic power.

Another year (1841) and another play. This time it is a comedy, “Old Maids”—illustrating the heart experiences of Ladies Blanche and Anne, a vivacious couplet, by themselves consecrated to single blessedness, and by circumstances and emotions “over which they have no control,” enwreathed, vastly to their satisfaction, in chains of wedlock; so that in the epilogue they make a grace of their defection, and pray to be applauded as comfortable martyrs in the cause for which they had contended with more zeal than knowledge—hugging their chains, and turning

With loving faith the links to flowers,  
Of which the poorest beggars liberty.

Sir Philip Brilliant is neatly finished off—the not unnatural and unexampled amalgam of a butterfly in the drawing-room, and a man in the field; his nature is of the true stuff; he is a blade of proof in a dainty scabbard—you may laugh at the scabbard, but you won't at the blade. A living philosopher has remarked that many instances, during the last war, showed us that in the frivolous dandy might often look the most fiery and accomplished of aides-de-camp; and these cases show, that men, in whom the world sees only elegant *roués*, sometimes from carelessness, sometimes from want of opening for display, conceal qualities of penetrating sagacity, and a learned spirit of observation, such as may be looked for vainly in persons of more solemn and academic pretension. Such a social paradox is Sir Philip, who, before he has done, contrives to amaze his familiars that a man “so slight to contemplate” should realize a “generous manhood so robust in healthy comeliness,” and to impel a compassionate lady to argue thus with herself:

That man has got a heart and does not know it.  
Naught of himself, save what his mirror shows  
him,  
He sees. His eyes are shut to what he is  
Within, where lie his nobler properties;  
I'll open them, and make a man of him!

The comedy is light and heavy by turns—somewhat flighty and extravagant in incident—and at the same time hackneyed in

treatment. The wit has a *fade* lustre, nor does the humor gush with the fresh bubbling effervescence of a newly unsealed spring. Wit and humor there are, notwithstanding; and of a kind more fresh and sparkling than might be looked for from one who had already taxed his brain so many a time and oft. The high-life below stairs, we must add, connected with the episode of dolt-headed John Blount, is but indifferent fooling; and the character of John himself is simply absurd. Harley might squeeze a laugh out of it; but in the closet the part suggests but dreary mirth.

The comedy was followed (1842) by a play of the "poetical melodrama" species—"The Rose of Arragon:" which tells how Olivia, a peasant wedded to a prince, saves the realm from sedition and anarchy, returning good for evil to the king and court which had despised and wronged her. Olivia is a bright and noble being, conceived and realised in her author's most genial mood; and worthy of her sisterly love is the magnanimous villager, Alasco—the mouthpiece of some of Mr. Knowles's most stirring eloquence, and a quite inexhaustible source of lofty sentiment. His treacherous friend, Almagro—the foiled suitor of Olivia, and the temporary Regent of Saragossa—is also vigorously depicted, with subtle traits, which bespeak study and penetration. He is arrogant, overbearing to the weak, ungrateful, and treacherous.

Of all pernicious things, the very worst  
Is large ambition with a narrow soul,  
Because it strives for power which, when obtain'd,  
'Tis certain to abuse.

Such is the ambition of Almagro, coupled with a vanity voracious as the hunger that's disease, which, though 'tis gorged full to the throat, cannot stop craving on. "For his own ends he heaps up discontents 'gainst all above him, to crush them with the weight—not for the hatred he bears oppression, but for envy of it—blaming the grievance he himself inflicts not." One or two of the dialogues between him and Alasco are excellent; that in the dungeon of torture, notwithstanding its "little more than kin" to German horrors and the trap-door accessories of our transpontine theatres, is conducted with the ease of a stage tactician. Villain as Almagro is, one hardly likes to see him sitting on the rack—that couch of groans, of sweat-drops, wrung by dint of agony, of death-pangs, thick and sharp, though lingering. "Decline you the fair

seat?" asketh Alasco. Why, as Alasco had appropriated the only other "fair seat"—to wit, the block—there was almost too pungent an irony in this grim version of Hobson's choice. But Alasco makes more than amends when he begs off this rascal who can so cleverly smile, and smile, and smile, and be a villain, from the plenipotentiary embrace of the rack, to which the restored king had given him letters of advice. We admire the warm-hearted burst:

Spare him! O God! sir, we were boys together.  
Howe'er it changes with us on life's road,  
The sunny start all intervals breaks through,  
And warms us with the olden mood again!  
The hearty laugh of youth is in mine ear,  
And there stands he who shared it with me, now  
A woeful bankrupt.

There are many such tid-bits in the "Rose of Arragon."

The Drury Lane management (1843) of Mr. Macready gave another opening for a play by Sheridan Knowles. Again a novel provided him with a plot. The prolific dramatist borrowed a story from the prolific romancist, Mr. G. P. R. James. "The Secretary" is an adaptation of "The King's Highway." It presents the author's favorite subject of a lady stooping to woo one whom conventional restraints forbid to take the initiative. Such a presentment requires great skill in o'erstepping not the modesty of nature, and in keeping up our respect for the lady while touched by her ardor. This skill Mr. Knowles eminently possesses; and though the situation has no "infinite variety" such as time cannot stale, he contrives to invest each successive enactment of it with an individual interest. Wilton Brown, the "Secretary," is the Sir Thomas Clifford, or the Huon, in this reverse system of popping the question; a man with a coat not respondent to his head and heart; low in circumstance and lofty by nature, for

A man that owns  
A noble soul is not an humble man,  
In the poor sense wherein the sapient world  
Mouths out the trite and questionable phrase.

Lady Laura is as generous and impetuous as her predecessors; but not so true to reality, or to art, in the elaboration of her passion. She holds a virtue higher than a grace, and therefore prefers honesty to bashfulness. Let the pillars of society quiver and quake as they list at her masculine procedure—she exults with masculine philosophy in her *mens conscia recti*—let them exclaim,

O, doubtful pass  
To come to!—for a maiden unenforced  
To tell her love! What can be urged for her?  
What can she urge herself?

She is not a whit dumbfounded by the  
cross-examination, but replies:

Why this,—that heaven  
Inform'd her; so she knew its handiwork,  
And worshipp'd heaven in it!

An unanswerable position to take up, in behalf of

A man to love whom is to boast one's self.

The world may utter its "critique of pure reason" as it will, and draw up as many systems of courtship, and text-books of etiquette, and logics of matrimony, as it pleases: Lady Laura, meanwhile, refused to admit logic as a guide, or authority as a law, and resolutely abides by her own intuitions, as indeed most young ladies do in such matters, albeit not with the same practical determination. She erects her intuitions into a science, and puts the science into practice. Colonel Green is the only other character of note; a man who has endured the buffets of the battle of life in sturdy self-reliance, and is sound and hale within. The bad man of the play (what an indispensable personage is *that*! and one that deserves a service of gold plate as much as other indifferent characters in actual life,) Lord Byerdale, is a rather commonplace villain, whom one is not at the trouble to hate so much as might be desirable; and the Mercutio, his son, talks an infinite deal of

nothing not quite so cleverly as Gratiano did on the quays of Venice.

With "The Secretary" terminated the *cours dramatique* of Mr. Knowles. Be it true or not that all the world's a stage, and all its men and women merely players, there is no gainsaying the fact that *he*, in his time, has played many parts—off as well as on the boards. Now a song-writer; now a professor of rhetoric; now an opera librettist; now a schoolmaster\* at Belfast; now a dramatist; now an actor; now a theological controversialist; now a lecturer; now a novelist; and now—*emphatically now*—if the newspapers fib not, a chartered professor of elocution at a Baptist college—himself a professed and duly matriculated Baptist. There is something amusing, and withal serious, in the incompatibility of this, his final vocation, with the report of a monthly contemporary, that Mr. Knowles is now enjoying the curatorship of Shakspeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon.

\* In which capacity one of his pupils, Mr. Attorney-General Napier, speaks of him with fervent eulogy:—"No man gave so great an impulse to the cause of education in the north of Ireland. His habits were altogether those of a child of genius—hence his discipline was irregular; he was neither our schoolmaster nor our schoolfellow—he was both, and sometimes more than both; but we loved him, and he taught us. . . . I delight," adds the hon. and learned gentleman, "in the simplest tribute to my dear old master, whom I love as heartily as when I hid his cane, or put his hat up the chimney."—*Dublin U. Mag.* cccxxviii.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WE shall not soon forget the utter disappointment we felt when, many years since, we entered for the first time the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, and obtained our first glimpse of that important branch of the British Legislature from which the building derives its name. We knew nothing at the time of Mr. Grant's "Random Recollections," and went to St. Stephen's wholly unprepared for the scene that awaited us; the vague and but half-conscious expectations we had indulged only serving to make our surprise and dismay the greater when at last their accuracy came to be test-

ed. Our ideas were somewhat shocked, indeed, before we had actually entered the house, by observing the smirking, buckish, and unsenatorial look of many of the honorable members, as they passed and repassed us, while waiting our turn in the lobby below. But the grand climax to our disappointment was reserved for the moment when, after two or three hours of patient waiting, we at length ascended the long flight of stairs, were ushered into the strangers' gallery, and had before us the august assembly we had so long desired to see. Far down, at the bottom of what seemed a



huge pit, was the floor of the house; and here, upon long benches on either side, with their hats on, restless as the waves of the sea, sitting, lounging, and wandering about, amidst the buzz and hum of a perfect Babel of voices, were the Commons of England in parliament assembled. The atmosphere was thick and hazy, and the dull red light of the place seemed to give a blurred and confused appearance to every object it revealed. The house was scarcely half full, and yet presented such a scene of turmoil and confusion, that some moments elapsed before we could distinguish which was the honorable member who had been "so fortunate as to catch the speaker's eye," and who was then addressing the house. We discovered him, after a while, standing before one of the back benches, twirling his arms about, and shouting out at the top of his voice, in the vain endeavor to make himself heard above the hubbub in which his words were drowned. It was all to no purpose, too, that the speaker called for "Order, order—order at the bar;" the noise was hushed but for a moment, and then broke out again as loud as ever. The house evidently would *not* give its attention to the honorable member, though he, nothing daunted, still continued to gesticulate and shout, not at all discomposed, apparently, at the little attention he received, or by the noise and uproar about him. But this lasted only for a time. Before long, the house presented a totally different appearance; the benches were all filled, the noise and commotion had ceased, the most perfect order prevailed, and, save when the house gave vent to its feelings in hearty rounds of applause, there was scarcely a sound to be heard besides the voice of the member speaking. Our former disappointment was forgotten, and we left the House of Commons that night with a vastly higher idea than we had previously entertained of the dignity and grandeur of the British Parliament.

We have since been a rather frequent visitor to the strangers' gallery; and, during the long nights we have spent there, watching the proceedings of the house, we have had abundant opportunities of observing its habits and mode of transacting business, its different forms and usages, and the various and opposite aspects it presents; and, in the following paper, we propose to place before our readers certain information on these points, which, now that a new parliament has met, and the country is more than usually interested in the conduct of the legisla-

ture, will probably fall in with the current of their thoughts, and be found to repay perusal.

But, in the first place, the building itself deserves our attention—not, of course, the entire structure of the "New Palace of Westminster," as it is called, but the hall in which the Commons meet for the transaction of business. This is a lofty oblong chamber, about 70 feet in length, with a gallery extending entirely round the building. It is tastefully, even profusely decorated, although the eye is dazzled by scarcely any of that glare and glitter of gilding which gives an aspect of such "barbaric splendor" to the House of Lords. The members' seats are long, leather-covered benches, running parallel with the sides, and extending the whole length of the chamber. There are five rows of these benches on each side, those behind rising one above the other, as they approach the wall, so as to form a kind of gallery. The speaker's chair stands in the middle of the floor, at one end of the house; it is slightly raised on a kind of platform, and surmounted by a handsome carved canopy, bearing in front the royal arms. In front of the chair, at the distance of a few feet, is the table of the house, loaded with bulky-looking volumes, parliamentary papers, &c. At one end of this table sit the clerks of the house, in gown and wig; while at the other end, except when the house is in committee, lies the mace. Here, too, was the famous "red box"—now, however, changed for a green one, profusely decorated with gold—which the late Sir R. Peel was said to "thump" so vigorously when anxious to make an impression upon his hearers.

The ministerial side of the house is that to the right of the chair. The more important members of the government occupy the front bench facing the table, known as "the treasury bench;" while their subordinates in office, and the more zealous adherents of their party, take their places immediately behind. The same rule is observed, to a great extent, on the left, or "opposition" side, the leaders of the opposition taking the front bench abreast of the table, and their partisans, in the same manner, getting as close about them as possible. There is another matter of this kind worthy of notice, and one which gives considerable significance to the seats which honorable members select for themselves. Half-way down the house, on either side, there is an opening in the benches, which forms a passage from the floor of the house to the walls, and separates the ~~seats~~

above and below by the distance of a couple of yards, or more. This is the "gangway" occasionally referred to in debate, and understood as the boundary between the more zealous supporters on the one side of it, and the more cautious and less reliable ones on the other, of the two recognized leaders of the house. It is usual, too, when a member of the government resigns office, for him to retire below the gangway, and take his place among the more distant supporters of his party. Thus Lord Palmerston, having left the Russell cabinet during the recess, took his seat, at the opening of the last session, on the front bench below the gangway, on the ministerial side of the house, and from that place delivered his militia-bill speech, which drove Lord John Russell from office. Then when Lord Derby came into power, and the liberals had to cross over to the other side, Lord Palmerston went with them, and again took his seat on the front bench below the gangway, whence he delivered those severe and caustic speeches against his late colleague which have rendered him so unusually conspicuous recently.

We have already mentioned the gallery. That part of it immediately over the chair is occupied by the reporters for the daily newspapers, one body of whom, on the front seat, may be seen, during important debates, bending intently over their work, while behind is another set, off duty, but with books and pencils ready waiting to relieve their colleagues. Opposite to the reporters' gallery, at the other end of the building, and directly over the "bar," or principal entrance to the house, are the strangers' and speakers' galleries, consisting of three or four rows of benches each, and separated by a slight rail. The public are admitted to both these places during the time the house is sitting; in the one case by a written order, and in the other by the personal introduction of a member. The long side galleries are appropriated exclusively to the use of members; and here, excepting during debates of more than ordinary interest, numbers of them may be seen lounging and lying about, many of them at full length, and fast asleep, enjoying that relaxation and repose which it is impossible to obtain below in the body of the house. And the seats appear to be admirably adapted for their purpose; they are plump, pillowy-looking benches, with high and well-cushioned backs, and seem expressly designed to court the advances of the drowsy god, and prolong the devotion of his worshippers. One other matter of this kind,

and we have done with this part of our subject. A few feet above the heads of the reporters, there is a light open screen of ornamental brass, behind which the stranger in the gallery opposite will perceive a constant stir and flutter, for which, unless previously informed, he will be puzzled to account. It is the ladies' gallery, and the movement observed is that of its fair occupants, who are thus only half concealed from the gaze of the house. During important debates, this gallery is generally filled with the female relatives and friends of members, who resort to it to listen to the oratory of their favorites, and are content to spend night after night in this manner, with all the zeal and ardor of old politicians.

And now for the business of the house. Under ordinary circumstances, and when there is no such necessity for hurry and despatch as there was at the close of the last session, the house has only one sitting in the day, and does not assemble until about four o'clock in the afternoon. A few minutes before that hour, the speaker may be usually seen, decked out in his flowing robes, and huge, full-bottomed wig, pacing along with stately step through the covered passage leading from his official residence towards the bar of the house, the porters in attendance calling out, "Hats off—speaker coming," as a signal for every one to uncover as he passes on. Immediately the speaker enters the house, all the members who are there rise and remove their hats, and remain uncovered until the conclusion of the prayers, which are read by the chaplain directly the speaker has taken his place at the head of the table. It rarely happens that more members are present at this time than are barely sufficient to form a house, the religious service with which the sitting opens being generally regarded, we fear, as a matter of mere formal routine. This is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, but is certainly much to be regretted, for we can conceive of nothing more appropriate and beautiful than thus soliciting the guidance and direction of the Great Legislator, when about to frame or amend the laws of a vast empire like our own. Directly the prayers are concluded, the chaplain retires, and the speaker, ascending to his chair, but without taking his seat, begins to count the house, pointing, with outstretched hand, to every member he counts, and calling out the numbers slowly and distinctly as he proceeds. This form of counting the house is always observed, however evident it may be that more than the requisite number

to form a house are present; but the speaker never counts beyond that number. When he has ascertained that forty members are present, he ceases counting, and takes his seat, and the business of the sitting forthwith begins. But, if there should be less than forty members in the house, the speaker, after counting all that are present, at once adjourns the sitting, there being, in the usual phrase, "no house." It is not often, however, that the sitting is set aside in this manner, as a sufficient number nearly always appears in time to make a house, unless, indeed, it be a preconcerted affair on the part of the government to delay or perhaps defeat a motion on which they are anxious to avoid a division.

At four o'clock, then, when the speaker counts the house, there must be at least forty members in attendance, or the sitting is adjourned: but it by no means follows that, after the house is once "made," no business can be transacted without so many as that being still present. On the contrary it sometimes happens that, during the first hour or so of the sitting, and while the private business, which always comes on first, is being transacted, the house presents a dreary aspect of empty benches, with not more than a couple of dozen members within its walls altogether: and those sitting for the most part silent and far asunder, serve only to make the dreariness of the scene the more apparent. Later in the evening, however, and after the house has entered upon the public business, so small a number present would peril the continuance of the sitting; for, though the work of the house may be, and, indeed, sometimes is, carried on with not more than a score, out of the 658 members present, provided no one notices the fact, yet a member has merely to rise, and intimate, that he believes there is less than the requisite number in the house, when the speaker has no alternative but at once to count; and then, if there be not an immediate rush to the rescue, the honorable member who was addressing the house is cut short in his oratory, and all business for the day is brought to an end. This "count out," as it is termed, like the "no house" before mentioned, is sometimes purposely brought about by the government to get rid for the time of an unpleasant subject, and, with other tactics of the kind, constitute the duties of the functionary known as the "whipper in." These manoeuvres are seldom practised, however, without giving rise to sharp and angry altercations in the house; and the

readiness with which the government of Lord Derby availed itself of them during the last session, tended very greatly to bring it into disrepute.

The presentation of petitions follows immediately after the private business; and when the country has been agitated on any important question, this part of the proceedings is truly a formidable affair, although the record of it occupies but small space in the next day's newspapers. Several hundred petitions are sometimes presented at a single sitting, and, for a couple of hours or more, there is a continual bobbing up and down of honorable members in all parts of the house, many of them with a great batch of petitions beside them, with which they have been intrusted for presentation. Formerly, when monster petitions were more common than they are now, it was sometimes no easy matter to present them; and instances have occurred, in which petitions have been of such enormous weight and bulk, that it has been necessary to drag them into the house on trucks. It will readily be believed, that, in such cases, the ordinary motion, that the petition be laid upon the table, has created considerable merriment, and, though passed, has not been literally adhered to. The petitions disposed of, there is generally some little time spent in giving notice of motions, questioning different members of government, &c., and then the orders of the day come on for discussion, and the debates properly so called commence.

In ordinary cases, and with the exception of those in which the introducer of a motion is himself a member of importance, it rarely happens that the best speakers rise to address the house till late at night. The subject may be brought forward quite early in the evening, and most of the principal speakers may be present at the time, and yet it rarely occurs that any of them take part in the debate till the bulk of the inferior speakers have delivered themselves on the subject, and all the more ordinary and obvious aspects of the question have been previously discussed. This is well understood of course, in the house, and honorable members shape their conduct accordingly. Thus it is very usual, soon after the question has been fairly opened, and members have had an opportunity of "gauging" the debate, for those who have no intention of speaking themselves, and who care to hear only what the leading men have to say, to leave the house in a body, or to drop off quickly one after another, well knowing that, if they return again be-



tween nine and ten, they will still be in time to hear the best speakers, and to divide with the rest, if a division takes place. Then, again, this is the time for those members to rise and address the house who, not being greatly renowned for their proficiency in the "glib and oily art," know full well they would have no chance of catching the speaker's eye later in the evening, when the more practised debaters would be their rivals in that endeavor. Such members, therefore, remain in their places at this time, and observe a watchful look-out on the honorable member who is "in possession of the house," holding themselves ready to doff their hats, and start up the instant he concludes. It is perfectly amusing, indeed, sometimes, to see with what agility three or four members perhaps spring to their feet together at such a moment, and with what anxious countenances they look towards the chair, or stand eyeing each other during the few seconds that elapse before the speaker names the fortunate member, and then to see again how much more slowly, and with what disappointed looks, the rest resume their seats, while their lucky competitor pauses, for a moment, to draw breath before he begins his speech.

It is an exceedingly difficult matter this catching the speaker's eye—the more so, from the fact that the eye in question has the inconvenient, but perfectly constitutional, property of seeing or not seeing, just as circumstances may seem to require. It is not generally known, perhaps, that when two or three members rise together to address the house, it is not always the one upon whom the speaker's eye first rested that is called upon to proceed. Conventionally, and in the language of the house, it is so, but, in actual fact, this priority has scarcely anything to do with the matter. The speaker selects his man, and it is the doing of this, so as to act with fairness and impartiality, and, at the same time, so as to consult the feelings of the house, that renders his task so difficult and full of delicacy, and which invests the speaker's office with so much importance. Usually, and in the course of the regular debates, he looks alternately first on one side of the house, and then on the other, so that each party may be equally represented in the discussion, and all sides able to obtain a hearing. And when two or three members rise at the same time, and on the same side of the house, or when several members rise together, amid general calls for a division, he usually selects the most able speaker of the number, or waits for the house itself to decide by its voice

which of the members it will hear. When the speaker has once named a member, no one can dispute his right; he is in possession of the house, and it rests entirely with himself whether he will proceed with his speech, or give way to another member.

The appearance of the house, throughout the early part of the evening, is somewhat curious, and scarcely such as a stranger could expect to find it. The attendance is usually but small, and the members present seem, for the most part, to be but little interested in the business going forward. A stranger cannot fail, indeed, to be forcibly struck with the thorough indifference that is manifested, and would be likely to wonder how anything like serious legislation could be carried on in the midst of such a stir and turmoil as he sees before him. The buzz of conversation is loud, and nearly incessant, rising at times so high as to render the speakers quite inaudible in the gallery, and to the greater part of the members themselves. There is a continual rising and moving about in all parts of the house, and the general impression one gets is that of complete and confirmed disorder. Look narrowly, and you see the cause of it all. First, there is the constant shifting from place to place, members entering and leaving the house, every one taking off his hat the instant he rises, and remaining uncovered till he is seated again, or has passed beyond the bar; then, on the benches, there are groups here and there, laughing and talking together, restless and noisy, sometimes, indeed, getting an admonitory "Order, order," from the chair; here a member busily examining and arranging a parcel of documents and papers—a statistical man, evidently getting ready for an attempt upon the speaker's eye; there, again, another equally busy, and more noisy, turning over and over the stiff and crackling leaves of some pamphlet or parliamentary paper; and, to conclude the picture, in out-of-the-way corners and privileged places, with their legs crossed and their arms folded, hats slouched over their eyes and their chins resting on their breasts, some three or four, more jaded than the rest, refreshing themselves with a nap, in order to be fresh and wakeful by and by, when Greek meets Greek, and the tug of war comes on.

It must be understood, however, that this is true only of the early part of the evening, and not invariably, of course, of that, for circumstances may, and frequently do arise, to give a totally different aspect to the house from the very beginning of the sitting. It may be, some important ministerial statement has



to be made, or some great party question is about to be introduced by the leader of the opposition, when, in either case, there is sure to be a full house, and an attentive auditory from the first, and few besides the principal speakers take part in the debate. And, even in the course of an ordinary sitting marked by features such as we have noticed above, it frequently happens that for a time the noise is hushed, and the house exhibits the greatest attention. Such, for example, is invariably the case when a new member rises to address the house, for the same courtesy which prompts every one rising with a new member instantly to give way to him, induces the house at large to afford the most patient and indulgent hearing to whatever he may have to say. But these are exceptional cases; ordinarily the house presents, in the early part of the evening, just such an appearance as we have indicated, and gives the stranger but a poor idea of the dignity and business habits of our legislators.

As the evening advances, however, a marked change takes place; the members leaving the house are then few in comparison with those who find their way back, and gradually fill up the vacancies on the benches. There is a continual stream of members now pouring in, some returning from their dinner, others from the clubs or the opera; the benches soon get comfortably filled, and every one seems to settle himself in his seat for the night. The noise and commotion rapidly diminish; you perceive many of the members evidently listening to what is being said, and the house begins to have the appearance of serious and thoughtful attention. And now the member who has been addressing the house gives an intimation that he is about to close; presently thanking the house for the patient hearing they have afforded him, he resumes his seat, and immediately one of the principal speakers starts up to continue the debate. Instantly there is a general hush; all eyes are now turned towards the honorable member, and every word he utters falls clearly and distinctly upon the air, and may be heard in the remotest corner of the building. And so sentence follows sentence, the speaker proceeding, for a minute or two perhaps, without eliciting the slightest indication of feeling from his auditory; but, presently converging his remarks to a point, and speaking with more warmth and energy, he finishes a period with some pointed allusion or appropriate simile, and evokes a responsive burst of cheers, which breaks in upon the silence like the first broadside of a seventy-

four, or the first sharp rattle of musketry, and gives at once the signal and the earnest of the coming conflict. That cheer rings through the house like a warning voice, and speedily summons every one to his post. In the course of a minute or two, the tidings spread to every part of the building, that so-and-so is "up;" and then, from every haunt and retreat, from courts and corridors, from the library and the lobbies, from the smoking-room, and from "Bellamy's," honorable members come hurrying on, and may be seen trooping in past the bar of the house, bowing to the speaker as they advance, filling up every remaining vacancy on the benches, and wedging themselves in wherever there is room to be had. In the gallery overhead, too, there is a similar commotion. Here the sleepers, disturbed by the noise, quickly rouse themselves, and hurry to their places below, or advance to the front of the gallery, where, joined by the members who are unable to find room in the body of the house, they crowd the benches, and, bending over the rail, listen with fixed attention to the progress of the debate.

And now the House of Commons presents a spectacle of surpassing interest and grandeur: the long lines of benches crowded with members, all looking towards, and eagerly attentive to, the orator who is addressing them—the speaker, grave and dignified in his official costume, elevated on his throne-like chair—the clerks sitting quietly and demurely at the table in front—the orator himself, erect, uncovered, controlling the whole assembly as by some potent spell, now holding them so silent and still, that his own voice is the only sound which disturbs the quiet of the place, his own action the only movement visible; now rousing them to a sudden and perfect storm of applause, in which they rock and sway to and fro like tree-tops in a tempest; then hushing the tumult into a profound quiet, while he still holds on his way again and again to evoke a similar response; all combine to make an impression on the mind which can never be obliterated or forgotten.

Intensely exciting is the scene, if the question under discussion happen to be one on which party feelings are more than usually strong, and there be any serious consequences apprehended as to the result of the division. In addition, then, to the fixed and almost breathless attention manifested in all parts of the house, the stranger cannot fail to observe the striking difference in the conduct of the two contending parties during

the progress of the debate. There, on the side of the speaker, every countenance is bright and animated, the members seem in the happiest of moods, and receive every smart and good thing their partisan utters with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, now greeting him with rounds of deafening applause, now with boisterous shouts of laughter; while, on the other side of the house, against which all this noise and railery is directed, every one sits silent and sullen, with a cowed, crestfallen look, that strangely contrasts with the animation of members on the opposite benches. Then, there is the complete reversal of all this, when at length the orator sits down amidst the prolonged applause of his party, and is followed by an equally able speaker on the opposite side. The whole scene now becomes changed. Those who were before so moody and quiet brighten up into life and energy in a moment, and the house is still ringing with the cheers of their opponents when they, too, set up a joyful shout to welcome the appearance of their champion. And, a minute after, when the noise has all subsided, and every one listens to hear how the speaker will begin, his partisans bend forward eagerly, and with out-stretched necks to catch every word that falls, and to see as well as hear. How they watch, too, for the good points; not one escapes them, or is allowed to pass without receiving its full desert of applause, the louder and the more defiant for the taunting cheers with which they were themselves assailed. And every time the speaker makes a smart retort to any argument or piece of sarcasm used on the opposite benches and loudly applauded there, oh! the vehement and passionate shouts of approval it evokes; members spring from their seats, wave their hats, and cry out with an intensity of excitement in tone and gesture that is truly astonishing, while their now quieted opponents look on with disdainful silence, or else, too much provoked for that, give vent to their anger in a burst of scornful and derisive counter cheers. In this way, these great party debates go on, each side in turn exhibiting the opposite extremes of "radiant satisfaction" and excitement at one time, of sullen and constrained silence at another.

But the cheering we have so frequently mentioned is deserving of separate and special remark. Our legislators have a method of expressing their approval or dissent entirely their own. The clapping and stamping so common in our ordinary public meet-

ings, and the boisterous hurraing which distinguishes the more enthusiastic of them, are never heard within the house of parliament. The only recognized cry of approval is that of the word "hear," and the difference between the simple "hear, hear," and the "cheers," or "loud cheers," of the newspaper reports, is merely a matter of numbers and of noise, the cry itself being in all cases the same. But there is the greatest possible difference between the various ways in which it is uttered. Sometimes it is shouted out, as we have already intimated, with a wildness and ferocity of tone, and accompanied with such frantic gesticulation, that you can hardly help believing there is some deadly feud at the bottom of the controversy, and half expect to see the combatants dash across the floor, and engage in a regular *melee*. At other times, when the house is calm and self-possessed, listening perhaps to some accomplished speaker dilating upon a theme on which they are all agreed, and when, as the newspapers put it, there is "loud and prolonged cheering from all parts of the house," this same exclamation of "Hear, hear, hear," is rolled out in most cases in such a dignified and pompous style, that the stranger is as much amused as surprised at what he hears. It is curious, too, to note, at such times, how the sound and the accompanying commotion travel about from place to place, as the different parts of the house take up the task of continuing the applause. For in these "prolonged" cheers it seldom happens, except at the outset, that all the members join in simultaneously: they do it by turns, one party continuing the noise while the others rest; and then, when the sound is dying away, and you fancy the cheering is almost over, it bursts out again afresh in another part, led on perhaps by some powerful voice with the peculiar "e-aw, e-aw, e-aw," of the house, and becomes almost as loud as at the first; and so the thing goes on for the space sometimes of two or three minutes, till you feel half annoyed they don't stand up, off with their hats, and give a hearty hurrah, and so have done with it, as you know would be the case in any other assembly where there was half the enthusiasm.

But the most curious part of the affair still remains to be told. While the house is swaying about with excitement, and giving utterance to these rounds of applause, the stranger is frequently amused to see the orator himself engaged in the rather undignified occupation of sucking an orange. This is

the usual parliamentary substitute for the glass of water which often figures on the platform at our public meetings; and it rarely happens that a member rises to address the house at any length, without very soon after producing his orange, and seizing the first opportunity to refresh himself with its juice. Some members, indeed, are quite notorious for the quantity of fruit they thus consume. Lord John Russell is one of these, and Mr. Macaulay we have seen make use of three or four in the course of a speech. But it has an absurd appearance, and sometimes brings the sublime and the ridiculous into close and awkward proximity. What, indeed, could do so more completely than a speaker pausing thus in the midst of some brilliant oration, to bend forward, and employ both hands in pressing into his mouth the contents of an orange? And yet, what can be done? Water is not to be had; and to take a glass of anything stronger at such a time, would scarcely be considered decorous nowadays. Formerly, however, it was not so, and the portable refreshment case was commonly to be seen beside honorable members while engaged in these lengthy displays of oratorical power; and we have somewhere read, though we cannot vouch for the fact, that when Mr. (now Lord) Brougham made his memorable speech on the slave trade, this same case had been so frequently resorted to, that when at length the orator "implored the house on bended knees," another glass would probably have been fatal alike to his eloquence and his dignity, and have sent him still lower than his knees before his audience.

When the house is as tired of a debate as the reader probably is of this digression, they do not hesitate to signify as much by loudly calling for a division. The cheers with which the speakers are greeted, are now intermingled with cries of "Divide, divide, divide;" and when the house becomes very impatient, the calls are continued even while the member is speaking. Should he happen to pause for a moment at loss for a word, or to refer to a paper, they burst out in still greater number, clipped for convenience to "'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide," and are often accompanied by the rattle of feet and sticks upon the floor. This soon brings the debate to a close, and when at length the division is at hand, the speaker rises from his chair, and, looking up towards the strangers' gallery, calls out at the top of his voice, "Strangers must withdraw." Immediately this order is given, reporters, strangers, and

all besides members themselves, are hurried from their places to what is technically called out 'of the house,' and are not again admitted till the division has been taken, and members are again in their seats. But, though shut out and prevented from seeing, we will yet let our readers know how the division is effected. On each side of the house, and communicating with it at the gangway, is a large lobby—one the eastern, the other the western division lobby. In dividing, the house itself is entirely cleared, and the members move into these lobbies, those who vote 'ay' into one, those who vote 'no' into the other. Then, as they re-enter the house, two clerks stationed at each entrance, with printed alphabetical lists of the members in their hands, mark off the name of each as he passes on, and the tellers standing by count the numbers. When all the members have passed into the house, the tellers compare their numbers, and then the two who have the majority taking the right and the other two the left, they advance abreast towards the speaker, making three slight bows in token of respect. When they reach the table, they deliver their numbers, written out on paper, at the same time stating what they are. The slip of paper is then handed to the speaker, who, rising from his chair, announces amidst breathless silence the result of the division—the ayes, so many; the noes, so many; the majority, and whether for or against the motion. This, of course, is a moment of intense interest to all parties, and, as we have said, the most profound stillness and quiet prevails while the announcement is being made; but the words are scarcely out of the speaker's mouth, before the victors break out into vehement and uproarious shouts of applause, and keep them up with an energy and enthusiasm which triumph alone can inspire; while their now vanquished opponents look dejected and woe-begone in the extreme. Sometimes, indeed, when there has been a close run, and the majority is unexpectedly small, both sides set up a sort of claim to the victory, and shout and cheer by turns for the space of several minutes.

In taking the sense of the house on unimportant questions, and in mere matters of routine, no division of course takes place. The speaker then merely rises from his seat, and, after stating the question in proper form, desires "as many as are of that opinion to say ay," and, "as many as are of the contrary opinion to say no;" but this is all done with such rapidity, that strangers can seldom

catch more than the last words ay and no ; and, before they are well aware what is being done, they hear the speaker again declaring that "the ayes have it," or "the noes have it," and see that the house has passed on to other business.

The old practice of continuing the sittings till three or four o'clock in the morning is now almost entirely abandoned, for, though something like it several times occurred during the last session, it was contrary to rule, and the house was professedly working overtime to expedite the dissolution. Ordinarily, the debates are either closed or adjourned by about midnight ; and it is only when, as Mr. Disraeli jocosely expressed it, "the night is young and the house is fresh," that honorable members are at all disposed to commence any business which is likely to detain them long. Directly, therefore, the division is over on any important subject which has drawn together a full house, or directly the adjournment of the debate has been carried, the great majority of the members rise and leave the house in a body, creating no small noise and commotion as they go. The house is not entirely deserted, however ; there are usually some twenty or thirty members left behind, who stay to clear off the remaining orders for the day, it being a standing rule of the house, that all notices of whatever kind for a given day must be formally disposed of, in one way or another, at the time specified. It is this clearing off the notices from the paper which gives rise to the number of singularly short speeches we generally see at the end of the regular debates, and which forms a sort of tail-piece to the newspaper reports.

Ah ! "the newspaper reports," a word about them and we have done. It's pleasant to look over the papers in the morning after having spent the night in the house. But how great the discrepancy between what you there saw and heard, and what you now read. Here, for example, is that terrible speech of the honorable member for North Workshire. For a full hour had we to endure the infliction of his insufferably dull and dreary oratory, and that too, unfortunately, at a time when, like another wedding guest, we "could not choose but hear," the house being so nearly empty, that all the noise the members present could make did not suffice to drown the drowsy voice still drawling in

our ears. Well, here is that speech in print, and, besides that you can read it easily in twenty minutes, it really is a very tolerable production — sensible, pertinent, and with some point in it too. Whence all the difference then ? Ask a reporter. Then, again, there is the honorable member for Toppington, who, as he usually expresses himself in somewhat lengthy and complicated sentences, finds great difficulty at times in getting fairly to the end of them ; and, occasionally, after backing and floundering about for a while in the endeavor to escape from one of these verbal intricacies, gives the matter up as hopeless, and bolts to the beginning of a fresh sentence—even he becomes quite a respectable speaker in the hands of the gentleman of the press. His speech, here, in the newspaper, reads as smoothly and evenly as you could desire ; there is not a single broken or unfinished sentence throughout, and all the painful embarrassment, hesitation, and tedious repetitions of its delivery, give place to a steady and sustained flow of language such as no one could object to. Two thirds of the speeches delivered in parliament are similarly metamorphosed ; they are corrected and condensed, and become so improved in character, that even the makers of them must sometimes fail to recognize their own productions. And yet, perhaps, it is not here in the early part of the report that the greatest discrepancy between the spoken and the printed speech is observable after all, but further on where 'he' (Mr. Smith) becomes 'I,' and the whole speech runs on in the first person. Not that the speeches are badly reported either ; on the contrary, the reporters, in the main, do their work admirably ; every word of the best speakers, every nice turn and variety of expression, is seized and reproduced in print with the greatest accuracy ; but the accompaniments of the speech are all wanting—the eager listening assembly—the alternate calm and storm amidst which the speech is delivered—the flashing eye and distended nostril of the speaker—his lofty tone and bearing—his expressive action and vehement delivery, which lend such additional point and force to the language he employs, transcend alike the reporter's and the printer's art, and can neither be adequately described nor represented on the printed page.



From Chambers's Journal.

## NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN was born at Andelys, in Normandy, in June, 1593. His father, Jean Poussin, had served in the regiment of Tauannes during the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., without having risen to any higher rank than that of lieutenant. Happening to meet in the town of Vernon a rich and handsome young widow, Jean Poussin married her, left the service, and retired with his wife to the pleasant village of Andelys, where, in a year afterwards, Nicholas was born. His childhood resembled that of many other great painters. Whitewashed walls scribbled over with landscapes—school-books defaced with sketches, which *then* drew down anger and reproof on the idle student, but which *now* would form precious gems in many a rich museum—these were the early evidences of Poussin's genius. He was treated severely by his father, who thought that every vigorous, well-made boy ought of necessity to become a soldier—secretly consoled and encouraged by his mother, who loved him with an almost idolatrous affection, and who approved of his pursuits, not from any abstract love of art, but because she thought the profession of painting might be pursued by her darling without obliging him to leave his home.

It happened that the painter, Quintin Varin, was an intimate acquaintance of the elder Poussin. Somewhat reluctantly, the ex-lieutenant gave his son permission to study the first principles of painting under their friend. The boy's first attempts were water-color landscapes, his very straitened finances not allowing him to use oils. His subjects were the beautiful scenes around Andelys; and, despite of his inexperience, he knew so well how to transfer the living poetry of the scenery to his canvas, that his master one day said to him: "Nicholas, why have you deceived me?—you must have learned painting before."

"I assure you I have not."

"Then," said Varin, "I am not fit to be thy master. There is a revelation of genius in thy lightest touch to which I have never

attained. I should but cloud thy destiny in seeking to instruct thee. Go to Paris, dear boy; there thou wilt achieve both fame and fortune."

The advice was followed, and with a light purse, and a still lighter heart, Nicholas Poussin arrived in Paris. He bore a letter of introduction from Varin to the Flemish painter Ferdinand Elle, who consented to receive him as a pupil for the payment of three livres a month.

There were already a dozen young people in the studio. When their new companion joined them, they amused themselves by laughing at him, and playing off practical jokes at his expense, which at first he bore with good-humor. It happened, however, one morning, that on examining his slender purse, he found that its contents had fallen to zero; and this unpleasant circumstance caused him, no doubt, to feel in an irritable state of mind. On reaching the studio, and just as he entered the door, he was inundated by the contents of a bucket of water, which one of his companions had suspended over the door, and managed to overturn on the head of Nicholas. Furious at this unexpected *douche*, he flew at its unlucky contriver, and gave him a hearty beating. There were three other lads in the studio; they all attacked Nicholas, who, however, proved more than their match, overthrowing two of his assailants, and obliging the third to fly.

After this occurrence, Poussin became free from the petty annoyances which he had hitherto endured; but he found no friend in the studio of Ferdinand Elle, and he felt, besides, that he was losing his time, and learning nothing from that painter. These reasons determined him one day to write a respectful letter to his master, declining further attendance at the studio; and then, furnished with little of this world's goods, besides some pencils and paper, he set out, very literally, "to seek his fortune."

It was then the beginning of summer; everything in nature looked lovely and glad and Poussin insensibly wandered on, until he

found himself in a fresh green meadow on the banks of the Marne. He lay down under the shade of an osier thicket, and presently became aware of the presence of a young man about his own age, who was busily employed in fishing. Nicholas watched him for some time, and then said: "May I remark, that the bait you are using does not appear suited to this river?"

"Very likely," replied the stranger; "I am but an inexperienced fisher, and will feel greatly obliged by your advice."

Poussin then arranged the line, put on a fresh bait, and in a few minutes a fine perch was landed on the grass.

"Many thanks for your assistance," said the young man; "will you do me the favor to join in my repast?"

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and Nicholas had had no breakfast. He therefore gladly consented; and the angler, drawing from his fish-basket a large slice of savory pie, a loaf of bread, and a flask of wine, they made a hearty meal together.

After the fashion of the days of chivalry, the two knights-errant told each other their names and histories. The stranger, whose name was Raoul, was a young man of considerable property. His parents, living in Poitou, sent him to finish his education and to polish his manners by frequenting fashionable society in Paris; but his tastes were simple, his habits retiring, and he had not met amongst the rich and noble any who pleased him so well as the poor penniless painter. With cordial frankness, he pressed Nicholas to take up his abode with him in Paris, and promised to advance him in the study of his art.

The offer was accepted as freely as it was made, and Nicholas Poussin was thus enabled to pursue with ardor the noble studies to which his life was henceforth devoted, free from those petty cares and sordid anxieties which so often clog the wings of genius. By the interest of Raoul, many valuable collections of paintings, including the unique one of Segnier, were opened to him. Becoming acquainted with a brother student, Philippe de Champagne, he joined him for a time in receiving instruction from Lallemand, until, perceiving that that painter was no more capable of teaching him than Ferdinand Elle had been, he left his studio, and gave himself up to severe and solitary study.

At twenty years of age, Nicholas Poussin steadily renounced every species of youthful pleasure and dissipation, that he might pursue his one noble object. He rose at day-

break, and regularly retired to rest at nine o'clock. During the winter months, he spent the early hours of the day in studying Greek and Latin under an old priest, who loved him and taught him gratuitously. The remainder of the day was devoted to painting, and the evenings to short visits amongst the friends to whom he had been introduced by the active kindness of Raoul. In the summer, he loved to spend occasionally a long bright day in rambling through the beautiful scenery of Auteuil, taking sketches while his friend fished. The extent of their innocent dissipation consisted in dining at some rural hostelry on the produce of the morning's sport, washed down with a temperate modicum of wine. Thus pleasantly and profitably passed two years, at the end of which Raoul was called to his home.

Despite of the excuses and remonstrances of Poussin, his friend insisted on his accompanying him to Poitou, assuring him of a hearty welcome from his own parents. From Raoul's father, indeed, the young painter received it; but his mother was a proud, ill-tempered woman, who affected to despise a dauber of canvas, and treated her son's friend as a sort of valet attached to his service. In short, she heaped insults on the young man, which even his love for Raoul could not force him to endure; and in order to escape the affectionate solicitations of his friend, he set out secretly one morning alone and on foot.

Weary, penniless, and attacked with inward inflammation, he at length reached Paris. Philippe de Champagne received him, and watched over him like a brother until he recovered. A great degree of weakness and languor still depressed him; the air of Paris weighed on him like lead. He sighed for his native breeze at Andelys, and still more for his mother's embrace—his good and tender mother, whose letters to him were so often rendered almost illegible by her tears, and whose memory had been his sweetest comfort during the weary nights of sickness.

He set out on his journey with six livres in his pocket, which he had earned by painting a bunch of hats on the sign-post of a hatter, and arrived safely at home. Soon afterwards, his father died, and Nicholas determined never again to leave his mother. She, tender woman that she was, grieved for a husband who had rarely shown her any kindness, and who, in his hard selfishness, had now left her totally destitute. All the money she had brought him as her dowry, he, unknown to her, had sunk on an annuity

on his own life, and nothing now remained for her but the devoted love of her only son.

This, however, was a "goodly heritage." Those who zealously try to fulfil their duty, may be assured that a kind Providence will assist their efforts; and Nicholas succeeded for some time in maintaining his mother by the sale of water-color paintings for the decoration of a convent chapel. At length, this resource failed; and the ardent young painter determined to relinquish all his bright visions, and learn some manual trade, when his mother was seized with illness, and, despite of his anxious care, died.

No motive now detained him at Andelys. The sale of his slender possessions there furnished him with a little money; and, partly in order to assuage his grief for his mother, partly to see the works of the great masters, he determined to go to Italy.

Rome was naturally the goal of his steps, but on this occasion he was not destined to reach it. On arriving at Florence, he met with an accidental hurt, which confined him to a lodging for a month, and when he was cured, left him almost penniless. Finding it impossible to dispose of the sketches which he drew for his daily bread, he determined to retrace his steps. Arrived at Paris he was once more received by his faithful friend, Philippe de Champagne, and by him introduced to Duchesne, who was then painting the ornaments of the Luxembourg, and who engaged both the young men as his assistants.

This promised to be a durable and profitable engagement; but Duchesne, who had but little pretension to genius, soon grew jealous of his young companions, and seized the first pretext for dismissing them.

Shortly afterwards, the Jesuits of Paris celebrated the canonization of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. For this occasion, Poussin executed six water-color pictures, representing the principal events in the lives of these two personages. The merit of these works attracted the attention of Signor Marini, a distinguished courtier of the day. He was attached to the suit of Marie de Medicis, and held a high place amongst the literary and artistic, as well as gay circles of the court; his notice was therefore of importance to the artist, who by it was introduced amongst the great, the learned, and the gay.

Wisely did he take advantage of mixing in this society to improve his knowledge of men and things, and to satisfy that craving for enlightenment which he felt equally when

rambling in the fields, standing at his easel, or sitting as a timid listener in the splendid saloons of Signor Marini.

This pleasant life lasted for a year; Marini was his Mecænas; orders for paintings flowed in on him; and when, in 1625, his patron went to Rome to visit Pope Urban VIII., Poussin would have accompanied him, but for an honorable dread of breaking some engagements which he had made. Amongst others, he had to finish a large piece representing the *Death of the Virgin*, undertaken for the guild of goldsmiths, who presented every year a picture to Notre-Dame.

Marini tried in vain to shake his resolution. Nicholas Poussin had pledged his word, and nothing could make him break it—not even the advantage of accomplishing, in the company and at the expense of the generous Italian, that journey to Rome which had always formed his most cherished day-dream. The following year, Poussin went to Rome, and, to his great sorrow, found his kind patron suffering from a malady which speedily terminated his life. Thus was the painter once more thrown on his own resources in a city where he was a stranger; but his was not a nature to be discouraged by adversity. There was something grand in the serenity with which he spent days in examining the wondrous statues of the olden time, while a cheerless attic was his lodging, and his dinner depended on the generosity of a printseller for whom he worked occasionally, and who was not always in the humor to advance money.

Many years afterwards, Poussin, in speaking of this period, said to Chantillon: "I have sometimes gone to bed without having tasted food since the morning, not because I had no means of paying at a hostel—although *that* also has befallen me at times—but because, after having my soul filled with the glorious beauty of ancient art, I could not endure to mingle in the low, sordid scenes of a cheap eating-house. Indeed, it was scarcely a sacrifice to do so, for my heart was too full to allow me to feel hunger."

Poussin studied nature with a minuteness that often exposed him to raillery: Whenever he made a country excursion, he brought back a bag filled with pebbles and mosses, whose various tints and forms he afterwards studied with the most scrupulous care. Vignuel de Marville asked him one day how he had reached so high a rank among the great painters. "I tried to neglect nothing," replied Poussin.

True, indeed, he had neglected nothing.

He gave his days and nights to the acquirement of various sciences. He understood anatomy better than any surgeon of his time; he knew history like a Benedictine, and the antiquities of Rome as a botanist does his favorite flora. But architecture was the art which he esteemed most essential to a painter; and accordingly his landscapes abound in exquisite delineations of buildings.

His veneration for the works of his predecessors was very great. We find him, in a letter addressed to M. de Chantilon, requesting that a painting which he sent might not be placed in the same room with one of Raphael's—"lest the contrast might ruin mine, and cause whatever little beauty it has to vanish."

He was an ardent admirer of Domenichino, and copied many of his works. It happened one day, that as he was in a chapel busily employed in copying a painting by that master, he saw a feeble old man tottering slowly towards him, leaning on a crutch. The visitor, without ceremony, seated himself on the painter's stool, and began deliberately to examine his work. Poussin greatly disliked inquisitive critics, and now feeling annoyed, he began to put up his pallet, and to prepare for leaving.

"You don't like visitors, young man," said the old man, smiling. "Neither did I. But when I was your age, and, like you, copying the works of the old masters, if one of them had come to look over my shoulder, and see how I succeeded in reproducing the form which he had created, I would not for that have put away my pallet, but I would gladly have sought his counsel." And while he spoke the handle of his crutch was rubbing against the centre of the picture.

"Signor, are you mad?" exclaimed Poussin, seizing the offending crutch.

"So they say, my child; but 'tis not true. No, no; Domenichino is not mad, and can still give good advice."

"Domenichino! what! the great Domenichino?"

"The poor Domenichino. Yes, you see him such as years and grief have made him. He has come, young man, to counsel you not to follow in his track, if you wish to gain fortune and renown. That," he continued, pointing to his own painting, "is true and conscientious art. Well, it leads to the almshouse. I see that you have the power to become a great artist. Change your place; be extravagant, capricious, unnatural, and then you will succeed."

One may fancy the feelings of Poussin at

hearing these words. He told Domenichino that he was ready to sacrifice everything to the love of true art, and respectfully accompanied him home.

From that time until Zampieri's death, Poussin was his friend and pupil. He afterwards paid a debt of gratitude to the painter's memory, by causing his picture of the *Communion of St. Jerome*, which had been thrown aside in a granary, to be placed opposite to the *Transfiguration* of Raphael.

By degrees, the marvellous talent of Poussin became known, and orders for paintings flowed in on him. He might have become rich, but he cared not for wealth, and was perhaps the only artist that ever thought his works too highly paid for. On one occasion, being sent one hundred crowns for a picture, he returned fifty.

Cardinal Mancini paid him a visit one evening, and when he was going away, Poussin attended him with a lantern to the outer gate, and opened it himself. "I pity you," said the Cardinal, "for not having even one man-servant." "And I pity your eminence for having so many."

In his days of adversity, Poussin had been kindly received and nursed in the house of a M. Dughet, whose daughter he afterwards married. She was a simple, kind-hearted woman, and fondly attached to her husband, who appreciated her good qualities, and always treated her with affection, although she probably never inspired him with ardent love. Some years after their marriage, not having any children, Poussin adopted his wife's younger brother, Gaspard Dughet, who, under his instructions, became a painter of considerable merit. The remainder of Poussin's life was singularly prosperous. He continued to reside at Rome until summoned to return to France by Louis XIII., who, finding that several invitations to that effect, conveyed through ambassadors, failed to bring back Poussin, did him the honor to write him an autograph letter, entreating his presence. The painter obeyed the flattering summons, but unwillingly. He felt that he was sacrificing his independence to the splendid bondage of a court, and he often remembered with fond regret, "the peace and the sweetness of his little home."

Two years he resided at court, tasting the sweets and bitters of ambition—the caresses of a powerful king, and a still more powerful cardinal—mingled with the envious intrigues and malicious detraction of jealous rivals. Poussin loved not such a life; his free spirit languished, his noble heart was pained; and



in 1642, he requested and obtained leave to visit Italy, promising, however, to return.

The death of Louis and Richelieu, which took place within a short period of each other, released Poussin from his pledge. From that time, he constantly resided at Rome, and executed his greatest works. Amongst these may be named: *Rebecca*, *The Seven Sacraments*, *The Judgment of Solomon*, *Moses striking the Rock*, *Jesus healing the Blind*, and *the Four Seasons*, each being represented by a subject from sacred history. All these, with the exception of *The Seven Sacraments*, are to be seen in the Louvre.

Poussin died at Rome in 1665. His wife had expired a short time before, and grief for

the loss of this fond and faithful partner broke down his energies and hastened his decease,

"Her death," he wrote, "has left me alone in the world, laden with years, filled with infirmities, a stranger and without friends." All those whom he loved had preceded him to their tombs, and the only relative at his death-bed was an avaricious nephew, eager to seize his possessions.

The name of Nicholas Poussin will never die. He was the first great French painter; and in him were united what, unhappily, are often dis severed, the highest qualities of the head and of the heart—the lofty genius of the artist with the humble piety of the Christian.

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From the Quarterly Review.

## METEORS, AEROLITES, SHOOTING STARS.\*

IN former articles of this Journal we have dwelt at some length on those peculiar characters which designate the physical science of our own time, and which have mainly contributed to its astonishing progress during the last half-century. Such are, first, the higher principles of inquiry into nature; involving in the case of each particular science the action of elements heretofore unknown, and the establishment of laws more general and profound than any before recognized:—secondly, the infinite increase of exactness required and obtained in all the methods of research, whether by observation or experiment:—and, thirdly, the intimate connection established amongst different sciences—affording new illustrations to each—and tending towards those great generalizations which it is the object of all

philosophy to obtain, not solely for the perfection of theory, but also for the most various and valuable application to the uses of man. We now revert to these characteristic distinctions, because they are, all and each, strikingly illustrated by the subject before us—one of the most recent departments of physical knowledge, and hitherto very slenderly provided with facts fitted for the establishment of general laws; but gradually moulding itself into the forms of a science, and acquiring connections with other branches of general physics, which every day tends to make closer and of higher interest.

In every age of the world, and in every region of it, there have been witnessed, amidst the more constant aspects and phenomena of the heavens, those strangely irregular and vagrant lights, those "fiery shapes and burning cressets," which suddenly kindle into brightness above us, and as suddenly are lost again in darkness. Sometimes seen as globes of light in rapid movement—much more frequently under the aspect and name of *falling* or *shooting* stars, and these occasionally even crowding certain parts of the sky by their number—such appearances in former times were regarded either with dull amazement, or with superstitious awe as the omens of approaching events. Throughout

\* 1. *Recherches sur les Etoiles Filantes*. Par MM. Coulvier-Gravier et Saigey. Introduction Historique. Paris 1847.

2. *Catalogue of Observations of Luminous Meteors*. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M. A., F. R. S., Bavian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. In *Reports of British Association*, for 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851.

3. *Humboldt's Cosmos*. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut. Col. Sabine. Vol. I. Section on Aerolites.

all ages, moreover, reports have existed of masses of stone of various sizes falling from the sky, preceded by vivid light and explosion; and these occurrences, as might be supposed, have in all former times, and by every people, been similarly made the subject of superstitious belief. The Aneyle or sacred shield of Numa, the holy Kaaba of Mecca, the sword of the Mongolian Emperor, and the great stone of the pyramid at Cholula in Mexico, have all the same history annexed to them. They fell from heaven, and were venerated in their presumed divine origin. These falling stones, however, though more wonderful in many respects, were much less frequent than the meteoric lights which blazed before the eyes of nations; and they were for the most part very vaguely recorded. As we shall see afterwards, it is only within the last half-century that science has fully admitted them within her pale—reluctantly, it may almost be said, as well as tardily; and resting even more on proofs furnished by the physical characters of the falling bodies, than on the historical evidence of their descent.

Nevertheless, it is chiefly to the recognition of these Aerolites, or falling stones, that we owe the zealous scientific research which has since been given to the subject of meteors. However wonderful these phenomena might be in themselves, their aspects and periods were seemingly so irregular as to render them insusceptible of that classification of facts which is the basis of all true science. The untutored gaze of the multitude was for ages as productive of results as the observation of the naturalist; and until very recently the theories of the latter scarcely went beyond certain vague notions of inflammable gases or electrical actions in the atmosphere. The bog-vapor kindled above the earth, instead of on its surface—and, yet more, the phenomenon of lightning in its various forms—offered explanations just plausible enough to check further investigation; and when Franklin (now exactly one hundred years ago) first drew electrical sparks from a thunder-cloud, it seemed as if a sufficient cause for meteoric appearances had been fully obtained. Yet, though the dominion of this great element of Electricity has been extending itself to our knowledge ever since, we shall presently see that other causes are here concerned; and that we must carry our speculations still higher, before we can compass all the facts which modern observation has placed before us.

*It will be readily conceived how much the*

admission of the fact, that Meteors are sometimes accompanied by the precipitation of stones or earthy and metallic matters from the sky, affected every part of this inquiry. And when Chemistry intervened, disclosing the singular and very similar composition of the bodies thus strangely conveyed to us, it became obvious that new elements were concerned, of which science was required to take larger cognizance. About the same period, research was more exactly applied to determine the height, velocity, and direction of meteors, and especially of falling stars, while luminous to the eye; the results of which inquiry, though embarrassed by various difficulties, tended yet further to remove their physical causes beyond the region of our globe, by showing their elevation above the atmosphere, their vast rapidity of passage through space, and lines of movement involving other forces than that of simple gravitation towards the earth. And when to such researches were added, more recently, certain remarkable facts as to the periodicity of falling stars, the inquiry assumed at once a *cosmical* character, associating itself with some of the movements and higher laws of the planetary system.

We have sketched this preliminary outline of the subject, from a feeling of the interest which ever attaches to the successive stages of a new science—those steps by which we ascend from the rude, doubtful, or superstitious record of isolated facts, to the absolute proof, the classification of phenomena, and the determination of the physical laws which govern them. Such notices are not more instructive as to the philosophy of the material world than in relation to the history of man himself, thus advancing in knowledge and power amidst the elements which surround him.\*

Though the subject of Meteors was thus brought within the domain of science, the difficulty remained of giving any classification to the phenomena, on which to base inquiry into their causes and physical connections. On what principle was it possible to arrange appearances so vague and various in time, place, magnitude, and brilliancy? The simplest division is the only one yet admissible; expressing little more than those external aspects to which we have already alluded, without reference to the physical causes which are doubtless concerned in their

\* It has been well said by Laplace, '*La connaissance de la méthode qui a guidé l'homme de génie n'est pas moins utile au progrès de la science, et même à sa propre gloire, que ses découvertes.*'

varieties. First in order we have the globes or balls of light (*bolides*), appearing suddenly, and having certain physical characters, to which we shall afterwards advert. Secondly, falling or shooting stars (*étoiles filantes*), seen at all times and in all countries, but more numerous at certain periods, and more frequently under the clear skies of tropical regions. Thirdly, Aerolites, or meteoric stones, differing greatly in size and form, but with various characters showing a common origin, and this wholly alien to the planet on which they fall.

The spirit of inquiry awakened on the subject of meteors, and the objects thus far defined, it was natural to recur to history and tradition for evidences of similar phenomena in prior ages. This research, as we have already intimated, was fertile of curious results—derived as well from the classic writers of Greece and Rome, as from the records of the dark ages and of every intervening century to our own time. The most remote regions, as well as periods, contributed to this testimony—the facts sometimes colored by superstition, sometimes obscured by imperfect report; but numerous and exact enough for comparison with our own observations, and giving full proof of the uniformity of the phenomena throughout. Poetry naturally busied itself with these vagrant lights of heaven, and we might cite various passages from the Greek and Latin poets, which, though in some part ambiguous from the association of lightning with meteoric appearances, yet manifestly include the latter in their appeal to the imagination.\* The historians of antiquity denote them in more or less detail, and with various degrees of belief. The naturalists of Greece and Rome, from Aristotle down to Seneca and Pliny, have not only left descriptions copious enough to identify all the appearances with those of our own time, but have here and there offered suggestions as to natural causes which are fairly admissible among the hypotheses of more recent date.

But the highest interest in these records of past times attaches itself to the fall of Aerolites; and as we propose to take this class of

\* Virgil, in the more practical description of his *Georgics*, connects falling stars with the approach of wind—

*Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis  
Præcipites cœlo labi, &c.*

Both Theophrastus and Pliny admit the same idea. If this connection were generally true, which we doubt, it probably depends merely on the rising wind dispelling vapors which before hid these matters from sight.

meteors first into view, we may reasonably dwell for a moment upon their early history. The phrases of *Lapidibus pluit, Crebri ceciderunt a cœlo lapides, &c.*, are familiar to us from Livy, and may no longer be disregarded as the idle tales of a superstitious age. Æschylus, in the fragment we possess of his *Prometheus Unbound*, alludes to a shower of rounded stones sent down by Jupiter from a cloud. But the most remarkable and authentic record of antiquity is that of the massive stone which fell in the 78th Olympiad (about the time of the birth of Socrates), at Ægospotamos on the Hellespont—the place soon afterwards dignified, or defaced, as opinion may be, by that naval victory of Lysander which subjected Athens and Greece, for a time, to the Spartan power. The philosopher Anaxagoras was said to have predicted the fall of this stone from the Sun—a prediction, doubtless, like many others, following after the event. It is expressly mentioned by Aristotle; by the author of the *Parian Chronicle*; by Diogenes of Apollonia, who speaks of it as “falling in flames;” and most fully by Plutarch and Pliny, both of whom distinctly state it to be shown in their time—that is, in the 6th century after its fall. Pliny’s description is well marked—*Qui lapis etiam nunc ostenditur, magnitudine vehis, colore adusto*; and he adds the fact that a burning comet (meteor) accompanied its descent.\*

We see no cause whatever to doubt the authenticity of this statement, of which the very phrase *colore adusto* is a striking verification. If the mass remained visible, and of such magnitude as described, down to Pliny’s time, it is far from impossible that it may even now be re-discovered—with the aid, perchance, of some stray tradition attached to the place—surviving, as often happens, the lapse of ages, the changes of human dominion, and even the change of race itself on

\* Plutarch, who reasons with force and pertinency as to the origin of this stone (in *Vitâ Lysandri*), explicitly states that it was still held in much veneration by the inhabitants of the Chersonesus. He also speaks of its vast size, and of the tradition of a fiery cloud or globe which preceded its fall. In his book *De Placit Philos*, he alludes to it again, as *εὐπορίως καὶ συνεχόμενα ἀστέρων ἔσπερον*. Pliny mentions a smaller meteoric stone, religiously preserved in the gymnasium at Abydos, also said to have been predicted by Anaxagoras. This coincidence of time and place might lead to the suspicion that both were derived from the same meteor. He further notices a stone of recent fall which he had himself seen at Vocontii in the province of Gallia Narbonensis—now Vaison in Provence.

the spot. Only one slight effort, as far as we know, has been made for the recovery of this ancient aerolite. We marvel that some of our Oriental travellers do not abstract a few days from the seraglios, mosques, and bazaars of Constantinople—(and, we fear, we must further add, from the lounging life of the Pera Hotel)—to engage deliberately in the attempt. Fame earned by discovery in travel is no longer so common a commodity that the chances of it should be disdained. In this case, the research, if successful, would be of interest enough both for history and science to perpetuate a man's name.\*

While the antiquity of Greece and Rome, as well as the middle ages of Europe, furnish us only with scattered notices of these aerolites, it is far otherwise with the Chinese—that singular people, whose language, institutions, and methods of thought might almost suggest them as a race of men struck off from some other planet. There exist in China authentic catalogues of the remarkable meteors of all classes, aerolites included, which have appeared there during a period of 2400 years. To give an idea of the minuteness of these records—the translation of

which we owe to the lamented Ed. Biot—it is enough to mention that in the three centuries from A.D. 960 to 1270 not fewer than 1479 meteors are registered by the Chinese observers, who seem to have been officially employed for this purpose.\* It is only of late years that the science of Europe has placed itself in competition with these extraordinary documents. Though instances of falling stones were continually multiplying themselves in France, England, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, the only memoirs we know on the subject, before the time of Chladni, are that of the Jesuit Domenico Troili, and another we shall afterwards notice. The work of Chladni in 1794 formed an epoch in the study of meteorites. This philosopher, still better known by his admirable mode of demonstrating the vibrations and quiescent lines which enter into the phenomena of sound, was the first to collect all the authentic instances of aerolites: a catalogue much enlarged since, but very valuable at the time, and showing great zeal of research. Until this moment scarcely one man of science had given assent to, or even considered the subject as a matter of evidence. The speculations of Kepler, Halley, Maske-lyne, and others, as to meteoric matters in the planetary space, scarcely touched upon the history or theory of meteoric stones. Yet it would seem a case where history had some claim to credit, since the facts were of a nature which imagination or fear could hardly mystify or distort. Meteors seen and heard to explode—stones at the same time falling to the earth, and frequently discovered and examined at the time of their fall—sometimes falling as single and heated masses, sometimes numerous enough to be described as a shower—these are things so simple and distinct in narrative that we could not easily refuse belief to them, even had we less testimony from similar occurrences in our own time. It is one of the many instances furnished by science of ancient truths, long obscured or discredited, coming suddenly into fresh light, and receiving illustration from new and unexpected sources. The chemist's crucible, and the eye of the mineralogist, disclosed results as to these stones which no conjecture could have

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\* Though the locality of this stone is not further indicated than by the statement of its fall at *Ægospotamos*, yet the invariable manner in which it is thus described defines tolerably well the district to be examined. We learn from the old geographers that there was a town called *Ægospotami* on the Thracian side the Hellespont, and we may infer a stream or streams, from which its name was derived. The description of the naval fight and the situation relatively to *Lampeacus* (the modern *Lamsaki*) further define the locality within certain limits. The traveller devoting himself to the research might make his head-quarters at various places near to the spot in question. He should render himself previously familiar with the aspect of meteoric stones, as now seen in the Museums and Mineralogical Cabinets throughout Europe. He must study the character of the rocks and fragmentary masses in the vicinity, so as more readily to appreciate the differences of aspect. He must expect the possibility of a small part only of the mass appearing above the surface; and his eye must be awake and active for any such partial appearances. If the stone sought for were wholly concealed by alluvial deposits, the research of course would be vain, unless happily aided by some local traditions, as we have noticed above. Such traditions, even in the outset, should be sedulously sought for; the manner of doing which most effectively must be determined at the time and place. We will add further that the autumnal months should be avoided, as the malaria fever is rife at this season on the shores of the Dardanelles.

We could hardly hope to recover any remnant of the great stone which was seen to fall at Narni, A.D. 921, and is described as projecting four feet above the water of the river into which it fell.

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\* The observations from the seventh century before Christ to 960 were derived by M. Biot from the work of Ma-touan-lin, an eminent Chinese author towards the end of the 13th century. Those of the three centuries succeeding A.D. 960 come under the annals of the dynasty of Soung, which during this period had dominion in China.



anticipated, and eventually compelled the belief so long and obstinately denied.

The stone which fell at Wold Cottage in Yorkshire, in 1795, was that which contributed most explicitly to this conversion. Its fall was seen by two persons, following an explosion in the air. It had penetrated to a depth of 18 inches in the soil and chalk, whence it was taken. It weighed about 56 lbs. Happily it was placed in the hands of an able chemist of the time, Mr. Howard, whose analysis of it was published in the *Ph. Transactions* for 1802. Yet when Picquet, who had just come from England, read a communication to the French Institute on this subject, "*il y trouva une incrédulité telle qu'il lui fallut une sorte de courage pour achever sa lecture.*" A month after, however, Vauquelin produced to the Institute an analysis of his own, fully confirming that of Howard—a few months later the great fall of stones, 2,000 or 3,000 in number, "*une véritable pluie des pierres météoriques,*" occurred at L'Aigle, in Normandy:—the information was obtained at the same time of a numerous shower of stones at Benares, on the Ganges—and similar evidences multiplied from every side. The fall at L'Aigle, however, may be noted above all, as it led to a minute local investigation by Biot; who hastened himself to the spot, and with characteristic zeal and ability not merely authenticated the event, but obtained proof as to various incidents attending it, of great value to the true theory of these falling bodies. Of these the most important was the fact, well ascertained, that the direction of the meteors from which the stones fell must have been oblique to the horizon.\* The convictions of a man like Biot, founded on personal investigation, may be fairly admitted as another epoch in the history of aerolites.

The striking concurrence of such instances with those of more ancient tradition overcame all remaining doubt; and when Chladni published his second and more valuable work in 1819, with a copious record of aerolites, registered according to the periods and places of their fall, as well as the directions of their line of descent, his statements were received with entire assent by the scientific

world. His details had the effect not only of authenticating the fall of such stones from the sky, but further of assigning a meteoric character to certain strange ferruginous masses found in different countries, regarding which only vague traditions existed, or which had no history at all but that of their outward aspect.\* These masses, some of them of vast weight and dimensions, and manifestly foreign to the localities in which they are found, have enough of kindred with aerolites to justify the name of meteoric iron, and to make it probable that they are of common origin. The largest yet known is the one estimated to weigh about 14,000 lbs.—discovered at Otumpa, in Brazil, in a locality where there is no iron, nor rock of any kind near the surface. Another, little inferior in size, has been found near Bahia. A smaller mass, but nearer to us, is that from the neighborhood of Andernach, weighing 3,300 lbs. The volcanic locality might render the origin of this ambiguous; but its analysis by Professor Bischoff of Bonn, in showing a compound of soft metallic iron with a small proportion of nickel, leaves little doubt of its belonging to the class of meteoric bodies. Another remarkable specimen is the Siberian stone, described by Pallas, and which we have ourselves seen in the Imperial Museum at Petersburg, composed of soft spongy iron and olivine. The Tartars on the spot had a tradition of the fall of this stone from the sky, as the Mongolians have of a fragment of black rock, 40 feet high, near the sources of the Yellow River. The great Brazilian mass, as far as we can tell, has no story belonging to it.

Before proceeding to the theory of the bodies thus admitted to have been cast upon the earth, we must say something more of their chemical composition—inasmuch as this is not only remarkable in itself, but closely concerned in their theory, and with other speculations of high interest. Collecting the results of all the best analyses down to the present time, we find the actual number of

\* This was most ingeniously determined by observing the outline of the surface upon which the fall occurred—found to be elliptical, and not circular, as it would have been had they dropped vertically. The meteor was circular, large, and brilliant—and explosions were heard over a wide tract of country. The stones were hot, and exhaled a strong sulphureous smell.

\* The total number of aerolites which Chladni has registered from the commencement of the Christian era to 1818 is 165, but some of these must be regarded as doubtful. The distribution of them by countries is chiefly of value as showing, what might have been expected, the universality of the phenomena over the earth. From 1600 to 1818 we have the record of 17 in Great Britain, 15 in France, 17 in Germany. As to the hours of falling, a large proportion are registered as having fallen during the day; but this difference is readily accounted for, and does not alone justify an inference as to inequality in the event.

recognized elements discovered in aerolites to be nineteen or twenty—that is, about one-third of the whole number of elementary substances (or what we are yet forced to regard as such) discovered on the earth. Further, all these aerolitic elements actually exist in the earth, though never similarly combined there. No new substance has hitherto come to us from without; and the most abundant of our terrestrial metals, Iron, is that which is largely predominant in aerolites; forming frequently, as in some of the instances just mentioned, upwards of 90 parts in 100 of the mass. Seven other metals—copper, tin, nickel, cobalt, chrome, manganese, and molybdena—enter variously into the composition of these stones. Cobalt and nickel are the most invariably present; but the proportion of all is trifling compared with that of iron. Further, there have been found in different aerolites six alkalis and earths; namely,—soda, potash, magnesia, lime, silica, and alumina; and in addition to these, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, and hydrogen. Finally, oxygen must also be named as a constituent of many aerolites, entering into the composition of several of the substances just mentioned.

As respects the manner of conjunction of these elements, it is exceedingly various in different aerolites. A few there are, especially examined by Berzelius and Rose, containing olivine, augite, hornblende and other earthy minerals; and closely resembling certain crystalline compounds, which we find on the surface of the earth. But in much the larger proportion, as we have said, iron is the ruling ingredient; and we are justified in concluding that this metal, so remarkable an element in the composition of our globe, exists yet more abundantly in those parts of space, or in those aggregations of matter, whence such stones are projected upon the earth.

We need not expatiate on the value of these results. Curious and unexpected in themselves, they will be found, as we pursue our inquiry into the origin of aerolites, to possess a still higher interest as the exponents of conditions of matter extraneous to our own globe. We shall revert to them afterwards in this sense; expressing, meanwhile, our hope that these analyses will be sedulously multiplied as occasions may occur, so as to obtain some larger and more exact generalization of facts, or perchance the discovery of some element hitherto unknown to us. The same age which has created a circuit for human language and intelligence

through wires, water, and rock; and has made the sunbeam execute in a few seconds the most delicate delineations of man and nature; may well aspire to carry its Chemistry into space, and to seek conclusions as to other matter than that which surrounds us on the surface of the earth. We may justly apply to the science of our own day a sentence of older date and other application—*Si computes annos, exiguum tempus—si vices rerum, ævum putes.*

We have yet to notice briefly other physical characters belonging to these singular bodies. An important fact is their general fragmentary aspect, as if struck off or detached from some larger mass. Their specific gravity varies greatly according to the proportion of metallic constituents, ranging from twice even to six or seven times the weight of water. The mean is considerably above that of the mineral masses on the surface of the earth, though much below 5.5, or the mean of the whole earth. A notable and very uniform character of aerolites is the shining dark crust enveloping them. It is generally very thin; but indicates by its aspect, and by its entire separation from the mass within, some rapid action of heat, which has not had time to penetrate more deeply into the substance of the stone.

The question as to the mean velocity of aerolites, in approaching the earth, can only be settled by approximation, and this perhaps not a very close one. The observations bearing on this point are limited, in great part, to the meteoric appearances preceding the fall. The conclusions obtained by Olbers and others would justify the belief in a mean velocity exceeding twenty miles in a second; a rate of movement further attested by the depth to which many of them penetrate into the earth; and becoming, as we shall presently see, an important element towards the solution of many questions in the theory of these bodies.

The main facts as to Aerolites thus authenticated, the question as to their origin comes yet more forcibly into view. And, in truth, there are few questions more curious—not less to the unenlightened than to men of science—in the novelty and vastness of the suggestions they press upon the mind. Whence, and by what force, do these stones—some of them so massive, all so remarkable in composition—descend upon the earth?

It could scarcely perhaps be surmised that five different solutions have been offered in answer to this question. We might even name six, could we for a moment admit the

vague notion that these aerolites may be the product of our own volcanoes—stones forcibly ejected thence, partaking for a time of the motion of the earth, but in the end returning to it. The negative evidence here is so obvious and complete, that we have no need to do more than slightly refer to it. This opinion has no longer a single advocate.

A second hypothesis, involving telluric origin, has little more of proof or probability to recommend it. This is, that stones do not actually fall, but that lightning or electricity in some meteoric shape, impinging upon the earth, fuses the earthy and metallic materials on the spot, so as to admit of their re-consolidation in these new forms. Other refutation of this opinion is not needed than a simple regard to the composition of aerolites, to their occasional magnitude, and to the great number often appearing at the same time. But, in truth, the notion is one that was never more than vaguely held, and has long since been given up as untenable.

Another solution still has been proposed, also deriving the phenomena from terrestrial causes. This is the hypothesis of atmospheric origin; adopted by many in the outset of the inquiry, from the seeming difficulty of carrying speculation beyond the limits of our globe. Using the fact just ascertained of the identity of the materials of aerolites with elements existing on the earth, they assumed (but without explaining the manner or course of such operation) that these elements might be slowly absorbed into the atmosphere, and retained there in a state of extreme diffusion, until some accidental agency either (electrical or force of other kind) caused their sudden aggregation, and precipitated them on the surface of the earth under the forms and conditions actually observed. In this theory the light, heat, and detonation attending their fall, were attributed to the vehemence of the forces and actions bringing these substances into a solid form, from their highly diffused or gaseous state. The opinion derived its chief authority from Dr. Izarn's *Lithologie Atmosphérique*—a book of merit as an historical record, but largely imaginative in all that relates to these metallic and earthy vapors—*massées sphériques, et isolées les unes des autres*—which he presumed to exist in the atmosphere around us.

We speak of this theory in the past tense, because, though at first taken up by many, it was impossible long to maintain it, in the absence of all proof, and in the face of facts which gave it every character of physical im-

possibility. Vauquelin, to whom Izarn addressed his views, explicitly repelled them: 'J'aime encore mieux croire que ces pierres viennent de la lune, que d'admettre que les substances les plus fixes que nous connaissons se trouvent en assez grande quantité dans l'atmosphère pour y produire des concrétions aussi considérables que celles qu'on dit en être tombées.' We hardly, indeed, need comment on the infinite improbability that such materials as iron, nickel, silice, magnesia, &c., should be absorbed into, and exist in the atmosphere—exist, too, in its upper and lighter stratum, since the most refined analysis has detected no such elements in the lower. Not less improbable is it that matters diffused with such exquisite minuteness, as these hypothetically must be, should thus suddenly coalesce into a dense solid. The action of centripetal aggregation must be carried on simultaneously over a vast extent of space to produce such effect; nor, in truth, do we yet know any physical force or law capable of the peculiar action required. A more positive objection to the atmospheric theory is the direction of movement and fall, as repeatedly ascertained in the case of these bodies. Had they been formed in the atmosphere, whatever the process of aggregation, their fall must have been perpendicular to the earth's surface at the place, instead of oblique, as we generally find it to be.

Thus compelled to seek for a source beyond the limits of terrestrial action, the hypothesis of lunar origin next came into notice, and was discussed or advocated by philosophers of much higher eminence. Wonder has been called the mother of Wisdom, and bare conjecture has oftentimes long anteceded the researches and results of more exact science. A fall of stones at Milan, about the year 1660, by which a Franciscan monk was killed—one of three or four recorded instances of death from this cause—led a naturalist of that country, Paolo Terzago, to publish his conjecture that these stones might come from the moon. Another great fall of aerolites at Sienna, 134 years afterwards, brought the higher genius of Olbers to researches founded on the same idea, which seems to have been dormant in the interval. In 1795 he examined the question of the initial velocity required to project a body from the surface of the moon so that it might reach the earth, and determined this to be about 8,000 feet in a second. The lunar theory, and the dynamic questions connected with it, which Humboldt whimsically entitles the *ballistisches problem*, speedily



engaged the attention of other philosophers. A characteristically bold and terse speech of Laplace, at the Institute, in December 1802, gave impulse as well as sanction to the inquiry. It was made on the occasion, already alluded to, when the report of the analysis of meteoric stones by Howard and Vauquelin, and the inferences thence derived, still found an incredulous audience in this learned body.

To that of Laplace may be added the other eminent names of Poisson, Biot, and Berzelius, as successively engaged with the hypothesis of lunar origin; and their respective calculations of the projectile force required were sufficiently alike to justify the conclusion of Olbers, stated above. The argument then stood, and still stands, thus. It is well known that the hemisphere of the moon, permanently opposed to the earth, offers the aspect of mountains of great height, and of numerous craters—the latter resembling very exactly in character those of our own volcanoes, but much more spacious and profound.\* That internal forces exist, or have existed, within this satellite, capable of powerfully disrupting, elevating, and projecting from its surface, must be deemed certain in fact, notwithstanding that all astronomical observation goes to disprove the existence of a lunar atmosphere or lunar seas. Why not suppose stones to be projected thence (no atmospheric pressure existing to retard or arrest them) with force enough to depass the limits of the moon's attraction, and to come within that of the earth? The calculations just referred to concur in the result, that an initial velocity five or six times as great as that of a ball issuing from the cannon's mouth might carry a stone so far that it would not return to the moon, but either continue to revolve subordinately to new attractions, or be precipitated upon a body of more powerful attraction if approaching its sphere. Berzelius went further in his adoption of the lunar hypothesis; and, looking to the chemical composition of aerolites, inge-

niously conjectured that an excess of iron on one side of the moon might fairly account for the fact of this side being constantly opposed to the magnetic globe of the earth.

The hypothesis, thus powerfully advocated, has been displaced, not so much by recent negative proofs, as by the want of further and more assured evidence; and by the introduction of different views, which connect the phenomena of aerolites more directly with those of other meteors, and associate the whole with the general conditions of the planetary system. The lunar theory, to say the least of it, has remained stationary at the point whence it started; nor is there, as far as we can see, any source of fresh knowledge within our reach. Even with the powerful telescopes we now possess, no proof has been obtained of present volcanic activity in the moon; and, looking backwards to that which may have existed heretofore, we must admit the need of a projectile force much greater than that first presumed, to explain the actual mean velocity of aerolites in approaching the earth. It has been calculated by Olbers (and we believe not disputed) that the initial velocity at the moon, to satisfy this condition, must be twelve or fourteen times greater than that assigned by Laplace and others:—a projectile force far exceeding that of our own volcanoes—and which, did it exist, would not cast these masses upon the earth, but cause them, as Olbers and Bessel have shown, to revolve in orbits about the sun.

Another hypothesis, having kindred with the one just considered, is that which supposes these aerolites to be smaller fragments of that presumed ancient planet between Mars and Jupiter, the disruption of which has produced the numerous small planets or asteroids, whose excentric orbits cross and crowd each other in this part of the heavens. But a few years ago and only four of such ultra-zodiacal bodies were known to us. The position and peculiar orbits of these justified Olbers in his bold conjecture of their fragmentary nature; an opinion greatly strengthened by the later discovery of eleven others in the same interplanetary space, six of which we owe to the admirable observations of Mr. Hinde, working with his telescopes in the Regent's Park, almost in the midst of our foggy and smoky metropolis. These bodies are very various in size—some of them so small as to defy exact admeasurement. Astronomical considerations fully sanction the idea of a common origin; and if they be truly fragments of a larger body,

\* The great works of Schrötter, and Beer and Mädler, on the Moon, are well known to our astronomical readers. Not equally known are the singular researches of Mr. Nasmyth, of Manchester, on a certain definite portion of the moon's surface, about as large as Ireland, named in lunar topography *Morolychus*. Several years of constant observation given to that one region—a limitation of object generally fertile of results—have enabled this diligent observer to construct a model and maps on a large scale, wonderfully illustrating the volcanic character of the moon's surface, and the vast changes by disruption and elevation which have occurred there.



we may reasonably infer that the same disruptive force which separated them, must have projected into space numerous fragments yet smaller, and with orbits more highly inclined to that of the primitive planet in proportion to their smallness. It is another question, however, whether any of these orbits could be such as to bring them in proximity to, and within attraction of the earth. It will be seen that this is simply a question of possibility, to which little or nothing can be added, or hoped for, in the way of evidence. Like the lunar hypothesis, it remains a mere speculation; affected chiefly by the proofs which have given stronger presumption to another theory.

It is this theory of which we have yet to speak—the one which connects meteoric stones with meteors of other forms; and, recognizing in all an origin alien to, and beyond the limits of the earth, finds this origin in the interplanetary spaces which were heretofore regarded as void in nature; or, if not such, occupied by an imponderable ether, hardly known to us but as a name. Many circumstances have tended gradually to create new views on this subject; and especially the discovery of the vast number of cometary bodies traversing these spaces in all directions—varying infinitely in magnitude, orbits, and periods of revolution—undergoing great changes even while within our view—some of them seemingly lost—the orbits of others altered by their approach to the greater planets—one or two, of short periods of revolution—affording proof, by the successive abridgment of their periods, of a resisting medium through which they are moving in their orbits. While contemplating space as thus occupied by so many forms of matter, in such various degrees of concentration, yet all in constant motion, we cannot but suppose that portions of matter still smaller, or more attenuated, may be in movement around us; apparent only when they come into such contiguity to the earth as to be deflected, or rendered luminous, by its influence. Meteoric stones, we have already seen, are proved to come from beyond the limits of our atmosphere, and to enter it with vast velocity. Numerous and exact observations have proved the same to be equally true in the case of shooting stars and meteoric globes of light. Here, then, we have a bond of connection, associating these phenomena under certain common physical forces; while yet leaving ample room for those causes of diversity on which depend the aspects of the different classes of mete-

ors, as well as the individual character of each. Matter in one form or other, variously revolving in the space through which our own globe is moving, is the element with which our inquiry has to deal.

We refer here to the movement of the earth, as well as of these fragmentary or nebulous matters, because both must be supposed concerned in the results. Perhaps some readers, even though not wholly unfamiliar with these subjects, may take no offence at our reminding them that the globe on which we dwell is at every moment submitted to three separate but simultaneous motions—of rotation round its axis—revolution round the sun—and lastly, that vast and mysterious movement by which it is carried, with the sun and entire planetary system, through unknown regions of space—whether as the portion of an orbit round some remote centre of attraction, ages may yet be required to show. The grandeur which belongs to such combinations of force, space, and time, cannot be expressed by mere words, and can scarcely be appreciated by numbers. It needs a particular faculty to follow with full comprehension these greater phenomena of the universe; and especially those of sidereal astronomy, to which belongs the translation of the solar system just noticed. It is the peculiar glory of astronomical science in our own time—the glory of such men as Herschel, Bessel, Struve, and Argelander—to have determined proper motions in those great luminaries which bear the name of *fixed stars*—to have assigned orbits and periods of revolution to numerous double stars—to have obtained the parallax and measured the distance of many—to have determined not only the proper motion of our own sun, but also its direction and rate of translation in space. Few can fully understand all that is required in such researches—the time and intense watchfulness; the exquisite delicacy of instrumental observation; and yet more the genius and mathematical power which can elicit certainty from amidst the conflicting conditions seeming to render it impossible.

Tempted by the subject to this short digression, we now recur to the argument before us, in which we may presume the second motion of the earth—that of revolution about the sun—to be chiefly concerned. When we consider this orbit to be so vast that we are, on the 1st of July, distant nearly 190 millions of miles from the place we occupied on the 1st of January, returning again to the same point six months afterwards, we obtain

some conception, though a faint one in reality, of the spaces passed through in this great annual motion. If, then, there be other portions of matter—whencesoever derived, and however fragmentary or attenuated in form and kind—revolving round the sun—(and we cannot suppose any matter to be stationary in space)—it is easy to conceive that the progressive motion of the earth may bring it into such proximity to the numerous and excentric orbits of these meteorites or asteroids, that they become submitted to its influence, and deflected more or less from their course, as we know comets to be by the vicinity of planets—some actually impinging upon the earth in the form already described—others simply becoming luminous through certain arcs of their orbits. The number of such orbital interferences or collisions—indicated, as the theory presumes, by luminous globes, shooting stars, and aerolites—may startle some as an objection; but astronomy everywhere deals in numbers which surpass all common comprehension, yet are justified in so many cases by certitude of proof that we cannot refuse belief in others where the evidence is still incomplete. Arago, following one of Kepler's bold anticipations, has calculated that there may be eight millions of comets having their revolution within the solar system. Meteorites, according to the present view, approach nearest to the character and condition of comets. The orbits of the matter thus revolving, whether it be dense or infinitely attenuated, are probably as excentric, and have the same vast interplanetary spaces open to them. Numbers, then, need not perplex us here; and especially if admitting a view we shall notice hereafter, as to the seeming periodicity of the great showers of shooting stars.

This *cosmical* theory of meteors in general has undoubtedly been gaining ground of late years—while other hypotheses have been stationary or retrograde. It has derived argument and illustration from the whole course of physical research during this period, with the effect of giving a new aspect to the phenomena, and associating them together as parts of a larger system and more general laws. We have placed the *Cosmos* of Humboldt (though heretofore reviewed separately) among the works at the head of this article, because we desire all our readers to recollect that no philosopher has been more earnest in expounding and enforcing the opinion that asteroids or aerolites are independent portions of matter in space; be-

coming luminous meteors or projectiles, when their orbits approach within certain distances of that of the earth. He avows, when leaving the subject, that he has lingered upon it with predilection (*mit Vorliebe*), and the whole course of his argument shows this to be so. Sir J. Herschel, an equal authority, expresses the same view, as the only one which comprises, or adequately explains, all the phenomena; thus confirming and defining the expression of Laplace (in his speech of December, 1802) as to aerolites, that “according to every probability, they come to us from the depths of the celestial space.”

There arise out of this theory various physical questions—some of which we cannot omit to notice. One of these respects the luminous and ignited condition of meteorites when approaching the earth. Though it seems certain that some alteration of state beyond mere change of direction is produced by this proximity; and though condensation of the air, from the extreme velocity of falling stones, might doubtless produce the heat, combustion, and explosion attending their fall; yet, from the elevation of many meteors, brilliant in light, above the recognized limits of the atmosphere, we are bound to suppose other causes also concerned. Modern science teaches us that ignition (*viz.* light and heat) occurs in various cases without the presence of air. In this case it may possibly be magnetical in kind—a supposition authorized by the discoveries of the last few years, which make it probable that this great element is largely engaged even in the astronomical conditions of the universe. The paper recently published by Professor Faraday on the Physical Lines of Magnetic Force, while marked by all the modesty of his genius, is profoundly suggestive of relations of this kind yet unexplored, and of forces pervading space in lines of action differing from any other of which we have yet cognizance. But we have no right to carry suggestion further on a point to which even the ability of Poisson has been directed without any determinate conclusion.

Considering that all meteors involve the presence of matter in some form, and that aerolites show it by precipitation of solid masses on the earth, it is a question of interest what happens in the cases where we have not this direct result. The answer can hardly go beyond conjecture. Many meteors, even those containing solid matter, may be deflected in such degree towards the earth as to become luminous in a part of their course, yet still preserve their own independ-

ent orbits. Others, again, may undergo explosion or disruption during this contiguity, and throw down the same matters as those contained in meteoric stones, but under the form of powder or dust. Though this result is obviously more difficult of discovery, yet we have numerous proofs of the fact in the records of every age. Then, further, it is to be remembered how very small a proportion of the aerolites falling can come within human observation. The chances against any one stone being seen to fall on the earth are so numerous as to be hardly calculable. The sight of such an event is the exception, and not the rule. Weighing this rightly, and taking into account also that the ocean covers about three-fourths of the globe, we shall not be greatly surprised at the estimate of Schreibers that upwards of 700 meteoric stones may fall annually upon our globe. It is only in the present state of science, when the most minute quantities are subjected to notice and calculation, that we could allude without ridicule to the fact of the increment thus made, and continually making, in the amount of solid matter of the globe. In theory this cannot happen without some certain amount of positive effect. In reality, we must consider the augmentation so small that it may be disregarded as a cause of any change in the motions or condition of our planet.

We may further notice here a curious remark of Olbers, that no meteoric stones have ever been found embedded in strata of the secondary or tertiary formations; and we have no direct proof, therefore, that any fell previously to the last great change of the earth's surface. This negative fact, however, cannot yet be admitted into argument. The careful examination of such rocks is still of recent date—fossils of other kind have alone been sought for—while many meteoric stones are so easily disintegrated, by the iron they contain passing into the state of hydrated oxide, that they may have become wholly incorporated with the earthy masses surrounding them. The chances, therefore, are very great against their detection in these rocks; but time may yet show, what must meanwhile be deemed probable as a fact, that the phenomenon of their fall existed long before man had his place allotted to him on this our globe.

We have in some part already adverted to the remarkable inferences and suggestions derived from the composition of meteoric stones. These bodies afford us glimpses into the history of matter foreign to the world in which we ourselves live. They represent

another domain of nature; yet connected with our own by the signal fact, also derived from them, that the matter is the same in kind as that which surrounds us here. One-third of the whole number of known elementary substances enter into their composition; iron, as we have seen, largely predominating over the rest—and associated occasionally with minerals resembling closely the hornblende, augite, and olivine of our own rocks. While the materials, however, are thus alike, they differ much in the manner of arrangement and proportions of their parts from any compound bodies hitherto known to us; and are of deep interest, therefore, as representing an aggregation, distinct from that of the earth, of the same elements diffused beyond its sphere. Almost might we venture to call them specimens of planetary matter, since that which exists in the space intermediate between the earth and other planets may have the same relation to both. And if indulging in such speculation, we might go yet further, and find argument in these facts for that great theory of modern astronomy, which regards all the planets as formed by the successive condensation of rings of nebulous matter, concentric with the Sun—the matter being the same, but variously aggregated, from physical causes varying during the condensation of each planet.

Our readers will thank us for quoting an eloquent passage from Humboldt in relation to this subject. After alluding to the several media, light, radiant heat, and gravitation, through which we hold relation to the world of nature without, he adds:—

“But if in shooting stars and meteoric stones we recognize planetary asteroids, we are enabled by their fall to enter into a wholly different and more properly material relationship with cosmical objects. Here we no longer consider bodies acting upon exclusively from a distance, but we have actually present the meteorical particles themselves, which have come to us from the regions of space, have descended through our atmosphere, and remain upon the earth. A meteoric stone affords us the only possible contact with a substance foreign to our planet. Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, calculation, and the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh and analyze a substance belonging to the world without. The imagination is stimulated, and the intellect aroused and animated, by a spectacle in which the uncultivated hind sees only a train of fading specks in the clear sky, and apprehends in the black stone which falls from the thundering cloud only the rude product of some wild force of nature.”

Though no new element has yet been dis-



covered in meteoric stones, we must not carry this negative beyond present proof. Analysis of other specimens may afford other results; and we are not yet warranted in omitting any opportunity of further research. Besides the chance of new ingredients, such examination enables us to classify with more certainty these products of other regions of space, and thereby better to interpret the mystery of their origin and movements.

Another speculation still occurs in connection with aerolites. The researches of the last fifty years have disclosed to us some twenty new substances, hitherto undecomposed, and most of them metallic in kind. Certain of these substances exist only in single specimens—others are rare in occurrence and small in quantity. It has puzzled naturalists to conceive the purpose which matters thus rare and insulated can fulfil in the economy of our globe. It is hardly probable, though possible, that these minute superficial specimens represent larger quantities in the interior of the earth. But is it not conceivable, looking to the composition of aerolites, that some of their elements, thus rare with us, may enter more abundantly into the composition of other planetary bodies? In the varying conditions of magnitude, figure, and specific gravity, as well as in the especial peculiarities of rings, belts, satellites, &c., we have the certain proof of different modes of aggregation in each case. May we not reasonably suppose that this difference has extended to the kind and proportion of the elements thus segregated and condensed from the vast material for which we vainly seek a befitting name? Speculations such as these do not fairly enter within the domain of science, but they border upon it, and now and then become the paths leading to new and unexpected truths. The objects of research are seemingly, indeed, too remote for access; but we have just seen how strangely some of them are actually brought within our reach. And when a single small instrument, like the polariscope, suffices to tell us the condition of light, whether issuing or reflected from a body a hundred million of miles distant in space—or when the perturbations of certain known planets are made by the astronomer to indicate the place and motions of one yet wholly unknown—it becomes difficult to despair of anything which time and genius may yet effect in the discovery of truth.

So far on the subject of aerolites, more especially; of which we have spoken thus fully, regarding this class of meteoric phe-

nomena as best interpreting the others treated of in the works before us. It will have been seen already how closely all are allied, as well in various points of outward aspect, as in regard to the questions which concern their real nature and origin. One effect of this has been to render somewhat obscure to the untutored reader much of what even the ablest men have written on the subject. In the work of MM. Gravier and Saigey, for instance, the history of Meteorites, though divided into periods, is perplexed by the continual passage from one class to another, and from observation to theory. We have at least endeavored to avoid this perplexity as far as seemed to ourselves possible in our actual ignorance of many of the relations of the phenomena. In proceeding now to those of the meteoric globes or fire-balls, and the shooting stars, we are following a provisional arrangement, which may hereafter be cancelled; and are adopting names as we find them, since no better nomenclature has yet been brought to this part of science. The same thing has happened in other sciences; and such steps are natural in the history of all human progress.

The luminous globes are those in closest connection with aerolites:—inasmuch as we have various well-attested instances of stones—single or numerous—falling at the time of such appearances, and in sequel to explosions which would seem to rend asunder some larger volumes of matter. The following description of the ordinary character of the *Bolide* we take chiefly from our French authors, who correct some exaggerations of Chladni on this subject. They have claim to be considered an authority, since one of them, by incessant observation for several years, witnessed as many of these great meteors as the actual number noted during the same period by all other observers in every part of the globe.

These meteors appear to move in the arcs of great circles. They do not come equally from all points of the horizon, but affect certain principal directions. No movement of rotation is recognized in them. Their apparent disk is greatly enlarged by irradiation; and is occasionally seen to exceed the circumference of the full moon—which, at the distance of 110 miles, would give a diameter of about a mile. Their form is always circular.

The amount of their illumination is much less than that of the moon. Their height is various, but often far beyond the limits of our atmosphere. They appear and disappear suddenly, without sensible change of diame-



ter; sometimes bursting, but without noise; and often leaving a train of light behind. Their duration seldom exceeds a few seconds. Their velocity approximates to that of the earth, or other planets.

One curious fact relating to these meteors, and still more to shooting-stars, is, that they appear now and then to ascend, or to alternate in ascent or descent, as if new and opposite forces were suddenly brought into action. Chladni and others have sought explanation of this, either in resistance of the air compressed by rapid descent, or in the effects of explosion or ignition in the masses themselves. More recently, however, doubt has been thrown on the reality of these appearances, and the authority of Bessel as to their improbability is one that must have much weight on the subject. Still it is a point open to future observation and inquiry.

As is the case in every other part of science, the record of facts regarding these igneous meteors has become of late years infinitely more copious and exact. We have already noticed the extraordinary Chinese register, brought down from a very remote date. No other country, nor any age before the present, furnishes a like document. The first formal catalogue of remarkable meteors, of all classes, is that of a very eminent observer, M. Quetelet, published in 1837; and again, with large additions, in 1841. There soon followed the catalogue of Mr. Herrick, in America, and that of M. Chasles, presented to the Académie des Sciences in 1841—containing much curious retrospective information, and particularly as to the recorded falls of shooting-stars. The latest catalogue is that by Professor Baden Powell—presented in series at the five last meetings of the British Association, and published in their Annual Reports. Professing to be merely a continuation of Quetelet's Catalogue, and to form a nucleus for future collection, it is, in truth, a most copious and valuable register of these phenomena, attesting—if any attestation were necessary—the equal zeal and ability of its author. We will not call it complete, because no record of these vagrant and fugitive appearances can be so. We do not, for instance, find noted in the Report for 1851, a very remarkable meteor, of which we ourselves witnessed the appearance and disruption, on the 30th September, 1850, from the Observatory at Cambridge, in Massachusetts; and which has been fully described by Mr. Bond, the distinguished astron-

omer of that university.\* But many of these *lacunæ* will be filled up; and meanwhile the catalogue is ample enough to furnish an admirable basis for future observation and theory.

We have noted the frequent connection of these igneous meteors with falling stones; and this is, in truth, the question of greatest interest regarding them. Are they always associated with some form of matter analogous to that of known aerolites, but which escapes detection, either by falling out of human sight, or by the passage forwards of the meteor in its orbit, without precipitation of its contents? Taking the question generally, we incline to answer at once in the affirmative. It must be admitted that stones have sometimes fallen from what seems to be a clear heaven; or with no other appearance than that of a small circular cloud suddenly forming in the sky. But these, as far as we know, are events of the daytime; and what is seen as a dark form under the light of the sun may appear a fiery globe in the darkness of night. If it be well proved in a few cases that these fire-balls exploding have thrown down stones upon the earth, the presumption becomes strong that analogous meteorical elements are present in all, whether precipitated or not. M. Saigey does not fully admit the relation of bolides and aerolites; but we believe the argument fairly to stand as we have stated it.

The subject of Shooting Stars (*étoiles filantes*) separates itself somewhat further from the phenomena already described, though still manifestly connected in various ways. The more important peculiarities here are the smaller size of these meteors; their infinitely greater frequency; the arcs they describe; their frequent occurrence in showers; and the observed periodicity in certain of these latter occurrences. The difference of magnitude is the least important of their characters; since we find every gradation of size, from the shooting scintilla of

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\*The most striking circumstances in this meteor were, the long time (more than an hour) the nebulous light was visible after the explosion—the great distinctness of the nucleus, an elongated luminous space being projected, as it were, *ahead* of it—the perfectly cometary figure and aspect of the meteor a quarter of an hour after its first appearance, a fact strongly adverted to by Mr. Bond—and the rotary motion of the luminous elongation—amounting to nearly 90° within twenty minutes, and producing a sort of whorl resembling some of the nebulae so beautifully depicted from Lord Rosse's late observations.

light to globes large as the moon. Those gradations, partially visible to any eye gazing into the depths of the sky on a clear night, are especially seen during the showers of stars just adverted to. The periodicity of some of these showers is the point of greatest interest in the inquiry; a research still very imperfect, but which time is certain to complete, and probably at no distant period.

The common aspect of shooting stars needs no description. It was one of the earliest objects of science, as directed to them, to determine their heights, duration, and velocity; and on these points we owe much to the persevering labors of Brandes and Benzenburg; an ample narrative of whose observations is given in the French work before us. Begun as early as 1798, they were continued at intervals of time, and in different places, for a period of thirty-five years; Brandes dying in 1834, just after he had received the account of that prodigious fall of shooting stars in America, on the 12th and 13th November, which gave at once larger scope and better definition to all our views of these phenomena. To determine the points just mentioned, it was essential to have two observers at least, and a base of sufficient length for separate observation. Equally essential was it to assure the identity of the objects seen; for which recourse was had to the exact time of appearance, as well as to the apparent brilliancy, swiftness, and length of train of each star observed. Observation strictly simultaneous was needful to success; and this could only be got by knowing the precise difference of longitude between the stations. The base first taken, two leagues in length, proved too short to furnish the parallax required. In 1801 the inquiry was resumed, with the aid of two fresh observers; and four points were taken, the extremes of which, Hamburgh and Elberfeld, were about 200 miles distant. Here again it may be presumed that the separation was too great, since, out of a great number observed, only five shooting stars could be actually identified. But this paucity of positive results is familiar to practical astronomy; and Benzenburg consoled himself in quoting the phrase of Lalande: "*Il n'y a que les astronomes qui sachent par combien d'observations manquées on en achète une seule qui réussit.*"

During the remainder of the period we have named similar observations were repeated by the same and many other observers, in various parts of Germany, with different lengths of base, and aided by formulæ which Olbers and Erman had respec-

tively suggested. Such, however, was the difficulty of establishing identity, that in 1823, a year particularly devoted to this research, out of 1712 shooting stars actually observed, only thirty-seven could be conclusively regarded as the same seen at different stations. Nevertheless many valuable results were obtained, sufficient to indicate the general character of these meteors, and to associate them more closely with the fireballs before described. Their height—varying, of course, in different shooting stars, and at the moments of appearance and disappearance, of each—was found to range from 15 to 140 or 150 miles—(some statements much higher than these are made doubtful by the smallness of the parallax); their velocity to be that of planetary bodies, reaching frequently to thirty miles in the second. These conditions, together with the directions of the paths they describe in reference to the motion of the earth, suffice to assign their place as parts of the planetary system, however small or attenuated the aggregations of matter thus presented to us.

A far more striking evidence, however, to this effect speedily followed, from the discovery of a periodical character in some of those showers of meteors, which at certain times startle the spectator by their number and brilliancy. The earliest suggestion of this arose from an extraordinary apparition of such meteors in the northern part of the United States on the nights of the 12th and 13th of November, 1833; the description of which in much detail was given by Professor Olmsted, of New Haven, and other observers. The asteroids composing this fiery shower graduated from the simple phosphorescent line of the shooting star to luminous globes of the moon's diameter—all of them conforming to one condition (the most important of the facts observed), that of issuing from the same point in the constellation Leo; and continuing to proceed from this point, though the rotation of the earth during the progress of the phenomena had greatly changed its apparent place in the heavens. The value of this observation was at once recognized. Sporadic shooting stars are observed to traverse the sky in all directions. But these multitudinous meteors of a night, in their radiation from one point, showed a common origin, and the approach of the earth in its orbit to some other revolving volume of matter, visible only through the changes made by this approximation.

Intelligence of this event, confirmed by other observers in different localities, awak-

ened a new and keener interest in the subject. Reference was made to the same date in antecedent years, and several instances discovered in which about the 12th of November extraordinary falls of shooting stars had occurred;—the most remarkable, that described by Humboldt and Bompland in 1799, which occurred to their observation at Cumana, but was seen very extensively over the earth. Earnest expectation also was directed towards the future. On the night of the 12th November, 1834, shooting-stars were very numerous seen by the same American observers, and proceeding from the same point in the heavens; but the light of the moon rendered the results partial and uncertain. In succeeding years the phenomena were more vaguely seen, or altogether absent; except in 1837 and 1838, when they recurred, but more partially as to localities. In the former year, for instance, they formed a striking spectacle in some parts of England, while scarcely visible in Germany. Though M. Saigey imputes much exaggeration in numbers to the transatlantic reports, they have been admitted by the very highest men of science—Arago, Biot, Herschel, Humboldt, Encke, &c.—as fully proving the periodical return of certain groups of asteroids, or of the matter generating them. To Encke we owe the calculation that the point in Leo, from which these November meteorites issued, is precisely the direction in which the earth was moving in its orbit at this particular time—a fact, the value of which in relation to their theory will readily be understood.

But the eager attention now given to the subject speedily evoked other results. It was found, as well from prior record as from present observation, that November was not the sole period of recurrence of such phenomena. Tradition, both in England and elsewhere, pointed out the 10th of August, St. Lawrence's-day, as frequently marked by these fiery showers. In some parts of Germany the belief ran that St. Lawrence wept *tears of fire* on the night of his fête. An old monkish calendar, found at Cambridge, reciting the natural events which belong to different days of the year, designates this day as one of meteors (*meteorodes*). We find a curious notice by Sir W. Hamilton of such a shower, as he witnessed it at Naples on August 10, 1799. In 1839 these August asteroids were very remarkable; and it has been distinctly ascertained that they proceeded from a point in the heavens between Perseus and Taurus, in direction

towards which point the earth traverses a tangent to her orbit at the time—a very striking concurrence with the facts just stated respecting the November phenomena. Further research has indicated other times of the year—in April, July, and December—marked by like periodical appearances; but the evidence is less distinct, and does not go further than to justify the demand for future and multiplied observations.

The admission of these wonderful facts created instant inquiry into their cause. No theory was seemingly tenable which did not recognize in some form a revolution round the sun of the matter composing or evolving these asteroids. Professor Olmsted, and other American naturalists, fresh from the spectacle that had been before their eyes, took up the question before it had been treated in Europe; and the former, collecting all the facts, deduced from them the existence of a nebulous cloud or mass of meteoric stars, approaching the earth at particular periods of its revolution, under conditions as to time, direction, and physical changes from proximity, which we have not space to detail. His speculation that this meteoric cloud might be part of the solar nebula known under the name of the Zodiacal Light, was taken up and enlarged upon by Biot, in a memoir read before the Académie des Sciences in 1836. The first exact observer of the zodiacal light, Cassini, had long before inferred that it consists of divided or diffused planetary matter. It is shown by Biot that on the 18th of November the earth is in such relative position that it must necessarily act by attraction or contact upon the material particles of which this nebula is composed, producing phenomena which we may reasonably consider to be represented by these meteoric showers. He carries the same theory to the explanation of the sporadic shooting-stars of ordinary nights, by supposing that the habitual passage of Mercury and Venus across the more central regions of this nebula must have dispersed innumerable particles in orbits very little inclined to the ecliptic, and so variously directed that the earth may encounter, attract, and render them luminous in every part of its revolution.

Objections have been raised to this theory, and it remains without any fresh confirmation. But under any form that can be given to the question before us, it seems needful, as we have said, to assume for its solution the existence of matter, revolving either in zones or in separate masses and groups,



containing the material of these asteroids. The hypothesis of matter thus arranged, having periods of revolution more or less regular, and intersecting the orbit of the earth in certain points at certain times, has been adopted by Arago, Herschel, and other eminent astronomers; and the conception of a zone or zones of such matter is admitted as best fulfilling on the whole the conditions of the problem. Under this view of revolution, already expounded in a more general way as applied to meteors of every class, we obtain the only clear notion of a cause of periodicity—the law being the same which governs the planetary system at large, and even the most excentric motions depending on the great principle which maintains general order throughout the universe.

It must be admitted that this theory materially changes our manner of viewing the interplanetary spaces around us. No longer regarded as a void—or filled solely by a subtle ether, imponderable and unseen—these spaces now present themselves as occupied in various parts by matter apparently of the same nature as those of which our globe is composed—but either not yet aggregated into planetary forms, or detached from planetary bodies previously existing. If adopting this idea of meteoric zones or rings, we must necessarily admit several such; leaving open to future research the questions, whether they are of uniform composition and arrangement? whether there is any proof of a progression in the line of nodes, or of oscillation from perturbations? whether we may attribute to them the occasional obscuration of the sun for short periods, which we find on frequent record? and on what physical causes depend the luminous globes and shooting-stars which emanate from them on approaching the earth?

Other questions there are, awaiting the possible solution of the future, some of which our readers will already infer. To explain the appearance of single meteors, always so sudden, often so brilliant—as well as the more *substantial* phenomenon of falling stones—must we not suppose detached portions of matter, equally revolving as the zones which pour forth periodical showers, but each with an independent orbit of its own? What physical causes can have produced such separate accumulation or consolidation of these portions of matter? Both analogy and the known laws of the mechanism of the heavens furnish a certain explanation of zones or rings, but we have no similar aid to our understanding of these in-

sulated masses moving in space. Are they *residual* merely upon the consolidation of larger bodies? or must we regard them as detached by some unknown force from bodies already consolidated? The fragmentary character of aerolites, as well as the materials composing them, might suggest the latter idea, and the numerous group of excentric planetoids between Mars and Jupiter give sanction to it; but we have already followed out the argument derived from these sources, and seen how much is wanting to its certainty and completion.

Before closing our article we must make more particular mention of the valuable work composed by M. Saigey, but recording, in sequel to an Historical Introduction, those long series of observations by M. Coulvier-Gravier, in which latterly the writer himself took an important share. We prefer such separate notice, both because these researches are little known in this country; and because their purport will be better understood from the relation already given of the previous state of knowledge and opinion on the subject. We ought to begin with stating that M. Saigey acquiesces only very partially in the conclusions we have described, as adopted by the most eminent scientific men of the age. He contends that these conclusions are premature; based in many points on doubtful or insufficient observations, and pressed forward by the zeal of astronomers relying too much on analogies drawn from their own more certain science. He asserts that longer and closer research into facts is needful to all theory on the subject; and justifies this by the record of results which show at least that other and new conditions must be added to the theories of meteoric phenomena now received. Of the more remarkable of these results we shall give a short summary; such as may enable our readers to judge of their nature and bearing on the argument.

Observations on shooting-stars and other meteors were begun by M. Coulvier-Gravier at Rheims as early as 1811; under electrical and other theories of their origin, which he afterwards abandoned. It was not, however, until 1841 that, at the suggestion of Arago, he began carefully to register their number, times of appearance, and direction in the heavens. In 1845 M. Saigey associated himself to his labors, and aided greatly in generalizing and giving method to the results. In a period of 42 months, between 1841 and 1845, there were 5302 shooting-stars recorded—seen during 1054 hours of observa-



tion. The number would doubtless have been much greater but for the interference of the moon, which, when full, effaces nearly three-fifths of the stars otherwise visible. An estimate made, with allowance for this cause, brings out the mean horary number of 6; the actual mean number seen per hour being 5.6. The passing obscuration by clouds makes another void in the calculation, the amount of which it is difficult to estimate.

But this general horary mean loses its interest in another more curious and unlooked-for result of these observations, viz. the variations found to exist at different hours. With rare exceptions, the number of visible meteors increases as the night advances; and this at all times of the year, and with regularity enough to furnish the basis of tables for each successive hour of the night. A few instances we give from different hours between evening and morning. In the evening from 6 to 7 o'clock the mean number of stars falling is 3.3—from 9 to 10 o'clock 4—from 11 to 12 o'clock 5—from 2 to 3 o'clock in the morning 7.1—from 5 to 6 o'clock 8.2. And this gradation is maintained as well at the times of periodical return of such meteors as on ordinary nights.

Equally remarkable is the result as to the monthly or annual variations of these phenomena. A laborious reduction of observations has furnished a table expressing the monthly mean of the horary number at midnight. This table shows a singular disparity between the first six months of the year and the last; the mean number of shooting-stars in the former being only 3.4 in the hour—in the latter rising as high as 8—that is, a smaller number when the earth is moving from perihelion to aphelion, or receding from the sun—a much greater number in the after six months, when it is advancing towards its perihelion.

The transition is rapid from one of these conditions to the other. In December the mean number in the hour is 7.2—in January only 3.6. In June it is 3.2—in July 7.0. It is well worthy of note that the two maxima in the table occur in August and November—corresponding exactly in date with the periodical showers we have described—and with the further concurrence of fact that these maxima do not present themselves every year. In 1842 the mean for August was 11.9—in 1844 only 5.4. In 1842 the mean for November was 11.3—in 1843 it was 5.4.

Another part of the researches before us regards the *direction* of these shooting-stars. Without entering into the details, which are

also [given tabularly, we may remark the general conclusion that almost exactly the same number come from the north and south conjointly, as from the east and west; but with this diversity in the two cases, that, while the number is nearly the same from north and south, the number coming from the east much more than doubles that from the west. The amount of this diversity, however, differs in different years. The copious accumulation of facts, and great exactitude in the manner of observation, afforded other curious results, as to the length of the visible trajectories, the position of the centre of the meteors, &c. The shooting-stars comprised between the N.N.E. and N.E. have the longest visible course, their mean line being upwards of 15 degrees—those between W.S.W. and S.W. are only seen through about 11 degrees. Whatever the time of year or hour of night, the line is one of descent towards the horizon. Out of 5302 fifteen only were seen to describe curved lines.

The estimate of our authors as to the height of shooting-stars places their point of appearance at from 20 to 50 or 60 miles above the earth. Their relative size, color, and manner of apparition were carefully observed. Of *Bolides* (luminous globes) eight were noted during the 42 months, three only of which burst, and these without any noise of explosion. Of the proper shooting-stars 80 were registered of the first magnitude, that is, having the apparent size and lustre of Venus or Jupiter. The others were classed down to the sixth magnitude, corresponding to the fifth of the fixed stars. The color, especially of the largest, is generally a pure white. Those of reddish tint are rarer; but they are remarkable as seeming to be slower in movement, and not leaving trains of light behind. Some occur of bluish color, but still more rarely.

We find it necessary to abstain from further details, but we believe we have said enough to show the value of these new researches. They clearly suggest many important considerations hitherto little regarded; and some of these, as we have already remarked, at variance with the conclusions generally adopted before. We must needs admit that a revision of those conclusions is required; and their adaptation, if such be possible, to the new facts brought before us. Assuming the authenticity of the latter, we are bound to say that no theory of meteoric phenomena can be valid or complete which does not include and explain the horary and annual variations just described. They are

problems of high interest, but doubtless of great difficulty. And while recording the most recent researches in this part of science, we must repeat our opinion, that a much larger basis of observation is required before we can raise the phenomena to the class of astronomical facts. Time alone is capable of affording this. We cannot follow the fleeting meteor as we do the planet, or even the more excentric comet, night after night, on their paths. But modern science has taught us to derive certainty from averages as well as from more direct observation; and the mul-

tiplication of insulated facts, if exact and authentic in kind, is sure in the end to conduct us to the truth desired, or as near to it as human powers are permitted to approach. Happy those who can detach themselves at times from the turmoil and troubles of the busy world we inhabit, and find repose among the more silent wonders of the universe without!—a contemplation scarcely disturbed even by these flaming ministers of the sky, which now no longer come to affright mankind, but to enlighten and enlarge their intelligence and power.

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From Fraser's Magazine for January.

## CONRAD. GESNER.

FOR many years, critics and scholars, during the first two-thirds of the last century, affected an unjust carelessness about their predecessors; they glorified themselves, and though they were indebted deeply to such men as even Paracelsus, Gesner, and Carden, they fell into a common foppish error, and affected to despise their creditors. During that period of intellectual conceit, the memory was almost lost of a few men whom the world, as it now thinks and feels, would certainly desire always to hold in honor. Among others, Conrad Gesner has been transported to the dictionaries from the living world of letters, and has for a long time dwelt almost forgotten in that desert region. I venture now to petition that he be recalled, and will endeavor to make out a case on his behalf.

What I shall relate here of the life of Conrad Gesner, of Zurich (whom let no unwary youth confound with Solomon of the same name and place, the poet, painter, and engraver, known best for the least meritorious among his works, the lamentable *Death of Abel*), will be drawn chiefly from a memoir published very soon after his death, and written by a brother student and companion, Josiah Simler. The memoir is simple and unaffected; it contains no syllable of panegyric, but leaves the facts of Gesner's life to speak in their own language to the hearts of scholars. It is dedicated to Caspar Wolff and George Cellarius, whose name, not Latinized, may have been Keller; two other

friends of Gesner, one of whom, Wolff, succeeded to the naturalist's books and papers. Josiah Simler, in the dedication, speaks with true Swiss simplicity, and with a graceful tenderness as well, about his little record of their old companion:—*Existimavi autem me debere hoc officium homini amicissimo, quem dum vixit plurimum amavi et colui, et me vicissim ab eo amari expertus sum*—"It seemed to me that I owed this duty to a most dear friend, whom while he lived I greatly loved and sought, and by whom I felt my love to be returned."

Conrad Gesner, born at Zurich, in the year 1516, was the son of a worker in hides. His father's Christian name was Ursus, and his mother's Barbara; but they were in name only barbarous or bearish. They were poor, for they had many children; but they lived honestly, and behaved as members of a civilized Swiss town. Conrad was sent by them, while very young, to the town school, where he studied the rudiments of Greek and Latin, under very competent teachers—namely, Thomas Plattner, who removed afterwards to Basle; Theodore Bibliander, Oswald Myconius, and Peter Dasypodius. In those days, few scholars with translatable names, omitted to translate them into Greek or Latin; and as they were known only by these names in books, and chose them for themselves, by all means let them be known by them for ever. Bibliander expounded Scripture in Zurich; Myconius afterwards had

charge of the church in Basle; Dasypodius excelled in Greek, and became Greek professor in the then very celebrated school of Strasburg.

Gesner, even from the tenderest years of his childhood, showed a studious character, and a great power of retaining knowledge. His father was too poor to pay on his account for more than the first years of wholesome necessary education. Happily, a teacher in the college, John Jacob Ammianus, professor of Latin and oratory, saw in Conrad so much promise for the future, that he took the young scholar into his house, and instructed him gratuitously for three years, believing, with a noble patriotism, that whatever labor he might spend upon the boy would be repaid in a few years to Zurich. Conrad Gesner thus became enabled to attend, not only the lectures of Ammianus upon Latin and oratory, but also those of the professor of Greek, Rodolph Collin, who was interpreting Plutarch. While the youth was in this way fully occupied, and had delivered up his whole mind to dialectics, oratory, and Greek, civil war had broken out, and his father, the leather-seller, being among those who went out to fight, was not among those who came home again. He was killed in the battle of Zug, in the year 1531.

Conrad was then fifteen years old, and lay in his mother's house seriously ill. On his recovery it became necessary that he should not remain a burden on the widow; who had other children to support, with means that had become more contracted since her husband's death. The student-son went, therefore, to Strasburg, and attached himself for some months to the service of a celebrated Lutheran, Wolfgang Fabricius Capito. Possibly his old master, Dasypodius, had helped him to this situation, in which he enlarged his opportunities of study, and acquired a fair knowledge of Hebrew, a language of which he already had picked up the rudiments at home.

Meanwhile, the generous John Jacob Ammianus and his other learned friends in Zurich had not forgotten the young Conrad Gesner. After a brief stay in Strasburg, Conrad returned to his native town, to be sent out, with a stipend, by the scholastic senate of Zurich, on an educational mission into France. Johann Fricius went with him—a fellow-student, bound to him in those days by parity of disposition and community of study, who through manhood remained afterwards one of his warmest friends. They went to Bourges, where Gesner, then only sixteen years

old, acted for twelve months as a teacher, communicating what he knew to others, and in all spare time reading for himself, incessantly, Latin and Greek, to perfect his acquaintance with those languages. Having spent a year in this way, Conrad went to Paris, being attracted thither by the University. In Paris he found many famous men, and listened to much teaching; but he was accustomed to say afterwards that he learned little at Paris, for want of counsel in the regulation of his studies. Gesner stands pre-eminent among all scholars as a wonderful economist of time. It is doubtful whether in his whole life, from the first school-days to the moment of death, he suffered as many hours and minutes as would make, when summed up, one day to be wasted. And even though his industry was so incessant, it would still be manifestly impossible that he could have left behind, after a short life, such works as now remain to us, unless he had not only worked incessantly, but understood most thoroughly the art of working at all times in the right way. This art, in the warm days of his youth, Gesner had not acquired. At Paris, he used to say, he had no regularity in study. He revelled luxuriously (he was seventeen years old) among the Greeks and Latins, equally ready to delight in poets, orators, historians, physicians, or philologists. In his youthful audacity he thought that his mind had capacity to hold them all, and his habit of gluttonous reading weakened his mind, he said, by leading him into the vice of skipping. He read over his books, not through them. Readers of to-day will not judge sternly this one blot upon the student-life of Conrad Gesner.

The industry of Gesner, however, was not confined wholly to the world of books; even in those days his hours of travel and of outdoor exercise were periods of active study. There was a pure-hearted Swiss pastor, Johann Fricius by name, who devoted all his leisure to botanical pursuits; this pastor, who was Conrad's uncle, conceived early a great affection for his clever nephew, and delighted to take the child with him among the mountains, on plant-gathering excursions. Then he would expound as he could to his apt scholar the mysteries of nature, and watch the spread of the infection he communicated. The impression made on Gesner's fresh heart by association with the herb-loving pastor, Fricius, strengthened with time, and herborizing never ceased throughout his after life to be the scholar's chief delight. On the way to Bourges, therefore, at Bourges, on

the way from Bourges to Paris, around Paris, and along the homeward road, Gesner diligently spent his out-door time in the collection of every plant new to his eyes, and in comparing what he found, whenever it was possible, with the descriptions of plants given by Dioscorides and other ancient authors. I believe that Johann Fricius, who was young Gesner's companion and bosom friend in that journey through part of France, and afterwards in the whole journey through life, who was bound to him by similarity of tastes, and by whose side Conrad afterwards was buried by his fellow-citizens, must have been a son of the good pastor, Johann Fricius. It is very natural to think that in the dwelling of the pastor, or while trotting by his side upon the mountains, Gesner and Fricius acquired those common tastes by which they were to the last united.

From Paris, Gesner returned to Strasburg, in which town he had made friends from whom he hoped to get increase of knowledge. Being summoned back to Zurich by the scholastic senate, in whose service he was engaged, the youth, who was then not quite twenty years old, earned his stipend as a teacher in the school wherein he had himself received the rudiments of classical instruction. At this period, says Josiah Simler, evidently concerned about what he thought a very weak point in the young scholar's character—*nescio quo consilio, uxorem tempestivius duxit*. One of the prevailing features in the life of Conrad Gesner, scarcely second to his marvellous assiduity in study, was his gentleness of heart, his spirit of kindly courtesy, the suavity of temper for which men of letters ought to be, but are not at all times, distinguished. He was always apt at loving, and though he was at no time guilty of any worldly folly or excess, he did not cumber his mind much with worldly wisdom. Therefore Gesner married a true-hearted girl when he was not quite twenty years of age, and had no wealth beyond the stipend of assistant-teacher, and the available resources of a very well-filled head.

In school, the young husband taught to the boys rudiments of Greek and Latin grammar. At home he worked at the books of the physicians. Still he prosecuted his researches in the fields, allying botany readily enough to a course of medical reading, since in that day plants were studied chiefly with reference to any use that they might have as remedies. Gesner proposed to himself the attainment of the dignity of a physician, which if it did not—in Zurich, at any rate—

obtain for him much money as a healer of disease, would give him standing in the learned world, and enable him to rise from the stool of a teacher of rudiments to the chair of a professor in his native town. Still receiving from the scholastic senate the same stipend paid to him at home, Gesner was sent to Basle, where he continued his study of medicine, and was assiduous in labor for a perfect acquirement of the Greek language, in which the best medical learning of the ancients—whose science the moderns followed carefully in Gesner's days—was written.

Designing at the same time to increase and strengthen his familiarity with Greek, and to provide if possible increased means in support of the little home he had erected, Gesner at this period of his life undertook to revise and enlarge a Greek and Latin lexicon which had been already issued, very badly done, by persons who did not put their names upon the title page. Over this task the young student took much pains, and he delivered to the printer not only the old lexicon, with its mistakes corrected, but a large body of additions drawn from the *Lex. Græc. Phavorini Camertis*. The printer, however, without Gesner's knowledge, and very much to his surprise, used only a small part of those additions; reserving, probably, the rest to give increased attraction to another issue. Soon afterwards, by the printer's death, whatever plan he had was superseded, but Gesner's papers, over which the student had spent many days of toil, could never be recovered. Afterwards Gesner was employed three or four times by Henry Peter, bookseller, of Basle, in the further amendment and increase of this dictionary, with the addition of authorities, from his own reading.

When he had spent about a year at Basle, and become exceedingly well versed in Greek, the senate of Berne having founded a new university at Lausanne, and offered liberal stipends for professors, Gesner obtained a professorship, and went to Lausanne. There he remained for three years as professor of Greek, and acquired the warm friendship of Peter Viret, and Beatus Comes, minister of the church, of Himbert, the professor of Hebrew, and Johannes Rebittus, who succeeded Gesner in his chair. The friendship of these men abided with him to the end of his career. Being thoroughly familiar with the subject of his public teaching, Gesner required to spend no time in preparation for his duties in the university, he had therefore a good deal of leisure during those three years at Lausanne, which he was



entitled to fill up with his own pursuits. He studied medicine still, and as he had edited lexicons while getting up his Greek, so now he issued a few medical books, which were in part original, in part epitomes and compilations, and in part translations from the Greek physicians. Pursuing still, while at Lausanne, his botanical studies, he published also a *Catalogus Plantarum*, in the alphabetical order of their Latin names, their names in Greek, German and French being in each case added. In the compilation of this catalogue, he followed Johann Ruellius, Leonard Fuchs, and Hieronymus Tragus (Jerome Bock); not, however, without occasionally differing from their statements, or adding new observations that belonged entirely to himself. During the same period, Gesner published also a short *Historia Plantarum, enchiridii forma*. In this history the descriptions of plants were drawn from Dioscorides, the omissions of Dioscorides being supplied from Theophrastus, Pliny, or more modern Greeks; the properties were added in paragraphs condensed from Paulus Aegineta, Galen, or Aelius. During this period of study at Lausanne, Gesner also published an *Apparatus et Delectus simplicium Medicamentorum*, in alphabetical order, based upon Dioscorides and Mesuæus; to which he added the universal precepts of Paulus Aegineta, on the composition of medicaments. During the same period he published also a compendium of Galen's book upon the composition of medicaments, arranged according to genera, and according to the parts of the body upon which their healing virtue operated, beginning at the head and ending at the heel, with a collection of precepts. He issued during these three years other books also, containing the essence of his voluminous readings among Greek physicians, and also some fruits of his study of Greek for its own sake—volumes becoming his position as a Greek professor, such as an *Essay on the Wanderings of Ulysses*, and what Homer meant to represent by them. As Gesner in the course of a short life issued seventy-two works from the press, besides leaving at his death eighteen that were unfinished but in progress, it is obviously impossible to give in a few pages even a brief account of all his writings. In this notice of his life it must suffice, therefore, to name occasionally a few minor works, by way of indicating the direction taken by his industry, and to attempt a description only of the most important products of his labor.

After three years spent at Lausanne, pub-

licly as a professor of Greek, privately as a student of medicine, Conrad Gesner went—botanizing, of course, by the way—to Montpellier, of which place the medical school was famous throughout France. His design in going to Montpellier was to obtain admission as a resident for some months in the house of any distinguished physician, for he believed that by watching the domestic life and daily practice of such a man, by familiar speech with him, and in the daily intercourse of friendship, he might perfect his knowledge in a short time, more thoroughly than by attendance at the public lectures. Public teaching demonstrated, for the most part, only those doctrines of the ancients which Gesner in his own house had already mastered. At Montpellier, however, he found none of the more eminent physicians able to receive him as a house pupil, he therefore stayed but a short time in attendance on the lectures of the celebrated men through whom Montpellier was famous, and then returned to Switzerland, prepared to take his medical degree. At Basle, having heard the teaching of the principal physicians, being instructed chiefly by Albanus, Torinus and Sebastian Singeler, he held the usual disputations, was formally admitted to the dignity of doctor, and withdrew to settle in his native town. He was then twenty-five years old.

The first half of Gesner's life was then completed, for he died before he reached the age of fifty. He had spent twenty-five years in the incessant toil of preparation for a worthy place among his fellow-townsmen; he then settled in Zurich, and began amply to fulfil the expectations of his old friend Ammianus, and of the scholastic senate of the town. In a very short time he received the appointment of Professor of Philosophy, which he retained until his death, when his friends Caspar Wolff and George Cellarius succeeded him. At the same time he practised medicine, and published from time to time the fruits, as will be seen presently, of an almost incredible amount of study. During the twenty-four years of his mature life in Zurich, Gesner's wife was always his companion. He had no children of his own, but in his latter years a sister with her children became dependent upon his ungrudging aid, and probably formed part of his domestic circle.

Conrad Gesner had a very great pleasure in the study of languages; he not only understood many, and read the books of many nations, but he studied language for its own sake, and, as usual, testified the thoroughness

of his investigations by the books to which they led. Already, at the age of twenty-five, he was acquainted intimately with half-a-dozen tongues, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Italian and French, and he had been only three years settled in Zurich when he published his first great work, the *Bibliotheca Universalis*, a piece of bibliography which it is very hard to believe the work of a man only twenty-nine years old. It is an alphabetical catalogue—wonderfully full—of all authors famous or obscure, ancient or modern, with a statement of what they had written and the argument of their books, drawn in very many cases from the prefaces inserted in the books themselves. This Dictionary was first published in the year 1545. Three years afterwards it was followed by a companion volume, entitled, *Nineteen Books of the Pandects. Pandectarum, sive Partitionum universalium, qui secundus Tomus Bibliothecæ nostræ est, Libri Novendecim*. It contains the matter of the Dictionary grouped into subjects. Thus, one book contains an alphabetical catalogue of existing works on grammar and philology, another contains the bibliography of dialectics, rhetoric, astrology, geography or jurisprudence, and so forth.

The twentieth book, containing authors who had written upon medicine, was omitted as imperfect; but in the following year the twenty-first book of the Pandects was issued separately, containing the writers upon Christian theology. As an index to authors who wrote before the year 1545, Gesner's *Universal Dictionary* and *Pandects* remain to this day very valuable.

These volumes were the result of immense study, though it will presently be seen that they were trifles in comparison with the whole body of Gesner's work. During the toil of labors as a naturalist in the study and the field, Gesner continued to amuse himself with philological researches, and in order to complete our view of his industry in this direction, I may mention here the publication, in the year 1555, when he was thirty-nine years old, of his *Mithridates*, on different languages, ancient and modern. To German, his own language, he devoted more especial study. When, in his publications as a naturalist, he described birds, beasts, or fishes hitherto unknown, or known only to the learned by the names of science, he invented names for them adapted to the genius of his mother tongue, and so endeavored to enable all his countrymen to talk familiarly about them. If all scientific men who have lived since his day had followed his example, it

would not be so difficult as it now is to diffuse a taste for science. But what ordinary man will dare to seek an exact knowledge of science when there is an army of barbarous terms defending every approach to it. However much a man may love plants, will he study them minutely when they are to be wedged into his memory under such names as *escholzia*, *krynitskia*, *gleditschia*? Gesner, then, so far as his own study went, endeavored to give to every object in nature, that was not already supplied with one, a household name in his own language. He also published a list of German proper names that had been made out and sent to him by some curious friend, appending his own annotations and discussions on their etymology, and he was still busily studying German etymologies (among a great number of other things) when death bade him put his books aside. Greek, Gesner studied as the language in which all the best materials of study were contained. For this reason it was among languages, next to German, the subject of his most assiduous attention, and he became little less familiar with it than with the tongue in which his wife addressed him. He studied with an intense thoroughness not only the Greek physicians and philosophers, but also the grammarians, theologians, orators and poets. Whenever in his reading he encountered a new fact, either adding to his knowledge in philosophy or illustrating in some apt way a nice point in the structure of the language, it was retained in his mind, and always afterwards was to be found when wanted. Enough has been already said to make it obvious that Gesner was aided in his studies by an extraordinary memory. The student, it should be said, not only read Greek but wrote Greek, his lightest relaxation was the composition of Greek idyls, and he would write Greek letters to a learned friend, breaking occasionally out of prose into facile iambics. He translated Greek authors, emended the text of Aristotle, Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Oppian and others. He also spoke fluently in Greek, which had become a second mother tongue to him, and in that language expounded Greek philosophy occasionally to the more advanced students of his class.

Gesner studied in all branches of the philosophy known to his own time, but chiefly physics, as the branch most nearly allied to medicine. Physics and ethics were the subjects of his professorial teaching during the twenty-four years of his mature life at Zurich. Sometimes he taught directly from the Nico-

machean ethics and the physics of Aristotle, but more frequently he suited his prelections to the capacity of younger hearers, and made use in his class of the compendiums of Melancthon, Schegk, Vuldenberg, Sebastian Fox and others.

The natural objects in the study of which Gesner felt the greatest interest were plants, animals, and metals; these he regarded as objects offering more distinct ground for inquiry than such intangible matters as meteors, &c., and he believed also that from a study of these, useful knowledge could more readily be drawn for the advantage of medicine and the arts of life. In studying these subjects with a direct reference to their practical importance, it was Gesner's determination to collect, and if possible discover, facts, but not to theorize. By far the greatest of his literary works was the *History of Animals*, and he undertook to devote his chief labor rather to animals than to plants, because of plants many had written; and on metals, a work had been published in his own time by Georgius Agricola; concerning animals, however, little had been said.

Gesner's *Historia Animalium* was commenced very soon after his final settlement in Zurich, and the first book was published in the year 1549, Gesner then being thirty-three years old. For the preparation of this history Gesner undertook a course of reading in all previous authors who had touched upon his subject in any way, compared them, and selected whatever he thought best from Greeks, Latins, and barbarians, ancients and moderns, writers famous and obscure. He undertook also what journeys he could afford in search of animals and plants. He visited some parts of Italy, and spent a month in Venice, for the purpose of examining and sketching fishes of the Mediterranean. He visited also various parts of Germany, and was about to descend the Rhine to the ocean, still for the purpose of procuring and studying different kinds of fish, when war broke out over Germany, and, obedient to the entreaty of his friends, he returned to Zurich. These were holiday excursions, and it rarely happened that he failed to make a yearly tour among the Alps of Switzerland in prosecution of his never-intermitted search after new species of plants.

He was too poor, however, to spend much money in travel, while he was, at the same time, bound to Zurich during a great part of the year by his professorship. It was his practice, therefore, to obtain compensation for the limited range spread before his own

eyes by a full use of the eyes of other men who were at home—or who had travelled—in far countries. He established friendships with some among the learned in all parts of Europe; from such correspondents he received pictures of foreign animals, their local names, and other details. His house was open to all strangers, and the information published by contemporary writers—as, for example, that furnished by Bellon and Rondolet on water animals—was freely used, with full acknowledgment of every intellectual obligation. No man of letters ever was more generous in recognition of the claims of others, more liberal in praise of fellow-laborers, more courteous in dissent from their opinions. In his *Historia Animalium*, every man from whom he received help, whether in private correspondence or through public writing, has been named; and Gesner's liberality of spirit was rewarded by the full respect of the best men among the learned of his time. Bellon and Rondolet, while rivaling each other, both honored and helped Conrad Gesner.

The *History of Animals* was planned in six books, of which four were completed. They treat—the first of viviparous and the second of oviparous quadrupeds, the third of birds, the fourth of fishes and aquatic animals. The fifth book was to have contained the history of serpents, and the sixth the history of insects. Copious materials and a large number of pictures had been collected for use under each of these heads, but they had not yet been arranged, nor had the writing of either volume been commenced when Gesner died. Each of the four published books is a considerable folio, containing a dense mass of print on every page. On a cursory inspection of the volumes, we observe, first, the very carefully drawn pictures, in which errors of the wood-cutter, where they occur, are conscientiously pointed out, and among which it now and then occurs, as in the case of the giraffe, that a second and better sketch of some depicted animal having been procured from a trustworthy correspondent, it has been inserted in a later sheet as a correction. Every animal known to authors being included in the plan of Gesner's history, one cannot fail to be struck by the appearance, in a history of animals, of pictures of the Sphinx, of a ridiculously ugly "American monster," with a human face, of the unicorn, and of some other curiosities. They are, however, not gravely introduced as animals that have been seen, but as animals that have been described in fable or



elsewhere, the precise authority for them being at all times stated, not, of course, without a degree of occasional credulity not discreditable to a scholar in the sixteenth century. It is also evident at a first glance, that in this *History of Animals* each separate animal is treated with a thoroughness of detail not common, or, indeed, likely often to be useful in our own day. Many of the single articles, reprinted in modern type, would stand by themselves as works in one volume or more. The single article upon the horse, would fill, I believe, two rather thick octavo volumes. There is one quadruped, Gesner himself says, of which his account is drawn from 250 authors.

When we look more closely into the work, we find that the animals in each volume are arranged mainly in alphabetical order. Now and then, as in the case of some animals allied to the ox, in defiance of the alphabet, animals very much of the same kind have been described in association with each other; but, on the whole, the principle of arrangement is that of a dictionary. Upon this subject Gesner modestly and wisely said that he belonged rather to the grammarians than to the philosophers, of whom the number was extremely small; that, in the then existing state of knowledge, he could not undertake to make an accurate arrangement of the animal world, that he had simply endeavored to bring together, in the same work, all that was known in his time concerning every animal, and so to produce a book of reference which would be most useful to future students if he arranged his subjects alphabetically. In volumes containing figures of animals, published separately, as companions to the *History*, (in which also figures were contained,) the pictures were, however, classed according to the ideas held in Gesner's time concerning genera and species.

In setting down the information he collected, Gesner divided the description of each animal into eight parts, headed by the first eight letters of the alphabet. Under letter A he wrote the name given to the animal by different nations,—that is to say, its name, where it had any, in Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee, Persian, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Flemish. When there was none already existing, he invented a vernacular name, or a suitable word for the naming of the animal in Greek or Latin. Under letter B, Gesner, in the next place, detailed in what regions *the animal* was found, and what differences

occurred in the appearance of the same animal, or what difference of species there might be corresponding to the difference between the countries it inhabited. Under the same head Gesner described the animal with very great minuteness, always proceeding from the whole to its simple parts, and then to the compound parts. Thus having described the body generally, its size, shape, color, &c., he would proceed to a description of the skin, hair, blood, fat, bones, veins, nerves, &c., those being regarded as the simple parts; from them he would pass on to a detailed description of the eyes, ears, nose, head, horns, brain, liver, heart, &c. &c., down to feet and nails, which were made up of the simple and entitled compound parts. Included in this description of the parts of animals was an explanation of those "points" which should determine choice in the case of all animals that had been made in any way subservient to the use of man.

The next division of the information given on the subject of each animal, marked always by the letter C, detailed the natural actions of its body, its voice, senses, food, drink, sleep, dreams, excrements and secretions, movements, as running, flying, swimming, &c. &c. Under this division were grouped all the signs of health, and rules for the preservation of health were collected in the case of all animals that had been used by man. Under the same letter was described all that related to the subject of reproduction, from the first desire of the parents on to the final rearing of their young. All that was known of the diseases which each animal was subject to, formed then the last clause of information under letter C, the history of each disease being narrated with the treatment proper for it. Under the letter D, Gesner then described the affections, habits, and instincts of each animal, so far as they had been observed. He described, also, the behavior of an animal towards others of its own kind, towards its young, towards man; its likes and dislikes, its tastes or distastes in relation with other animals, or with inanimate objects. Under the next letter, examination was made of the use of the animal to man, except in the two important characters of food and medicine. This division included an account of the methods of hunting some animals, or taming others, an explanation of the way in which any tame animal should be cared for and fed, with regulations for the preservation of its health. In this division were included also all matters concerning shepherds, flocks, herds, folds, stables, and



so forth. With the account of horses was connected information upon the subject of carriages; with the account of oxen were connected details on the subject of the plough, and so forth; whatever contrivances or departments of industry were connected intimately with the domestic use of any animal received full notice in Gesner's History under the letter E. The same division included, of course, an account of the use of animals in spectacles and games, and did not omit to record whatever could be told about their market price. The uses of animals to man, as described by Gesner, have not of course been fully summed up in the preceding abstract; many animals, for example, afford prognostics of the weather. When the uses of the whole animal had been fully described, there often remained much to add about the value of its parts, and the mode of using them, as skins for clothing, dung for manure, &c. The two main uses of animals, in the opinion of Gesner's time, their conversion into food or medicine, were discussed separately in the two next divisions of each subject. The pharmacopœia contains in our time not many medicines of animal origin, and those, like spermaceti and cod-liver oil, not very potent. Three hundred years ago, however, many parts of animals were used medicinally by the doctors. Under the letter F, therefore, Gesner considered the use of any animal as food, by whom eaten, and whether the whole was eaten, or part, and if part, what parts. He considered its use, firstly, as plain food for a healthy man, and secondly, as diet for the sick. Then, to make that division of the subject quite complete, he discussed in each case the details of cookery, and the condiments with which the meat ought to be eaten. Then under letter G, the remedial uses of the animal were dwelt upon, and a collection was made of all that had been written on the use as medicine,—1, of the whole animal; and 2, of any of its parts, taking first those parts which were simple, next those which were compound. In classing the different applications made of any animal, or part of an animal, to the diseases of man, where they had been made in more than one disease, the diseases also were named and dwelt upon in a fixed order. First, those affecting the whole system—general maladies—were considered, then maladies affecting parts, the parts being invariably taken in succession from above downwards, beginning at the head and ending at the heel. Many superstitious remedial uses have been made of animals, or of their

parts; these Gesner did not omit—he willfully omitted nothing—from his History. Having discussed fully the remedial uses of an animal itself, Gesner closed this seventh division by a history of remedies for bites or other wounds inflicted by it, giving first the general treatment of such injuries, and afterwards a detail of the single remedies that had at any time been recommended.

The last divisions of the plan upon which Gesner proposed to describe every known member of the animated world, involved often the writing for a single animal of a treatise that would make an independent book. This division, under the letter H, discussed each subject philologically and grammatically. It contained the less used Latin and Greek names for the animal in question, those employed by the poets now and then, or confined to dialects; also the feigned names or nicknames given to it, and their etymologies. It discussed then grammatically the proper names of the animal in different languages, and passed on to the epithets that had been attached to them, firstly in Latin, secondly in Greek. Allied philosophically with this subject of epithets were the considerations which followed the metaphorical use of the animal's name, and of the derivative words formed from it in Greek and Latin. Information followed on the paintings, sculptures, casts, or other images made from the animal, and upon the stones, plants, or other animals deriving their own names from it, with the reason for each derivation of that kind. Gesner considered next the proper names of men, regions, towns, rivers, &c., which either had been drawn from, or accidentally resembled that of the animal whose history he was relating. Finally, in the last part of this final division the most indefatigable of scholars gave a *résumé* of the social history of each creature, of the fables with which it was connected, divinations, prodigies, portents, monsters, its connection with religious ceremonies, its burial, perhaps, in Egypt, or its sacrifice in Greece. He detailed the proverbs to which each creature had given rise, taking them chiefly from Erasmus, some being revised, and others added from the vulgar tongues or scripture. He closed with a compilation of similitudes, emblems, and apologues.

This is the plan upon which Gesner labored at that work which is the chief monument of his transcendent industry. Not every animal, of course, had obtained so much attention in the world, as to provide matter for full treatment under every one

of the eight heads, but by the plan just given the history of every creature was examined, and before Gesner died he had published four of the six folios which were to bring together into one place all that had been said worthy of recollection about every known animal, whether considered as an independent creature, or in any one of its relations to society. These four volumes contain the complete history, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, of birds, beasts, and fishes.

Of course there were small critics in the days of Gesner, who were quite ready to dance about him when his book was out, to blow their little trumpets, or to ply their little stings, like gnats that flit about the head of a strong man at labor in the fields, and patronize him, or pooh-pooh his ploughing. So long as the wind whistles, little critics shall be heard to sing. While learned men were honestly admiring the immense toil which had perfected Gesner's work, and the greatest naturalists of his day were thanking him for the important service he had done to them and to their successors by bringing all the literature of a wide subject, at the cost of so much labor to himself, within their easy reach, the lesser critics, looking at the *History of Animals* from their own point of view, reviewed it with their tongues as they would now review it with their pens. It was easy enough to call its treatises centos, and although Gesner was not reproached by any good scholar for the inelegance of his Latin, it was not difficult to accuse the style of a work that was made up largely of extracts conscientiously translated from authors of every civilized time and country. It was easy to make mean use of Gesner's modest claim to be considered rather a grammarian than a philosopher, or to detect in woodcuts inaccuracies which were always noted and corrected in type by Gesner himself, on the same page if possible, or if not there, in a succeeding sheet. Dunces were able to point out the sources from which any portion of his knowledge had been drawn, because he never failed to acknowledge in his books, from the greatest to the least, with ample generosity, every literary obligation.

I ought not to cease speaking of this massive work without dedicating a few words to the memory of Christopher Froschover, publisher of Zurich, who with his own pocket sustained the whole cost and risk of publication. The four folios of the *Historia Animalium*, with the additional volumes of figures, contain a mass of typography and a

multitude of woodcuts from drawings sketched by nature, that would be regarded as the basis of a most serious enterprise by the wealthiest of publishers in the most populous metropolis in our own day. Christopher Froschover of Zurich did not flinch. His emblem punning on his name of Frog-over—a boy over a frog and frogs over a palm-tree—is stamped upon the title page of every book published by Gesner while at Zurich. When Gesner was dead, and old Christopher, his publisher, was dead, there was a young Christopher, who succeeded to the business, and mourned his father's loss through his trade emblem, by removing the old boy from the frog's back, and retaining the frog without a rider, in the foreground, while in the background there was the usual colony upon the palm-tree.

It has been said that Gesner's study of Nature was confined to tangible things, animals, metals, plants. He devoted himself chiefly to the publication of a history of animals, for reasons that have been already mentioned. On metals and gems he published a small book, compiled from an immense mass of materials; and, since he did not live in the vicinity of mines, he used great zeal in the questioning of strangers, and in benefiting by the observation of his correspondents who had better opportunities of practical research. The study of plants, however, remained always his favorite pursuit. Among the mountains about Lucerne, on the banks of the Rhine, at Basle, in France, in sundry parts of Italy, and about Venice, when he dwelt a month there studying fishes, in yearly trips among the Swiss Alps, he had always been an unwearied plant collector. He had read all that was written upon botany—had at his tongue's end all the information that was to be found in Dioscorides, Theophrastus, and Pliny among the ancients, or in Ruellius, Fuchs, Tragus, and other moderns. Of every plant that he found for the first time he made a careful drawing, and caused it, if possible, to grow in his own little garden—which became a true botanic garden—in the town of Zurich; or if it would not thrive there, he preserved a specimen of it carefully dried. He investigated constantly the properties of plants, studied their qualities and temperament by eating portions of them to test personally their effect upon the system, or by sitting down to his study with their stems, leaves and flowers bound to his person, that he might observe any effect they could produce upon the skin. He sought aid from the

knowledge of other men, not only in books, but in the world around him; questioning not the learned only, but conversing with the common people; learning from old crones and from rustics common names of plants, and popular traditions of their virtues; rejecting nothing scornfully, but examining all that he heard, and endeavoring to trace even the muddy waters of superstition to their wholesome source. The plants that he collected he compared with the descriptions found in ancient authors, and with each plant before him he collated the accounts of Pliny, Theophrastus, and Dioscorides, discovering blunders of compilation made by Pliny, and correcting in each author many faulty passages. His ardent interest in botany being well known among all learned men, and the courteous scholar being everywhere respected by his fellow-laborers, from Italy, France, Germany, and England, there were arriving constantly at Gesner's house in Zurich, seeds and plants, both dry and fresh, as new material for study. The produce of all this zeal, and of the out-door industry of thirty years, was a collection of more than five hundred plants undescribed by the ancients. He was arranging his acquired knowledge for the purpose of publishing the results of what had been, above all others, his labor of love since childhood up to the last day of his life. Many figures were already cut in wood that were to have been used on the pages of the book that Gesner did not live to write. The preparation of these figures had gone on under the close superintendence of the naturalist, whose face was often bent over his artist's shoulder, watchful to prevent the play of fancy that might introduce pictorial effect at the expense of truth. He would not leave to the discretion of the artist so much as a fibre in the venation of his leaves, or a line upon the petal of a flower, but enforced by constant scrutiny and exhortation scrupulous fidelity to Nature.

So far the story of the life of Conrad Gesner presents to our imaginations the picture of a scholar whose intense devotion to his studies might excuse in him some little neglect of what are now and then called the distractions that belong to daily life. Gesner, however, was not more a scholar than a gentleman. In the town and in the household he performed every duty with a genial promptitude. In Zurich he was honored by all people, not as the learned man who had won European fame and earned the title of the German Pliny, but as the kind, upright citizen. His practice as a physician was not

very profitable; for it was at that time the custom among the Swiss—a custom wholesome for the time—to dread the doctor. When the doctor might, perhaps, order powder of rubies, to the despair of his poor patient, when patients suffering under the thirst of fever were forbidden to taste any liquid, and when doctors, with the best intentions, certainly killed more patients than they cured, the Swiss showed their good mother-wit by keeping physic from their doors as long as possible. The practice, therefore, of Conrad Gesner, as the chief physician of Zurich, was insignificant, interfering not at all with his vocation as professor of philosophy, and very little with his private studies. Such cases, however, as he had, he treated with peculiar discretion; among his works there is a sanitary book, *De Sanitate Tuenda*, in which, as in his *History of Animals*, he showed a due sense of the importance of a more exact study of Hygiène, and of a branch of it, I may observe, little regarded in this country—cookery.

Gesner, a Swiss and a scholar, living in the days of the Reformation, examined carefully the records of the Christian faith; he studied zealously the ancient fathers, and read the Scriptures carefully. He had a great affection for the Book of Psalms, which he read commonly in Hebrew. He was not bigoted, but lived in friendly correspondence with men of all creeds and nations, always, however, bold and earnest in support of his own views of Christian truth. He reasoned with his friends among the Unitarian heretics in Poland. While at home he did not hold himself to be too learned or too busy to attend at church, not only on the sacred days, but twice a week also on working days, when the minister, Bullinger, to whose congregation he belonged, assembled those who would attend. If he knew beforehand that Bullinger was about on any day to give an exposition of some part of the Old Testament, Gesner would take his Hebrew Bible with him to the church, and follow the preacher in it with the intellect of a philosopher and the simplicity of those past days when, as a child, he loved the Scriptures as he heard them from the lips of the herb-loving pastor, Fricius. The same spirit of piety had induced Gesner to take especial care that in his *History of Animals* every allusion made to an animal in holy writ should be expounded to the best of his ability.

The scholar of Zurich was a Christian and a gentleman. He shrank from giving pain, was simple in his mind and manners, free



from ostentation, modest, rigidly truthful. Never idle, he had no leisure to acquire a taste for luxury, nor was there perceptible in his outward character a trace of lust. He belonged to a strict school of reformers; his speech was pure, and he abhorred either the hearing or the reading of obscenity. He reproved it when spoken in his presence; he issued Martial in a new edition, with all impure passages expunged. He lamented greatly that in his days men had reformed their opinions so much more completely than their lives; and he held frequent consultations with grave theologians on the means that might be taken to improve the discipline of the reformed church, and get better deeds as well as better doctrines from the people.

The scholar, Conrad Gesner, lived in the exercise of never-failing courtesies towards all who had relations with him. He cultivated the friendship of the good and learned, and he grudged no labor to his friends. He assisted in the revision of proof-sheets for them, suggesting from the vast stores of his knowledge any emendations or additions that seemed advantageous. He provided authorities, wrote prefaces, edited posthumous works; he helped young students by supplying them with Greek exemplars that they might earn credit by editing; he was indefatigable in his zeal to push on to success any hard-working struggler in whose merit he had faith. To the junior physicians of the town he was a guide, not a rival; he let slip no opportunity, when they met in consultation or in other ways he was able, by generous and well-timed words, to strengthen their good fame. He acknowledged every favor he received; his writings contain not one sentence of detraction, but a thousand sentences displaying cordial recognition of all merit that he found in his contemporaries.

Who that was good and learned in those days was not the friend of Conrad Gesner? The scholar's doors were always hospitably open. He desired to compensate for his own inability to travel by hearing the discourse of men from all parts of the world. He did not count the time spent in society as lost, because he did not waste his social hours in trivial conversation; he talked that he might learn. When a man came to him from a foreign country, that man was for the time his book, and while he fulfilled all his duties as a host, he was continuing his studies. Rarely a day passed in which Gesner was not visited by some one desirous either to see the famous naturalist and scholar, or to study

something that he had upon his premises. As Gesner's garden had grown into a very well-supplied botanic garden, so his whole house had become a museum, although one room in it had especially been dedicated under that name to the arrangement of his dried plants, his metals and fossils, his large collection of the stuffed bodies of strange animals, and his pictures of natural objects. These treasures had accumulated rapidly by the donations of his learned visitors, and contributions sent to him from the warm friends that he had made in many corners of the world. Gesner had little gold: his treasure was his knowledge; and he gave that with unusual generosity. He was ready to explain to any people whatever they desired to understand through him, and glad to give away his duplicates to those who could appreciate such gifts. If any rare secret came to his knowledge, if a profitable hint in medicine was suddenly discovered in the course of his wide circle of reading, he never attempted to retain it and employ it to his own exclusive gain. If it was professional, it was at once communicated to his brethren in the town—if literary, it was sent to any friend who could make best and promptest use of it. Thousands of men have had more genius than Conrad Gesner, but never one man, perhaps, has had more completely the true noble spirit of a man of letters.

In the year preceding the death of Gesner, plague increased in Zurich, and among those whom it removed was his old master, Bibliander; there died also in that year Gesner's bosom friend, Johann Fricius, who had been his companion of old time in France. Gesner dreamed one night that he was bitten by a serpent, and in the morning told his wife that he regarded the dream as a presage of his death. The serpent, he said, was the plague. From that time he considered, though he was not yet forty-nine years old, and in possession of his usual health, which never had been robust, that his course of life was drawing to a close. His letters to his friends from that time frequently dwelt upon this solemn presentiment, never with pain, though he believed that his most cherished work was to be left unfinished; he expressed no regret, no dread. It is in one of Gesner's letters, written during this last year of his life,—a letter to Zuinger,—that a passage occurs in which we read how real had been the progress made by him in botany. Had he lived to write the work for which he had prepared himself



by more than thirty years of observation, he would have achieved for himself, in the most distinct manner, a fame which we can now ascribe to him only upon the evidence of a few words in a letter. He appears to have been the first who made that great step towards a scientific botany—the distinguishing of genera by a study of the fructification. “Tell me,” he writes to Zuinger, “whether your plants have fruit and flower as well as stalk and leaves, for these are of much greater consequence. By these three marks,—flower, fruit, and seed,—I find that *saxifraga* and *consolida regalis* are related to *aconite*.”

On the 9th of December, in the year 1565, a plague-spot appeared on Gesner's left side, over his heart. There was no symptom of plague except the too-familiar monition of this carbuncle. The scholar, however, assured that in a few days he must quit the world in which he had been laboring so steadily, remembered that he yet had work to do, and tranquilly employed his last hours in the careful settlement of his affairs. He had not at first the usual headache, fever, or other distressing symptoms of the plague; he did not, therefore, retire to bed, but called his friends about him, and proceeded to adjust the distribution of his little property in such a way as would ensure the best attainable provision after his death for those who hitherto had been maintained by him,—his wife, his only surviving sister, and his sister's children. His library he sold to his friend, Caspar Wolff, at a fair price, and then having bequeathed a fixed sum to his wife and another fixed sum to his nephews, he left to his sister the remainder of his worldly goods. He then arranged whatever papers he thought necessary to the easy settlement after his death of all pecuniary questions, writing notes and full instructions for the information and assistance of the two women who were soon to be deprived of his protection, and despatching letters to those friends by whose advice or help their trouble would be lightened.

When he had carefully discharged this duty, Gesner closeted himself in his library

with Caspar Wolff, who undertook to be his literary executor. Wolff was to inherit all the papers of his friend and teacher, and with him Gesner went through them all, arranged them, drew up a bibliographical inventory of his published works and of his unfinished writings. Above all, he assiduously labored to make clear the design for his unwritten history of plants. The first plague-spot appeared on Gesner's breast upon the 9th of December, and he died on the 13th; but within that interval he found time not only to set his house in order, but to discuss with Caspar Wolff, and to note down for his more certain information, the botanical discoveries of which Wolff had undertaken to complete the publication. When he had done all this, and written farewells to the dearest of his absent friends, though the physicians who had care of him did not despair of his recovery from an attack so mild in its approaches, Gesner talked of the new world that lay before him with the ministers of Zurich. On the day before his death, after he had been for a long time closeted with the minister, Henry Bullinger, in conversation on domestic matters which he had commended to the care of that warm household friend, he delivered, in the spirit of an early reformer, the confession of his faith.

At night, not feeling that he was upon the point of death, but watchfully solicitous for the comfort of his friends, he warned his wife away to rest, and would allow no one to sit up with him except a single nurse. Being left alone with her, he remained long awake upon his bed, praying with fervor, and then fell asleep. In the stillness of the night, he awoke suddenly, and felt that death was struggling with him. He called his wife, and desired to be carried into his museum; he had caused a bed to be made there on the preceding day; he would die among his plants and all the works of God that he had gathered there together. Supported in his wife's arms, on the bed in his museum, Gesner died that night, in the act of gentle prayer.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## MONTENEGRO.

THE eastern shores of the Adriatic, and contiguous islands, have been less explored by tourists than any other portions of Europe; and Mr. Paton's wanderings come before the public with a promise of novelty very rare in these well-travelled times.\* Although the promise, however, is redeemed, we cannot say that the result is quite so interesting as we expected. After descending the Illyrian Alps into Dalmatia (the main subject of the work), and getting somewhat accustomed to the difference of manners and costume, the continuous catalogue of little-known, or altogether unknown and unimportant names, becomes fatiguing. Nor is this made up for by any ideas of magnitude or wealth; for the whole country numbers only 400,000 inhabitants, giving 113 per square mile; and the uncultivated land (the greater proportion of which is incapable of cultivation) averages 80 per cent. of the surface.

But the comparative want of interest is not chargeable upon Mr. Paton, who is an excellent scenic artist. Numerous bits of painting throughout the volumes will bear a comparison with anything of the kind in recent travels; and whenever he has anything to tell that is intelligible to the sympathies of his phlegmatic and exclusive countrymen, he tells it with effect. A trip he makes, for instance, beyond the line he had prescribed for himself, is full of interest, and, to most readers, of novelty. The scene is the mountain on which the extraordinary republic of Montenegro is perched, at one time an important fief of the Servian empire, with which it was, and is, completely identified in blood, language, and religion. To this part of the work we shall devote our exclusive attention; and although Mr. Paton was accidentally prevented from enjoying more than a glimpse of the Montenegrines and their country, we

shall be able to supply what is wanted from those Russian authorities to whom we owe almost all that is known on the subject.

When the Turks became masters of Servia in the fourteenth century, the Montenegrines were the only nobles of the empire who preserved their Christian faith: the mountain, whose fastnesses enabled them to secure their independence, rising, "like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism." Eventually it sank into the see of an archbishop, and was conquered by the Turks under Soliman the Magnificent; which event made converts to the faith of the prophet even on the mountain itself. These renegades, however, were afterwards massacred almost to a man, by one of the archbishops, in whose family the spiritual power, as well as predominating temporal influence, became hereditary. In the midst of a Mohammedan country which it defied, yet upon which it could make no impression, and nominally depending upon Russia, from which it received no support, Montenegro now sunk back into still darker than feudal barbarism, and its existence was almost forgotten in Europe. Then came the wars of Napoleon, which brought the mountaineers from their fastnesses; and then the treaty of Vienna, which declared the Adriatic province at the foot of the mountain a part of the Austrian dominions, but left the mountain itself an independent state, though acknowledging nominally, as before, the supremacy of Russia.

So much for the benefit of those who were unacquainted with Montenegro. The mountain appears almost to overhang the Austrian town of Cattaro on the Adriatic. "At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking

\* Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic, and the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire. By A. A. Paton. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall. London. 1849.

down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly-planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church, is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place."

Mr. Paton having determined to gratify his curiosity, put himself under the escort of a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, with whom he began the ascent of the mountain. "The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket, lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles, their small butts covered with mother-of-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weather-beaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks." The Vellebitch, called the ladder-road of Cattaro, leads along a face of rock 4000 feet high, and "very little out of the perpendicular. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specks, that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below! I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea showing how loftily I am placed."

On arriving at the top of the ladder, he was in Montenegro, and after crossing a desert plateau, and surmounting another ridge, looked down into "a sort of punch-

bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich, carefully-cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks.... Here all the inhabitants had clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria; but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle; those who lounged about having a *strookah*, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty white color, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt, like that of an Albanian, showing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, 'Aye ready!' So predominant, indeed, is the idea of the soldier over that of the citizen, that even when a child is baptized, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favorite toasts drunk on the occasion is, 'May he never die in his bed!' The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognizable; but the details are coarser, and show a poorer and more barbarous people.

On entering one of the cottages, through a whirlwind of smoke issuing by the door, its only path of egress, he saw that it was divided into three compartments, separated by rude basketwork—one for the family, one for cattle, and one for sheep. "Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depths of the recess."

"We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared of stones, and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature: soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless." Such is the salubrity of the climate here, that the French resident mentions having "met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family; the old man himself being 117 years of age; his son

100; his grandson nearly 82; his great-grandson had attained his 60th year; the son of the latter was 43; his son 21; and his grandchild 2 years of age."

Cetigne, the capital of this extraordinary territory, he describes as being rather a fortified convent, surrounded by scattered houses, than a town; but there is a large government-house, styled the Archiepiscopal Palace, and an inn uniting the characters of a European hotel and an Asiatic khan. The vladika, or archbishop, was absent at the time; but our traveller was shown by the archimandrite the convent, containing a school-room, where thirty-two boys were at work on the elements of knowledge. "All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow; beehives of hollowed trunks of trees, and everything betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the pacha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder magazine; an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion, such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result. . . . A hundred yards off is the new Government-House, built by the present vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the senate was then sitting. The brother of the vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy-chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great in oil, a smaller one of Kara George, and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the Houses of Lords and Commons; but a billiard-table, on which the vladika is said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A senate of course ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod: I accordingly saw in a corner a bundle of these insignia; but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain *per annum*, but this year could not pay him;

and the president decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality, as in the Turkish courts of justice; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased."

This spirit is kept up by the petty warfare which still goes on on the borders of the Lake of Scutari, where bands of forty or fifty Montenegrines descend every now and then to 'lift' the cattle of the Moslem. 'It never strikes the Montenegrine that this is immoral, the shedding of the blood of a Moslem being in his eyes not only lawful, but laudable; and a mother will often reproach her laggard son by contrasting his remaining at home with their father, who killed such and such a number of Turks. The result of this is, that all the debateable land is cultivated by men armed to the teeth. . . . But robberies or theft within the Montenegrine territory are rare. When an execution does take place, it has all the singularity of the rest of their manners. Representatives of all the forty tribes assemble with loaded guns, and the criminal, with his hands bound behind him, has a short space to run, when all fire upon him, and he is generally despatched; but instances have been known of his getting off with a wound.'

It is not surprising that in such a country the *lex talionis* should be the law of the land. Feuds are handed down from generation to generation, between families, villages, and even branches of the same family. 'To remedy the evil, courts of compensation were called, and the blood redeemed with money; but this was a very solemn affair, and a hundred and thirty-two ducats, four Austrian zwanzigers, and a Turkish parah, or about sixty pounds sterling, was the ransom for a death, and about half that sum for an eye and a limb. The ceremonies of reconciliation were very curious. The judge was always a stranger, generally a priest; and the expenses of the court being settled beforehand, the judge took all the arms from the parties, and never returned them until all claims were settled. In the case of feuds of families, the murderer presented himself on his knees, with the pistol or other arms hung round his neck, and begged pardon in the name of God and St. John. If the avenging



party raised him, and embraced him, he was pardoned ; and sometimes the avenging relations stood godfather for the child of the offender. At each treaty of peace the Turkish parah was cut in two, and tied to the written treaty ; and an entertainment, at the expense of the offender, closed the feud. Even in the Austrian territory amusing arrears of insult or injury were brought up for settlement ; and in spite of Austrian laws, these courts of reconciliation were held, until lately, in the circle of Cattaro, quite independently of Austrian local authority. In the territory of the Pastrovich, a savage tribe in Austrian Albania, one village demanded of another fifty ducats for an insult that one of their women had received from some Venetian soldiers, in the time of that republic, through the supineness or pusillanimity of the village in question ; and an old man of seventy being referred to, related that he had heard the matter stated in his youth ; but how the dispute was settled does not appear.

The present government of Montenegro, however, according to M. Broniewski, one of the Russian authors we have alluded to, has effected something. The communities still refuse to deliver up a murderer, but they permit the burning down of his house and the confiscation of his cattle. The sentence is executed by the chiefs of villages, who divide the spoil among them ; and the criminal, thus deprived of home and property, betakes himself to some distant cavern, and becomes a robber. On the rare occasion when an execution takes place, no one person can officiate, or he would expose himself to the vengeance of the family ; but, as it happened in 1836, when two malefactors were to be put to death at Cetigne, several hundred persons from different districts fire their rifles at once upon the condemned. In the case alluded to, one of the men was killed, and the other only wounded ; but the latter was considered to have paid the penalty of the law as well as the former, and he was cured of his wounds, and set free.

'A Montenegrine,' says M. Broniewski, 'is always armed, and carries about, during his most peaceful occupation, a rifle, pistols, a yatagan, and a cartouch-box. The Montenegrines spend their leisure time in firing at a target, and are accustomed to this exercise from their boyish years. Their very games and amusements bear the stamp of a military character, and they are admitted by all to be most skilful shots. Being inured to hardships and privations, they perform, without fatigue, and in high spirits, very long and

forced marches. They leap over wide ditches, supporting themselves on their long rifles, and pass over precipices where bridges would be absolutely requisite for every other kind of troops, and they climb the steepest rocks with facility ; they also bear with the greatest patience hunger, thirst, and every kind of privation. . . . When the enemy is in great force, they burn their villages, devastate their fields, and, after having enticed him into the mountains, they surround him, and attack him in a most desperate manner. . . . When, at the attack of Clobuck, a little detachment of our troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrine perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and having drawn his yatagan, said, "You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head. Say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross." The officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrine. . . . Arms, a small loaf of bread, a cheese, some garlic, a little brandy, an old garment, and two pair of sandals made of raw hide, form all the equipage of the Montenegrines. On their march they do not seek any shelter from rain or cold. In rainy weather the Montenegrine wraps his head with the *strookah* (a shawl of coarse cloth), lies down on the ground where he stood, and putting his rifle under him, sleeps very comfortably.' On visiting one of the villages, 'a young woman (the youngest daughter-in-law of the family) entered the room with a wooden bowl filled with water ; she bowed with great timidity ; kissed the hem of my garment and the hand of my sailor, who jumped up at this mark of respect ; she then pulled off my boots, examined them with great curiosity, took off my stockings, and washed my feet, as well as those of my sailor. After this the Kniaz proposed to me the Pascha (Easter cake), and all the family gave me and my companion the Eastern salutation. After this, water was presented to wash our hands, a candle was lighted before the images, prayers were said, and supper, consisting of a boiled fowl and smoked mutton, was brought. The master of the house alone sat down with us at table, the children served, and several persons who had entered the room stood looking at us and talking.' The next morning he was obliged to visit at least twenty families, and take food, or at least taste it, with each of them. 'On entering, as well as on leaving each house, I was obliged to kiss

every member of the family ; and whenever I gave a child a little lump of sugar, I was kissed again by every one in the house. At last, after having kissed the whole village several times over and over, my mule was brought, and I mounted it, accompanied by loud wishes for a happy voyage, and amidst firing of muskets. My sailor was made so drunk, that it was necessary to stretch him across the donkey. I must not forget that, in passing from one house to another, I was formally delivered from one's hands into others, like a chattel, with an injunction to keep me as the apple of their eye.'

The history of a curious imposture practised upon this primitive people is given by Mr. Paton, and it exemplifies in a striking manner their attachment to their nominal superior the czar. In the year 1760, an Austrian soldier of the name of Stephen Mali, a young man of lazy habits, and otherwise bad character, deserted the service, and made his way to Montenegro, where he became servant to a sort of doctor. Stephen soon tired of his new employment ; and hearing on all sides the story of Peter the Great living at Saardam as a shipwright, it inspired him with the idea of becoming a great man himself. He told his master—who had formed a high opinion of him—that he himself was Peter ; and that, desiring to see with his own eyes a little more of the world before returning home, he had come to visit his friends the Montenegrines *incog*. The good doctor believed every word of the story, and falling down upon his knees, kissed the hand of the czar ; and soon it was current in the Mountain that the Great Peter was among them. He was treated according to his assumed rank, and soon acquired so much influence, that his authority became greater than that of the archbishop, at that time an old and infirm man. What made his fortune, however, was the hostility of the Turkish officials. They pronounced him to be an impostor, and from that moment every man in the Mountain believed him to be the true czar. 'At last the court of Russia, to deceive the people, sent Prince Dolgorouki to Montenegro, properly accredited to the archbishop, who assembled all the people and declared him to be an impostor. Stephen was therefore placed under arrest, and taken to the upper floor of the convent. The

door being left open, he sat in a corner, while his old admirers still thronged in and conversed with him ; the archbishop and Dolgorouki, on the ground-floor, thinking the whole business about to be concluded. But Stephen's resources were not at an end. Calling one of the most influential men to speak a few words with him in private, he said, "There is the key of my box ; go to the convent of Sermnitza, open it, and take the money in it. Leave Montenegro immediately, and go to Russia ; and after telling my faithful people how I have been betrayed by my own subject, bring back the principal men of the empire to deliver me from Dolgorouki, who, you see, traitor though he be, lodges me over his head, and does not dare to put me below him." The consequence was, that Dolgorouki left the Mountain branded as an impostor, and Stephen, once more a great man, assured everybody that the Paschalics of Scutari and Ipek were the righteous appendages of Montenegro.'

Stephen, in fact, was so clever a fellow, that although he wanted physical courage, a quality so much prized in Montenegro, it is hard to say when the farce would have ended, had not the pacha of Scutari hastened the *dénouement* by employing the dagger of an assassin. 'The rule of Stephen lasted between three and four years, and ought to find a place in every book of popular delusions and impostures. It is evident that, with good education, a good position, and, above all, with common honesty, Stephen would have been a historical character. His knowledge of human nature in its strength and weakness must have been prodigious ; and like Hakem, the mad caliph of Cairo, he kept so strict an observance of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, that a sum of money placed on the public road would remain there untouched and unstolen.'

We must now take leave of Mr. Paton, only saying from the other authority, that the scene of these curious events is a territory about sixty English miles by thirty-five, containing somewhat more than one hundred villages, the largest with a population of about 1000. Montenegro can always send into the field 15,000 armed men ; but twice the number may be raised for the defence of the country.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A GERMAN SINGER.

WHILE listening to the magic strains of the Swedish nightingale, we could but reflect that she and those dowered with the like gifts in the same high degree, must frequently mourn over their evanescence. The warrior's laurel and the poet's bay are immortal; while the wreaths which fall at the feet of a far-famed singer scarcely perish sooner than her renown. The faded beauty can point out to her friends, and bequeath to her grandchildren her fair, fresh charms on the "undying canvas;" but what echo remains of voices which have thrilled the hearts of half the world? Surely it is a charity to consecrate one poor half-hour to the memory of a German singer, whose name, now utterly forgotten, was, at the close of the last century, familiar as a household word to the lips of all the beauty and fashion of Christendom; while, in private life, her virtues, her unselfishness, and sweetness of disposition, bore a strong resemblance to our favorite Jenny Lind, who was, however, born under a more fortunate star, and we rejoice to think that the gentle heart of Madame Goldschmidt will never be wrung as was that of the no less gifted, but less happy, Madame Mara.

In 1749, that year so signalized by the birth of Goethe, Elizabeth Schmähling, the wife of a poor music teacher, in Cassel, died in childbirth, leaving her husband a sickly infant, the child of his old age. Contrary to all expectations, the little creature struggled through its early infancy, almost to the disappointment of her remaining parent, whose paternal feelings were deadened by poverty, and the reflection that this little worthless life had been purchased by that of his beloved companion. As her father was too poor to command attendance of any kind, the neglected child passed the long hours of his absence in perfect solitude, locked in an almost unfurnished apartment, and her poor little feet fastened to a great chair. One evening, just after she had completed her fourth year, as Schmähling was returning,

weary and heavy of heart, to his humble abode, his step was arrested on the stairs by the sound of a scale in music, distinctly and perfectly played, proceeding from the prison-room of his little ailing daughter.

He listened again. Yes! he was not mistaken—he had the key of the door—no one could be there but the sickly child, whose existence he had felt to be so sore a burden. A new happiness, that of a father's pride and joy, visited the desolate heart of the poor old man, and entering softly, he found that the little Elizabeth had managed to reach an old violin, whence she drew the sounds which had so unexpectedly greeted her father's ears.

Now began a new life for these two human beings—a life of happy companionship. It would have been a fine study for a painter to watch the young musician, still almost an infant, propped up on her high chair; her features, to which even the common beauty of childhood had been denied, lighted up with the spirit of harmony, as the violin obeyed the little trembling fingers, and sent forth its sweetest sounds; close by, on the only other seat the room could boast, sat the now happy father, urging on and encouraging the little one: at a very difficult passage producing from his capacious pocket a rosy-cheeked apple, a rare dainty for Elizabeth, with which her exertions were to be rewarded.

After a short time, under the high patronage of the child's godfather, a rich tailor, and the sacristan, Schmähling and his daughter gave little concerts at the houses of their neighbors, an employment at once pleasant and profitable. They were enabled to make two additions to their household—a servant and a large dog—both accompanied them on their musical expeditions. The little procession always delighted Elizabeth; as her weak limbs would not support her weight, she was carried by her father; then came the maid servant, carrying the violin, and lastly, the dog, who was entrusted with

a little basket filled with violin strings, &c. Sometimes their auditors required ballads, or country songs, and then the servant joined her rustic voice; but this always displeased the old man, who was nevertheless compelled to obey the wishes of his audience.

Gradually, however, Elizabeth's fame spread among the richer citizens, the houses of the wealthy tradesmen were opened to the child-musician, and at length a rich merchant, who was going to the great fair at Frankfort, offered to convey Schmähling and his daughter there. The poor child, then hardly eight years old, could scarcely bear the jolting of the carrier's wagon in which she travelled, but she rested her aching head on her father's shoulder, and although her limbs were nearly frozen with the cold, he kept her hands warm, by placing them under his coat, upon his heart. But her cold and weariness were forgotten completely when her father, at length, showed Elizabeth the city of Frankfort—then full of the life and bustle of the great fair—and told her that there she would play before the rich and great, and earn not only money, but fame.

Schmähling and his daughter lived for two years at Frankfort, succeeding so well as to be in comfortable circumstances, while every day seemed to develop the wonderful powers of the child; her health, too, improved, and she could walk, though with difficulty. The old man, whom poverty had bound for so many years to Cassel, loved a wandering life, and went from Frankfort to Vienna, where his success prompted him to take what was then an arduous journey, and the little German child appeared in London in 1760. But here she was not well received: her extreme plainness, the awkwardness of her movements, and the frightful grimaces she made while playing, gave a most unfavorable impression. The disappointed father prepared to leave England as quickly as possible, but one of the first singers of the day had made an important discovery, that nature had given Elizabeth a most magnificent voice. She urged Schmähling no longer to waste the powers of the child on violin playing, but to return to Germany with all speed, and place her under the care of the best masters, and this counsel, backed as it was by funds for the purpose, was followed.

The old Capellmeister, at Leipsic, Father Hiller as he was always called, heard Elizabeth Schmähling sing, and, struck with her wonderful but ill-cultivated powers, adopted

the young singer rather as his daughter than his pupil.\* Hiller was one of the first musicians of his age, and eminently qualified to fulfil the charge he had undertaken. Elizabeth now entered with heart and soul upon her musical education, which proceeded as an education seldom does; the master unwearied in his teaching, the scholar never satisfied with learning.

He told her that she had not the beauty nor grace so necessary for the theatre, but that her education must prepare her for the envied post of private singer to the king.

Hiller had the satisfaction of watching his pupil's dawning fame. The first token of princely favor she received was a summons from the director of the royal private theatre, at Dresden; for the Electress Dowager, Marie Antonie, had heard of the rising star, and wished to judge of her merits herself. Hasse's fine opera of "Semiramis" was chosen, and the principal part assigned to Elizabeth.

Father Hiller was almost in an agony of fear. "My child!" he exclaimed, "it will never do; you cannot—you must not be a queen; every one will laugh at us both."

Elizabeth herself gives a full account of the affair. She says:—"I suffered patiently all that they liked to do with me. They painted my face red and white, and put a great patch on my chin. As this operation was being performed, in came the director, who, I saw, could hardly help laughing at my appearance. He said, he was commissioned to conduct me to her Highness, who wished to see me before I went on the stage. I hastily threw my purple mantle round me, and followed the director through some dark passages, to a little cabinet hung with crimson velvet. Here stood the electress, and behind her some young ladies, who looked anxiously at me, as I stood in my splendor, like a doll under a Christmas tree. 'What have you there at your back?' asked the royal lady. At this question, I produced my sceptre, and in doing so, unfortunately hit the director a violent blow on the nose, which made it bleed. 'You must not carry your sceptre so,' said her Serene Highness, with an involuntary smile; 'it should always be held before you; but I

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\* The portrait of Father Hiller is given at full length in his pupil's life, and it is a somewhat grotesque picture. A real old German face, full of kindness and wrinkles a red cap drawn down over his ears, and a large pair of spectacles in pinchbeck frames, on which almost every student in Leipsic, including Goethe himself, had written an epigram.



would advise you to lay it down—a queen does not always carry her sceptre.’ After this little lecture, I had permission to leave, which, you may be sure, I did very speedily. As soon as I reached the stage, the instruments struck up, and I had to commence my recitative immediately ; so that, fortunately for me, I could think of nothing but the music. I forgot my false hair, my crown, my purple mantle, and crimson velvet train, that I was Queen Semiramis, and only remembered that I was a singer.”

A few months after this adventure, Frederick the Great was told of the young German singer, and commanded that she should be brought before him. She was conducted into that famous little concert-room, at Sans-Souci, where Frederick was lying, in ill-health, and out of humor, on a sofa. He asked her, roughly, “They tell me you can sing ; is it true ?”

“If it please your Majesty, I can try.”

“Very well, then, sing.”

When Elizabeth had finished the piece assigned, her, the king, without any token either of satisfaction or displeasure, took up a music-sheet, containing a very difficult bravura of Graun, which he knew she could never have seen. “Sing this, if you can,” again commanded the imperious monarch. The young singer obeyed, and then withdrew, the king only remarking, “Yes, you can sing.” But this interview decided Elizabeth’s fate. A proposal was made to her to become the king’s private singer, with an annuity of three thousand dollars secured to her for life.

In 1772, Elizabeth’s evil fate brought her into contact with one of the most fascinating and most unprincipled men of his time—Mara, the violoncellist to Prince Henry of Prussia. In vain did her friends warn her ; in vain were anonymous letters sent from every part to expose the true character of her pretended lover ; she listened only to the protestations of her handsome *fiancé*. On her twenty-fourth birth-day, Elizabeth laid a petition for the royal assent to her marriage before Frederick. The answer, which she found written in pencil upon the margin, was more characteristic than courteous ; it was—“You are a fool, and must be more reasonable. You shall not make that fellow your husband.” After repeated entreaties, and the delay of half a year, Frederick was brought to give a most unwilling permission. The marriage was solemnized, and now, in the midst of her success and honor, began the secret sorrows and shame of the unhappy Elizabeth Mara.

She soon discovered how fatal a step she had taken ; her husband lavished her earnings on the lowest, both of his sex and her own ; he was almost always in a disgraceful state of intoxication ; and, not content with heaping every neglect on his patient wife, he openly reproached her with her want of beauty.

Now, too, she began to experience that her position at court was only a gilded slavery ; for the king, who hated the worthless husband, made the innocent wife feel his anger. A request she made, to be allowed, on account of her health, to visit the Bohemian baths, was refused ; and on the edge of a petition her husband compelled her to present for leave to accompany him on a tour, she found written in pencil by the king :—“Let him go, but you shall remain.”

Mara was furious against the king, and behaved most brutally to his wife, who persuaded him in vain to keep a prudent silence ; he complained loudly of Frederick’s tyranny, and even wrote ridiculous pamphlets upon his wrongs.

This was, perhaps, the most miserable period of Madame Mara’s unhappy married life. The king showed his displeasure openly against her, and she shared the odium with which her husband was universally regarded ; anxiety, grief, and distress, threw her into a dangerous fever. Just at this juncture, the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, a great admirer, almost a worshipper, of the “Colossus of the century,” as he styled Frederick, arrived at Berlin. Among the festivities arranged for the occasion was a great opera, by Tomelli, in which Madame Mara was to sing the principal part. On the morning of the day on which it was to be performed it was announced that Mara was very ill. The king sent her a message, to the effect that she could be well if she pleased, and it was his pleasure that she should be. She returned a respectful answer, saying, that she was really very ill. All Berlin was in commotion, and eagerly watched the result of a battle between Frederick the Great and his first singer. No other entertainment was arranged for the evening ; the king commanded the preparations to be completed. Evening approached ; the director, in despair, hastily donned his court dress, and repaired to the king, to whom he represented that he had seen Mara ; that she was really ill, and could not be induced to leave her bed. Frederick, who either really thought, or affected to believe, the indisposition feigned, merely said, “Do not disturb yourself, she will be present ;” and, half an hour afterwards, one of the royal carriages, accompani-

ed by eight dragoons, stopped before Madame Mara's door, and the officer announced to the terrified servants, that he had orders to bring their sick mistress by force to the theatre. We will detail the story in Madame Mara's own words to Goethe. She says:—

“I rose from my sick-bed, and dressed, with the soldiers standing at the door of my apartment. Ill as I was, only thoughts of the direst revenge filled my soul. As I placed the dagger of *Armida* in my girdle, I wished with all my heart that I could slay my pitiless tyrant with it. ‘Yes,’ I said to myself, as the heavy diadem was pressed on my poor aching head, ‘yes, I will obey the tyrant; I will sing, but in such accents as he has never heard before; he shall listen to the terrible reproaches I dare not utter in words.’ In this mood I went to the opera: the common people showed their sympathy, when they saw my guard of dragoons, my face wet with tears, and wan with sickness. Some even rushed forward to rescue me, but they were driven back by the soldiers. The officer had orders to accompany me to the side-scene, and stand there until I was called upon the stage to sing my part. I felt sick unto death as I stood waiting, and my physician, who accompanied me, has since said, that he feared the worst. I looked on the stage once, as the ballet-dancers swept past; it seemed to me as if they were dancing on my grave. Now, I had to appear; I sang the bravura in a weak, trembling voice; but I felt very much vexed that I could only sing so feebly, for ambition awoke in me. When, in the second act, I had to sing the ‘*Mi serame*,’ I poured out the whole sorrow and oppression of my heart. I glanced at the king, and my looks and tones said, ‘Tyrant, I am here to obey your will, but you shall listen only to the voice of my agony.’ As the last piteous tones died on my lips, I looked round; all was still as death. Not a sound escaped the audience; they seemed as if they were witnessing some execution. I saw my power, even in my weakness; this gave me strength; I felt my illness yield for the time to the power of melody within me. Vanity, too, came to my assistance; she whispered that it would be an eternal disgrace if I allowed the grand duke, who had heard of my fame in a foreign land, to suppose that I was not equal to my renown. Then came that magnificent duet, in which I had to address *Rinaldo*, ‘*Dove corri, O Rinaldo?*’ and then I raised my voice, but did not put forth all my power, until I had to sing those burning words, ‘*Vivi felice? Indegno, per-*

*fido, traditore!*’ My audience seemed overpowered; the grand duke leaned over his box, and testified his delight in the most evident manner. For some moments after I had finished, there was a breathless silence, and then came the full thunder of applause. I was sent for to appear again, and receive the plaudits; but no sooner had I got behind the scenes, than I fell into a fainting fit. I was carried home, and for many days my life was despaired of.”

Such was Madame Mara's account of this singular act of despotism—one worthy of Nero himself. “The Colossus of the age” certainly behaved like a petty tyrant to his principal singer. In vain she pleaded ill-health, and begged to be allowed to resign her honorable post; the answer was always the same—“You are to remain here.” At length, urged by her husband, and heart-sick of her slavery, she attempted to fly with him; but the fugitives were discovered, and brought back as state prisoners.

Frederick, who desired nothing more than praise from the French press, had been rather mortified at the view taken by the Parisian journals of his barbarous violation of Mara's sick-room; they expressed, in the strongest terms, the deepest indignation at his conduct, and the most heartfelt pity for the sufferer. The voice of public opinion, added to a secret consciousness that he had gone too far, determined the king to inflict no punishment on Madame Mara herself; but he indemnified himself for this forbearance, by making her husband feel the whole weight of his anger. The luxurious, pampered, royal musician was forthwith ordered to repair to Kustrin, in the capacity of drummer to a fusilier regiment! Forgetful of her many wrongs, the faithful wife wished to throw herself at the king's feet and beg that the sentence might be revoked. He would not see her; and sent her a large portfolio of music, with the following note:—“Study these, and forget your good-for-nothing husband: that is the best thing you can do.”

The unhappy drummer wrote the most piteous letters to his wife; touching her heart by complaints of absence from her, which he professed to find unspeakably bitter; and vowing that he had never felt his love for her till now, that absence taught him how dear she was. Poor Mara, unaccustomed to words of affection, and willing to be deceived, made the most urgent efforts to obtain his recall, and succeeded at last, when all appeals to Frederick's generosity, honor, and clemency had failed, by an appeal of

different nature, which was far more likely to weigh with the parsimonious monarch. She offered to purchase her husband's freedom with the resignation of half her annual salary; and the great hero of the eighteenth century was nothing loth to comply on these terms.

This sacrifice, for so unworthy an object, was the wonder and admiration of Berlin. It happened that the first time Mara appeared afterwards was in a little opera, called "The Galley Slave." The audience applied a scene, in which the singer, unbinding the chains of the galley slave, was addressed by him in these words:—"Ame tendre et généreuse, tu brisas mes fers," to their favorite herself. In spite of the royal prohibition, garlands, bouquets, and even costly jewelry, fell at her feet, as these words were pronounced. One of the fairest trophies of her public life was a fine engraving of this scene, from a sketch taken on the spot, by Chodowiecki. Madame Mara preserved it carefully, and loved to contemplate the picture even to her dying day.

At length, in 1779, after having resided at the Prussian court, as first singer, for nearly ten years, Elizabeth Mara obtained her most welcome dismissal. "Now," she wrote to her friends, "the imprisoned bird is let loose, and can fly everywhere." She went to Vienna, where an incident occurred, of which she always spoke as the most gratifying and exciting she had ever known. We will give the full particulars of an example of the power of harmony, only equalled by the story in Holy Writ, of that sweet singer of Israel, who charmed by his melody the gloomy demon from his royal master.

Count S——, a powerful Hungarain noble, had lost, under the most distressing circumstances, his only child, a beautiful girl, who was on the eve of marriage. Although two years had elapsed since this bereavement, the unhappy father remained in the most melancholy condition. From the hour when he had looked his last on the dead body of his child, he had remained in the same room, shedding no tears, and uttering no complaints, but in a speechless melancholy and despair. The most celebrated physicians had been consulted, and every means which could be thought of used, to awaken Count S—— from his lethargy of grief; but all was in vain; and his medical attendants at length despaired of his recovery. Most fortunately, a member of the sufferer's family had heard Mara sing, and entertained a firm belief, that if any sound on earth could reach the heart which was already

buried in his daughter's grave, that voice, which seemed more like that of an angel than a human being, would have power. The other relatives, though hoping little from the experiment, yielded to the solicitations of this sanguine friend, and every arrangement was made to give full effect to the singer. An ante-room, opening into that where the count sat, was prepared. The choir for an oratorio was placed in a concealed gallery; Mara alone stood in the foreground, yet in such a position that she could not be seen in the next room, which was hung with black, and a faint shadowy twilight only admitted, excepting a few golden rays from a small lamp, which burned in a niche before a beautiful Madonna. Suddenly, upon the solitude and silence of that sick-room, there broke a wonderful harmony. Elizabeth had chosen Handel's "Messiah," and took her place, deeply moved with the singular circumstances under which she was to exert her talents. At first, the music and that heavenly voice all seemed to be unheeded; but by degrees, the desolate parent raised himself on his couch, and glanced with earnest longing towards the spot whence those soul-moving sounds proceeded. At length, when Mara sang those words—"Look and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow," she appeared inspired by the sympathy she felt; and the relatives of the count, who listened with beating hearts, could not restrain their tears. Nor did these alone bear witness to the singer's power: heavy sighs escaped the sufferer—large tears stood in those eyes which the very extremity of grief itself had long forbidden to weep. Crossing the room with feeble steps, he prostrated himself before the image of that Heavenly One, who "bore all our griefs;" and when the full choir joined in the hallelujah chorus, his voice of praise and thanksgiving mingled with those strains. The recovery was not only complete, but lasting, and was at the time the marvel of Germany.

In 1784, she again visited England, where she had not been since, as an ugly sickly child, she was despised for her excessive plainness. Now, however, full justice was done her, and she was welcomed as the queen of song. George III. and his graceless son were at least agreed in their admiration of Mara's voice. During her stay in England, those bonds which she had, twelve years before, so eagerly embraced, and found such galling fetters, were broken, and she separated from her worthless husband, pensioning him off so amply as to satisfy the selfish debauchee.

After this separation, her days were calm, &

not happy. She retired early from public life, and settled at Reval, where, on her eighty-third birthday, she received a copy of verses from Goethe, who, on the same day sixty years before, had, as a student at Leipsic,

sung her praises as Mademoiselle Schmähling.

Madame Mara died at Reval, on the 20th of January, 1833, having nearly completed her eighty-fifth year.

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From Chambers's Repository.

## MADAME DE SEVIGNE:

### HER LIFE AND LETTERS.

PERHAPS there is no name in the annals of notable women so suggestive of agreeable ideas as that of Madame de Sévigné. We read of many who, endowed with a higher heroism than hers, have won for themselves a deathless reputation—of women of much more brilliant genius, who have left us sayings of wit and wisdom with which our enriched minds will never grow unfamiliar; and of acts of deeper and far sterner devotedness in the “noble army of the martyrs,” the recollections of which will help to exalt the souls and revive the sinking courage of sufferers who are yet unborn. All such records have, no doubt, their high and important uses. They are as the thews and sinews by the strength of which Progress is enabled to push aside the great impeding obstacles which beset her path. But it is not by strength alone that she moves in beauty and harmony, without haste or rest. Life, to be really life, must be cheered and sweetened, as well as sustained and braced. “For several virtues have we loved several women;” and to take our heroine for all in all, we aver that in no *one* woman will be found so rare a combination of the lovable with the respectable, of sense with sensibility, of earnestness of mind with the most charming gaiety of temperament; so nice a balance, in short, of all the qualities which seem best to fit their happy possessor for the full enjoyment at once of the earth to which we belong, and of the heaven to which we aspire. Of the whole bright sisterhood, therefore, no one who has lived within the last two hundred years commends herself so heartily to our good-will and affection as this gay and *amiable Frenchwoman*. The most delightful

of letter-writers, the most tender and devoted of mothers, and the kindest of friends, she was the ornament of a brilliant and corrupt court, all the bad elements of which, though she often ventured to play with them—even to use them as helps and incitements to her wit and vivacity—her *bon naturel* or healthy moral nature enabled her to throw from her, when she felt them dangerous to virtue, as easily, almost as unconsciously, as the seabird from his wing the water-drops which would impede his upward flight.

In these days of multiplied and lengthy biographies, it seems strange to think of the difficulty there is to find any authentic details of the early days of one who, in her inseparable character as woman and writer, enjoys so high a reputation. The notices prefixed to the earlier editions of her letters contain little more than a mere sketch of the family-tree, with the necessary dates of births, marriages, and deaths. Nor have those that follow helped us to many facts of her early history. Her elevated social position, and the esteem with which she was regarded by a large circle of admirers, have insured her honorable mention by the writers of her own day; but this is chiefly of course in the form of characterization, or allusions which refer to particular incidents or conversations. It is in her own pages, rather than in those of her contemporaries, that we must read both her life and character; and we have no reason to complain of want of materials by which a correct idea of them may be formed. By a series of letters, dated from the twentieth to the last year of her life, she succeeds in making us thoroughly familiar with herself and the world to which



she belongs; not only with her goings and comings, and the manner in which every day, almost every hour, is passed, but with her thoughts, feelings, and affections. As we read, her inner as well as her outward life seems to unroll itself before our delighted apprehensions—clear, distinct, and faithful to the minutest detail, as if sun-painted. And not her own life only—for with the gay, unconscious ease of a perfectly well-bred hostess, she not only makes herself known to us, but contrives to introduce us, without any effort, and as they happen to present themselves, to the multitude of notable personages by whom she is surrounded; makes us listen to conversations innumerable, and to the history of a thousand interesting occurrences, always set off and illustrated by her own lively comments and remarks; till at last, having lived through long years with the whole *dramatis personæ*, we feel delightfully familiar with its every member; constrained not only to love the amiable and admire the brilliant among them, but to think some kind thoughts even of the harsh and the formidable. True genius is ever genial; “it has its name hence;” and to interpret between minds the most dissimilar, is not the least service it renders. All honor, then, to the humanity of that fine medium, through which traits of kind-heartedness and of disinterested benevolence are made discernible in a Rochefoucault, and something of gentleness and heroism even in a De Retz.

It was impossible, however, that so rare and fine an insight could be used only in one direction. Our favorite, Mr. Leigh Hunt—whom years and thought have so mellowed and refined, that even our own delicate Miss Austen’s good-natured satire has lost its relish for him, and now tastes rather harsh—objects to Madame de Sévigné, and with perfect justice, that “with all her good-humor, the charming woman had a sharp eye for a defect.” In the full flow of a confidential correspondence between the most loving of mothers and her daughter, there was every temptation to speak of the persons who chanced to be its subject with a measure of truth and of gay freedom that would probably have been agreeable neither to themselves, nor to their immediate descendants. We find, accordingly, without its being matter of wonder, that these matchless letters, which for the last hundred and fifty years all the world have delighted to honor, and have united in considering as models in style, sentiment, and matter, became first known to the public without the consent of friends, and

for a long time were published but sparingly and piecemeal. In one way and another, however, they have all at last oozed out. About forty years ago, a pretty full collection of them was published in Paris, and various memoirs of the author, chiefly drawn from this source, have since appeared both in France and England. No very good translation into English has yet been made, though two of the most celebrated letter-writers among our own countrymen, Horace Walpole and the poet Gray, were among her fervent admirers; the latter being said, although we do not see with what good reason, to have formed his style on hers. Sir James M’Intosh, in a journal kept during his tedious voyage from Bombay, the *désagrémens* of which were alleviated to him by the reperusal of her whole correspondence, leaves us some of the finest remarks that have ever been made on her character and genius.

About ten years ago, a new sketch of her was presented to us, in a book entitled *Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries*—valuable in itself, but more so, perhaps, from the notices to which it gave rise, among which was a pleasant and highly discriminating paper by Leigh Hunt, written for the *Edinburgh Review*, and afterwards republished by him in one of his delightful volumes, entitled *Men, Women, and Books*.

Drawing our materials from all the authentic sources within our reach, we proceed to present to our readers as complete a view of the life, letters, and character of this queen of letter-writers as our ability and the limits of this paper will permit; always, when possible, allowing her to tell the story in her own words. To do this most conveniently, as well as with the most unbroken effect, we prefer giving the quotations for which we can make room in English, instead of from the French text. In this way, no doubt, we run some risk of injuring the exquisite style and relish of the original to persons who are so happy as to know the French language as perfectly as they do their own. But this seems to us a lesser evil than to trouble or disappoint others—probably the majority—who may be less favored.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, born Baroness de Chantal and Bourbilly, afterwards Madame de Sévigné, first saw the light in the ancestral château of Bourbilly, between Samur and Epoisses, on the 5th of February 1627. Her father, the Baron Celse Benique de Rabutin, was of the elder branch of his name, and was cousin to the famous wit and

satirist, Bussy de Rabutin. Her mother, Marie de Coulanges, daughter of a secretary of state, was also of a family celebrated for wit; and her paternal grandmother, Jean Frangoise Fremyot, afterwards known as the Blessed Mother of Chantal, was a canonized saint. The families of Chantal and Fremyot were both remarkable for their integrity; and as the whole united stock, with the solitary exception of the worldly and intriguing Bussy, were distinguished equally for worth, spirit, and ability, we are entitled to assume, that our heroine was *well-born* in the very best sense of the word. In her own wit, integrity, and natural piety, we see a portion of what was best in all her kindred, and if she had also a spice of her formidable cousin's satire, she had none of his malignity or sharpness, and her graceful gaiety and fine tact set her far before him even on his own ground.

During the siege of Rochelle, and when the little Marie was scarcely a year old, the bold baron, her father, died bravely fighting against the English in their descent on the island of Ré. It has been said, that he received his death-wound from the hand of Cromwell. Her mother only survived him a few years, and it was to be expected that the devout grandmother, Madame de Chantal the elder, would have taken the orphan under her own care. But whether it was that the future saint was as little interested in her son's widow and child, as some mothers-in-law among sinners have been, or that she was too much occupied in forming religious houses (of which she founded no fewer than eighty-seven), the old lady at once waived her privilege, and left her grand-daughter in the hands of her maternal relations. This was a happy event for her. Instead of having her whole delightful nature cramped and formalized by the conventual education, she enjoyed all the social advantages of the times. She was brought up with her fellow-wit and future correspondent, Philippe Emanuel de Coulanges, for whom she always entertained the most sincere affection; and her uncle, Christophe, Abbé de Livry, became a second father to her. He was a man of sense and worth, with some little peculiarities of temper, and a leaning towards good eating and drinking, and an easy life. He talked to her, and encouraged her to read and to learn from his friends; sent her often to court, where she acquired polish and grace; chose a husband for her, if not wisely, at least to the best of his judgment; and helped her to bring up her

children. He extricated her affairs from the confusion in which her father's extravagance and sudden death had involved them, and taught her to manage her own business and fortune with that prudent and liberal economy, the practice of which afterwards enabled her both to live in comfort and elegance herself, and to follow towards others the dictates of her natural generosity. He treated her, in short, affectionately, and with the reasonable indulgence of a parent; spent the remainder of his life with her after her widowhood; and at his death, left her his whole fortune.

In those days, no particular interest in the proper development of the youthful intellect had as yet suggested itself to the most benevolent minds of any country. A few of the great women of France were then, as at all other times, carefully educated by men of learning; but most young ladies of rank were taught little more than to read, write, dance, and embroider, with more or less attention to books of religion, as their training was or was not of the convent. Neither music nor painting seems to have formed part of the education of the upper ranks. These accomplishments were left to professional people; and Ninon de l'Enclos, who was probably too knowing to neglect any art by which she might become more attractive, is the only distinguished person who is ever named as playing on any instrument. A great deal of time was spent by them at their work-frames, where they employed their ingenuity on those stupendous tapestry-hangings, specimens of which are yet shown in some great houses, as monuments of the fine taste and industry of the ladies of old. And every lady of high degree had a *demoiselle de compagnie*, whose business it was to read aloud for the benefit of the workers some book of history or poetry, or some high-flown romance of Calprenede, Scudery, or La Fayette, according to the taste of the principal person of the party.

Mademoiselle de Rabutin had probably her share of such instruction as this implies, and a good deal of a better kind over and above. She was brought up at home, the companion of her clever relations; had the *entree* to her uncle's library; and would no doubt be helped by him to a little Latin, and also in her Italian studies, of which she was fond. She had friends and acquaintances among the pious ladies of the Port-Royal, who would give her good advice and religious instruction; and she was liked and talked to by her uncle's friends, among whom

were Chapelain, Menage, and other professors of polite literature. Here was opportunity enough for the nourishment of the affections; and if such desultory means of intellectual culture should not be deemed sufficient to account for the extent and variety of knowledge to be found in her letters, we must call to mind that, after all, the essential parts of youthful education are simply to learn the habit of acquiring information, and a knowledge of the best methods. If the vessel be prepared, and the channels open, the stream will flow readily in from all quarters. She appears to have had at least this foundation, and her own clever head and lively temperament would help her to all the rest.

In addition to these advantages of birth and breeding, our youthful Marie was blessed with a healthy frame, good spirits, a natural flow of wit, and a very agreeable person. Her features were far from being regularly beautiful; the point of her nose, as she herself merrily describes it, 'tending a little towards the *square*;' and her eyes, though brilliant, being rather small, and, together with the eyelashes, of different tints. She is said to have been somewhat tall for a woman, with a good shape, a pleasing voice, a fine complexion, and a profusion of light hair. This description agrees well with a portrait there is of her in the gallery of Versailles, in which she is represented in the bloom of youth, and with the coloring of Ruben's fairest women. The ill-natured Bussy, who, while smarting under her rejection of his addresses, draws a picture of her, makes the most of the slight defects of her face, and adds to them the conventional objection to her manners, that "she was too playful for a woman of quality." He afterwards withdraws his censure, and eulogizes her beauty and wit to the skies, saying 'she deserved to have been a goddess.' But the true idea we form from her portraits, her friends, and herself, is, that she was an attractive woman, in the highest sense of that term, with delightful cordial manners, and a countenance as expressive of the beautiful soul which informed it, as of that tender heart so

"Quick to catch joy, and true to touch of woe."

Such she was at the age of eighteen, when her uncle selected for her husband Henri Marquis de Sévigné, of an ancient family of Brittany, related to the Duguesclins, the Rohans, and also to the Cardinal de Retz. The good abbé probably flattered himself, he had made a great step in advance of the old

*mariage de convenance*, when, in preferring the marquis to his rivals, he took into consideration his youth and gay temperament, as well as his birth and fortune.

Unfortunately, the supposed similarity between the bride and bridegroom proved but a shadow, and like a shadow it passed away. He had neither her brilliant nor her solid qualities. His gaiety was nothing better than levity and imprudence, and his wit went no higher than jeering and punning. He was fond of expense and gallantry, and soon gave his wife very little of his company; at the same time, he was good-natured, and did not dislike her; and, as we catch from the tone of her early letters, she was not unhappy with him, probably because she had, even at that early age, too much knowledge of the world in which she lived, to have entertained any very exalted notions connected with matrimony. Two children were born within four years: first, Charles de Sévigné, in 1647; and second, Frances, the future Countess de Grignan, that 'lovely and infinitely dear child,' at once the occupation, delight, and anxiety of her mother's future life.

Bussy de Rabutin, who held the marquis in great contempt, as a mere laugh and jester, avows that, hearing him boast of the approbation of Ninon de l'Enclos, he had taken advantage of the braggart's folly, to make the gross and insulting proposal to his wife, that she should take her revenge. Bussy, who was always making love to her either in the way of flattery or banter, and had been met with constant rejection, though not perhaps treated with the severity his presumption deserved, was quite malicious enough to have invented this story against the marquis, to forward his own views. If he did, he gained nothing by it. He was coldly and calmly repulsed; and a letter from him falling into her husband's hands, she was prohibited from seeing him any more.

The course of the Marquis de Sévigné's follies was not a long one. He was killed in a duel only seven years after the marriage; and, in spite of his faults and failings, his sudden and sanguinary death fell heavily on his wife. Years afterwards, in speaking of her good uncle De Coulanges, whom she heartily liked, and always called *bien bon* (worthy creature), she says: "He extricated me from the abyss in which I was plunged at the death of Monsieur de Sévigné." As soon as he could venture to approach her, the persevering Bussy again offered himself to her acceptance, and was again refused;

but not, he says, without her having shown so much pleasure in his attentions, as to be jealous when they were transferred to another—an allegation for which there may possibly have been just grounds enough for his vanity and self-love to build on. She liked him, she said, because the same blood ran in their veins. She admired his wit, and had certainly always shown a preference for his society. And if she did manifest a feeling of mortification on some ill-bred slight from him, or pretended devotion to another, paraded probably with the design of annoying her, it was not on this occasion only that she showed that amiable desire—so rarely gratified—of retaining a rejected lover as a friend.

But it was not to listen to a new suitor that Madame de Sévigné dried her tears. She retired to the country, and devoted her time and attention to the education of her two young children, and to the task of repairing their almost ruined fortunes. Her good sense and natural rectitude showed her the value of that liberal and consistent economy, which her uncle's early instructions had taught her to understand. She delighted in the country—in all its natural sounds and sights—and was as happy 'half-way up to the knees in dew, laying the lines for her new walks,' as she ever was in Paris, surrounded by the most refined and brilliant wits. She had no aversion to business; and she understood how to sell or let her estates, receive her rents, and direct her workmen. It is characteristically told of her, that one day when talking of some rather important business to the President Bellièvre, she felt herself at a loss for the proper term to be used, and naively said: "Ah, monsieur, I know the air perfectly, but I forget the words."

The young widow, finding her heart fully satisfied with the affection existing between her children, her kind relations, and herself, would never again hear of marriage. Most of her biographers have discussed her character in connection with this determination; some of them considering the feeling which led to it as a virtue, and others as a defect. A phrenologist would allow it to be neither the one nor the other, but simply the result of a primitive tendency of the mind, dependent on the size of the brain at a particular part of the cranium. In all cases, it is certainly safe to attribute a great deal to natural constitution; but as we in our turn are constituted to approve more of one class of feelings than another, without at all disput-

ing the more perfect blessedness or happiness which may result from a complete and reciprocal union of two natures, we cannot help looking on devotion to offspring as the more generous and disinterested affection of the two. There have been instances, no doubt, of as pure self-renunciation in a husband or wife as in a parent; but it seems essentially the nature of parental love, to give all and ask for nothing in return, except the good and the happiness of the beloved object. It may seem to be anticipating a little, but see how sweetly and reasonably Madame de Sévigné in after-years speaks to her daughter on the subject:—

"You say you will love me both for yourself and your child. Ah! my dear child, do not undertake so much. Were it even possible for you to love me as well as I love you, which, however, is not possible, nor at all in the course of nature, yet even then my granddaughter would have the advantage of me in your heart, and fill it with the very same tenderness that I feel for you."

Her duties to her family were not inconsistent with the enjoyment of society suitable to her youth and gay disposition. Three years after her widowhood, we find her again, with undiminished beauty and spirit, taking her proper place among the most distinguished people in Paris, both at court and in the reigning literary circles of the day. In spite of her attachment to her political and religious friends, the De Retzes and the Jansenists, who were much out of favor at court, the respect which she always cordially entertained for Louis XIV., the result of her genuine loyalty of feeling, made her present herself frequently there; and the king had too much good taste, as well as gallantry, not to bestow a gracious word or pleasant bow in acknowledgment of the courtesies of so charming a person. She was the friend and favorite of the magnanimous Duc de Rambouillet, governor to the dauphin, of whom she said, that "he possessed every virtue, and had a sincerity and plain speaking worthy of the knights-errant of old;" and of his wife, once the famous beauty and *bel-esprit* Mademoiselle de Rambouillet; and she constantly made one at the reunions of the celebrated Hôtel de Rambouillet, though without the taint of pedantry, which characterized so many of the members of its society.

Her letters had already gained for her a considerable reputation as a *bel-esprit*; and in those years she was still more admired for her beauty, vivacity, and agreeableness.



Among her adorers of the great world, were the sage Turenne; the Prince de Conti, brother to the great Condé, who writes to Bussy in warm terms of her attractions, adding, with the self-sufficient presumption of a royal lover, that 'he should have a word or two to say to her next winter;' and Fouquet, the superintendent of finance, whose wealth and magnificent generosity generally secured to him the favor of all to whom his devoirs were paid. And among the witty and learned may be noted the brilliant Chevalier de Lude, whose vivacity charmed her, and with whom she always kept up a running-fire of wit and graceful gaiety; the Chevalier de Meré, once the lover as well as the tutor of Madame de Maintenon; and her good uncle's friend, the learned Abbé de Ménéage, who courted her in Italian madrigals, and whose devotion to her was so great and so well known, that when he spoke in a tender tone to one of her friends—Madame de Lavardin—she laughingly told him she saw he was rehearsing for Madame de Sévigné. But to none of all their love-addresses would she lend a favorable ear. She was ever open, gracious, friendly, and candid; and when obliged to put an end to pretensions offensive to her notions of propriety, she contrived, by the slight importance she seemed to attach to her severity, to avoid wounding the self-love of all whom she really esteemed, and indeed appears to have succeeded better than almost any other woman on record, in the gentle art of retaining her rejected lovers as attached friends. Between her and the superintendent Fouquet, in particular, there was a most devoted friendship, which seemed to increase on her side with his adversity. He was impeached for squandering the public money, as his predecessors had done before him; and as his enemies were his judges, he was in great danger of being guillotined. She heard of his fall with lively grief. Twelve of her earliest letters, addressed to the Marquis de Pomponne, afterwards minister of foreign affairs, give an admirable and touching description of his trial, and are expressive of the utmost zeal in his service, as well as the most genuine interest in his fate.

Her most intimate friend for many years was Madame de la Fayette, author of the *Princesse de Cleves*, one of the most popular of the Louis Quatorze novels. This lady was also celebrated for her friendship for the Duc de la Rochefoucault. His delicate health and irritable temperament required the care of a devoted friend; and her disin-

terested attachment to him became the occupation of her existence, and only ended with his life. She never recovered his loss, and after his death gave herself up to devotion. She had a cold, dry manner; but as the fastidious *Duc* said of her, she was *true*; and Madame de Sévigné, who had warmth enough herself to dispense with it in those she esteemed, admired her genius, loved her, and pitied her sorrows. Another of her literary friends was Mademoiselle de Scudery, author of *Cyrus*, *Clelie*, and several other of those long-winded romances which pleased the French then, as *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* did ourselves a little later, from their minuteness and perfect truth of detail, and the passion they often exhibited. Mademoiselle de Scudery was as ugly as she was clever and agreeable. Madame de Sévigné said of her, that her understanding and penetration were unlimited. In her letters, she often calls her Sappho, the name by which she was known at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where she was the admired of all admirers.

No salon or coterie, before or since, has ever exercised such authority over the world of Paris as the Hôtel de Rambouillet then did. Besides fashionable people and learned ladies, it was frequented by prelates, magistrates, and military men. But what gave it the peculiar tone, from which it was afterwards held up to ridicule, was the genius of Mademoiselle de Scudery, who both spoke and wrote in a style of high-flown pedantic gallantry, which, though natural to her, and, consequently, not unbecoming, became detestable jargon in the mouths of her imitators, who could only exhibit the contortions of the sibyl without any of the inspiration. Nothing could be too inflated or *ingenious* to suit the taste of this society. Tropes and figures were used on the commonest subjects. The ladies called each other either by fancy names, or by such affected expressions as *mon cœur*, *ma précieuse*. Mademoiselle de Rambouillet was the "incomparable Artemise" to the end of her days, and was so called by the preacher Flechier in her funeral-sermon; and in allusion to the endearing epithets so much in vogue, Molière named his comedy, written to expose the folly, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Rochefoucault wrote his book of maxims at that time, one of which refers to the romantic jargon just then introduced: "There are follies," he says, "that are caught like contagious diseases." In short, bombast and affectation mixed up with wit was the order of the

day and place; and it is curious to note, that reunions so conspicuous for a want of nature and simplicity, were held in a famous *chambre bleue*, the favorite color, as it seems, of all *sociétés à prétention*. Although, like all the polite world of Paris, a frequenter of this formidable Hôtel de Rambouillet, the perfect good taste and good sense of Madame de Sévigné enabled her to nourish her lively imagination with the gaiety and wit—which were present there no less than the absurdity—without the faintest echo of its falsetto tone.

But although she mixed freely with it, was its ornament, and the accurate observer of all that went on around her, it is not as the woman of society that Madame de Sévigné so much interests our feelings. The true idea of her, on the contrary, for the greater part of her life is, that of an affectionate domestic woman, much trusted and beloved by her friends, gay spirited, easily amused, a constant reader, writer, talker, thinker; her master-passion, love for the daughter to whom most of the letters are addressed, in which she lays bare her sweet nature, and obligingly thinks aloud for the benefit of posterity. Her good uncle's abbey was situated at Livry, near Paris. Sometimes she resided there with him—glad to be quiet, and to hold sacred there, some of the days set apart by her church; generally with lively feelings of devotion, though often humbly accusing herself of allowing worldly concerns, particularly those of her daughter, to intrude on her devout meditations.

Sometimes her uncle accompanied her to the estate which had belonged to her husband, on the sea-coast of Brittany, called "The Rocks," where she looked after her improvements, made kind arrangements for her tenants, lived in the open air, always walking out late by moonlight; planted trees, built chapels, listened to the nightingales, and quizzed her neighbors when they were affected or ridiculous, or, above all, if they had in any way slighted or offended the beloved daughter. Sometimes she was at her own estate of Bourbilly, in Burgundy, and at others in her house in Paris—the Hôtel de Carnavalet, which is now a school, but will be celebrated as long as it stands, as her latest and best known abode.

The young Marquis de Sévigné was certainly not a son of whom such a mother could have been either very proud or very fond. Diminutive in his person, not particularly handsome, and of a feeble rather than an impassioned temperament, he was in his

youth idle, frivolous, and dissipated: with the ambition not uncommon to such a character, of being looked on by the world around him, as above all things the man of "wit and pleasure." Rochefoucault said of him, that his highest ambition would have been, to die for a love which he did not feel. But, though heartless, he was perfectly good-humored and pleasant; was kind and attentive as a son; and his mother, though too discerning not to be aware of the shallows as well as the shady recesses of his nature, was, from her sweet temperament, at all times ready to draw out and dwell on the fair points. They lived together, therefore, on an easy, kindly footing. Along with his dutiful attention, he seems to have favored her with his confidence in the matter of his intrigues, to a degree that is quite startling to our modern ideas of delicacy, or even of decency. Indeed, she herself sometimes expresses her dislike to the extreme unreserve of his communications, and appears only to have submitted to the infliction, in the hope of winning him either by affectionate remonstrance, by raillery, or by such reasoning as he could comprehend, from the hurtful excesses of which he was so foolishly vain. There is rather an entertaining collection of letters professing to have passed between him and Ninon de l'Enclos, which is said not to be genuine; but we find plenty of curious notices of their intimacy in Madame de Sévigné's correspondence with her daughter. She particularly disliked his connection with Ninon, as having led him into the double-dyed error of a moral and religious skepticism; but with her usual sense of justice in the matter, tells how Ninon had at last discarded him, "heartily tired of loving a man who had no heart," and repeats to her daughter some of her contemptuous sayings of him, such as that he had "a soul of pap," and "the heart of a cucumber fried in snow." Fortunately for his mother's comfort as well as his own, the little marquis did not go on all his life in a course which she describes as "offensive to God, and dangerous to his own soul." After a time, he married a good wife, and grew sober and devout; left the army, in which he had never had any great preferment, and quietly cultivated a taste for literature. He maintained a contest, which was at the time much talked of, with Dacier, on the disputable meaning of the famous passage in Horace: "*difficile est proprie communia decere*;" and unambitiously settled down and ended his days in a quiet corner of Paris.

It was the daughter who was the pride and glory and crowning interest of her mother's life; whom her lively imagination exalts into a heroine, a queen, a goddess, and to whom she reveals the inmost secrets of her soul, and pours out her love and passionate admiration with an eloquence and variety of expression scarcely ever surpassed even by the devotion of a lover. Certainly never before was daughter so admired and praised, or rather so idolized and adored. Byron says finely of Petrarch, that—

“Watering the tree which bears his lady's name,  
With his melodious tears he gave himself to  
fame.”

And by the simple expression of her feelings, Madame de Sévigné has most unconsciously given herself to fame, in those winged, love-pointed words which often touch the imagination, and fire the heart like a passionate caress.

But though we never for a moment doubt the sincerity of the mother's exalted estimate of her daughter's mind, person, and disposition, and, above all, her fervent love towards her, somehow or other the impression the daughter's character leaves on our minds is by no means in proportion. She seems to have had beauty, wit, and a great deal of observation; but even in youth, very little of the geniality, the perfect *abandon*, which made her mother so charming and beloved to her dying day. She appears to have been so liberally educated, that she often rather startles her less scientific mother, by the novelty and boldness of her speculations. She professed to hold the opinions of Descartes, and it is supposed to be owing to some scruples of conscience in one of her more orthodox descendants, that her part of the interesting correspondence was destroyed. Her mother, ambitious for her, and desirous to have her settled near herself, married her to a great rich lord, the Count de Grignan, who was attached to the court. Fortunately, however—for otherwise this famous correspondence might never have taken place—the count was also lieutenant-governor of Provence, and shortly after the marriage, was ordered to that distant region. Owing to the continued non-residence of the Duc de Vendôme, governor-in-chief, he was kept there, with some intervals, for the rest of Madame de Sévigné's life, a period of twenty-six years; and though the mother and daughter often visited each other, more than half their days were necessarily spent apart—a period of privation to Madame de

Sévigné which could not have been endured, but for the daily, hourly occupation of writing to her daughter, and the still dearer delight of receiving letters from her.

We shall begin our extracts from this delightful correspondence with part of one of the letters which she addressed to M. de Pomponne, on the subject of Fouquet's impeachment. These letters are written with an earnestness of feeling and purpose highly honorable to her heart. They are also perfect as a narrative of the events of the trial, and contain curious traits of the times, but of course have not the airy brilliancy which characterizes her style when treating of lighter matters. We shall content ourselves with giving a little anecdote from one of them, not concerning the trial, but as exhibiting the king in rather a pleasant point of view:—

“I must tell you a little story, which is perfectly true, and will amuse you. You must know that Messieurs de Saint Aignan and Dangeau have lately put the king in the vein for verse-making. He wrote a little madrigal the other day, with which he was not much pleased. One morning he said to Maréchal de Grammont: “Monsieur le Maréchal, please to look at this little madrigal, and tell me if you ever read anything so silly. Because it is known that I have lately been fond of poetry, they bring me all the nonsense that is written.” “Your Majesty is an excellent judge of everything; it is really the most silly and ridiculous stuff I ever read.” “Must not the writer be a great fool?” “There is certainly no other name for him,” said the marshal. “Oh,” cried the king, “how delighted I am that you have spoken your sentiments so freely! I am myself the author of it.” “Ah, sire!” cried the poor marshal, “what treason have I uttered! I entreat your majesty to let me look at it again; I read it hastily.” “No, no, Monsieur le Maréchal; the first sentiments are always the most natural.” The king was very well entertained with the little frolic. Those about him thought it the most cruel trick that could be played on an old courtier. For my part, I like to make reflections; and I wish the king would in like manner reflect on this adventure, and see how far he is from always knowing the truth.”

With all her care and clear-sightedness, Madame de Sévigné was not overjudicious in her choice of a husband for her daughter. Probably she allowed herself, according to the custom of the times, to be entirely guided by the consideration of his place and fortune. If so, she was pretty well punished, for he was still more extravagant than rich; was



fond of play, and taught his wife to like it also, as we find by many allusions, in her mother's letters, to it, as well as to visits from troublesome duns. There is the appearance of an anxiety to make the best of him, which very early betrays a consciousness on her part, that he was not all she could have desired in a son-in-law. She writes to him always in a complimentary, rather than affectionate strain; praises his fine voice; admires his figure—his face being remarkably plain; and constantly cries up to him his wife's perfections; the esteem in which she is held by all the world, and, in particular, the violent love she bears to himself. When she writes the following letter to him, he had just been persuaded to go down to Provence, by himself, and leave his wife to be confined of her first child beside her mother:—

TO THE COUNT DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, August 6, 1670.

CONFESS now, that I have given you the prettiest wife in the world; and could any one be more prudent, more regular in her conduct? Could any one love you more, have more Christian sentiments, long more ardently to be with you, or attend more strictly to the duties of her station? It may sound ridiculous in me to speak in this way of my own daughter; but I admire her as other people do, and perhaps more from being the constant eye-witness of her behavior. To tell you the perfect truth, although I have always had the best possible opinion of her in all essential respects, I never till now thought she would have been so nice and exact as she is in the more minute points. I assure you, every body does her justice, and she loses none of the praises she so well deserves. You know my ancient theory, which I expect will one day or other gain me a statue. It is, that the public is neither foolish nor unjust; and, assuredly, Madame de Grignan has too much reason to be contented with it, to dispute that point with me at present. She has suffered inconceivable distress about your health; I heartily rejoice at your recovery on her account, as well as on your own. If you expect any return of the attack, I pray you to prevail on it to keep off till your wife is brought-to-bed, or I can hardly answer for the consequences. Would to God she were as happy as our little Deville! She has just given birth to a boy, who looks as if he were three months old. "Ah," said my daughter just now, "how provoking it is! Little Deville has taken away my boy from me: Two such can never come together in one house." I send

you a book, which you will find admirable. It is written by Nicole, the intimate friend of Pascal; nothing but what is perfect comes from his pen; pray read it with attention. I have sent you also some beautiful airs, till I can get the music you wish for. Do not lose your voice—preserve your fine tenor: in a word, continue to be amiable, since you are so much loved.

The son so confidently reckoned on did not come, and so was not thrown into the shade by the *joli garçon* below stairs. Madame de Grignan gave birth to a little girl, christened Marie Blanche, the same who afterwards became a nun of the convent of St. Marie Aix, and died there at the age of sixty-two. Madame de Sévigné, of course, gives a lively account of the accouchement, and seems at first a little disappointed. 'Helen,' she says, 'at first whispered me: "Madame, it is a boy." I told this to the coadjutor; but when we came to examine a little nearer into matters, behold, it was a girl! We were a little disconcerted, and ashamed of ourselves, on reflecting that all the summer we had been, as La Fontaine says, making "*des béguins au Saint Père*," and that after all our hopes, "*la Signora mit au monde une fille*." I assure you this has lowered our crests a little, and nothing comforts us except that my daughter is doing so perfectly well.'

Sometimes she ventures to give the count advice as to his conduct in his province; but he has first this lively notice of her returning health: 'You may feel quite easy about your wife's state. To be sure, she has just received a piece of news which gives her much displeasure. Only a little time before, she had heard that the little Duc de Noirmoutier was going to be blind; had made thereupon many moral and Christian reflections, and given full vent to all the pity such a melancholy accident seemed to call for. Suddenly they come and tell her that he will see perfectly well—that the poor eyes, washed out of his head by the defluxion, have happily come back to their places, as if nothing had happened. On this, she asks, what in the world she is now to do with all her fine reflections—says they have deranged her thoughts, and have very little consideration for her, in telling this news before the nine days are over. We have laughed so heartily at this folly, that we feared she might really be ill from it . . . I want to talk to you about M. de Marseille, to beg of you, by all the confidence you have in me, to follow my advice in your conduct respecting him. I know the manners of



your Provençals, and the pleasure they take in fomenting divisions. If one is not strictly careful, one is insensibly led away by their sentiments, which are often false and unjust. I can assure you that time, or at least some cause, has made a great alteration in M. de Marseille's temper. For some time past, he has been exceedingly mild; and provided you do not treat him as an enemy, you will not find him one. Let us take him at his word, till we discover that he has done something to contradict it. Nothing is so apt to put to flight people's good feelings, as to show a distrust of them. To suspect a man of being an enemy, is often quite enough to make him one; the expense being paid, he has nothing else to take care of. Confidence, on the contrary, engages him to do well; he is touched by your good opinion, and becomes unwilling to lose it.

We shall next give her famous letter, addressed to her gay cousin, M. de Coulanges, on the subject of the Duke de Lauzun's intended marriage with the Princess Henrietta of Bourbon, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. It is one of the most sparkling and vivacious of the whole collection, and has been charmingly translated by Mr. Hunt.

TO MONSIEUR DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Monday, December 15, 1670.*

I AM going to tell you a thing, which of all things in the world is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most exalting, the most humbling, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private, (till this moment), the most brilliant, the most enviable—in short, a thing of which no example is to be found in past times, at least nothing quite like it—a thing which we know not how to believe in Paris; how, then, are you to believe it at Lyon?—a thing which makes all the world cry out: “Lord have mercy on us!”—a thing which has transported Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hanterion—a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their own eyes—a thing which is to be done on Sunday, and yet, perhaps, will not be finished till Monday. I cannot expect you to guess it at once. I give you a trial of three times. Do you give it up? Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to marry, next Sunday, at the Louvre—guess whom? I give you four times to guess it in

—I give you six—I give you a hundred. ‘Truly,’ cries Madame de Coulanges, ‘it must be a very difficult thing to guess. It is Madame de la Velliere?’—‘No, it isn't, madame.’ ‘’Tis Mademoiselle de Retz, then?’—‘No, it isn't, madame: you are terribly provincial.’ ‘Oh, we are very stupid, no doubt,’ say you: ‘’tis Mademoiselle Colbert?’—‘Further off than ever.’ ‘Well, then, it must be Mademoiselle de Créqui?’—‘You are not a bit nearer. Come, I see I must tell you at last. Well, M. de Lauzun marries, next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's permission, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle—guess the name; he marries Mademoiselle, the *great*—Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late Monsieur—Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henry IV.—Mademoiselle d'Eu—Mademoiselle de Dombes—Mademoiselle de Montpensier—Mademoiselle d'Orleans—Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the king—Mademoiselle, destined to the throne—Mademoiselle, the only woman in France fit to marry Monsieur!’ Here's pretty news for your co-teries. Exclaim about it as much as you will; let it turn your heads; say we lie, if you please; that it's a pretty joke; that it's tiresome; that we are a parcel of ninnies. We give you leave; we have done just the same to others. Adieu! the letters that come by the post will show whether we have been speaking truth or not.

Certainly never before was a piece of news told in a manner so lively, so tormenting, and yet so perfectly triumphant. The information at last conveyed was so unlooked for, that even after the long and varied flourish of trumpets by which it was heralded, it must have taken the readers quite by surprise. Alas for the subjects of the wonder! the royal leave, at one time graciously given, was remorselessly recalled; but we must allow Madame de Sévigné to finish the narrative.

TO MONSIEUR DE COULANGES.

A terrible falling from the clouds occurred last night at the Tuileries; but I must go a little further back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, the ecstasies of the princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you, the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in telling, astonishment, and compliments. On Wednesday, Mademoiselle made a deed of gift to M. de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities, necessary to be inserted

in the marriage-contract which was drawn up on that day. She gave him then, till she could give him something better, four duchies; the first was that of Count d'Eu, which entitles him to rank as first peer of France; the dukedom of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the dukedom de St. Fargeau; and the dukedom de Chatelherault—the whole valued at 22,000,000 livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he assumed the name of Montpensier. All Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the king's signing the contract, as he had promised; but by seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, Monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him, had so persuaded his majesty that his reputation would suffer in this affair, that, sending for Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, he announced to them, before the prince, that they must think no further of this marriage. M. de Lauzun received the prohibition with all the respect, submission, and at the same time despair, that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for poor Mademoiselle, she gave way to her feelings, and burst into tears, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief. She keeps her bed all day long, and will take nothing within her lips except a little soup. Isn't it like a dream? What a glorious subject for a tragedy or a romance, but especially for telling and reasoning on eternally! and this is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end or intermission.

The next letter, addressed to her daughter, is an excellent specimen of the graceful ease with which she rambles from subject to subject:—

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, *Friday, 13th March, 1671.*

BEHOLD me, to the delight of my heart, all alone in my chamber writing to you in tranquillity. Nothing gives me comfort like being seated thus. I dined to-day at Madame de Lavardin's after being to hear Bourdaloue, where I saw the Mothers of the Church; for so I call the Princess de Conti, and De Longueville (very gay ladies, who had become very devout). All the world was at the sermon, and the sermon was worthy of all that heard it. I thought of you twenty times, and wished you as often beside me. You would have been enchanted to be a listener, and I should have been tenfold enchanted to see you listen. . . . And now, if you fancy all the maids of honor run mad,

you will not fancy amiss. Eight days ago, Madame de Ludre, Cœtlogon, and little De Rouvroi were bitten by a puppy belonging to Théobon, and the puppy has died mad; so Ludre, Coetlogon, and Rouvroi set off this morning for the coast, to be dipped three times in the sea. 'Tis a dismal journey: Bensarade is in despair about it. Théobon does not choose to go, though she had a little bite too. The queen, however, objects to her being in waiting till the issue of the adventure is known. . . . Your brother is under the jurisdiction of Ninon. I cannot think it will do him much good. There are people to whom it does no good at all. She hurt his father; Heaven help him! say I. It is impossible for Christian people—or at least for such as would fain be Christian—to look on such disorders without concern. Ah, Bourdaloue! what divine truths you told us to-day about death. Madame de lay Fayette heard him for the first time in her life, and was transported with admiration. . . . A scene took place yesterday at Mademoiselle's, which I enjoyed extremely. In comes Madame de Gevres, full of her airs and graces. She looked as if she expected I should give her my post; but, faith, I owed her an affront for her behavior the other day, so I didn't budge! Mademoiselle was in bed; Madame de Gevres was therefore obliged to go lower down: no very pleasant thing that. Mademoiselle calls for drink; somebody must present the napkin; Madame de Gevres begins to draw off the glove from her shining hand; I give a nudge to Madame de Arpajon, who was above me; she understands me, draws off her own glove, and advancing a step with a very good grace, cuts short the duchess, and takes and presents the napkin. The duchess was quite confounded; she had made her way up, and got off her gloves, and all to see the napkin presented before her by Madame de Arpajon! My dear, I'm a wicked creature; I was in a state of delight, and indeed what could have been better done? Would any one but Madame de Gevres have thought of depriving Madame de Arpajon of an honor which fell so naturally to her share, standing as she did by the bedside? It was as good as a cordial to Mademoiselle Pinsieux. Mademoiselle did not dare to lift up her eyes, and as for myself, I had the most innocent face.

Life at the Rocks is very pleasantly passed. To be sure, the thought of the daughter's absence often brings tears to the mother's eyes, and makes her heart heavy; or if a

letter should happen to be lost, or not arrive at the moment expected, she is apt to "cook" or "make dragons"—that is, to fret and fancy all manner of evil. But in general they are all very merry, and in their several ways admirably amused. The good abbé transacts business, or lounges in his comfortable chair, and is fed with rural dainties. Sometimes they sit out of doors, watching the peasants dancing; sometimes they play at chess, or read aloud. Visitors often drop in, and then madame takes to her embroidery. "When I have company, I work at that fine altar-piece you saw me drawing when you were at Paris; when I am alone, I read, I write, or am with the abbé in his closet on business." The young marquis, who inherits more of his mother's taste for polite literature than the philosophical daughter, "is always reading us some trifle or another, comedies which he repeats like Molière himself, verses, romances, histories—he is a very entertaining companion, has wit and a good understanding, and has contrived to allure us from reading on serious subjects, as we at first intended. When he leaves us, we shall again begin with some of Nicole's moral pieces." Nicole is the first favorite—he is touching, searching, and always charming. His treatise on universal peace is divine, and appears to have been written purposely for her edification. But she has many other favorite books and authors: Ariosto, Tasso, Pascal, Bourdaloues and Bossuet, La Fontaine, Tacitus, Montaigne, Don Quixote, and St. Augustin—besides the novels of Calprenede, Scudery, and her friend Madame de la Fayette, many of which she reads three times over, and cannot help praising to her daughter, though rather in an apologetic tone, and with the consciousness of not being sympathized with.

Though some of her country neighbors are by no means charming, they are always made welcome—unless, indeed, they have done or said something against her daughter, in which case they are apt to be told flatly that she "is not at home;" and they all give occasion to lively description and amusing gossip. There is a certain stupid M. de Plessis, with a complaint in his feet, which a wonderful man undertakes to cure by the very odd treatment of tearing out the nails of his two great-toes by the root, in order to prevent the disorder from returning; his wife, Madame de Plessis, who tells exaggerated stories; and their daughter, silly, affected, and presumptuous, who seems to have been slapped in the face and laughed at by Madame de Grignan in her childhood, and is

still disliked by her; and Madame de Sévigné, who is seldom ill-natured except to please her daughter, likes to indulge her by ludicrous descriptions of the young lady's airs and impertinences. There is a certain M. d'Hacheville, who is always doing something obliging; a M. la Mousse, who is sometimes a little low-spirited, but who reads aloud delightfully, with whom she studies the Italian poets, and occasionally talks theology; and a very extraordinary M. de Romenars, who has constantly some action or another of a criminal nature against him, but who is not the less facetious or amusing on that account. "He was soliciting his judges the other day at Rennes with a very long beard, and on being asked by somebody why he did not get himself shaved: 'Who? I?' said he: 'I think I should be a very great fool to give myself any trouble about my face till I know to whom my head belongs. The king disputes it with me at present; if it belong to me when the affair is decided, I shall take care of it.' Of the same gentleman, it is said, that having an action brought against him for uttering false money, and being acquitted on his trial, he paid the fees and charges in the same coin. In short, there is no end either of his crimes or of the amusement they create. I never saw anybody so mad-headed as Pomenars; his sprightliness increases in proportion to his criminality, and if one charge more be brought against him, I verily believe he will die with joy."

Everybody knows the story of Vatel, steward to the Prince de Condé, who killed himself out of a point of honor. It occurred at a splendid entertainment given to the king and court by the prince at Chantilly, when the jonquils alone cost the prince £4,000. Madame de Sévigné gives the following lively account of the strange event, and the feelings to which it gave rise in the royal party:—

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, 26th April, 1671.

This is Sunday, April 26th, and this letter will not go out till Wednesday; but it is not so much a letter as a narration that I have just learned from Moreuil, of what passed at Chantilly with regard to poor Vatel. The king arrived there on Thursday night; the promenade and the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewed with jonquils, were just as they should be. Supper was served; but at one or two of the tables there was no roast-meat,

owing to Vatel's having to provide more dinners than he had expected. This affected his spirits, and he was heard to say several times, "I have lost my fame! I cannot bear this disgrace." "My head is quite bewildered," he said to Gourville: "I have not slept a wink these twelve nights; I wish you would assist me in giving orders." Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him; but the failure of the roast-meat (which did not occur at the king's table, but at some of the other twenty-five) was always uppermost in his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince, who went directly to Vatel's apartment, and said to him: "Everything is extremely well conducted, Vatel: nothing could be more admirable than his majesty's supper." "Your highness's goodness," he replied, "overwhelms me; I am sensible there was a deficiency of roast-meat at two tables." "Not at all," said the prince: "do not perplex yourself, and all will go well." Midnight came; the fireworks did not succeed; they were covered with a thick cloud; they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel went round and found everybody asleep; he met one of the under-purveyors, who had just come in with only two loads of fish. "What!" said he, "is this all?" "Yes, sir," said the man, not knowing that Vatel had despatched other people to all the seaports round. Vatel waited for some time; the other purveyors did not arrive; his head got distracted; he thought there was no more fish to be had; he flew to Gourville: "Sir," said he, "I cannot outlive this disgrace." Gourville laughed at him. Vatel, however, went to his apartment, and setting the hilt of his sword against the door, after two ineffectual attempts, succeeded in the third in forcing the sword through his heart. At that very instant, the carriers arrived with fish: Vatel was inquired after to distribute it; they ran to his apartment, knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, they broke it open and found him weltering in his blood. A messenger was immediately despatched to acquaint the prince with what had happened. He was quite in despair. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey depended upon Vatel. The prince related the whole affair to his Majesty with an expression of great concern. It was considered as the consequence of too nice a sense of honor; some blamed, others praised him for his courage. The king said he had put off this excursion for more than five years, because he was aware *it would be attended with infinite trouble,*

and told the prince that he ought to have had but two tables, and not have been at the expense of so many, and declared he would never suffer him to do the like again; but all this was too late for poor Vatel. However, Gourville endeavored to supply the loss of Vatel, which he did in a great measure. The dinner was elegant, so was the collation. They supped, they walked, they hunted: all was perfumed with jonquils—all was enchantment. Yesterday, which was Saturday, the same entertainments were renewed; and in the evening, the king set off for Liancourt, where he had ordered a *medianoché* (a meal just after midnight, common with Roman Catholics), and is to stay there three days. M. d'Hacqueville, who was present at the scene, will no doubt give you a faithful account of all that passed; but as his handwriting is not so legible as mine, I write too. If I am circumstantial, it is because on such an occasion I should like details myself.

One of her most delightful letters is written to her gay cousin De Coulanges, on the subject of her fine-gentleman servant, who refused to assist at the haymaking. As it is only to be found in one edition of the letters, and has been delightfully translated by Leigh Hunt, we shall give it entire. Mr. Hunt says of it, in his pleasant manner, that "never before was the art of haymaking taught or rather exemplified in words so simple and so few. It is as if the pen itself had become a hay-fork, and tossed up a sample of the sweet grass."

TO MONSIEUR DE COULANGES.

THE ROCKS, 22d July, 1671.

I WRITE, my dear cousin, over and above the stipulated fortnight-communications, to advertise you, that you will soon have the honor of seeing Picard; and as he is brother to the lackey of Madame de Coulanges, I must tell you the reason why. You know that Madame the Duchess de Chaulnes is at Vitry. She expects the duke there [he was governor of the province] in ten or twelve days with the Estates of Brittany. "Well, and what then?" say you. I say, that the duchess is expecting the duke with all the states, and that, meanwhile, she is at Vitry all alone, dying of ennui. "And what," return you, "has this to do with Picard?" Why, look! she is dying with ennui, and I am her only consolation, and so you may readily conceive that I carry it with a high hand over Mademoiselle de Kerborgne and De Kerqueoison. A pretty roundabout way



of telling my story, I must confess, but it will bring us to the point. Well, then, as I am her only consolation, it follows that, after I have been to see her, she will come to see me, when, of course, I shall wish her to find my garden in good order, and my walks in good order—those fine walks of which you are so fond. Still, you are at a loss to conceive whither they are leading you now. Attend, then, if you please, to a little suggestion by the way. You are aware that haymaking is going forward? Well, I have no haymakers; I send into the neighboring fields to press them into my service: there are none to be found, and so all my own people are summoned to make hay instead. But do you know what haymaking is? I will tell you. Haymaking is the prettiest thing in the world. You play at turning the grass over in a meadow; and as soon as you know how to do that, you know how to make hay. The whole house went merrily to the task; all but Picard. He said he would not go; that he was not engaged for such work; and that he would sooner betake himself to Paris. Faith! didn't I get angry? It was the hundredth disservice the silly fellow had done me; I saw he had neither heart nor zeal; in short, the measure of his offence was full. I took him at his word; was deaf as a rock to all entreaties in his behalf; and he has set off. It is fit that people be treated as they deserve. If you see him, don't welcome him, don't protect him, and don't blame me. Only look upon him as, of all servants in the world, the one least addicted to haymaking, and, therefore, the most unworthy of good treatment. This is the sum-total of the affair. As for me, I am fond of straightforward histories, that contain not a word too much, that never go wandering about and beginning again from remote points; and accordingly, I think I may say without vanity, that I hereby present you with a model of an agreeable narration.

Her life in Paris is, in its way, no less agreeable. Even there she contrives to have the pleasures of a garden, in which she can walk in the morning, and enjoy the bursting of the first spring-blossoms. She is constantly dining and supping with Rochefoucault, the De Coulanges, and Madame de Lavardin; or she is receiving visitors at home, who come sometimes to little dinners, "good and delicate;" at others to supper, and a great deal of pleasant chat. She goes often to court, or she is sent for by Mademoiselle, "when in comes Monsieur, and

begins to talk about her daughter." Sometimes she goes to the theatre, or Corneille reads a play at M. de la Rochefoucault's, full of enchanting passages, which make her "shed twenty tears in a minute;" and she goes always regularly to church. We have many curious characteristic traits of her town associates; of a certain very absent Brancas, who, when he was overturned into a ditch, asked those who came to help him out, whether they had any occasion for his services; of our good cardinal (De Retz), contentedly feeding his trouts in his retirement; of Racine, teaching the actress Champmélé, with whom he is in love, and who has no genius, to repeat his verses so admirably, that Madame de Sévigné (who, by the by, seldom admires him heartily, except when called on by the king to do so) predicts of him that he is writing for Champmélé, not for posterity, and will only write finely while young and in love; of the painter's widow, Madame de Scarron, afterwards Maintenon ("the Pamela of royalty"), who reasons with an engaging wit and surprisingly clear understanding on the horrid confusion and vexations of a court, at which she was so soon to play the most conspicuous part. In short, there is no end to the amusing sketches she gives her daughter of the court, the church, and the country, or to her own pleasant reflections on everything that occurs.

But all her time is not spent happily, nor with the gay and witty. She has no desire to spare herself, or to shrink from any occupation, suggested either by duty or affection. We find her devoting herself to the task of nursing her aunt, who is dying of a painful and lingering illness. In the following letter, we have, besides the touching sketch of the death-bed, a glimpse of the exacting spirit towards her daughter of which she has been accused, perhaps with a shadow of truth, though we are not inclined to bestow a large measure of pity on the colder-tempered daughter for the responsibility she incurs in bearing the weight of so much love:—

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, 20th April, 1672.

I TOLD you about Madame de la Troche; but as it is not easy for her to do without me, the ice gradually and insensibly gave way, and her good-humor returned. I was pleased to see it. I manage to take such little coldnesses as they come from that quarter. Of course, if I were more deeply interested, I should not be able to be so

calm. I know you think this is the temper in which one ought always to be—one of profound tranquillity. O happy state! but how very far am I from tasting its sweetness! You frighten me by desiring that I should. It seems to me that you can do whatever you wish, and that all at once, while I am loving you the most tenderly, I may find you all coldness and calmness. Ah! for pity's sake, do not treat me with any of this lethargy on my arrival in Provence. If I find a particle of ice then, I shall indeed regret my journey.

Now that I seem, as it were, to touch my departure with the end of my finger, I find what will so soon give me my liberty is costing me many tears. There is something truly pitiable in my poor aunt's condition. The swelling daily increases, and there is an excess of suffering that would pain and oppress the most indifferent spectator. As for me, who pass the greater part of my time sighing beside her, I am sometimes overwhelmed with sadness. She often caresses me so fondly, that I am utterly melted. She speaks of her death as of a journey. She had always a fine spirit, and retains it to the last. This morning, she received her Saviour in the form of the holy sacrament. We were all dissolved in tears. She hopes to partake of it yet once more. She was sitting up—for she cannot lie—and she tried to kneel down. It was a moving and most edifying spectacle.

In our limited space, we cannot attempt to give an account of her frequent changes of abode, or of the notable public events of her day, to all of which she alludes, and into many of which she enters fully, and discusses them with the sense and spirit of an observant and deeply-interested eye-witness. In war-times, and particularly when her son was with the army, she suffered great anxiety. In the summer of 1672 was the famous passage of the Rhine, and nothing can be more graphic than many of her notices. There, Rochefoucault had one son wounded and another killed. The gentleness, and patient *silence* with which the caustic philosopher bore his bereavement, are well contrasted with the violent and eloquent grief of the poor Princess de Longueville, who lost her son in the same engagement, and of which we have the following affecting history. But first of M. de la Rochefoucault.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, June, 1672.

“The storm fell on him in my presence;

he was deeply afflicted; his tears seemed to flow out from his very heart, but his firmness of mind stopped any unmanly expressions of grief. . . . They sent to Port Royal for M. Arnauld and Mademoiselle Virtus, to break the news to her [Madame de Longueville]. The sight of the latter was sufficient. As soon as the princess saw her: “Ah, mademoiselle, how is my brother?” [the great Condé]. She did not dare to ask further. “Madame, his wound is going on well; there has been a battle.” “And my son?” No answer. “Ah, mademoiselle, my son—my dear child—answer me; is he dead?” “Madame, I have not words to answer you.” “Ah, my dear son! did he die instantly? had he not one little moment? Oh! great God, what a sacrifice!” And with that she fell upon her bed; and all which could express the most terrible anguish, convulsions and faintings, and a mortal silence, and stifled cries, and the bitterest tears, and hands clasped towards heaven, and complaints the most tender and heart-rending; all this did she go through.’

Another incident in the famous passage is given with the same shortness and spirit:—‘The Chevalier de Nantouillet fell from his horse into the river; he sank immediately to the bottom; then rose to the surface; again he sank, and again his head appeared above the stream. At last, he luckily meets with a horse’s tail, and clutches hold of it; the horse brings him ashore; he mounts; he rushes into the thickest of the battle; he receives two shots in his hat, and comes off gay and victorious. An enchanted hero could not appear more unconcerned and at his ease; he reminds one of Orontes, Prince of the Massagetes.’

Very different, indeed, from such idyllic pictures as that of the haymaking—

‘Breathing of Flora and the country green,  
Dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth,’

is the next we shall give. It is of some scenes at Versailles, and presents us with an animated view of the court in all the details of its splendor, gaiety, and corruption:

‘Not a feature of the scene is in the mirror slighted.’

The principle of loyalty, which was ever potent in Madame de Sévigné, or perhaps a spice of the natural levity, so rarely absent in the French character, probably blinded her a little to the heartlessness and frivolity she describes with a degree of careless gaiety, which would seem to sanction, rather

than censure, all that is going on around her. It may be said that we speak after the event—after seeing how directly the splendid follies of the great led to the complete overthrow of social order in France. But we surely do not want revolutionary horrors, to open our eyes to all that is wrong in the state of things here spoken of.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, Wednesday, 29th July, 1676.

WE have a change of the scene here, which will gratify you as much as it does all the world. I was at Versailles last Saturday with the Villarses. You know the queen's toilet, the mass, and the dinner? Well, there is no need any longer of suffocating ourselves in the crowd, to get a glimpse of their majesties at table. At three, the king, the queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and everything else which is royal, together with Madame de Montespan and train, and all the courtiers and all the ladies—all, in short, which constitutes the court of France, is assembled in that beautiful apartment of the king's which you remember. All is furnished divinely; all is magnificent. Such a thing as heat is unknown. You pass from one place to another without the slightest pressure. A game at *reversis* gives the company a form and a settlement. The king and Madame de Montespan keep a bank together; different tables are occupied by Monsieur, the queen, and Madame de Soubise; Dangeau and party, Langlée and party: everywhere you see heaps of louis-d'ors; they have no other counters. I saw Dangeau play, and thought what fools we all were beside him. He dreams of nothing but what concerns the game; he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, profits by everything; never has his attention diverted; in short, his science bids defiance to chance. Two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month—these are the pretty memoranda he puts down in his pocket-book. He was kind enough to say that I was partners with him, so that I got an excellent seat. I made my obeisance to the king, as you told me, and he returned it as if I had been young and handsome. The queen talked as long to me about my illness, as if it had been a lying-in. The duke said a thousand kind things, without minding a word he uttered. Maréchal de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan. In short, *tutti quanti* [the whole company]. You know what it is to get a

word from everybody you meet. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and asked me how I liked Vichy, and whether the place did me good. She said, that Bourbon, instead of curing a pain in one of her knees, did mischief to both. Her size is reduced by a good half; and yet her complexion, her eyes, and her lips, are as fine as ever. She was dressed all in French-point, her hair in a thousand ringlets, the two sides hanging low on her cheeks, black ribbons on her head, pearls—the same that belonged to Madame de l'Hopital—the loveliest diamond earrings, three or four bodkins—nothing else on the head; in short, a triumphant beauty, worthy the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She was accused of preventing the whole French nation from seeing the king; she has restored him, you see, to their eyes; and you cannot conceive the joy it has given to all the world, and the splendor it has thrown upon the court. This charming confusion, without confusion, of all which is the most select, continues from three till six. If couriers arrive, the king retires a moment to read the dispatches and returns. There is always some music going on, to which he listens, and which has an excellent effect. He talks with such of the ladies as are accustomed to enjoy that honor. In short, they leave play at six; there is no trouble of counting, for there is no sort of counters; the pools consist of at least five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis; the bigger ones of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first, each person pools twenty, which is a hundred, and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken, they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of *hearts*. 'How many hearts have yuu?' 'I have two.' 'I have three.' 'I have one.' 'I have four.' 'He has only three then.' 'He has only four.' And Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter; he sees through the game; he draws his conclusions; he discovers which is the person he wants; truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six, the carriages are at the door. The king is in one of them with Madame de Montespan; Monsieur and Madame de Thianges, and honest D'Heudicourt in a fool's paradise on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made?—they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The queen occupies another

with the princess ; and the rest come flocking, as it may happen. There are, then, gondolas on the canal, and music ; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play ; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper, and thus rolls round the Saturday. If I were to tell you how often you were asked after ; how many questions were put to me, without waiting for answers ; how often I neglected to answer ; how little they cared, or how much less I did, you would see the *iniqua corte* [the wicked court] before you in all its perfection. However, it never was so pleasant before, and everybody wishes it may last.

Of this, as of many others of the brilliant scenes she depicts, it may certainly be averred, that more attention seems to be paid to the truth than to the moral effect of the picture. But this, we think, after all, proceeds rather from truthfulness being the chief characteristic of her mind, than from any essential want either of the feeling or knowledge of what is perfectly correct and seemly. She has one thing to do—often in one moment—to give her daughter the how, when, and where, of certain occurrences : and she does it right off, in half-a-dozen words, naturally, accurately, and to the very life. How else could all she tells ever have been told ? ‘ I see nothing,’ she says, ‘ except what I tell you ;’ and the fear never suggests itself to her, that one who already knows her heart and mind on all subjects, will be apt to misapprehend her, or draw the wrong conclusion. When she has more time, though she never prosés, she is quite ready to moralize like her neighbors ; and sometimes she does so by a single exclamation, as in the following lively passage, of which we gladly again avail ourselves of Leigh Hunt’s exquisite translation :—

‘ PARIS, 29th November, 1679.

‘ . . . . ‘ I have been to this wedding of Madame de Louvais. How shall I describe it ? Magnificence, illuminations, all France, dresses all gold and brocade, jewels, braziers full of fire and stands full of flowers, confusions of carriages, cries out of doors, flambeaux, pushings back, people knocked up—in short, a whirlwind, a distraction ; questions without answers, complaints without knowing what is said, civilities without knowing who is spoken to, feel entangled in trains. From the middle of all this, issue inquiries after your health, which, not being answered as quick as lightning, the inquirers pass on, contented to remain in the state of

ignorance and indifference in which they were made. *O vanity of vanities!*—pretty little de Mouchy has had the small-pox. *O vanity,*’ &c.

There are many curious notices of the poisoners scattered through the letters ; we shall give a few extracts concerning the monster Brinvilliers, whom one of her confessors announced to be a saint, and whose bones were accordingly in great request by the ignorant and superstitious mob who surrounded her scaffold. Madame de Sévigné stood on the bridge of Notre Dame, with a shudder saw her pass to her execution, and writes thus of her to her daughter :—

‘ Nothing is spoken of but the speeches, actions, and gestures of Madame de Brinvilliers. What do you think of her saying, that she was afraid she had *forgotten* to mention in her confession, that, among others, she had poisoned her own father ! The peccadilloes of which she is apprehensive of having been oblivious are really admirable. It seems she loved this St. Croix [another prisoner], wished to marry him, and often poisoned her husband with this intention. St. Croix, however, not much relishing the notion of marrying a woman quite as wicked as himself, administered a counter-poison to the poor husband ; who, having been thus tossed about five or six times, sometimes poisoned, sometimes *unpoisoned*, is still alive, and now comes forward to solicit a pardon for his dear better half ! . . . .

‘ The Brinvilliers affair continues to run its course. One of the stories is, that she made some pies of young pigeons, in which she mixed poison. After eating of the pies, several people died—not anybody she particularly wished to kill ; she was merely trying experiments, to assure herself that her poisons were effectual. The Chevalier de Guet, who had been at one of these pretty repasts, died of it some time ago. The other day, she inquired if he were dead ; they told her no. “ Indeed,” she said with an indifferent air ; “ he must have a hard life.” M. de la Rochefoucault swears to the truth of this. . .

‘ At last all is over, and Brinvilliers is in the air. After her execution, her poor little body was thrown into a great fire, and her ashes scattered to the four winds. Yes, she is now part of the air we breathe ; and by the blending together of subtle principles, the poisoning mania may, one of these days, seize and very much astonish some of us ! Her life has been even more frightful than we had imagined. Ten times she tried to poison her father before she accomplished it ; her bro-



thers, one of her children, herself—but this last only for the purpose of trying a counter-poison; and all this mixed up with a great deal of love and endearing confidence. Medea was nothing to her. At six o'clock she was brought in a cart, naked to the shift, and with a rope round her neck, to make the *amende honorable* at Notre Dame, and went on from thence in the same cart. From the bridge I saw her, lying back in the straw in her shift; a confessor on one side, and the executioner at the other. The sight made me shudder. Never was so great a crowd seen, and never before was Paris so moved and so attentive. . . .

'One little word more of Brinvilliers. She has died as she lived—that is to say, resolutely. She entered the room in which they were to put her to the rack, and seeing three pails of water there, said: "It must be to bathe me you have prepared all this; you cannot suppose that any one of my size could possibly drink it all." She listened to the sentence which had that morning been given against her without betraying either weakness or fear, and towards the end begged it might be read over again, saying, that the cart had so shaken her, she could not at once attend to anything else. Desgrais—by whose means she had been taken—rode on horse-back before the cart: as they went along, she asked her confessor to put the executioner in front of her, "in order," she said, "that I may be spared the sight of that detestable Desgrais, who caught me!" The confessor reproved her for this sentiment. "Ah, my God!" she cried, "I ask pardon: let them torment me with his horrid sight." . . . She mounted the scaffold by the ladder with bare feet; and during a whole quarter of an hour, the executioner went on adjusting, trimming, and setting her to rights. This caused a great murmur, and was a great cruelty. Next morning a search was made for her bones—the people believing that she was a saint. Of her two confessors, one insisted that she ought to avow everything, and the other not. She laughed at this diversity of opinion, and said: "You see I can, in conscience, do whichever pleases me." It has not pleased her to avow anything. Penantier, who was suspected, will come out whiter than snow. The public is not content. Think of the misfortune! This creature has refused to say one word of what is wanted, and has told what nobody was asking: for example, she said that M. F—— had sent Glasu, the poison-apothecary, into Italy, to seek for a certain herb, from which poison is made.

What a dreadful allegation; and what a pretext to ruin this unfortunate man! Much more is said, but this is enough for to-day.'

These few quotations must suffice; we should like to have doubled them; but were they multiplied a hundredfold, they would still form but an insignificant portion of the nine volumes of letters, the greater part of which are from her hand, and most of them as lively and natural as the specimens now given. The chief part of the correspondence is addressed to her daughter; but when living with her at Grignan, or when the daughter comes to her, still the nimble pen is never at rest. Constant letters then pass between her and Madame de la Fayette, M. de Coulanges, or any other of her friends who may happen to be at a distance; so that in all these years, we are pleasantly kept *au courant* of all the best Parisian news and gossip. With her keen and ardent feelings, she has always plenty of anxiety to undergo; often frets unreasonably at supposed ills that may have befallen the idolized daughter; even occasionally, though in a good-humored way, ventures to arraign Providence for "cross accidents," or for having decreed that they should live at a distance from each other; and says: "one must be mad to continue to love life," while loving it heartily all the time. But whether things are going well or ill with her, and whether at Paris, Livry, Brittany, or Provence, she has the same admirable animal spirits, the same clear, lively mind and social heart; is the delight and pride of her friends; ever deeply interested in all that concerns them, and equally ready to weep or to rejoice with them, with all the energy of her healthy, vigorous, and affectionate nature.

In her later years, she was occasionally afflicted with rheumatism, but she had a good constitution, and all her life enjoyed excellent health. It was probably owing to this blessing, that she preserved her good looks to a very late period. Bussy speaks of her as "fresh and fair" at forty-six years of age; Mademoiselle de Scudery, of her being "still handsome" at fifty-two; and her cousin, de Coulanges, often lovingly calls her "La Mère Beauté." She bore her declining years with patience and cheerfulness. Like all persons of lively imagination, she had moments of apprehension about the ravages that time must make; as when she writes to her daughter in her middle age: "For my part, I see the way time flies with horror, bringing in its train dreadful old age, infirmities, and last of all death; such must be

the reflections of a person of my age;" but she immediately adds: "Pray to God for me, my daughter, that he may enable me to draw the conclusion Christianity inculcates on us all." And when the fatal certainty that she had grown old is forced upon her—a contingency she had either forgotten, or, thanks to her green heart and still lively intellect, remembered in no painful sense—though for a moment she is thrown down, and, like Job, inclined to reason rather than submit, it is only for a moment. The passage to which we allude has been quoted against her. We give it, as characteristic of the perfectly natural flow of her ideas:—

"So you were struck, as I was, with Madame de la Fayette's expression, blended with so much kindness." [The expression was: "You are old now."] "Though I do not altogether forget this truth, yet I own I was startled by it, not feeling any infirmity that reminds me of my old age. I often reflect that the conditions of life are hard enough. It seems that we are dragged on against our will to the period when old age must be endured. I see it; I have come to it; and I would fain, if I could help it, not go any further—not advance a single step more on the road of pains, sorrows, losses of memory, and disfigurements; yet I hear a voice say: "You must go on in spite of yourself, or if you will not go on, you must die"—another extremity from which nature recoils. Such is the lot, however, of all who advance beyond middle life. What is their resource? To think of the will of God, and of the universal law, and so restore reason to its place, and be patient. Be you patient, also, my dear child, and do not let your affection soften into such tears as reason must condemn."

This was written in 1689, when she was in her sixty-third year. Seven years afterwards, and without experiencing any great increase of the natural infirmities, to which she seems here to look forward with some dread, she caught malignant small-pox—that terrible scourge of mankind in those times—and died at her daughter's house, the Château de Grignan, in 1696, at the age of seventy; surrounded by her descendants, and tenderly waited on and nursed by Mademoiselle de Marseillac, the daughter of Rochefort.

The beloved Madame de Grignan only survived her nine years. She is said to have died of a broken heart soon after the death of her only son, a handsome, brave, young officer, who is spoken of by his grandmother as "caring little for his books, but not on

that account the less kissed and caressed," whose destiny, she says, it is to be perfectly beloved, and who, rather to our surprise, we find studying good-breeding at the feet of Ninon de l'Enclos—a very doubtful advantage, which was thus enjoyed by no fewer than three generations of Madame de Sévigné's family: her husband, son, and grandson.

Besides Blanche Ademar, whose childhood was sweetly passed beside the loving grandmother, and who, as we before mentioned, became a nun, Madame de Grignan left only one child, that charming Pauline, of whom we hear so much that is interesting and pleasant in the latter years of Madame de Sévigné. She had something of her grandmother's looks and bright wit; but was more like her mother in gravity of disposition. She married Louis de Simiane, Marquis d'Esparron, who was in some way connected with the English family of the Hays; and some of the descendants of this marriage are still living, though we have long lost the dear names of Rabutin, Sévigné, and Grignan.

We rather agree with the Abbé Vauxelle in having no very great affection for "*la plus jolie fille de France*," Madame de Grignan. All honor to her beauty, wit, and surpassing talents; but the philosophic coldness with which she occasionally answers her mother's over-anxious affection, jars painfully on our feelings. No doubt, the mother's love was somewhat sinful and inordinate; she herself knew it; often felt compunction for the excess; prayed to be forgiven for her idolatry; and finding herself too weak to sacrifice it, was at least humble in the indulgence. But the daughter's haughty Cartesianism, and numerous and bitter dislikes, rather revolt us; and we cannot forget, that her mother's pen is never dipped in gall, except for her gratification. Madame de Sévigné was thoroughly sweet-blooded. Even when she best ridicules Mademoiselle de Plexis, and most reviles Madame de Marans, we feel that she is only ill-natured out of good-nature, and that there is not a spark of real malice in her heart. There was too much of love and of natural piety there to leave room for hatred. "For any sake," she says to her daughter on one occasion, "don't let us take the burden of a hatred upon our shoulders; 'tis a weary load." And so it would have been to her; but the daughter's less healthy nature required the bitter stimulant, and the tender mother was too indulgent always to withhold it.

There are many opinions among Madame de Sévigné's greatest admirers, as to what constituted the *main* secret of her great attraction. One places it in her perfect womanliness; another in her *abandon*; another in the largeness of her faculties, in her having "carried to the highest perfection all the ordinary talents proper to her sex;" and yet another, in the unconscious art with which she communicates her own ease, wit, and natural grace to those with whom she converses—a miraculous gift indeed, and one which, to use her own words, "ought one day to gain her a statue." Sir James Macintosh thinks that her great charm lay in her *natural virtue*; and certainly nobody so impulsive was ever so often in the right; for in her the clear intellect as constantly and intuitively directed the

heart, as the heart the intellect, and from such union and perfect accord must ever come the finest moral harmonies. And Mr. Hunt, last and best, pronounces it to lie in her *truth*; finely adding: "Truth, wit, and animal spirits, compose the secret of her delightfulness; but truth, above all, for it is that which shows all the rest to be true." But in whichever of these directions lay the cause, there is no doubt as to the effect—that she does charm us—that we heartily love her; better perhaps than her wit, better than her good sense, vivacity, and fine taste—better even than her virtue; and since it is so difficult to decide on what it is that so pleases and draws us to her, we must even be content to conclude, like the lover in the old song, that

"'Tis Cynthia altogether."

From Blackwood's Magazine for Feb.

## PALISSY THE POTTER.\*

FROM time to time we are startled by the resuscitation of the works of some author, whose name has long ceased to exist except in catalogues, and on whose works the gray dust of centuries has been allowed to accumulate. There exists a class of *littérateurs* whose occupation is precisely that of the seekers for buried treasures. Conscious that of themselves they are not able to create anything which can interest or attract the public mind, they are diligent in their endeavors to find out some previous creation or deposit which has hitherto evaded the researches of their brethren, but which, when scoured, burnished, and re-gilded, may be of value enough to excite, in our days, that attention which it could not command when new. Nor is this altogether so hopeless a field of enterprise as one might at first sight imagine. Diaries and autobiographies which assuredly would have received no favor if published before or immediately after the death of their compilers, become valuable after the lapse of a century or two. They afford some of the best contributions to history, by enabling us

accurately to understand the domestic manners of the times to which they refer; and the labor and cost which has been expended upon their reprint or late emergence from manuscript, by the various book-clubs throughout the kingdom, has been well recompensed by the superior facilities they have given to the labors of the modern historian. But, though a valuable manuscript may now and then be recovered, it is, we apprehend, a rarer circumstance to light upon an utterly neglected book, which, when reprinted, is found to be of such excellence or interest as to excite in the mind of the reader some surprise that it should so long have remained unknown, or that, at the very least, the name of the writer should not have been familiar to his ears. Many authors whose works are not looked at by one man out of ten thousand, are tolerably well known by name. They have found a niche in histories of literature, and the like; and it is understood that their writings form part of the cargo of the common vessel, though it may be they are far down among the ballast. Some survive simply in one quotation, and owe their immortality to an apothegm.

We are not ashamed to confess that, until the last week or so, we were entirely igno-

\* *The Life of Bernard Palissy of Saintes, &c.* By HENRY MORLEY. London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

rant of the history and writings of Bernard Palissy. The name—Palissy—was not altogether new to us ; for a respected friend of ours, whose taste lies in the direction of old china and articles of *vertu*, has repeatedly drawn our attention to certain animal vitrifications which he is fond of exhibiting as choice specimens of Palissy ware. We are, however, most thankful to say, that we never had a weakness for porcelain. Not even the touching persuasiveness of a Nisbet could ever induce us to hazard a bode for those mysterious plates which look like the products of the fabled Serendib. Bonzes and idols of all sorts, glazed or unglazed, are our aversion ; and—not being of the Medicean family—we long not for the possession of a vase. At the risk of offending our fair countrywomen, we must needs confess that we never could understand their diseased appetite for china. Of what conceivable use is one of those Lilliputian teapots, which could not contain the matter of an ordinary cup—or a razor-edged charger, which would certainly crack under the weight of an average slice of bread and butter ? Dresden shepherds with gold-spangled hose, or short-petticoated Enones of the same material, may suit the solitude of maiden mantelpieces in mansions where there are no children—for, at a certain period of life, the taste for artificial pastorals returns, and elderly virgins still find delight in the perusal of Sidney's *Arcadia*. But in no shape, save a utilitarian one, does china find favor in our eyes. We acknowledge the value of a plate fabricated in all good faith for the reception of turtle or venison ; but we deny its merit as an exposed drawing-room ornament. For what, in the name of famine, is the use of displaying a parcel of trenchers upon their edges, without even the apology for a banquet ? or what beauty is there in the porcelain imitation of a shell, which does not exist tenfold greater in the glowing and transparent original ? Nevertheless, we are not inclined to be dogmatical. These opinions of ours may be open to strong censure, and, if challenged, we shall not contest the point. They are, indeed, made principally for the purpose of excusing or palliating our own ignorance ; for, to say the truth, when our friend in question was descanting upon the merits of the ware of Palissy, we had no distinct idea whether he was referring to a man or to a locality. And we have a shrewd suspicion that, notwithstanding his knowledge of the fine arts, he would hardly have liked to have been precise upon such a point without any previous notice of the query.

Mr. Morley's book is not to be confounded with mere dilettanti performances. Had it been of that nature, however learned, we are afraid it would have escaped our notice. For in this age, when the arts are so advanced, it is almost loss of time to go back to the founders, and to dwell upon their discoveries, and immature researches, with minute accuracy and detail. We should all like to know how Raphael painted, and how Benvenuto worked in metal ; because modern genius has reared no rival to such masters : but we do not care so much for the history of inventors of minute branches of art, whose efforts have since been transcended. What would we not give for an authentic and minute account of Guttenberg, the father of printing, whose earliest work, the Mazarin Bible, has never yet, in point of typography, been surpassed ? But we can hardly be expected, however ungrateful it may appear, to take like interest in the efforts of the men who, by improvements on machinery, have enabled us to peruse at our breakfast tables the detailed proceedings of yesterday. That Palissy was a famous potter in his day, may be true ; but pottery existed long before Palissy. The art was practised among the Egyptians, Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans ; and the first specimen which excited his strong emulation was from the hand of a modern Italian artist. Therefore, as an inventor, at least in pottery, Palissy appears not. He may have learned the art for himself, but he learned nothing that was not known before. He may have struck out a new path—that is the case with every great artist—and made himself conspicuous, in his age, for a successful adaptation of his talents to its wants, requirements, or tastes, however absurd the latter might be. That would hardly justify his resuscitation now. But Mr. Morley—whom we hold to be no measure-seeker of the kind that we have indicated above—has come athwart a man who ought to be withdrawn from his posthumous obscurity, less, perhaps, on account of what he did in his limited and obstructed sphere, than from his close observation of nature, and marvellous inductive faculty. Take him at his own trade—that of the potter—and he is a wonder. Not wonderful in his results, but wonderful in his conquest of difficulties, under which the strongest man might have succumbed. We doubt, indeed, whether it is possible to cite any instance of more indomitable perseverance than is afforded by his whole history : certainly it is not from a Frenchman that we should have expected to receive so high a moral lesson.



Bernard Palissy was born of poor parents, somewhere in the Agenois, about the year 1510, when the twelfth Louis occupied the throne of France. He was bred a glass maker or stainer, and was thus the professor of a mystery, which Mr. Morley asserts to have been so far privileged that a nobleman might engage in it without disgrace. If so, it is to be regretted, for the sake of the nobility, that some more profitable occupation than this had not been assigned to them; for we are given to understand that the trade was a remarkably poor one, and that those who practised it chiefly compassed their livelihood by wandering from place to place repairing windows, very much as modern tinkers perambulate the country with the view of mending kettles. Our friend Mr. Borrow, in his *Lavengro*, gives rather a fascinating account of the latter kind of circuit; but, notwithstanding the independence of a cuddy-cart, we are decidedly of opinion that a fixed situation would be preferable. Palissy in due time seems to have entered upon this nomad method of life, and no doubt fell in occasionally with queer companions; though we demur to Mr. Morley's off-hand method of exhibiting him in contact with remarkable characters of the day, and detailing their conversations—a liberty for which he has not even the shadow of a warrant. Palissy, however, seems to have cared less for men than for nature, of whose open volume he was a most diligent student. He had no knowledge of Latin or Greek, but that was not a loss to him; for natural philosophy was a science which the ancients did not thoroughly cultivate; and mediæval learning was always bitterly opposed to new theories and to physical discoveries. Perhaps it was the antiquity of alchemy and astrology which enabled the professors of these two absurd branches of empirical art to maintain their ground. Even at a much later period, we know what befell Galileo for promulgating his theory of the universe. He might have calculated nativities to the end of his days without encountering opposition—but the instant that he lighted on a truth, he became a proper subject for martyrdom.

In place, however, of Latin and Greek, Palissy contrived to acquire a knowledge of designing and surveying—accomplishments which were more useful than a knowledge of the perished languages. Had Palissy been a scholar, in the common acceptance of the term, he would no doubt have launched into that sea of polemical controversy, which at that time raged over France, and done

stout battle for the cause of the Reformed religion. For this was the age of Calvin; and even in France, Protestantism had valiant champions. But the old weapons of the ecclesiastical armory were not yet laid aside; and it required scholarship to answer the arguments and instances of those who were resolved to resist innovation. So Palissy, though indignant in soul at the corruptions and abuses which had spread, like ulcerous sores, over the whole face of the church—and, for that matter, of the state too—did not attempt, by setting up for a reformer, to elevate himself above his humble sphere. He took unto himself a wife, settled in the little town of Saintes, or Xaintes, and began to provide, as he best could, for the wants of an increasing family.

Many spinsters entertain a secret grudge against St. Paul, on account of his indifferent and uncordial acquiescence in the propriety of matrimony. In the general case, we are clearly in favor of the matrimonial tie; nevertheless, we must express our opinion that there are some men of peculiar temperament who would act wisely in remaining single. Art is a jealous mistress, and makes most desperate efforts to recall her votaries from indulgence in even the purest of mundane affections. She considers every attention that is not lavished on herself misplaced; and the worst of it is, that she generally succeeds in converting the artist to that opinion. Seldom does it happen that the spiritual mistress and the fleshly wife are of one mind touching the avocations, and even the duties, of the unfortunate individual who has plighted his faith to both. The one points to a radiant pinnacle, and bids him neglect everything else in his efforts to attain it; the other, with more natural rhetoric, shows him her starving infants, and demands food, which must be won, through labor, at his hands. Genius is most commonly poor—and it is to the poor man that this most awful alternative is presented. “Either forego all chance of achieving fame, and devote yourself to providing for your family, or struggle forward, night and day, towards the object of your ambition, even though you should behold your children perishing with hunger.” A frightful alternative truly, but not so uncommon in its occurrence as the superficial observer might suppose.

But, like most artists, Palissy never thought of this until he found himself married, and a father; and he was not the kind of man to shrink from the performance of a duty. Besides this, he had not yet arrived

at the point when art makes a decided aim. There is a period, and usually a long one, during which a man, destined to be great, is occupied in collecting materials for what purpose he cannot tell. But the revelation is suddenly made, sometimes through the most trivial incident, and then he is aware of his destiny. So he went on surveying, painting, and designing, for a considerable time, no doubt perfectly happy and contented, though not rich; but the moment arrived when Art, jealous of his domestic felicity, sent him a token, in the shape of a cup, to signify that his hour was come. We shall borrow the narrative from himself—

“Learn that it is more than five and twenty years since there was shown to me an earthen cup, turned, and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time, I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt and that glass-painting was also little patronized, I began to think that, if I could discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing; and thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark. Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish color; for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others. Then, because I had never seen earth baked, nor could I tell by what degree of heat the said enamel should be melted, it was impossible for me to get any result in this way, though my chemicals should have been right; because at one time the mass might have been heated too much, at another time too little; and when the said materials were baked too little or burnt, I could not at all tell the reason why I met with no success, but would throw the blame on the materials, which sometimes, perhaps, were the right ones, or at least could have afforded me some hint for the accomplishment of my intentions, if I had been able to manage the fire in the way that my materials required. But again, in working thus, I committed a fault still grosser than that above named; for in putting my trial pieces in the furnace, I arranged them without consideration, so that if the

materials had been the best in the world, and the fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good result to follow. Thus, having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labor, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time.”

To this pursuit, so dreadfully unpromising, Palissy devoted the whole of his time for several years. Mr. Morley conjectures that the cup in question, which first stimulated his artistic invention, was brought from Italy, in which country Luca della Robbia, a Florentine sculptor, had practised the art of enamelling. Long, therefore, and circuitous, was the route which Palissy followed; but perhaps no nearer cut was possible. In those days the secrets of art were preserved with uncommon jealousy; indeed, Palissy himself argues against the propriety of divulging them on account of the consequent depreciation. And, as patents were then unknown, an inventor might well be excused if he kept his discoveries to himself. Even on the supposition that some knowledge of the ingredients of a good enamel could have been gained by inquiry and travel, poor Palissy had not the means of making such investigations. At Saintes he was doomed to remain, and to discover for himself every step of that process, which, if acquired, held out far higher prospects for the future than any which had previously dawned upon him; but the acquirement of which seemed at one time to be almost impossible. At length Palissy was brought to an absolute halt for want of means. As a father and a Christian, he was bound to look after his family; and with a sore heart he flung aside his potsherds, on which no speck of enamel had yet appeared, and betook himself to his old occupations.

A small government job in the way of surveying the neighboring salt marshes somewhat recruited his funds; but no sooner did he find himself in possession of ready money, than he returned to his experiments with an eagerness rather whetted than blunted by failure. Innumerable were the pots which he purchased, fractured, and baked—countless were the combinations which he made of salts, minerals, and metals; but neither in his own furnace, nor in those of the potters, could he succeed in producing even a trace of the enamel. He then tried the glass furnaces, which, being of greater heat, were better adapted for his purpose; and his first favorable omen was the partial melting of

some of his compounds, though as yet there was no enamel.

This slender encouragement—if encouragement it can be termed—induced Palissy to persevere for two years longer in a quest which, to third parties, must have appeared more visionary and chimerical than the endeavors of the alchemists to produce the philosopher's stone. And if, as the Potter hints in more than one passage of his writings, Madame Palissy did not encourage him in his researches, but on the contrary, opened against him those batteries of female argument before which the stoutest of mankind are wont to quail, we cannot at least accuse her of anything like intemperate impatience. Indeed, in her eyes science must have been identified with selfishness. Here was a man, with a large family, able to work, and capable of earning such wages as would at all events provide his household with suitable food and raiment—neglecting his business utterly, squandering what little money he had saved on fragments and similar trash, buying pots and breaking them with a recklessness terrible to behold, and passing whole nights among the glass-workers superintending the baking of his worthless chips, without having advanced, in ten long years, a single step towards the discovery! Madame Palissy was human. Could she look at her little children with their pinched countenances and naked feet—at her own tattered gown—at her wretched fire and miserable fare, without cursing in her heart, and oftentimes aloud, the infatuation of her obstinate spouse? We have not the slightest doubt that she would have judged him more leniently had he been addicted to drinking instead of science. And certain it is that it would have been more easy to reclaim a toper from a tavern than Palissy from that everlasting furnace.

A woman has a great deal in her power if she perseveres in badgering her husband; and Madame Palissy, by dint of unintermitting reproach, very nearly succeeded in carrying her point. One last effort the despairing artist made, and he resolved, if this should prove abortive, to abandon the search for ever. He prepared no less than three hundred trial-pieces, which he committed to the furnace, and sate himself down to wait the result. Not the unfledged author at the first appearance of his verses in the poetical corner of a newspaper—not the lawyer at the sight of his earliest brief with a fee marked upon it—not a Whig official at the advent of quarter-day—can experience a

spasm of more unmitigated joy than thrilled the frame of Palissy when he perceived that one out of his three hundred pieces, when withdrawn from the furnace, was covered with that very enamel which he had toiled so long to discover! We doubt whether his wife entirely shared in his transports. She might, perhaps, be slow to understand the enormous merits of this discovery, which did not seem to justify or afford the means for any more generous adjustment of the household economy. Indeed, like the spouse of the Scottish mathematician who had succeeded, after the labor of months, in solving the knottiest of problems, she was surely entitled to put the question—"Weel; now that you've grappit the kittle thing, what's the worth o't in punds Scots?" History does not record the mathematician's answer; nor does Palissy say a word about the exultation of Madame.

What followed was still more disastrous. Writing years afterwards, Palissy admits that he was "a great ass;" and there can be no doubt that, after his discovery, he committed more blunders than before. For, in the first place, he set about making earthen vessels, an art to which he had served no apprenticeship, and of which he did not understand the rudiments—viz., the composition or combination of earthen suited for that purpose. This cost him some seven or eight months; and then he set about erecting a furnace for himself, on the model of that belonging to the glass-workers. Heaven only knows how the unhappy family fared all this time! An ingenious modern writer has attempted to depict the sorrows of Mrs. Milton; if she wishes for a subject affording scope for more development of passion, we recommend her to try her hand on an autobiography of Madame Palissy. Here he is at his furnace:—

"I began to erect for myself a furnace like that of the glass-workers, which I built with more labor than I can tell; for it was requisite that I should be the mason to myself, that I should temper my own mortar, that I should draw the water with which it was tempered; also it was requisite that I should go myself to seek the bricks and carry them upon my back, because I had no means to pay a single man for aid in this affair. I succeeded with my pots in the first baking; but when it came to the second baking, I endured suffering and labor such as no man would believe. For instead of reposing after my past toil, I was obliged to work for the space of more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials of which I had made that beautiful enamel at the glass-furnace; and when I had ground them, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made; this done, I put the fire into my furnace by two mouths, and I took care

done at the glass-houses ; I also put my vessels into the furnace to bake and melt the enamel which I had spread over them. But it was an unhappy thing for me ; for though I spent six days and six nights before the said furnace, feeding it with wood incessantly through its two mouths, it was not possible to make the said enamel melt, and I was like a man in desperation. And, although quite stupefied with labor, I counselled to myself, that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt ; and, seeing this, I began once more to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool. In this way I had double labor—to pound, grind, and maintain the fire. When I had thus compounded my enamel, I was forced to go again and purchase pots, in order to prove the said compound, seeing that I had lost all the vessels which I had made myself. And having covered the new pieces with the said enamel, I put them into the furnace, keeping the fire still at its height ; but thereupon occurred to me a new misfortune, which caused great mortification ; namely, that the wood having failed me, I was forced to burn the palings which maintained the boundaries of my garden ; which being burnt also, *I was forced to burn the tables and the flooring of my house*, to cause the melting of the second composition. I suffered an anguish I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace : it was more than a month since my shirt had been dry upon me. Further to console me, I was the object of mockery ; *and even those from whom solace was due* ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors ! And in this way my credit was taken from me, and I was regarded as a madman.”

Stay, lady fair ! From that unusual frown upon your sweet forehead, we conjecture that you highly disapprove of the conduct of Madame Palissy. You say that it was extremely improper in her to reveal the conduct of her husband to the neighbors ? Let us see. You have been six months married—indeed ! actually nine ?—to the husband of your choice ; and you are now comfortably settled in a small house, attempting to make ends meet, upon an income of five hundred a-year. Now, let us suppose that your husband (who is a most excellent fellow, but, fortunately for you, anything but a conjuror) had, a week or two after you were located in your new dwelling-house, deserted the drawing-room for the laundry, caused an enormous fire to be lighted therein, and spent unheard-of sums in the purchase of quicksilver, antimony, platinum, palladium, tellurium, bismuth, borax, and all manner of drugs and minerals. Suppose that, when you received the monthly butcher's bill, you had to descend, not to the study, where your better half ought to be, cooperating a condescendence, or elaborating pleas in law, but to a lower depth

still, where you found him begrimed like Vulcan, puffing at bellows, very dirty, and altogether unfit for the reception of visitors—would you not be inclined slightly to remonstrate against this very unbecoming and altogether incomprehensible conduct ? And if, in answer to your inquiry for the means of liquidating the account, he were to point to the furnace, and to assure you that at least three months' income had vanished up the chimney, would you, or would you not, feel rather incensed at the avowal ? Now, let us go a little further. Suppose your credit with the butcher, as also with the baker (not to mention the suspicious individuals whose groceries and beer you intended to consume), was at an end, and that they quietly hinted at the system of *argent comptant*. Suppose, in short, Jemima !—for these things should be distinctly realized—that you had neither cash nor credit, and that your spouse persisted obstinately in remaining in the laundry for some purpose which you could not fathom—do you really mean to say that you would submit to such treatment ? Your fine feminine spirit revolts at the idea. But that is not all. Suppose that your coal-merchant had declined to serve you any longer, and that, in the absence of fuel, your helpmate had calmly come up to the dining-room, armed with a hatchet, and proceeded to split up the mahogany tables for the service of his infernal furnace—that he had made a deliberate attack upon the flooring, and even hewn at the balustrades—nay, dared to invade your boudoir and lay a sacrilegious hand upon your ottomans and what-nots—would you, with all your feelings of affection for him, have endured such an outrage ? Not you. You would have favored him with your opinion in language more vehement than endearing ; and, if the monster still persisted in his demolition of the household gods, you would have rushed forth, and communicated the story of your wrongs to all of your friends and neighbors. No doubt you would have been justified in doing so. In the situation we have supposed, it would be your bounden duty ; and, though we love Palissy, we cannot acquiesce in his indirect censures or inuendoes against his wife, whose patience, faith, and endurance he had evidently tried far beyond the legitimate limit.

After more trials and experiments than it is necessary for us to specify—after having sold the very clothes off his back to pay the wages of an assistant—after having, with his own hands, which were cruelly lacerated in



the operation, taken down the half-vitrified furnace, and built another—he did at last hit upon the proper proportions of the enamel:—

“When the said colors were ground, I covered all my vessels and medallions with the said enamel; then, having put and arranged them all within the furnace, I began to make the fire, thinking to draw out of my furnace three or four hundred livres, and continued the said fire until I had some sign and hope of my enamels being melted, and of my furnace being in good order; the next day, when I came to draw out my work, having previously removed the fire, my sorrows and distresses were so abundantly augmented, that I lost all countenance; for, though my enamels were good, and my work was good, two accidents had happened to the furnace which had spoilt all; and that you may be cautious against them, I will tell you what they were. It was because the mortar, of which I had built my furnace, had been full of flints, which, feeling the vehemence of the fire (at the same time that my enamels had begun to liquify), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the said furnace. Then, because the splinters of these flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquified and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints, and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which, except for that, would have been beautiful. So, knowing that my furnace was tolerably warm, I let it cool until the next day; then I was more concerned than I can tell you, and not without cause, for my furnace cost me more than twenty-six gold dollars; I had borrowed the wood and the chemicals, and so had borrowed part of my hope of food in making the said work. I had held my creditors in hope that they would be paid out of the money which would proceed from the pieces made in the said furnace; which was the reason why several began to hasten to me after the morning when I was to commence the drawing of my batch. Yet by this time my sorrows were redoubled; inasmuch as, in drawing the said work, I received nothing but shame and confusion; for my pieces were all bestrewn with little morsels of flint, that were attached so firmly to each vessel, and so combined with the enamel, that when one passed the hand over it, the said flints cut like razors; and although the work was in this way lost, there were still some who would buy it at a mean price; but, BECAUSE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A DECRYING AND ABUSING OF MY HONOR, I broke in pieces the entire batch from the said furnace, and lay down in melancholy—not without cause, for I had no longer any means to feed my family; I had nothing but reproaches in the house; in place of consolation they gave me maledictions; my neighbors, who had heard this affair, said that I was nothing but a fool, and that I might have had more than eight francs for the things that I had broken; and all this talk was brought to mingle with my grief.”

There spoke the true artist!—and to that

passage we beg to refer any of our readers who may have felt inclined to dissent from our views touching artistical matrimony. Was Palissey right in smashing the imperfect vessels, or was his helpmate right in abusing him for so doing? Try the cause by a jury of artists, and you will have a unanimous verdict in favor of the husband; try it by a jury of matrons, and, our life on it, they will find in favor of the wife!

Having brought Palissey so near the attainment of his object, it would be cruel to dwell upon the remaining disappointments he was doomed to suffer. His long struggle endured for the space of sixteen years.

“I blundered,” says he, “for the space of fifteen or sixteen years. When I had learnt to guard against one danger, there came another, about which I had not thought. During this time I made several furnaces, which caused me great losses before I understood the way to heat them equally. At last, I found means to make several vessels of different enamels, intermixed in the manner of jasper. That fed me for several years; but, while feeding upon these things, I sought always to work onward with expenses and disbursements—as you know that I am doing still. When I had discovered how to make my Rustic Pieces, I was in greater trouble and vexation than before; for having made a certain number of rustic basins, and having put them to bake, my enamels turned out, some beautiful and well-melted, others ill-melted; others were burnt, because they were composed of different materials that were fusible in different degrees; the green of the lizards was burnt before the color of the serpents was melted; and the color of the serpents, lobsters, tortoises, and crabs was melted before the white had attained any beauty. All these defects caused me such labor and heaviness of spirit, that before I could render my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat, I thought I should be at the door of my sepulchre.”

As the frank admission of previous ignorance which we have made towards the outset of this article, may possibly, in the eyes of some who are not acquainted with the mysteries of reviewing, be regarded as a disqualification against our assuming the explanatory functions of a virtuoso, we shall ask Mr. Morley to enlighten us on the nature of the Palissey ware.

“A stranger to the kind of ware produced by Palissey may fairly wonder what he means by his mysterious allusions to the green of the lizards, the color of the serpents, the enamelled lobsters, tortoises, and crabs. The pottery made by Bernard Palissey, of which under the name of Palissey ware, exquisite specimens are still existing, was of a kind extremely characteristic of its maker. He wished to make beautiful things, but he was a naturalist, and his sense of beauty was his sense of nature. To reproduce upon his ware the

bright colors and elegant forms of plants and animals over which he had hung so often with his pencil in the woods and fields—combining his qualities of naturalist and potter—he founded his reputation on the manufacture of what he called Rustic Pieces. The title which he took for himself was that of Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines (small modellings), *Ouvrier de Terre et Inventeur des Rustiques Figulines*. These rustic figures were, in fact, accurate models from life of wild animals, reptiles, plants, and other works of nature, tastefully combined as ornaments into the texture of a vase or plate. The rich fancy of Palissy covered his works with most elaborate adornment; but his leaves, and reptiles, and other 'rustic' designs, are so copied in form and color with the minute accuracy of a naturalist, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the works of Palissy, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, fields, rivers, and seas of France."

Presently we find the works of this ingenious and most persevering artist in much request among the great; and himself intrusted, by the Constable Montmorenci, with the decoration of the Château d'Ecouen. Here, among other things, he applied himself to the construction of enamelled tiles, carefully painted with Scriptural subjects, for the pavement for the galleries and chapel. We are told that these were so well contrived, that they gave to the whole pavement a rich effect of beauty that cannot be equalled by the best of Turkey carpets. Then he erected grottoes, an occupation for which he had a peculiar fancy, set up fountains, and indulged himself to the utmost in the development of his successful art.

This was probably the happiest period of Palissy's life. But the times were very troublous. France was then torn asunder by rival factions contending for the mastery. Charles IX., a mere boy, possessed nothing more than the emblems of authority; and a large section of the nobility took up arms against the supremacy of the House of Guise. Then followed war, siege, rapine, and massacre. Ostensibly it was a quarrel between Catholics and Huguenots—in reality, it was a social crisis. The triumphs of either party were stained with atrocities not less heinous than those which marked the great Revolution of last century; and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, though it may be regarded as the crowning act, was by no means the only outrage perpetrated in those tremendous times. Palissy, as we have seen, was a reformer, and it never was his custom to conceal his opinions. He had been the

means of establishing a reformed congregation in Saintes among whom an active and beloved pastor diligently labored. But this was heresy; and when the Catholics got the upper hand, they took a wholesale method of extirpating it.

"The fruit of our little church had so well prospered, that they had constrained the wicked to become good; nevertheless their hypocrisy has been since then amply made manifest and known; for, when they had license to do evil, they have shown outwardly what they kept hidden in their wretched breasts. They have done deeds so wretched that I have horror in the mere remembrance, at the time when they rose to disperse, engulf, ruin, and destroy those of the Reformed Church. To avoid their horrible and execrable tyrannies, I withdrew myself into the secret recesses of my house, that I might not behold the murders, cursings, and indecent deeds which were done in our rural glades; and, being thus withdrawn into my house for the space of two months, I had warning that hell was loose, and that all the spirits of the devils had come into the town of Xaintes; for where I had heard a little while before, psalms, canticles, and all honest words of edification and of good example, I heard only blasphemies, blows, menaces, tumults, all miserable words, dissoluteness, lewd and detestable songs, in such wise that it seemed to me as if all virtue and holiness on earth had been smothered and extinguished; for there issued certain imposters out of the Chateau of Taillebourg, who did more ill than the demons of antiquity. They, entering the town, accompanied by certain priests, with naked sword in hand, cried, 'Where are they?' They must cut throats immediately; and so they did to those who walked abroad, well knowing that there was no resistance; for those of the Reformed Church had all disappeared."

The vengeance of the dominant party fell upon those who had indulged merely in freedom of speech; and Palissy was arrested and hurried to a dungeon at Bordeaux.

His art, however, saved him from the gallows. Had there been twelve of his calling and capacity in France, he certainly would have perished as a heretic; but the great could not afford to lose the sole man of his time who was cunning in gimcracks, and able to decorate their mansions. The Sires de Pons and de Burie, and the Seigneur de Jarnac—men of weight, power, and estimation—interceded for him; and Montmorenci—who seems really to have felt a sincere regard for the honest potter—made such interest with the queen-mother, that Palissy not only regained his liberty, but was appointed Inventor of Rustic Figulines to his Majesty of France! Two years afterwards he removed to Paris, where we find him engaged as decorator of the gardens to Cathe-

rine of Medicis, who was founding the palace of the Tuileries. In the precincts of the rising building he established his workshop, and was thereafter familiarly known by the name of Master Bernard of the Tuileries.

The shadow of the palace protected him during the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, which took place in 1572—not in 1562, as Mr. Morley, by an evident slip of the pen, has written—and the hand of persecution was again diverted from his head. He now appears in the character of a naturalist; and, certainly, no one can peruse his treatises without being filled with astonishment at the marvellous sagacity which they display. They are greatly beyond the acquirements of the age in which he lived; and even now, when science has advanced so far, they may be read with profit and instruction. With nothing to assist him beyond acute observation, Palissy had mastered the true theory of springs, the process of crystallisation, and some of the most intricate problems of geology. Liebig himself could not have written more soundly on the use of manures in agriculture; and, doubtless, Mr. Huxtable will be surprised to learn that his idea of a tank for imprisoning the fugitive nymph Ammonia was anticipated by Bernard Palissy, who gives distinct rules for its construction. As regards forests, he was of the opinion of the Laird of Dumbiedykes, that the planting of trees by the proprietors “would be a public good, and a revenue that would grow while they were sleeping;” and he bitterly denounces the extravagance of the men who caused the demolition of noble forests for the supply of their wicked vices, without giving a thought to posterity.

Upon all subjects—from the laying out of a delectable garden, with many grottoes of his beautiful ware, to a construction of an impregnable city of refuge, an idea which was suggested to him by the formation of a shell—we find Palissy alike ingenious and instructive. The neglect with which the public seems to have received his suggestions, gave him no manner of annoyance. He was not one of those who lose heart for lack of an audience; for he knew the soundness of every word which he uttered, and had faith in the coming time. Therefore it is that we wish to do him honor now, as a wise, brave, and good man, whose memory we are bound to cherish.

It is lamentable to know that a man of so blameless a life, and endowed with so many gifts, became, even in his old age, the victim

of inveterate persecution. The ninth Charles, with the guilt of Protestant blood upon his soul, had been summoned to render his account before the Divine Tribunal; and yet no one could venture to say that his successor was a better prince. We turn with loathing from the lewd annals of the court of Louis XV.; those of the time of Henry III. are, if possible, still more revolting. To a sated voluptuary, persecution becomes a positive delight; and in the person of Henry were concentrated the worst appetites of his race. In the year 1585 the exercise of the reformed worship was prohibited.

“Palissy,” says Mr. Morley, “was then an old man of seventy-six, still teaching philosophy, an still superintending his workshop in the abandoned palace of the Tuileries. In his lectures and in his book, Bernard abstained from all allusion to the struggles of the times. He preserved his religion pure, but turning from the horrors of the civil strife, in which Scripture texts were written upon flags, and psalms sung to the roll of drum, he abstained wholly from religious controversy. He was known, however, as a Huguenot, and no royal ordinance could alter his conviction, or drive the sturdy Potter in alarm out of the way that he had chosen as the way of truth. It was said, therefore, of the old man, ‘he regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed,’ and Palissy was sent to the Bastille.”

Poor old man! They might as well have taken his life at once; for the book of nature, on which he loved to look, could not be read within the dreary walls of the dungeon. But a virtuous life is its own reward; and there can be no doubt that Palissy, even in his confinement, felt more real happiness than the royal hypocrite in the midst of his guilty pleasures. Nor was he altogether without companionship, for we are told that “after a time, two fair girls, daughters of Jacques Foucaud, attorney to the Parliament, condemned like Bernard for their firm religious faith, shared with the Potter his captivity. The old man and the girls sustained each other, and awaited death together.”

A conclave of the more violent Catholics, supporters of the Duke of Guise, called “the Sixteen,” was at this time paramount in Paris. The following extract speaks for itself: it is impossible to peruse it without emotion:—

“For the death of unsentenced Reformers the Sixteen were clamorous; one of them, Mathieu de Launay, who had at one time been a minister in the Reformed Church, solicited especially the public execution, already too long deferred, of the old Potter. This happened in the year 1588, when Palissy was seventy-nine years old, and the

age of King Henry III. was thirty-seven. The king, starched, frilled, and curled, according to his own fantastic custom, frequently visited the prisons, and felt interest in the old man, whom he regarded as an ancient servant of his mother. Finding that his age would not protect him from the stake, the king one day held with the Potter this discourse, which has been preserved for us in a contemporary record.

"My good man," said the king, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people that I have been compelled in spite of myself to imprison these poor women and you; they are to be burned to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "the Count de Maulevrier came yesterday, on your part, promising life to these two sisters, if they would each give you a night. They replied that they would now be martyrs for their own honor, as well as for the honor of God. You have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a Potter to bow down to images of clay."

"The girls were burnt a few months afterwards, in June, 1588. The news of the death reaching the Huguenot camp, Monsieur du Plessis said to the King of Navarre, shortly to be King Henry IV. of France: 'Courage, sire! since even our girls can face death for the Gospel!'"

And in the following year, Palissy died in the Bastille.

To Mr. Morley we feel greatly indebted for making us acquainted with this worthy of the olden time. But we must be allowed a word or two of criticism. His evident anxiety to do justice to his subject, has led him into an error which we could wish to see amended. Great part of the first volume is a romance, and not a biography—characters are introduced without any actual warrant, and conversations which never took place are detailed. It is quite true that he inserts saving-clauses such as these:—"So might Montluc have spoken in the year 1528," and—"Let us suppose that Palissy was a day's journey from Paris, on the 11th of February, 1535, being then about twenty-five years old;" but their introduction, in reality, spoils the effect which they are intended to produce. The romancer ought to be the last man to cast discredit on his own tale—the biographer must not be a romancer, else half his credit is gone. The sole effect of these imaginary conversations is to make us

doubt the authenticity of the genuine portion of the book; and, now that we have got Palissy, we love him so much that we cannot afford to lose him. We are even afraid that we shall become fanatical on the subject of Palissy ware, and fall a victim to Nisbet, on account of our regard for the Potter. Again, there are by far too many digressions in this book. Surely it was not necessary, because Palissy had surveyed the salt-marshes of Saintonge, to give us an account of salt-making, and a history of the gabelle. We acknowledge the value of the information, but it is out of place, and detracts from the interest of the narrative. Poets are well aware that episodes are very dangerous, as marring the unity of the design; and Homer, the prince of story-tellers, very rarely indulges in such discursions. Mr. Morley, on the contrary, is as episodic as Ariosto. In this book of his, we have separate sketches—and not sketches either, for they are elaborately done—of Calvin and of Paracelsus—the Reformer and the Quack—which carry us away altogether from Palissy, who ought to be his sole Achilles. Then, there are long extracts from works which possibly Palissy might have written, but of the authorship of which there is no shadow of proof; and thus Mr. Morley really damages himself, without in the least advancing the reputation of his favorite hero. In short, the book is too much spun out. It will stand great curtailment; and, if reduced from two volumes to one, by dint of judicious excision, it will form a work which we should be glad to see in every library.

And for this reason—that never was the nobility of labor more worthily—we may say more splendidly—displayed than in the case of Palissy. He worked for the great men of this world in their generation, but he kept his soul untarnished by their vices. He brought to them, in the unwholesome atmosphere of their homes, lessons which he had gathered under the influence of the all-seeing sun; and who can say what influence, in a corrupted time, one touch of nature may not produce? As an artist and a philosopher he stands almost in isolation. But he was far more than that. He was a Christian of the temper of the early martyrs—not a reviler of others, nor a high-flying eccentric mystagogue—but a man who tested the practice of the Church by the doctrines which it professed to promulgate, but could not change; and who would not, even for the sake of life, refuse his testimony to what he knew to be the truth. There are,



in ecclesiastical history, many names, far more conspicuous hitherto than that of Bernard Palissy; but we doubt much—for strong temptations were in his way—whether any one of them is entitled to be ranked

higher than "Master Bernard of the Tuilleries," who gave up the ghost at the age of eighty; and of whom it is not irreverent to say, that he both endured the pang, and won the palm of the martyr.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER.

THE readers of Mr. Derwent Coleridge's memoir of his brother Hartley, found in the following passage something to "give them pause," and set them speculating on the possible subject of it: "I have myself known a man . . . of the very largest natural capacity, whose whole moral and intellectual nature had been dwarfed and distorted by the treatment which he had met with at school. His genius, which it was impossible to quench, kept smouldering on, till life and it went out together." We know how poor Hartley's school-experiences embittered his thoughts—how he suffered from an "instinctive horror of big boys—perhaps derived from the persecution which I suffered from them when a little one—" a horror so stern and predominant that we find him declaring, of the aforesaid "big boys," "They are always at me in my dreams—hooting, pelting, spitting at me—oppressing me with indescribable terrors." His physical peculiarities disqualified him for sharing in the commonest sports of boyhood, so that little sympathy could he have with Cowper's lines:

We love the play-place of our early days;  
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone  
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.  
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,  
The very name we carv'd subsisting still;  
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,  
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd;

The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,  
Playing our games, and on the very spot;  
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw  
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;  
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,  
Or drive it devious with a dextrous pat"—

to say nothing of the big boy's profligate  
— skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,

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In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays,\*  
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,  
How he was flogged, or had the luck t' escape;  
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold  
Watch, seals, and all.†

The parallel, or analogous instance, alluded to by Mr. Derwent Coleridge, turns out to be that interesting and ill-starred scholar, the late William Sidney Walker, of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose poetical remains have recently been edited, with a touching memoir prefixed, by his friend and fellow poet, the Rev. J. Moultrie, or Rugby.‡ Like Hartley Coleridge, he belongs to the category of "foiled potentialities." Physically and intellectually, there was much in common between them. As, at school, Hartley paid "the usual penalty of helpless oddity;" so, in the Etonian career of Walker, "his defective eyesight, the awkwardness and oddity of his manners, his extreme slovenliness in dress and person, were peculiarities such as are certain to incur ridicule, and the last of which provokes inevitable persecution at the hands of the schoolboys." But he was not a speechless martyr, nor an unprotesting sufferer; for a sarcastic humor, and a dogged temper, and an even aggressive war of words, distinguished him among his fellows, and provoked on their part a system of chronic persecution, which otherwise might have taken the form of acute but fitful and intermittent bullying. Nevertheless, his present biographer declines to ratify Mr. Coleridge's

\* Hartley had, however, a passion for spouting, which, he says, "had I not been conscious of a diminutive and ungainly exterior, might have tempted me to try my fortune on the boards."

† *Tirocinium*; or, a Review of Schools.

‡ The Poetical Remains of William Sidney Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. J. Moultrie, M.A. John W. Parker. 1852.

view of the radical damage wrought on Walker's whole being by this unrelenting persecution, and doubts whether he sustained lasting injury, either morally or intellectually, from the annoyances in question, which do not appear ever to have penetrated much more than skin deep. "Certainly, they neither crushed his spirit, nor materially, if at all, retarded or distorted the development of his genius." And so far from entertaining, like Hartley, a distressing revulsion from the remembered associations of his school-days, he ever looked back upon them with a fondness not to be marred by their darker shadows, and numbered Eton among his "Goshen spots; aye, bright with spiritual sunshine," and furnishing only pleasant imagery to his dreams, and sweet music to his voices of the night.

Born at Pembroke, in 1795, William Sidney Walker (so named after his god-father, Sir W. Sidney Smith,) too soon and too prominently became notable as a precocious child. At eighteen months repeating *ore rotundo*, a host of nursery rhymes; at two years giving a semi-public reading of the history of England at Liverpool; at five, a veteran adept at history in general; at six, applying to his tailor for the exegesis of a hard line in Milton, and, on being assured by the perplexed *sartor* that he knew nothing about such things, making rejoinder, "I am so sorry you do not know about such books, they would make you so happy." Henceforth the petticoated moralist must have cordially acquiesced in the philosophy of Queen Elizabeth's greeting, as the legend goes, to a deputation of eighteen tailors: "Good morning to you, gentlemen *both!*" But seriously, these premature fruits of the child's inner life have only too evident a relation to the apples of Sodom; and could he have then shared in his tailor's serene opacity of vision in matters critical, he might have turned out a more robust and healthy and effective thinker. At ten years old, Sidney goes about with exuberantly stuffed pockets, which attract attention by their unseemly plethora, and are found to contain "many translations of the odes of Anacreon, and very ably done." In a few months he sets to work at an epic poem, and his nerves have a grand crash. Anon we find him at Eton, carrying off prizes and scholarships, more than are good for his constitution. Dr. Keate has to invent a new class of "impositions," with a special reference to this lad, who knows every line of Homer by rote; and Sir James Mackintosh, ironically proposing

the "Court Guide" as a subject for Greek verse, is taken at his word, and a page of the work is presented in unexceptionable iambs for immediate inspection.\* At seventeen, he publishes by subscription the first four books of his epic, "Gustavus Vasa," with select translations from Homer and Klopstock. Next year he is figuring away at Trinity College, Cambridge, deep in the classics, in Byron, in reviewing for the *Quarterly*, and in penning *vers de société*, odes, epigrams, and what not. Here, too, he becomes recognized as a "Sim," as the adherents of the late Mr. Simeon are called at Granta. But notwithstanding the influence of Mr. Simeon, and eke of Mr. Wilberforce, and of other members of what Sir James Stephen styles the Clapham Sect, poor Sidney is not long in becoming a confirmed and *prononcé* skeptic.

Of this hereafter. Meantime, the slender narrative of his subsequent life-history claims our notice. In 1819 he took his B.A. degree—narrowly escaping plucking, from his mathematical deficiencies; although soon after vindicating his scholarship, as a ripe and good classic, by the brilliant *éclat* which marked his triumphant competition for a Fellowship at Trinity. That Fellowship he resigned, when compelled to "elect" between resignation and clerical ordination. While he held it, his unbusiness-like habits seem to have made it of little benefit to him, and his yearnings after married life only rendered his collegiate seclusion a kind of *dignitas sine otio*: deep and reverential was his sentiment towards womankind; but how to evince it, how to turn it to account, was past finding out; for his "diminutive stature—his very perceptible defects of vision—his awkward gait—his uncouth address—his eccentric manners, conveying, to those who knew him not, the impression of insanity or idiocy—his slovenly dress—his neglected person—presented to the female eye a *tout ensemble*, to overcome the effect of which,

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\* Even had young Sidney no other offensive characteristics, *this* was amply sufficient to make him an object of profound disgust to the general run of schoolboys. We remember how odious to *our* class was the very name of the English opium-eater, because our Pædagogus was constantly quoting him as one who could, ere he had nearly reached *our* age, translate the newspapers into Greek as he went along: it even became a source of savage regret to us that Mr. de Quincey had not gone a little farther and fared a good deal worse in his laudanum doses. It was a moot point that we should tell him as much, with our compliments, in a round robin.

required an appreciation of moral and intellectual excellence rarely found, except in the highest order of female minds." And even his intellectual gifts were disadvantageously exhibited, or rather concealed; he had no conversation whatever—his gestures were awkward and uneasy—his tones hesitating and tedious. "Incapable of choosing a profession, or of engaging in any regular and systematic course of study, he frittered away and exhausted his noble powers, for years together, in employments utterly unworthy of them; in minute verbal criticism for obscure periodicals; in occasional essays, for the most part on trifling subjects; in burlesque imitations of, and parodies upon, Greek, Latin, and English authors." A tutor of his college predicted that he would live all his life a bookseller's drudge, and at last be run over and killed by a hackney-coach, while passing from one shop to another. Among his more important occupations were his superintendence of the progress of Milton's "*De Cultu Dei*" through the University press, his editorship of Knight's "*Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*," and his notes on Shakspeare, still in MS., which are very copious, and for the publication of which, under the care of Mr. W. N. Lettsom, many eager expectants are on the alert. Mr. Moultrie tells us that a very large mass of Walker's miscellaneous criticism is still waiting for an editor, and goes so far as to intimate that his friends are justified in anticipating in his behalf, the eventual reputation of a Hermann or a Porson in English literature. When the time came for him to resign his Fellowship, on conscientious scruples, a dreary lot remained; his pen was his only bread-winner, and its swiftest, strongest service realized but a hard crust. Mental derangement crippled his powers. His high-hearted friend, W. Mackworth Praed, generously and most delicately redeemed him from utter destitution. His days were now passed chiefly in London, in squalid lodgings; though at intervals he revisited Cambridge, Eton, Rugby, and other abodes of his past friendships and present friends. His tormenting consciousness of his physical peculiarities kept him within doors for weeks together, and hallucinations of painful intensity and variety preyed on his every-day life. Like Socrates, he had his demon, but one of more baleful presence. A distressing bodily malady attacked him, and, being neglected, made irreparable inroads on his constitution. His days grew darker and darker unto the perfect night.

Just before the last scene of all, a brief though right pleasant solace cheered him, in the shape of a handsome pecuniary donation, designed for him by a Mr. Crawshay. This was in 1846. But before the whole of the proposed change in his circumstances could be effected—a principal feature in which was his removal to the house of his benefactor—William Sidney Walker was, as we say, no more. As his life, so his death was that of one disquieted and unresting—of one tossed with tempests, and not comforted. For he wasted away, and died in the dank cell of Doubting Castle, if not by the club of Giant Despair himself.

Skepticism was in many respects the bane of his existence—the head and front of his offending. And in him we have one more instance of the possibility, by many still doubted, if not denied, of the co-existence of a strong skeptical tendency with whatsoever is lovely and of good report in the moral life—with purity of heart, and even a pervading presence of devout religious principle. His biographer, a man of undisputed orthodoxy, observes that Walker, "like some of the most distinguished heresiarchs of the present day, combined with a highly sensitive conscience, and with deep and pure religious affections, a morbidly skeptical understanding." Whatever laxity of creed may have been his, it produced "no external change of conduct." His morals as a free-thinker were not in any wise those of a free-liver. "Never was skepticism more involuntary," and never, we are assured, would a cordial conviction of the orthodox system have been more gratefully welcomed than by this outcast from its pale. Saith Sir Thomas Browne, "There are, as in philosophy so in divinity, sturdy doubts, and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these hath no man known than myself. . . . It is impossible that, either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehensions there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies: myself could show a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing; not fantastic queries or objections of air; for I cannot hear of atoms in divinity."\* To some minds this array of antinomies presents a far more imposing and hostile front than to others; the catalogue of doubts is stereotyped

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\* "*Religio Medici*," § xix, xxi.

in their book of life; and this in spite of an incessant longing for riddance of the negative, and for full assurance of the positive. John Stirling and William Sidney Walker are types of this class. It has been observed\* that there are many, especially men whose business makes them much conversant with the world, to whose minds a skepticism like that of Voltaire is not only a natural element, but one in which they feel contented, and out of which they seek not for escape. Not to this order belong the skeptics of whom we speak—far less to the coarse scoffing ribalds of militant infidelity, the unclean spirits of aggressive materialism. Nor ought they to be confounded with such, as they sometimes are. Charles Lamb remarked that the impediments and the facilitations to a sound belief are various and inscrutable as the heart of man; some believe upon weak principles, others cannot feel the efficacy of the strongest. How does Tennyson meet the sweeping assumption that doubt is devil-born? "I know not," he replies—

"I know not: one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true.

"Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds."†

A thoughtful writer has said, that while there is a temper of mind inventive of doubts, the cleverness in which it originates being as dexterity of finger without wisdom of heart, there is on the other hand a skepticism arising inevitably in a life of right endeavor and desire, and that *this* is one of the best moral indications, though to pass through it be one of the most painful and moral processes.‡ It is Mr. Moultrie's own remark, that a mind so subtle and speculative as Walker's could hardly by possibility avoid, during the course of its development, the passage through a fiery trial of doubt or unbelief; "few, probably, of his most intellectual contemporaries at Cambridge—very few certainly of the academical generation immediately succeeding him—escaped altogether from the same ordeal." The reasonings of some of these dubitators were such as Wordsworth describes:

Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,  
Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,  
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day  
Her titles and her honors. . .

\* *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1850.

† "In Memoriam."

‡ Lynch's "Theophilus Trial."

... till, demanding formal proof,  
And seeking it in everything, they lost  
All feeling of conviction, and, in time,  
Sick, wearied out with contrarities,  
Yielded up moral questions in despair. \*

They were nothing if not critical; ill at ease except when breaking up their own doctrinal system, and shattering their own intellectual constitution. Not that they loved to see the desire of their eyes taken away with a stroke, and that the stroke of their own restless arm; not that they exulted in the ruins of a conflagration lit by their own torch; for these dissolutions of creed and credit cost them many a bitter pang, and out of these divisions came great searchings and sorrowings of heart. But inquirers of Walker's type came of a gentler and more tender sort, and felt more keenly the penalties of a skeptical tendency, and struggled more earnestly against its withering influence, and had less disposition to subject every suspected tenet, every antilegomenon, to the ordeal of touch. They were more patient, hopeful, loving. While the others passed judgment in hot haste on every dogma which to them seemed barren, demanding that it should be cut down, and no longer cumber the ground—these, at least, pleaded for a respite, for farther trial, when, if the doomed tree should bear fruit—well; but if not, then, after that, let it be cut down. If skeptics they must be, it was not because they loved to have it so; and to them there was anguish in the self-communing cry, "What wilt thou do in the end thereof!"

"Αντί' ἑστίαν, ναυά, ναυά δέσποτα.

"Ἐνθά δ' ἐπ' ἑστίαν

Καὶ κακῶν κρυπτή.

Designed, for the most part, for the ministry of the Church, their difficulties had a special and exigent penalty. What were they to do? "This surely was a miserable man," says Nathaniel Hawthorne, of a clergyman, who, yielding to the speculative tendency of the age, had gone astray from the firm foundation of an ancient faith, and wandered into a cloud region, where everything was misty and deceptive, ever mocking him with a semblance of reality, but still dissolving when he flung himself upon it for support and rest. "His instinct and early training demanded something steadfast; but, looking forward, he beheld vapors piled on vapors, and behind him an impassable gulf between the man of yesterday and to-day; on the borders of which he paced to and fro, sometimes wringing his hands in agony, and often making his

\* "The Prelude," book xi. † *Eurip. Hecuba*.



own woe a theme of scornful merriment."\* Could such a prospect be endurable by one of Sidney Walker's sensitive conscientiousness? And yet, on the other hand, a common prescription by grave and experienced doctors of the Church, as the panacea, or, at any rate, the only medicament, in such abnormal cases was this—to take orders in spite of skepticism, and by dint of actual parochial duty work off its mischievous humors. "Why stand all day idle in the marketplace? Why not go work forthwith in the vineyard?" Surely *that* would dispel the crotchets of hours of idleness. Such was the advice of some good men; and by some troubled consciences it was adopted. John Sterling adopted it—we know with what results. Hundreds of others have adopted it—sometimes with seeming success, sometimes with notorious failure. Sidney Walker did *not* adopt it; and he, we think, was wise in his resolve. For although there are situations where the advice is unquestionably sound, cases of "embarrassed thought" when the only cure must be sought in practical duty, not in closet contemplation; yet, as a living writer has put it, there is a distinction to be drawn between spiritual and simply historical religion—between doubts arising from spiritual obtuseness, and those which are due to want of historical light. Mr. Keble recommended Arnold to take a curacy as the best means of clearing up Trinitarian difficulties; but whatever sanction this particular case might appear to lend to the counsel of that truly devout poet and able divine, there is only too real a truth in the comment of heterodoxy, that this was viewing "orders" as a kind of spiritual backboard, which, by dint of obliging a man to look as if he were straight, and by making him so; and however the scheme may answer in the case of a curved spine, its application to a warped faith or a crooked creed involves at the best a species of self-dissimulation, a latent underlying sham. Hence our conviction that in the casuistry of his own difficulty as to ordination, Walker's resolution was wise as a judgment as well as honorable as a sacrifice; and that here too, whatever expediency might suggest, honesty was the best *policy*.

As to his position as an author, the future rather than the present must pronounce. Professedly, his writings of most mark and likelihood remain to be published. The "Poetical Remains" comprise many agreeable and tender verses—some quaint and hu-

morous—recalling now the manner of Hartley Coleridge, now of R. C. Trench, and now of Moultrie, or Sterling, or Milnes, but ever "with a difference." Nor does he probably equal any of the minor poets just mentioned; certainly not the first or the last of them. It is rather by a musical interval, an isolated passage here and there, than by any sustained excellence of thought or style, that he wins the ear, and occasionally whispers to the heart. He never whispers an *o'erfraught* heart, to bid it break; never stirs it with a trumpet note; never startles it with revelations of its own hidden mystery, nor thrills it with echoes of its secret wailings, nor agitates it with a dramatized revival of its dearest ancient memories, nor wrings it with electric suggestion of thoughts too big for utterance, too deep for tears. It is a left-handed compliment to the poet, if we bid the reader construct an affirmative out of these negatives, and thus gather what he is from learning what he is *not*. Yet the poet has his merits—pensive fancy, mild contemplativeness, and snatches of soothing melody. And his verses garner at least the harvest of a quiet eye, though innocent of the eye in a fine frenzy rolling. To append specimens of sufficient longitude, our own latitude now forbids. And it may seem absurd, or unjust, to wind up with one or two shreds and patches, as illustrative of the robes whence they are rudely torn. Yet, at this risk, and with this proviso, we annex a fragment from the poem headed "Wandering Thoughts," a favorable instance of his serious mood:

O Stella! golden star of youth and love!

In thy soft name the voice of other years  
Seems sounding; each green court, and arched  
grove,

Where, hand in hand, we walked, again ap-  
pears,

Called by the spell; the very clouds and tears  
O'er which thy dawning lamp its splendor darted,  
Gleam bright: and they are there, my youth-  
ful peers,

The lofty-minded and the gentle-hearted;  
The beauty of the earth—the light of days de-  
parted,—

All, all return; and with them comes a throng  
Of wither'd hopes, and loves made desolate;  
And high resolves, cherish'd in silence long,  
Yea, struggling still beneath the incumbent  
weight

Of spirit-quelling Time, and adverse fate.  
These only live; all else have passed away  
To Memory's spectre-land; and She, who sate  
'Mid that bright choir so bright, is now as they—  
A morning dream of life, dissolving with the day.

The following *Vindicia Margaritana* may  
be given in evidence of Walker's more spor-

\* "The Christmas Banquet."

tive manner; the lines are such as one might look for, on the same subject, from Elia,\* or Leigh Hunt, or Hartley Coleridge; and with them, and with reference to them, we utter our *Vos plaudite*:

Sweet name! that, utter'd or remember'd, brings  
Before the thoughts a thousand lovely things;  
Bright clustering pearls, and flowers of rainbow  
dyes,†  
And dearer visions of beloved eyes;  
Charming alike, whatever shape thou wear—

Whether thou put on Peggy's rustic air,  
Or smile from merry Meg's familiar face,  
Or glide along with Marjory's ancient grace,  
Or frisk as Madge, wild, mischievous, and sly,  
Or tower in Margaret's courtly dignity;  
Hail to thee still! and may the wretch profane,  
Who blurs thy spotless fame with ribald stain,\*  
Fall prone before the name he dares despise,  
Unpitied victim of some Margaret's eyes;  
And vainly penitent, with suppliant tongue  
Retract his scorn, and mourn his slanderous  
wrong!

From Fraser's Magazine.

## A VISIT TO THE BURGUNDIAN LIBRARY AT BRUSSELS.

AMONGST the numerous attractions which the good town of Brussels presents to travellers, one of the most worthy of attention, and yet one of the most neglected, is the magnificent collection of ancient manuscripts known as the Burgundian Library, which contains more than 20,000 of the most valuable documents. A visit to it is undoubtedly one of the amusing ways of spending a morning, even for casual visitors; but for those who take a deeper interest in such relics of past and gone literature, a succession of visits alone can satisfy the curiosity which the sight of its treasures excites. Before proceeding to speak more particularly of its varied riches, it may not be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of its rise and progress.

No precise date is, we believe, affixed to its foundation; it probably sprung up and increased gradually beneath the fostering care of the rich and powerful dukes of Burgundy during the fifteenth century, the golden age of the Netherlands. Philippe le Bon was, as is well known, a great protector of the arts and of learning, and established a sort of school, or "atelier," for transcribing and embellishing the numerous scattered works of former zealous caligraphs, whose means were not equal to their desire of excellence; and, in addition, kept up four libraries, one at

Ghent, one at Bruges, the others at Brussels and Dijon. The latter and that at Ghent still exist; but the manuscripts at Bruges have been added to the collection at Brussels, forming a mass of valuable documents quite unique in its line. These libraries, and particularly the one at present under consideration, suffered very much during the convulsions and strife which so long desolated the country; and during three centuries of frequent and bitter warfare it is impossible to say what losses may not have occurred. It is certain that the whole collection was, at the formal annexation of Belgium to France, transported to Paris, and remained there until the peace of 1815, when it was again restored, happily uninjured, and many of the books rebound and refreshed from the state of decay into which they had fallen. But they were not destined to remain quietly in their new abode; for in 1831, a fire broke out in the ancient palace of the Princes of Orange, where they were kept, and some perished, but fortunately none of the most valuable. In so many vicissitudes it would be difficult to say at what precise period the loss occurred, but the accounts and statistics of the before-mentioned caligraphic establishment, which are known to have existed there, have entirely disappeared; although the privy purse accounts of the dukes of Burgundy du-

\* Nor do we forget his (Lamb's) sweet stanzas to Margaret W——, "in happy hour,"

——Christen'd from that humble flower  
Which we a daisy call.

† The China-Aster, called in French, *La Reine Marguérite*.

\* Let the galled jade wince. We love the name too well to be touched by the poet's curse. Nor did we ever hear the name maligned but once, and that was by a lady—a fair and wise one too, and herself a Margaret, "pearl of great price."

ring the fifteenth century still remain. Some manuscripts have been purchased at different periods and added to the collection, amongst which are a few Arabic, Persian, Chinese, &c., but not in sufficient number to interfere with the *national* character of the whole library, which now contains upwards of 20,000 volumes.

The entrance to it is by the large court of the ancient Nassau palace, in the Place du Musée, and the means of admittance the most simple imaginable. The visitor merely enters by the large door immediately under the balcony, in the principal front of the building, and passing through a pair of matted folding doors, and turning to the right, finds himself in presence of another ground-glass door, which gives admittance to the librarian's room. This is a large, handsome apartment, matted and furnished with desks, seats, and tall presses; upon which, on the occasion of exercising our personal inspection, our eyes became instantly riveted. They seemed positively conscious of the importance of their trust; and as they stood, tall, stately, and in oaken grandeur, they looked impenetrable to any hand but those empowered to display the hidden beauties they contained. Upon our entrance, we were taken in charge by one of the assistants, an intelligent and most obliging cicerone, who brought down for us book after book with untiring patience. No description could do justice to what we saw. The finest are nearly all of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and one Bible, written on vellum, with illuminations in gold, silver, and colors, was a perfect masterpiece. It had belonged to Philippe le Bel, King of France, was in two immense volumes, and in perfect preservation. Every one must remember, who has ever seen them, the exquisite drawings in the large edition of the prince of chroniclers, Froissart; but for *naïveté* of design, utter neglect of perspective, contempt of probabilities, and anachronism of costume, they fade into nothing before the vignettes of the King of France's *Hystoire Saynte*. Imagine, reader, if you can, Elijah ascending into heaven in a long cart, much resembling that in which criminals are conveyed to the guillotine, in a highly decorated state, with tongues of bright red flame symmetrically disposed along the sides and wheels. This eligible vehicle is drawn by a horse which a London costermonger would be ashamed to own, lashed, however, into a state of extreme excitement by the efforts of a singularly ill-

favoured angel in dirty white garments, who bestrides him, to his evident discomfort. The prophet himself sits meekly in his chariot of triumph, with lifted hands, contemplating the Pegasus by whose efforts he is to reach the favored and celestial regions, indicated by a line of intense ultramarine blue, and wearing on his face (by some curious and novel process presented to the gazer's view in defiance of all the laws of nature) a very natural and excusable expression of doubt and distrust of ever getting there. The whole concern is just rising, in a highly perilous and perplexing manner, from a pale green ground, upon which, at the foot of a rock, kneels Elisha, decidedly astonished, as he well may be. Like his master, he has performed upon himself a *tour de force* of unparalleled cleverness, for, as he kneels, his limbs, from the knee downwards, are stretched out by his side, instead of behind him, a position quite incompatible with modern ideas of anatomy. This is one among a thousand similar examples. Solomon is depicted staring with a look of indescribable horror and dismay, mingled with contemptuous surprise, at three flame-colored cherubim, who are huddled together in a most undignified heap in a corner of the picture.

The monarch is habited in gorgeous robes, blue and gold, and sits upon a hard chair, with an uncomfortably low canopy, in a room, or rather on a sort of background of a mosaic pattern in black, red, and gold. But what shall we say of the cherubim? Heads there are indeed, and wings, but little else save a brick-dusty mist; the heads aforesaid being at least twice the size of Solomon's, and the points of the wings serving as feet, or at least supports, to them. These celestials bear a decidedly stupid countenance, and look somewhat like school-boys afraid of a flogging; and neither they nor the wise king seem to know what to make of each other, at which no sensible individual can be astonished. The two angels sent to Sodom and Gomorrah are seen approaching a pinky town, of which the walls and ramparts just reach their heads; the walls (garnished with towers like pepper boxes) are ornamented with lambent tongues of fire, in the midst of which, and attached to the walls by some mysterious agency, hangs in a very animated attitude a wild, little, black imp, supposed to represent the promoter of evil hovering over the devoted city. One of these vignettes occurs every fourth or fifth page, and in the others every capital letter is blazing with the richest and

most elaborate designs, and stiff with gold leaf. And round many a page are rolled the most graceful patterns of leaves and branches in fanciful wreaths, of an elegance and delicacy which furnish a most singular contrast to the agonizing stiffness and wooden outlines of the human figures.

But in these volumes, however absurd the ideas and their execution may appear, the painter has not yet attained the sublime of absurdity and anachronism reached by two others in a *History of Rome* and a *Mythology*, both written for the instruction of Charles le Téméraire. In the first of these productions, Publius Cornelius, or, more properly speaking, some Publius Cornelius or another, is represented as pleading against some Caius Lentulus or another, before the Roman Senate.

That grave and far-famed body is formed of five individuals, seated upon a very narrow and slanting bench in a Gothic room (the architecture of which, by the bye, is a marvel of patient execution), dressed in immense white turbans, loose gowns, and hanging sleeves, and near them is a Capuchin monk, with shaven crown and in the full dress of his order. The complainant, being probably intended for a representation of "Young Rome," is dressed in the height of the fashion, with a jerkin of the most succinct proportions, tight indispensables, outrageously pointed boots, peculiar conical cap, and all the "et ceteras" of a dandy of the time at which this anachronism was perpetrated. Nor are there wanting Roman matrons in horned head dresses, and long, close fitting gowns, trains and veils, who are promenading in the space before the Senate, as if the Senate-house were their own parlor. In another nearly similar picture Caius Lentulus makes his defence, and in this the lictors appear as halberdiers in yellowish boots. The other tome, the *Mythology*, presents some curious views of nature, and throws a new and unexpected light upon the habits and customs of the Pagan gods, goddesses, and celebrities generally. In this magnificent specimen of ancient writing and miniature, done in fine Gothic black letter upon vellum, and over which its author, the Sire Raoul Lefebvre, priest, seems to have spent some choice time and labor, every event nearly in ancient fable is *pourtraité au vif* with distracting minuteness. The likeness of the worthy monk himself adorns the beginning of the book; he is shown sitting at a low wooden table writing, in the presence of Philippe le Bon and the knights of the Golden Fleece. The most natural object in the

whole piece is a beautiful little white greyhound, who is snapping and snarling at a highly democratic little gray dog, who is in company with one of the knights, and who seems to offend his high bred prejudices. After a slight exordium, the writer proceeds to business. Jupiter is seen and the injured Saturn; the Titans in complete arms, with shield and sword, and waving plumes, and vizor down, are made to issue from a town in which the smallest of them could hardly sleep comfortably, headed by Jupiter in a war chariot more like a mud cart than any other modern vehicle, and worse even than Elijah's. He seems to have no means of propulsion whatever. Perseus fights for Andromeda with a mild looking and very damp monster, in the image and semblance of a rough Scotch terrier, emerging from a pale-blue brook a yard wide, and forces a stick down his throat with a look of the most playful good humor. Esculapius, on his part, is seen performing a similar operation on a pink and lilac basilisk, spotted a good deal like a tiger, whilst his assistant surgeons administer succor in the form of large bundles of herbs (to be taken as directed in this case by cramming down the throat), to certain unhappy, dwarfed individuals, who are supposed to be bitten by the harmless and gentlemanly animal who is offering himself so calmly to destruction, whilst his children, on an eminence in the background, share his melancholy fate. Many are the scenes depicted, and in all the incongruity is nearly equal to those above described. Here and there a faint gleam of something like nature or probability appears, but instantly is swamped in a sea of absurdity so vast that it has no chance whatever of floating.

A very curious and interesting book is the music-album of Marguerite of Austria, the daughter of the beautiful and unhappy Mary of Burgundy, and aunt of Charles V. Two sides of each page are surrounded by a broad border, painted with flowers of exquisite delicacy, upon a gold ground, chiefly her own name-sake, the daisy (Marguerite), in every variety of position, but mixed also with violet, common heartsease, pinks, and something like what is now called Virginia stock; arabesques, too, in bronze colors of singular finish and beauty. The same, however, cannot be said of the music, which is curiously clumsy and large, although evidently something superior for the age. Half the book is empty, the pages being ruled, but untouched. The original binding still exists, but is preserved in an outer cover.



It would take too long to enumerate all the curious works which are to be seen here, but one especially deserving of notice is a Bible written for the especial use, we believe, of Charles the Bold, with pictures much in the style of the before-described mythological performances. Pharaoh's daughter and the infant Moses are worth any trouble to behold; the fall of Jericho and the story of Esther are equally good; Job upon his dunghill, tempted by Satan, in the likeness of a chimpanzee, soars above even the ordinary genius of the painter. Daniel in the den of lions is little short of sublime. The den is a pinkish brick tub, filled with chocolate-colored monkey-faces, which are intended, 'if you make believe *very* much,' to represent the kings of the forest. No bodies are visible: the dimensions of the den would not admit of any existing; in the midst stands Daniel, in a faint-colored lilac robe, and quite unconcerned. In a succeeding picture, the prophet is being fetched away in triumph, and one of the chocolate-faces is snapping with a ghastly grin at the robe of one of the terrified accusers, who vainly tries to escape.

Another work most amusing to those capable of appreciating its odd mixture of simple-hearted good sense and monastic rigidity, is the treatise upon the *Education des Demoyelles*, by the Cheyvalier de Latour, written for the use of his daughters, who were doubtless most grateful for this mark of paternal solicitude.

The book of the *Toison d'Or* is also very interesting. It contains a series of portraits of the Dukes of Burgundy, and, after each, the names and arms of the knights by him created,—a host of noble names, many of which are now completely extinct. The book has an interest independent of its pictorial merits, from the fact that this celebrated order, once, except the Garter, the noblest in Europe, is now extinct in the country that gave it birth, although still subsisting, with two separate heads, in Austria and Spain, the grandmaster in the former country being the Emperor, in the latter, Queen Isabella. As we said, this book contains portraits, at full length, and most elaborately finished, of the Dukes of Burgundy, who were chiefs of the order, and all bear striking marks of resemblance. The head of Charles V. is a little *chef d'œuvre* of expression and finish; and, in spite of the *naïve* stiffness and quaint precision in the attitudes and draperies, there is an air of life-like fidelity and ingenious imitation about

the whole collection, that would redeem far worse painting. Here, too, may be seen a list of all the Knights of the Garter since its foundation, in a book of the statutes of the order, sent to Charles V. on his creation as a knight, and which, contrary to rule, was not returned at the death of its possessor.

It would be in vain to enumerate all the objects of attraction and amusement afforded by this splendid library, but few persons, we imagine, would, unless compelled by absolute necessity, confine themselves to a single visit; and fewer still would leave it without a feeling of wonder, almost of awe, at the changed state of society, since these rare and labored works were the only means of conveying knowledge. We hold now in our own hands a mighty engine for peace or war,—we stand beneath the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and it is for us to choose which is to be our portion. Printing, by spreading abroad instruction for the ignorant, by disseminating, in every quarter of the globe, the results of one man's thoughts, by giving even to the poorest thirster for knowledge the means of satisfying his longing for intellectual food, has done what it would hardly be an exaggeration to term miracles, for the improvement of the human race; but, alas! as the good has increased and multiplied, so also has the evil spread. The false philosophy of men whose religion was the belief in human reason and human goodness, the hard skepticism of avowed infidelity, the still more dangerous poison of those who reduce every end and aim in human life to the mere pursuit of happiness, and throw over sin itself the enchantment of every beauty that genius and passion can bestow, the dotrines of every wild schemer, are perpetuated with the same facility, and scattered abroad with the same profusion as the works of those who have done good service to God and man. Truly, it has been a light to the world, but heavy is the responsibility that hangs over us, and terrible will be the retribution of those in whose hands that light becomes as darkness. There is not a word that is written, not a line that is printed, but is a seed sown for future good or evil, in the circle of its influence, however small or however extended it may be; and, although none would wish to return to the times of old, in which the subjects of our descriptions were the only means of enlightenment afforded to mankind, still none can deny that as a far greater talent has been intrusted to our charge, so we shall have a far weightier account to render of its employment.

These reflections may perhaps seem somewhat serious for such a subject, but they are not unfitted or inconsequent thoughts; they rise naturally, from the sight of the relics of olden times; and if that sight awakens to ever so slight a degree a sense of the im-

portance of the power intrusted to modern society, and a desire to guide it to a path beneficial to humanity, however small the power to accomplish it may be, a few hours may have been often worse spent than in a visit to the Burgundian Library.

From the Albion.

## THE NEW EMPRESS — PARIS GOSSIP.

SCARCELY has the stupor occasioned by the last step taken on the new road to ruin down which the Emperor is driving, ceased to overcome us, when we are thrown into new perplexity by the unexpected effects proceeding from causes which at first were regarded as entirely personal, but which have become more public, rapid, and disastrous than even his Imperial Majesty's greatest enemies could have desired. How singular, though, to be sure, characteristic of the inconsistency of all national prejudice, is the profound discontent and eager vituperation against the Emperor's marriage! Not one single class of society has it pleased, not one symptom of *succès* has it created. The gradual fall in the funds is beginning to alarm even the most obstinate optimists, for they as well as their adversaries cannot choose but observe the most extraordinary change which has taken place within the last few days, for scarcely have they amounted to weeks, in the feelings and disposition of the *army*! Yes, it can no longer be disguised, that great resource, that mighty prop which alone was to render the Imperial throne secure, to steady it on its base without help from *noblesse*, people, or *bourgeoisie*, is gradually sliding away from its position, leaving the rotten legs of that same imperial throne so daintily disguised by the trophies of glittering arms, the tinsel, and the gewgaws piled around them visible now in all their nakedness. Oh, how thin and splintered they look! almost as attenuated and unsafe as those of the great Spontini, which have passed into a proverb, even to a fashion, as witness the chiffoniers, the flower-stands daily exhibited with legs *à la* Spontini—only see, ye Gods, how rickety is the whole machine, and behold the legs are of uneven length likewise. Heaven save us—why he who sits thereon had need to be the admirable tumbler he has displayed himself, in order to keep his seat for an instant—only see how it slides from under him, now backwards, now forwards, now on this side, now on that, until pretty even bets could be taken

amongst the spectators, on which side he is most likely to topple over. The gossip and scandalous talk concerning the marriage—the big words, and the withering sneers concerning the ceremony—the derisive epigrams about the Grand Chamberlains, and the Grand Veneurs, and the Grand Ecuyers, are now silenced, but to them has succeeded a contemptuous silence more injurious still; and the talk is no longer of the graces of Mdle. de Montijo and the hard campaigns of the old warrior, her mamma, but of the soldier who sold his horse-cloth, and whose condemnation to the strong room of the *caserne* as punishment of the offence, has been followed by the same dereliction from duty on the part of the whole regiment, to the most awful consternation of the officers and the great delight of the *bourgeois* of Paris, their secret and mortal enemies. This discontent on the part of the army was so visible on Sunday, in the very midst of the gay pageant which was toiling its way to Notre Dame, that even foreigners were struck by the gloom and silence which pervaded the ranks through which it passed. This feeling is unaccountable, and has baffled the researches of our wisest philosophers. In what does it originate? The Emperor has married a pretty woman, and beauty has long been pronounced in France to be the sole criterion of female aristocracy;—he has married likewise to please himself, which should give cause of satisfaction to the people, as he may certainly be deemed the only Sovereign in Europe who ever thought of marrying for that especial purpose;—he has married a Catholic too, and of this he boasts more than all, for is he not a highly religious man, and is not the nation he governs a highly religious people? This last concession to the feelings of his subjects ought to be taken into consideration most of all, and at the Hotel de Breteville is, no doubt, the subject of the nightly talk. Instead of the general dissatisfaction which is manifested, universally approbation ought to be the order of

the day. Grieved are we to see that the reverse is actually the case—the step is regarded on all sides in an unfavorable light, by some considered the first symptom of that softening of the brain with which he has so long been menaced by his physician—by others a *coup de tête* of a baffled libertine; by *all* as the first *bêtise* he has committed. “Of injustice, rapine, and *ruse* he has been guilty before, but this is the first *bêtise*—*gare à la seconde*,” cry the Parisians—alluding to the possibility of war, which was scoffed at so long as they maintained their faith in the vigilance of the Emperor to act consistently with his own interests.

Much has been said about his wife—much that is true, and more that is false. Those who have studied human nature will have no need to wait until the stories which have been circulated with regard to her former conduct shall be contradicted; *they* will know well enough that the woman who arrives at the station to which Mdlle. de Montijo has evidently aspired from the very first, is not one to have at any time allowed her passions to get the better of her reason. She has the immense fault of being a *lionne*, of all female characters the most suspicious in French eyes, and to which they attach, not always with justice, the idea of an independence of morals, inconsistent with that refined coquetry and grace beneath which the most licentious conduct may pass unnoticed—a want of taste, in short, which is the only crime in French eyes for which a woman can neither be pardoned nor tolerated. In person she is too graceful not to gain admirers, and much of her future influence will depend upon whence she chooses them: for our code of gallantry is so singularly organized, that a woman is considered responsible for the admiration she inspires, as well as for that which she has voluntarily sought. I have heard from many people who know her well, that her character strikingly resembles that of Joséphine—the same charm, the same grace, the same courage, and the same reckless extravagance. She already feels so; ’tis said that she is placed on the throne to play a part, not merely to figure in the annals of the adventurer to whom she has linked herself. The explanation of her nurse, the good old Pepa, is worthy of record, as it displays the real feeling towards the marriage which exists among the lower classes. It was considered expedient that the worthy old lady should accompany *Madame Mère* on her journey back to Spain. There were many reasons for the separation, some of which have transpired, and some have been

guessed; all are good, however, no doubt, and so the honest old body was formally dismissed by the fond nursing herself. “You must leave me, Pepa; we must part for ever,” said the fair Eugénie; “I am about to marry, and no Spanish attendant will be allowed about my person.” The old lady was spinning away zealously when this announcement was made, and it overcame her so suddenly that she actually snapped her thread with astonishment. “Marry! and with whom? O Guerida!” exclaimed she eagerly. “With the Emperor of France,” returned the lady proudly. The nurse said not a word, but having made a knot in her thread, resumed her spinning as arduously as before; and, after a long pause, she exclaimed sadly, “Well, ’tis not so bad as it might be; he will still have the dukedom of Theba and the grandeeship of Spain to fall back upon!” The story was told at Court, as proof of the *naïveté* of the Spanish peasant woman. There were many there who laughed most heartily—St. Arnaud, the actor, and Magnan, the lacquey’s son, for instance; but he whom it was intended to interest the most did not seem particularly impressed with its comic-meaning, and listened to it rather with sadness than with hilarity. Pepa, however, has departed notwithstanding, without even waiting for the mother, who has been commanded to withdraw at her earliest convenience. Meanwhile the foreign ladies assembled in Paris are gathering fresh hope and courage from the symptoms of approaching *fêtes* and balls, always hinted at by the presence of an Empress. Much talk has there been of a quadrille to be danced at the ball of the Senate which is to rival the famous quadrille at the Hôtel de Ville, where the ladies of the Imperial family displayed upon their persons far more than forty millions of francs’ worth of diamonds and far less than forty sous’ worth of drapery, no doubt, and where one of the *parvenu* duchesses of the period wore a robe of silver lama and a *parure* of emeralds which was mentioned as having cost her a life annuity of six thousand francs, and other things besides, which were mentioned also, but which we quite forget now.

We are *malgré tout* again, in a state of expectation. Something will, something must happen before long—whether for good or evil none can say. It is currently reported that the police are on the alert to organize an *émeute* for the beginning of next month, in order to show off the *courage* of the Empress, to which the Emperor alludes in his proclamation concerning the marriage

## L O R D P A L M E R S T O N .

## WITH A PORTRAIT.

HENRY TEMPLE PALMERSTON, Viscount, an English ex-minister of state, was born on the 20th October, 1784. He was eighteen years of age when he succeeded to the title. He was educated at Cambridge, and, in 1806, about the time of Mr. Pitt's death, was elected member of parliament for the borough of Horsham. He ranged himself on the ministerial side of the house, and supported the government by his vote and influence. In the next parliament he was returned for Newport, in the isle of Wight. Having joined the Portland administration in 1807, he was made one of the lords of the admiralty. In 1809, during the administration of Mr. Perceval, he obtained the office of secretary-at-war, in the room of Sir James Murray Pulteney; and next year, vacating his seat for Newport, was elected for the university of Cambridge. He continued to fill the office of secretary-at-war for nineteen years successively, namely, from October, 1809, to May, 1828, when he gave place to Sir Henry Hardinge, in consequence of the breaking up of Lord Goderich's cabinet. Some time prior to 1825 he was fired at and slightly wounded by a man, without his having given the least provocation; but on inquiry the man was proved to be clearly insane. The office which Lord Palmerston filled for so long a period, extending through the successive administrations of Perceval, Castlereagh, Liverpool, Canning, and Goderich, is one of acknowledged importance, and of no inconsiderable difficulty; and the best proof of his lordship's competency for discharging its functions is to be found in his continuing to retain it undisturbed amid the conflict of parties, and the perpetual changes which, in other offices, were continually taking place. It is pretty evident that Lord Palmerston, for much of this time, must have avowed tory politics, and given his support to them. But it is equally plain that he latterly imbibed the more liberal principles of Mr. Canning; and after that lament-

ed statesman's death he discovered an evident leaning toward the enlightened policy of Lord Goderich and Mr. Huskisson. Though, like the latter, he accepted the office of secretary-at-war in the Wellington ministry, he took Mr. Huskisson's part in the *fracas* occasioned by that gentleman's vote on the East Retford question, and resigned his place on account of what he considered to be the arbitrary conduct of "The Duke" on that occasion. He aided the Peel and Wellington cabinet in the removal of the Catholic disabilities, a measure of which he was one of the most powerful advocates. When the first reform bill was introduced to the house of commons, in 1831, by Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston appeared among his supporters, and he continued to give that measure his powerful support until the efforts of its promoters were finally crowned with success. This line of action cost him his seat for the university of Cambridge, which he had held since 1809. He was, however, returned, in 1831, for Bletchingley. In 1832 he sat for South Hants, but was defeated at the general election in 1834. In 1835 he was elected for Tiverton, which he still represents. He held the seals of the foreign secretaryship from 1830 until the dissolution of the whig cabinet in 1834. In the April following he resumed that office, and resigned it again in 1841. With the return of the whigs to office, in 1846, he again took the same office, which he resigned December 22, 1851. His lordship is one of the best-practised statesmen of which England can boast. The extent of his experience gives him a consciousness of superiority in his own department, which, during the last few years of his official career, was found most inconvenient by his colleagues, betraying itself in impatience of advice, and an unwillingness to submit his intentions to the cabinet. This is believed to have been the determining cause of his recent retirement from office.



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal issues of the press, in London and this country, during the past year, are included in the following list :

State Papers, published under the Authority of Her Majesty's Commission. Volumes VI. to XI.

The *Literary Gazette* describes this great undertaking as follows :

"In the year 1825, a Crown Commission was appointed for the publication of the principal papers contained in the State Paper Office. This Commission consisted chiefly of ornamental names—dignitaries of state, and that class from which the governors of the Charter House are on every vacancy recruited. With this order, and the direction that the publication should be in a quarto shape, the labors of the Commission would appear to have concluded. In 1830 we had an instalment of the work in the shape of five volumes quarto, containing Wolsey's correspondence with Henry VIII., &c. ; and in 1852 we have six more volumes, containing the Foreign Correspondence, and completing the labors of the Commission. The eleven volumes of State Papers published by the Crown Commissioners belong to that class of papers which includes the 'Cabala,' 'Murdin' and 'Haynes,' 'Winwood' and 'Hardwicke,' 'Sydney' and 'Strafford,' 'Clarendon' and 'Thurloe,' the editors of which have done very little more than arrange the letters in a kind of chronological series, and print them for the most part as near as possible in the strict orthography of the originals."

Demetrius the Impostor. An Episode in Russian History. By Prosper Mérimée. Translated by Andrew R. Scoble.

"The history of the Russian adventurer, Demetrius, by M. Mérimée, has a double interest; it is one of the most stirring episodes in the annals of Russia,—and it is one of the most remarkable examples on record of a species of historical illusion of which almost all parts of the world have furnished characteristic instances,—but which has not yet received a sufficiently profound investigation at the hands of philosophic historians. Many places of the world have produced impostors who, personating dead men, and laying claim to their honors, have for a time had a career of success. The Perkin Warbeck of English History is no solitary example of imposture aiming at a crown. But, perhaps, in no case has imposture been associated with so many circumstances disposing us partially to respect it, and even to question, whether, after all, it was imposture in the strictest sense of the term, as in the case of the pseudo-Tsar, Demetrius."

Napoleon the Third. By A. De la Guéronnière. Translated by Lieut.-Col. Charles Gillies. M. de la Guéronnière, like most other first rate French journalists, is an artist in words. His contemporary portraits, published in the *Pays*—while that paper was Republican, and the peculiar organ of M. de Lamartine—are remarkable for their style,

their treatment, and their high literary finish. The writing is always forcible, the analysis subtle, the insight wide and deep. The sketches, nevertheless, have the vice of nearly all contemporary portraits,—they are overdrawn—they are too flattering. Of the whole series, as they originally appeared, this vice was most apparent, perhaps in the figures of Louis Napoleon, the actual possessor of power, and of the Count de Chambord, its probable inheritor. Louis Napoleon was painted in colors so fine and bright, that M. de Lamartine felt himself called on to repudiate publicly all share in and responsibility for such literary fawning:—and the portrait so denounced—retouched and wrought up, as might be expected—is that which M. de la Guéronnière, now an official supporter of the Empire, has here sent forth to the world of English readers. The book, as it now appears, is evidently addressed to the readers of Victor Hugo's impassioned pamphlet.

Ancient Irish Minstrelsy. By William Hamilton Drummond, D.D. This, says the *Athenæum*, is an attempt by a scholar of considerable research and learning to produce a poetical version in English of various Ossianic, or Fenian, ballads. It contains, within the compass of one volume, not less than thirty-three poems,—some of them of considerable length, and copiously annotated. Its value, however, lies more in its ethnological interest than in its poetical merit. The translator has the mind of an essayist of the school of Blair, and his powers are not well adapted for a spirited rendering of the stirring themes of the Ossianic ballads. They are better calculated for a translation of Lucretius than of Lucan,—and would give us a better English version of Buchanan than of Ossian.

The new work, by the author of 'Jane Eyre,' 'Shirley,' &c., Villette, has been published, and reprinted by the HARPERS.

Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces; with an account of Buenos Ayres, and the Recent Events in the Rio de la Plata. By William M'Cann, Esq.

The School for Dreamers—a novel highly spoken of. By T. Gwynne, Esq., author of 'The School for Fathers.'

Amabel; or, The Victory of Love. By Mary Elizabeth Wormeley. Another work of fiction.

The Second Burmese War. A narrative of the Camp at Rangoon. By Lieut. William F. B. Laurie, Madras Artillery. With Map, Plans, and other Illustrations.

Kaffraria and its Inhabitants. By the Rev. Francis P. Fleming.

Memorandums made in Ireland, in the autumn of 1852. By John Forbes, M.D., Author of 'The Physician's Holiday.'

The Book of the Garden, by Charles McIntosh, is warmly commended in a genial article by Christopher North, in the last *Blackwood*. Illustrated

with upwards of 1,000 engravings—will be published in February.

Crime; its Amount, Causes, and Remedies. By Frederick Hill, late Inspector of Prisons. 8vo.

A Scheme for the Government of India. By George Campbell.

Life of Joan of Arc. An Historical Essay. By Lord Mahon. Fcap. 8vo.

My Novel. By Pisistratus Caxton. Or, Varieties in English Life.

Paris after Waterloo: Notes taken at the time, and hitherto unpublished. Including a revised edition—the tenth—of a 'Visit to Flanders and the Field.' By James Simpson, Advocate.

Travels in India and Kashmir. By Baron Schonberg. 2 vols. with illustrations.

Military Life in Algeria. By the Count P. de Castellane. 2 vols.

A Legend of Pembroke Castle. By Miss Frances Georgiana Herbert. 2 vols.

Recollections of Service in China; a residence in Hong Kong, and visits to other islands in the Chinese seas. By Col. Arthur Cunynghame.

Twenty-Seven Years' Life in Canada; or, the Experiences of an Early Settler. By Major Strickland, C.M. Edited by Agnes Strickland.

Private Journal of the late F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge-Advocate General attached to the headquarters of Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War, from 1812 to its close. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited by Sir George Larpent.

Von Ranke's Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. of Austria. Translated by Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon. 16mo.

Sir Henry de la Beche's Geological Observer. New edition, corrected.

The Dean's Daughter. By Mrs. Gore. The *Athenæum* welcomes "Mrs. Gore back as a writer of fiction whom no one has precisely replaced during the period of her absence. Her novels have a wit, a worldly wisdom, and sometimes a wisdom not of this world—a prodigality of illustration and allusion, and a perpetual reference to political and social progress—which would long since have raised their writer to the highest rank of brilliant women; were not these good gifts lessened by a slightness of hand and shallowness of expression such as prevent our feeling her to be thoroughly in earnest among her own philosophies and creations."

Mr. Chapman has reprinted from the *Daily News* a series of Letters on Ireland by Miss Martineau, penned by her during a recent visit to the Island. They convey the lively impressions of a comparative stranger to the soil, in a style at once strong and graphic.

Mr. Wm. R. Greg, one of the favorite contributors of the *Edinburgh Review*, has gathered his essays into a collected form, in 2 vols. They contain the following well-known articles of the *Edinburgh*: Dr. Arnold's Lectures on Modern History; Dr. Arnold's Life and Correspondence; Laing's German Catholic Schism; Laing on Peasant Proprietorship; Unsound Social Philosophy; Principles of Taxation; England as It is; Mary Barton; Investments for the Working Classes; English Socialism; Progress and Hopes of Socialism; Alison's History of

Europe; The Fermentation of Europe; Difficulties of Republican France; France since 1848; Net Results of 1848 in France, Germany, and Italy; France in January, 1852; Shall we retain our Colonies? The Relation between Employers and Employed; Sir R. Peel's Character and Policy; Prospects of British Statesmanship; The Expected Reform Bill; Representative Reform.

The Autobiography of B. R. Haydon, edited by Mr. Tom Taylor, is shortly to appear.

An important work on National Education, by Sir. J. K. Shuttleworth, Bart., is promised, under the title of 'Public Education, as affected by the Minutes of the Committee of the Privy Council from 1846 to 1852, with suggestions as to Future Policy.'

A selection from the writings of Mr. De Quincey, some of them before unpublished, revised and arranged by the author.

Bases of Belief, a work on the Christian evidences. By Edward Miall, M.P.

The historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will not have occasion to lament the smallness, either in value or perhaps in extent, of his materials. Already we have had Lives of Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Cary, Jeffrey, &c. Lord John Russell is giving us the Memoir and Diaries of Moore; and one of the publications of the present year, though as yet not publicly announced, will be a Life (though a brief one) of William Lisle Bowles,—containing his early correspondence with Coleridge. Both Southey and Coleridge, it will be remembered, were constant in the acknowledgment of the debt of obligation which their early verse was under to the muse of Bowles.

Criticism has perhaps been of some service to Lord John Russell,—for the publication of Mr. Fox's Memoirs, advertised by Mr. Bentley to be ready before now, has, we observe, been postponed till Easter. In the interval his Lordship may be enabled to do for Mr. Fox what, so far at least, he has omitted to effect for his friend Mr. Moore.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley, by John Gilmary Shea, published by Mr. REDFIELD, has been republished. It is noticed by the *Athenæum* as "another instance of the zeal and assiduity with which American authors are pursuing the task of examining and illustrating the early history and antiquities of their country. Few more interesting subjects could be selected by an American for this species of research than the history of the discovery and first explorations of the Mississippi. The compiler of the present book has done his work well. It will be found interesting not only to Americans—to whose archaeological literature it is a contribution—but also to those among ourselves who like stories of travel and adventure. The greater part of the volume consists of the following original narratives, edited from the manuscripts:—a 'Relation of the Voyages and Discoveries of Father James Marquette, of the Society of Jesus, in 1673 and the following years;' a 'Narrative of a Voyage made to the Illinois, by Father Claude Allouez, in 1676;' 'Father Le Clercq's Narrative of the Chevalier de la Salle's First Attempt to Explore the Mississippi in 1680;' a 'Narrative of a Voyage to the Upper Mississippi, by Father Louis Hennepin, in 1680;' a

'Narrative of the Adventures of La Salle's party in Illinois, from February 1680 to June 1681, by Father Zenobius Membre;' a 'Narrative of La Salle's Voyage down the Mississippi in 1682, by the same Father Membre;' a 'Narrative of La Salle's attempt to reach the Mississippi by sea in 1684, by Father Le Clerq;' and a 'Narrative of La Salle's Attempt to Ascend the Mississippi in 1687, by Father Anastasius Douay.' Mr. Shea's own share of the volume, in addition to the labor of editing these narratives, consists of biographical sketches of the various Jesuit Fathers above named—the sketch of Father Marquette extending to about thirty pages—and a preliminary chapter giving a general account of the history of the discovery of the Mississippi."

History of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain. Second Series. Embracing the Events of 1814 and 1815. By Charles J. Ingersoll, originally published by LEITCH, GRANT & Co., Philadelphia, has been reprinted. The *Literary Gazette* deems it "by no means an ordinary book. It is written in a truly American spirit—and may on that account be recommended to all who are desirous of understanding the peculiar views of eminent American politicians—of whom the author is one—on subjects of political import. Besides this, it contains a great quantity of historical information likely to prove interesting on both sides of the Atlantic. The author is a man of decision and ability; and the opinions which he propounds, and his manner of propounding them, strike with an air of rough originality, according well with what we know of the political sentiments now prevailing in the United States, but not usually exemplified in the literary productions that reach us from that quarter. A new spirit, essentially American, has, as we have more than once observed, been latterly creeping into works issued from the American press; and though the present work, desultory and unsmooth in form as it is, can hardly take a place among the American classics, it yet indicates the direction in which the American mind is moving, and presents, as it were, in the crude ore those feelings and ideas which enter into American nationality, and are in process of being dissolved in a finer essence through American literature."

Donald McLeod's Life of Sir Walter Scott has been reprinted. The *Athenæum* says "the compilation is made in a judicious way, the author confining himself to matters illustrating the personal character and life of Scott, without entering into criticism of his writings. The manageable size of the volume is one of its chief recommendations. It is likely to be widely read in America, and the length and style of Lockhart's 'Life' have left ample scope for its circulation among certain circles in this country. In the story of Scott's life, his ruling passion throughout was ambition, not of literary fame, but of social position. To be a border laird, and the founder of a family of Scots of Abbotsford, was his chief end as a man. The disappointment of so much ambition and so much promise, will in future times be a memorable instance of instability of earthly fortune, and of 'the vanity of human wishes.'"

Allice Montrose; or, the Lofly and the Lowly Good in All, and None All Good. By Maria J. McIntosh, originally published by the ARRINGTON, has been reprinted in London. The *Athenæum* classes it "among the tales with a purpose—which are somewhat less useful in the world than purposes

without tales. The Author of 'Allice Montrose,' who belongs to America, appears to have been aggrieved at the jealousies that separate the Northern from the Southern States—setting the mercenary Yankee in antagonism against the chivalrous Planter—or the loose man of pleasure against the enlightened and enterprising man of duty (to state the case as it is respectively stated in the two latitudes). She has written with the virtuous endeavor of reconciling antipathies;—of showing that slavery is rather bad, but that abolitionism is not altogether pure—that the South can be sometimes cold and the North occasionally warm—that eligible husbands for charming heroines may be found by the Mississippi side as well as among the highlands of the Hudson River. It does not often happen that stories undertaken with an argument such as this are more successful than stories intended to raise a war-cry."

Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States, by Henry Schoolcraft, has been reprinted. The *Literary Gazette* says the "present volume is occupied by the vital statistics of those races, and by accounts of their manners and customs, which the author, from his great experience of Indian life in the wilderness, is singularly well able to describe."

A Stranger Here, a biographical memoir of a lady distinguished for piety, by the Rev. Horatio Bonar, of Kelso, republished by R. CARTER & BARNES. The *Literary Gazette* says "it contains matter which bears on spiritual health and religious culture. Mr. Bonar is the author of many useful and popular works, his style having an agreeable union of manly vigor and plaintive seriousness."

Mr. Edwin T. Freedley's Practical Treatise on Business, or, How to Get Money, has been republished in London. The *Literary Gazette* thinks the "reader will be disappointed who looks for advice as to particular ways of investing money or increasing his income. There is nothing said about Californian shares or Pennsylvania bonds. The author deals chiefly with the ethics of his subject, and the advice is of the most general nature. Business men will find much to study and consider in Mr. Freedley's treatise, and to young men entering into life, a more useful book of its kind could not be offered. In the appendix, among other documents, are given some shrewd practical maxims by the enterprising and successful Mr. Barnum."

#### ITEMS.

Three British Peerages, of various and opposite kinds of historical celebrity, have recently become extinct:—The Earldom of Oxford and Mortimer—the Earldom of Tyrconnell—and the Viscounty of Melbourne. The first of these titles is one of the most famous in English history, by its long continuance in the great family of the De Veres—of the last of whom there is a glowing portrait in Mr. Macaulay's History. Transferred to the Harley family, it again becomes associated with memorable persons; and the abiding power of literature may be seen in the fact, that the pens of the authors of our "Augustan Age" have given to the title of "Oxford" a notoriety which, in popular apprehension, almost obscures the fame of the De Veres.—The title of Tyrconnell has been held since the beginning of the last century by the Carpenter family;—in its previous tenure, by "Dick Talbot," the vicar of

the last Stuart king. It acquired more notoriety than honor.—In modern fashionable and political life, the title of Melbourne has been noted in two generations.

Recent letters from Egypt report the discovery in that country of a buried city. It is alleged to be situated about five hours' journey from Cairo, near the first cataract. It is said that an Arab, having observed what appeared to be the head of a sphynx appearing above the ground near this spot, drew the attention of a French gentleman to the circumstance,—who commenced excavating, and laid open a long-buried street, which contained 38 granite sarcophagi, each of which weighed about 45 tons, and which formerly held evidently the ashes of sacred animals. This street, when lighted up at night, forms a magnificent sight. It is upwards of 1,600 yards in length. Many of the curiosities dug out have, it is added, to be kept buried in sand to preserve them from perishing.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg have elected the Earl of Rosse, President of the Royal Society of London, an honorary member, in consideration, as it is stated, of his high scientific acquirements, and of the important services which he has rendered to astronomy.

The death of Mr. John Marten Cripps, in the 73rd year of his age, is announced. Mr. Cripps will be remembered as a travelling companion of Dr. Clarke, whose pupil he was,—and for the large collections of statues, antiquies, and Oriental flora which he made in the course of his travels. In his old age, he presented some valuable portions of these collections to the University of Cambridge and to other public institutions.

"Naturalists," says the *Literary Gazette*, "will be glad to learn that Professor Rosenmüller, formerly Professor of Botany at Tharand, has at length determined to complete his valuable work, 'Ikographie der Land und Süswasser Mollusken,' and also to publish his long-announced work, entitled 'Fauna Molluscorum extra Marinarum Europæ.'"

The discovery of diamonds in Australia is exciting considerable attention. The diamond brought to this country by Sir Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, and which has been presented by him to the Museum of Practical Geology, has been inspected by many of the best judges of the gem, and pronounced to be a diamond of the first water. It weighs three-quarters of a carat, and was found at the gold diggings at Ophir, west of Bathurst. The search for precious stones will now, doubtless, become as general as digging for gold.

There is a little book bearing the title of "*La Voix Mystérieuse*," now read in secret by thousands in Paris, which, in telling terseness and pointed examples, almost equals the "*Napoleon le Petit*" of Victor Hugo.

A writer in *Bentley's Miscellany* says, that the Duke of Wellington, when in Portugal, was very regular in attending divine service at the church parade, but always limited the time of its duration, saying to the chaplain,—"*Briscol, say as much as you like in five and twenty minutes, I shall not stay longer!*"

M. Garibaldi, apostolic nuncio in Paris, has been informed that the canons of the Basilica of St. John Lateran, in Rome, have signed an address to Louis

Napoleon, praying him to accept the title of First Canon of that venerable Basilica, surnamed "*the mother of all the churches*."

An unedited collection of letters from Madame de Staël to the Count Wolff de Baudouin, is about to appear. They are exceedingly brilliant.

The recent raising of interest by the Bank of England, is a measure intended to prevent the Bank of France from making any further loans in London, which it has been doing lately to a large extent.

General Romi, a liberal, has been appointed tutor to the hereditary Prince of Sardinia, much to the dissatisfaction of the clerical party.

Geo. P. Burnham, of Boston, has presented Queen Victoria with seven gray Shanghai fowls.

The *Uncle Tom* excitement in Paris appears to have just begun. Musard has composed a Schottish called *Uncle Tom*; Marx has published a quadrille, also called *Uncle Tom*; and M. Michelet announces a "*Pensée fugitive*," entitled *Eva*; *Liquorice* is now called "*Uncle Tom Candy*;" and a new play, founded on the story, has been produced at the Ambigu. *Uncle Tom* is a secondary character.

At the recent annual public session of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, held in St. Petersburg, it was stated that the great scientific expedition about to be sent by that body into Eastern Siberia and Kamtschatka was on the immediate eve of setting out. The expedition comprises twelve young men, who have been trained by the Society expressly to the duty of taking astronomical, magnetical and meteorological observations.

Theoetars, says the *Athenæum*, who loudly prophesied that Italy has seen her last chances of regeneration pass away, will scarcely relish the idea of a practical turn like the recent establishment of a Society of Political Economy at Turin. Of late years, Sardinia has proved its disposition and its right to lead in the literary and intellectual movements in Italy. The great men of the new era—from D'Azeglio to Gioberti—have either arisen in Sardinia, or found there a home and a sphere of activity. Turin has become the capital of Italian ideas. Gas-railways—telegraphs—toleration, popular literature—representative institutions—all the chief features of the modern world have there received a welcome, while the Italy of Rome, of Florence, and of Naples has remained in a state of moral and material darkness. The first meeting of the new society was held last month, when Count Camillo Cavour, the Minister of Finance, pronounced the inaugural discourse.

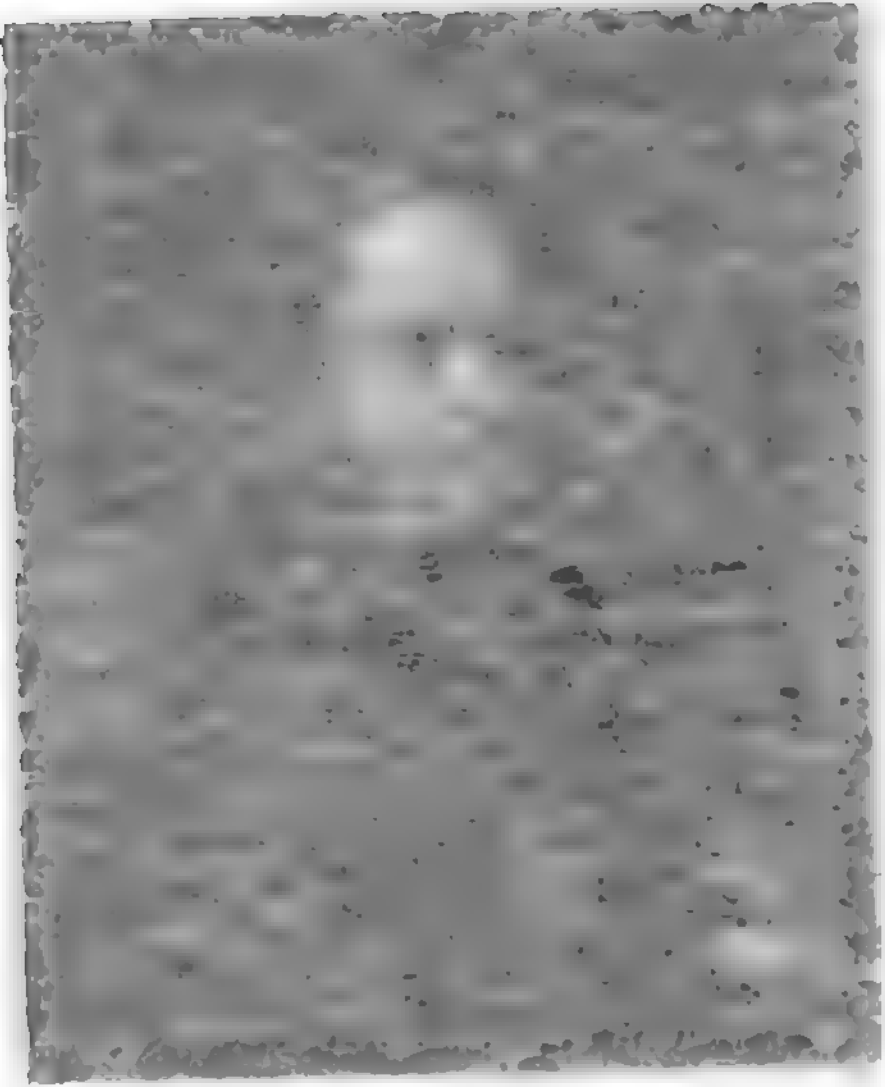
A series of eight lectures was to be given at the Weigh House Chapel. The Lord Mayor was to take the chair at the first lecture; and the course is further noticeable as being delivered by Mr. Lowell Mason, the well-known American Professor of Psalmody.

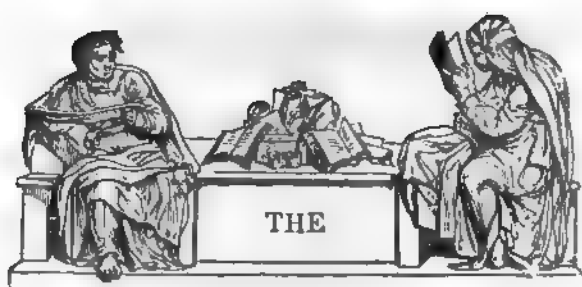
By a printed parliamentary return, it appears that on Jan. 1, 1852, the unredeemed funded debt was £765,126,583 2s. 3 d., and the decrease £4,145,979 18s. 9d. The unfunded debt on Jan. 1, 1852, was £17,742,800, and the decrease (no increase) was £13,100.

The authorisation *pré alable*, or official permission to publish, has been refused to a new review, of which the famous M. Proudhon was to be editor.









# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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APRIL, 1853.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE present is very prominently a criticising age. From the quarterly review, whose writer aims at immortal renown, to the daily newspaper, whose writer aims at saying what will please readers, and gain him the reputation of being a smart and spirited young man, every sort of periodical is more or less critical. And yet it may be questioned, whether the facility of forming a correct, adequate estimate of any marked writer, is, in any material degree, furthered by this vast amount of reviewing. The very facility of having an opinion increases the difficulty of having a correct one. Each reviewer professes impartiality; many honestly endeavor to be fair. But it cannot be doubted that many, whatever their professions, are really and consciously influenced by motives of party or interest; that many more, striving honestly to divest themselves of all such considerations, are yet, unconsciously but fatally, moved thereby; while the utter inability to take the correct measure of a distinguished man, by no means necessarily precludes self-satisfied dogmatism in pronouncing an opinion concerning him. Thus arise

innumerable errors; and, in each instance of error, the great speaking-trumpet called public opinion (which, almost as much as any other trumpet, utters sounds which are produced by another), is made to give forth uncertain or discordant sounds. Hence it is, that certain literary maxims or cries, analogous to certain watchwords in the political world, become bruited about in society respecting known authors; originating with political opponents, or struck off, more for the sake of their smartness than their truth, by some clever litterateur; and always, in part at least, erroneous. The influence such cries exert is incalculable. They seem so smart, they are so easily retailed, and they so pleasantly save all trouble. Equipped in this manner, every spruce scion of the nobility, whose intellectual furniture consists mainly of certain long-deceased conservative maxims, can pronounce decisively that the great whig essayist and historian, Macaulay, is "a book in breeches;" while every new-fledged politician, who steps along in the "march of intellect," panoplied in ignorance and conceit, feels himself of quite sufficient

ability and importance, to sneer at the king of literary conservatives, Sir Archibald Alison, and sublimely remark that his writings are the "reverse of genius."

In endeavoring to attain a correct opinion respecting any celebrated contemporary, almost all such prepossession must be resolutely and conscientiously laid aside. We say almost, because every cry will be found to contain one small grain of truth, and, while fatal if taken as keynote, to be valuable as a subordinate contribution. With as thorough impartiality as is attainable by any effort of the will, in full sight of encompassing dangers, the author must be studied, must be communed with, as it were, face to face, through the works he has given to his fellow-men; and as great a sympathy as is possible must be attained with him in his views and objects. The grand principle also must never be lost sight of, that God makes nothing in vain; that the moral world is as varied, as vast, and as complex as the physical; and that it is only when, coming out of the little dwelling of our own ideas and maxims, we gaze over all the thousand-fold developments of mind, that we perceive the harmonious grandeur of the whole. In all cases, narrow intensity marks imperfection. The worker of limited power excels in some one particular: the private soldier knows when to put his right foot foremost, and when to draw his trigger; the commissariat officer knows how to arrange the provisioning of a division; the Murat or Lambert can command a body of cavalry, and bring it down with overpowering vigor upon an enemy; but it is only the Napoleon or the Cromwell that can do all in his single person, and so prove himself born to command. The same holds good of writers. The narrow, limited author has one particular idea, by which he thinks he has taken the measure of the universe; he sympathizes with one sort of excellence, he has one formula in politics, he has one dogma in religion; while the king in literature—the Richter, the Goethe, the Shakspeare—displays a countless variety of excellences, sympathizes with every sound human faculty, and at last almost attains the serene and all-embracing tolerance of "contradicting no one." These men can take a comprehensive view of nature in all her forms and all her workings; they know well that, when the magnificent island exalts its head in the main, not the smallest insect that formed it has died in vain.

*It is with the earnest desire to attain as*

close an approximation as possible, to the impartiality and width of view and sympathy we have indicated, that we approach the literary measurement of Sir A. Alison. Our position, purely literary, precludes political bias; and, though not subscribing to every article of his political creed, we hope to do him some measure of justice.

The fundamental stratum on which Sir Archibald Alison's character, with all its feelings and faculties, is based, is that which is in all cases indispensable, but which in many instances has been wanting. That basis is thorough, fervent, well-applied honesty. He is a man who believes with the whole power of his soul. He is not cold and formal as Robertson; he is not tainted in his whole nature, as was Gibbon, by mistaking a sinewless phantom, called 'philosophy'—evoked, like some Frankenstein, from vacancy, by the literary necromancy of French savans—for an embodiment of celestial truth; friends and foes alike respect the genuine fervor, linked with earth and with heaven, which pervades and animates the writings of Sir Archibald Alison. This it is which must, we think, make his works essentially pleasing to every honest man. In one place, we may question an inference; in another, we may detect an imperfect analogy; here we may smile at the identification of the advocates of organic reform (revolution) with the powers of hell; and there we may think the laws of chaste and correct imagery have been infringed; but we always feel that the company of this man is safe—that his breast holds no malice or guile—that he believes really, and believes in a reality. Such is the base of Sir Archibald's character—it is of adamant.

With this comports well the general tone of his mind. He is always animated; he is always energetic. But here a distinction must be made. Sir Archibald is not one of those men whom a class of modern writers would specially characterize as 'earnest.' We cannot discover that he has undergone any of those fierce internal struggles which figure so largely in modern literature, and which give such a wild and thrilling interest to certain writings of Byron, Goethe, and Carlyle. He seems never to have wrestled in life-and-death struggle with doubt; he seems to have early discerned, with perfect assurance, the great pillars of human belief, and calmly placed his back against them; his mind is essentially opposed to the skeptical order of intellect. Hence it is that his beliefs, though honest and unwavering, are



not intense; that he throws all his energy out upon objective realities; that we have no syllable as to the author's subjective state. We believe that the two latter writers, whom we have referred to as entering largely upon subjective delineation, would declare this to be the more healthy mental state of the two; it is that, indeed, towards which all their efforts tend. We see as little of Sir Archibald Alison when he discusses any question, as we do of Homer when he narrates. But this order of mind may be characterized by various degrees of intellectual power; and, as a general fact, its beliefs will not be held with such intensity as in the other case. When one grasps a precious casket from his burning dwelling, he grasps it more tenaciously, and proclaims his triumph with more intense exultation, than if he had never doubted for a moment his safe possession of it.

Sir Archibald's beliefs, then, are not intense; we must add, that his energy is not concentrated. The stronger the spirit distilled from any substance, the smaller the quantity; a small cannon will do as much as a huge battering-ram. We are often reminded of the fact in perusing the works of Sir Archibald Alison. In one point of view, his energy may be wondered at, and in some measure commended; in another point of view, it must be pronounced defective, and almost to be regretted. That readers may obtain an idea of his powers of working—of the amount which he can perform—we extract the following from a very able article upon Sir Archibald, which appeared, some years since, in the 'Dublin University Magazine':—

'Like all men who have durably left a name in the annals of serious literature, Mr. Alison has immense powers of application. The mere reading he has gone through, exclusive of study and note-taking, appears to an ordinary person incredible. Two thousand volumes, and two-thirds of these in a foreign language, were the basis upon which he reared his great history; and the information on other subjects which he exhibits in his miscellaneous writings is not less extraordinary. Politics and history, novels and poetry, the drama and the arts, alike engage his attention. Every masterpiece of antiquity has been scanned by him; every remarkable Continental work undergoes his scrutiny. The literature of the day, the newspaper press of France and England, of America and the colonies, are ready to illustrate or corroborate his statements; and, in

his hands, trade-circulars, blue-books, and parliamentary returns, become eloquent from the truths they unfold.' To this more may be added. Sir Archibald has all along performed the duties of 'a judicial office of greater labor and responsibility than any other in Scotland.' His collected essays form three large volumes; his great historical work fills twenty considerable volumes; and he has just published the first volume of a new history, containing about six hundred octavo pages. Besides all this, he has published four other works, two of them of great size. That this displays an amazing power of working, no one can deny; but we think the further position must be allowed, that, however we may praise the honest application which it involves, it is to be regretted that it was not condensed, and dealt out more circumspectly. We speak not of the history; we direct our attention to the essays. It must be taken as, in one point of view, quite a satisfactory account of every defect in these able and fascinating performances, that they were written in such haste that revision was impossible; under the circumstances, they could not reasonably have been expected to be better. But our very admiration of the essays, and our profound conviction of the value of the thought they contain, sharpen our regret that haste should have deprived them of any polish or vigor—that in any instance it should be suspected by the reader that the plough is going over the top of the ground, and not into it. It may be said, that these essays were written at particular junctures, when it was important, for national reasons, that they should instantly appear. We acknowledge the force of this; it is perfectly sufficient to excuse every defect which marred the essays as they were issued in the pages of the magazine; but did not their collection in a form adapted to separate publication afford an opportunity for revision and condensation? Is any one more fully aware than Sir Archibald of the value of thought? that one grain of its imperishable gold outweighs whole reams of printed paper? And can any one forget the fact, that men often judge by a slip, or a deficiency, or an imperfection, and obstinately refuse to believe in excellence which is not uniform? We again profess an extreme admiration for many of the essays of which we speak; and we must avow that no feeling more powerfully affected our mind, as we perused them, than a desire that their author had, with the utmost deliberation and earnestness, applied himself to exhibit, in clear

separate form, certain of those views and principles to which he rightly attaches so much importance, and which he has so thoroughly mastered. As we read such essays as those on the 'Indian Question'—on which, in all its aspects, Sir Archibald is admirable—as we discerned great, and true, and important principles slightly obscured, and rendered uncertain of effect, by being connected with certain political crises, and made the basis of certain predictions which could be but partly true—we felt the deepest regret that they should occur in a volume containing such imperfect and temporary productions as the essays on Napoleon or Mirabeau, or that the slightest flaw or obscuration should mar their effect. One Damascus sabre, whose edge is invisible from sharpness, is worth many ill-tempered blades, clumsy in use, and obscured here and there by rust; we wish Sir Archibald had devoted more attention to tempering and sharpening, and comparatively little to indefinite multiplication.

His indefatigable industry has enabled Sir A. Alison to accumulate very extensive stores of knowledge; by continual practice in composition, he has them ever at hand; and he infuses life into all by the sustained animation and fervor of his mind. His judgment, although it cannot be defined as penetrative, or adapted to distinguish very minute shades, is yet of extreme value in those cases where great national characteristics are to be discerned; it is unbiassed either by sentimentality or coldness of heart; and, although it sometimes is led astray by too prevailing a dread of anything like democracy, its decisions, as embodying one important aspect of human affairs, are always deserving of serious attention and deference. In his early days, Sir Archibald was 'an enthusiastic mathematician, obtained the highest prizes in these studies in the University of Edinburgh, and has often lain awake solving problems in conic sections and fluxions in the dark, with the diagram painted in his mind.' This early proficiency in mathematics has characterized very many distinguished men. Milton, Napoleon, Chalmers, Carlyle—men surely of dissimilar, but all of great genius—will rise to the minds of readers. We doubt not that this mathematical study has availed Sir Archibald much, in enabling him to glance over multiplex national and social phenomena, and discern the one truth which connected them all, and which lent them their signification.

*Sir Archibald's sympathies are wide, and*

give rise at once to versatility of talent, and fairness to opponents. He is certainly Conservative; he is an uncompromising, unquestioning Tory. But we think it must be allowed that he treats his opponents most generously; that here the only conservatism which still attaches to him is that of honor and of chivalry. He would as much scorn to search out, with malignant scrutiny, the pardonable weakness or foible of an opponent, as the true knight of the olden time would have scorned to point his lance just at the spot where he thought the armor of his foe was slightly cracked. He concerns himself with principles; if he overcomes his antagonist, it is by utterly smashing the arms of his trust by the force of historic truth: he disdains to take his foe at a disadvantage, but he neither asks nor gives quarter.

It is somewhat astonishing to find the same enthusiastic, rolling utterance in his critical as in his political essays; we presume in one case it is the enthusiasm of belief—he feels he is speaking to his countrymen and to posterity on matters of vital importance, and he speaks fervently and loud: in the other, we take it to be the enthusiasm of delight; "we have done," he seems to say, "for a time, with the doctrines of currency; we shall let the Manchester school alone, there being room enough in the world for it and us; let us away to hear the ringing of the squadrons around Troy, to weep or sadly smile with Dante, to see celestial softness in the creations of Raphael, or to tremble at the wild passion of Michael Angelo." And in criticism, the same mental characteristics are manifested as elsewhere. He does not, by natural bent, turn all his powers to penetrate into radical laws of beauty or taste. In examining a work of art, he sees great characteristics; he does not remark the particular waving of a curl, he does not measure every angle, he does not refine about rhythm or euphony, but he sees the eye of Homer glancing into the heart of man, and he follows the hand of Angelo as it portrays the big bones and muscles. In all cases, he is wide and fervid, not piercing, lynx-eyed and intense.

In opinion, Sir Archibald Alison, we need scarce remark, is Conservative; this is the foundation of all his system. And we must profess our profound conviction, however much on particular topics we might venture to join issue with Sir Archibald, both that his conservatism is a most honest and venerable conservatism, and that it is of incalculable importance and value to true progress.

His conservatism is one whose object is liberty, and whose watchword is progress. We, of course, cannot condescend upon particular views entertained by him on particular subjects; but, leaving the vexed questions of currency, we think his system may all be shown to branch out from two great stems—

1st, Universality of representation.

2d, National honor.

By the first of these, which is an expression of our own, we by no means intend to represent Sir Archibald as an advocate of universal suffrage; we design it to mean the accordance to every interest in the state of its due representation and influence. Let the aristocracy, he says, be represented, for then you have continually gathered round the national standard those who are bound to defend it by every obligation of honor, descent, and interest: who have inherited education by birth, who have unlimited leisure by the possession of wealth, and who are raised by position above the excessive influence of popular clamors. Let the middle classes be represented, that the interests of commerce be not overlooked, and that the interests of the farmer be not merged in those of the landlord. Let every one who has proved himself of sufficient industry, honesty, and intelligence to rise from the working-classes, and who has a stake in the national welfare, have a vote. But by no means extend the right of voting to all numerically, for then you have destroyed all radical uniformity; you have committed a suicidal act; you have put the sceptre into the hand of that which is so vastly the most numerous body in the state—the populace. Their representation will be indirect, but real. Sir Archibald strongly advocates the extension or continuance of representative rights to the colonies of a mother state.

From the second great branch of Sir Archibald's system, the upholding, at all hazards, of national honor, proceeds his unqualified protest against utilitarianism as the basis of a system of policy; his untiring and eloquent advocacy of colonial interest; his utter disdain of the political creed whose formula is *£ s. d.* National honor, national justice, national religion, national unity—these are his watchwords. And here, again, his views are wide and practical, rather than penetrating or ideal. He takes his stand upon those virtues which characterize a nation as distinguished from an individual—moderation, calmness, general purity of manners. He trusts for the attainment of these to a national church, and has, therefore, an

unmasked distrust and dislike of dissent. The renovation of the nation from an individual starting-point, he regards as chimerical; he looks to national religious institutions, and not to men: for the attainment of national virtue, he must have a national church. And here it is that the outline of his system is most liable to objection. "The contest," he says, "between revolution and conservatism is no other than the contest between the powers of hell and those of heaven. Human pride, adopting the suggestions of the great adversary of mankind, will always seek a remedy for social evils in the spread of earthly knowledge, the change of institutions, the extension of science, and the unaided efforts of worldly wisdom. Religion, following a heavenly guide, will never cease to foretell the entire futility of all such means to eradicate the seeds of evil from humanity, and will loudly proclaim that the only reform that is really likely to be efficacious, either in this world or the next, is the reform of the human heart. . . . Conservative government, as distinguished from despotism, has never yet been re-established in France; and religion has never regained its sway over the influential classes of society. . . . But religion, be it ever recollected, does not consist merely in abstract theological tenets. Active exertion, strenuous charity, unceasing efforts to spread its blessings among the poor, constitute its essential and most important part. It is by following out these precepts, and making a universal *national provision* for the great objects of *religious instruction, general education, and the relief of suffering*, that religion is to take its place as the great director and guide of nations, as it has ever been the only means of salvation to individuals." However true this may be, it surely is not the whole truth; it ignores the fact that dissent may spring from religious earnestness, as well as from scientific skepticism. Such *religion* as any effort of conservatism could enable to "regain its sway over the influential classes of society," would be pronounced by most earnestly religious men a misnomer. It might be called "respectability," and so shown to be invaluable to a government; if named religion, most rigid limitations would be made. We shall not enter upon this complicated and difficult question; but we take the truth in the matter to be this:—Sound dissent is invariably based upon individual earnestness; so it was with the Waldenses, so with the Puritans, so with the Wesleyans; and it were the perfection of



government, when this individual religious earnestness was permitted to diffuse itself harmoniously through the commonwealth, neither arrayed in hostility nor monopolizing regard. Sir Archibald Alison, looking entirely from a national point of view, has, we must think, failed to perceive the value, the power, nay, even the safety, of individual earnest religion in a nation; he sees not that, in the fervor of dissent, there can ever glow the true light from heaven; the iron, the brass, and the clay of false systems cannot, he thinks, be broken, unless the stone is most carefully cut and shaped by the hands of government. The sectary of limited vision, on the other hand, looking entirely from an individual point of view, ignores the vitally important distinction between the individual and national life. In both cases there is error, for in both cases there is narrowness of view: the aim of every government should be to ally to itself by the ties of loyalty every interest in the state—to steady itself by a thousand different anchors.

With this glance at Sir Archibald Alison's conservatism, we conclude our summation of his character; or rather that brief outline thereof, which our space permits. We think his conservatism a truly noble conservatism; based on honesty, patriotism, and extensive knowledge; embracing one great department of truth, which has in all ages to be re-proclaimed. And, in the present age, we think it peculiarly useful. When Socialism, Communism, Chartism, and the rest, are perambulating the world, like so many resuscitations of Guy Fawkes, each with a lighted brand, purporting to have been kindled by reason and truth, and to be able to shed a paradisaical light over all nations, and yet too evidently threatening to fire the world with a very different kind of illumination, such a conservatism takes the link from the red hand, and compels the ruffian to pause and consider, and gradually regain his right mind. The best human system is not all truth—the worst is not all error; but the friend of advancement has little faith in his cause, if he goes out of his way to denounce conservatism.

In addressing ourselves to make a few remarks on Sir Archibald Alison, as historian and essayist, it is scarce necessary for us to premise that we must be concise and fragmentary. The work by which he is best known, and which has attained a world-wide reputation, is his 'History of Europe during the French Revolution.' The origin of that great work, and the preparation for it undergone by its *author*, are eloquently discoursed of by the

author whom we have already quoted; his words are so beautiful, and his authority so reliable, that we are glad to enrich our columns by their adoption:—'Many illustrious men have neglected their genius in youth—many more do not become aware of possessing it till that fleeting seed-time of future glory is past for ever. 'Amid my vast and lofty aspirations,' says Lamartine, 'the penalty of a wasted youth overtook me. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius, to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment!' Many a gifted heart has sighed the same sad sigh; many a noble nature has walked to his grave in sackcloth, for one brief dallying in the bowers of Circe, for one short sleep in the Castle of Indolence. But no such echo of regret can check the aspirations of our author. Brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in all that relates to lofty religious feeling and the admiration of art, and in not a little concerning the grand questions of national politics, his youth was well tended; and almost ere he emerged from that golden, dreamy period, he had embarked on the undertaking which was to be the mission of his life, and his passport to immortal fame. Among the dazzling and dazzled crowds whom, from all parts of Europe, the fall of Napoleon in 1814 attracted to the French metropolis, was a young Englishman, who, hurrying from his paternal roof, arrived in time to witness the magnificent pageants which rendered memorable the residence of the allied sovereigns and armies in Paris. Napoleon had fallen, the last act of the revolutionary drama seemed to have closed; and, in the place of Louis XV., assembled Europe and repentant France joined in the obsequies of its earliest victims and holiest martyrs. It was in the midst of those heart-stirring scenes that the first inspiration of writing a history of the momentous period, then seemingly closed, entered the throbbing heart of that English youth—and that youth was Alison. Ten years of travel, meditation, and research followed, during which the eye and the ear alike gathered materials for his great undertaking, and the mind was expanding its gifted powers preparatory to moulding these materials in a form worthy of the great events to be narrated, and of the high conceptions which the youth longed to realize. Other fifteen years of composition were required ere the history was brought to a close, and the noble genius of its author awakened the admiration of Europe.'

The standard of historic excellence by which Sir Archibald has been regulated, we are able to determine from his own works; w



cannot do better than quote the following :— ‘ Passion and reason in equal proportions, it has been well observed, form energy. With equal truth, and for a similar reason, it may be said, that intellect and imagination, in equal proportions, form history. It is the want of the last quality which is in general fatal to the persons who adventure upon that great but difficult branch of composition. It in every age sends ninety-nine hundreds of historical works down the gulf of time. Industry and accuracy are so evidently and indisputably requisite in the outset of historical composition, that men forget that genius and taste are required for its completion. They see that the edifice must be reared of blocks cut out of the quarry; and they fix their attention on the quarriers who loosen them from the rock, without considering that the soul of Phidias or Michael Angelo is required to arrange them in the due proportion in the immortal structure. What makes great and durable works of history so rare is, that they alone, perhaps, of any other production, require for their formation a combination of the most opposite qualities of the human mind—qualities which are found united only in a very few individuals in any age. Industry and genius, passion and perseverance, enthusiasm and caution, vehemence and prudence, ardor and self-control, the fire of poetry, the coldness of prose, the eye of painting, the patience of calculation, dramatic power, philosophic thought—are all called for in the annalist of human events. Mr. Fox had a clear perception of what history should be, when he placed it *next to poetry in the fine arts, and before oratory*. Eloquence is but a fragment of what is enfolded in its mighty arms. Military genius ministers only to its more brilliant scenes. Mere ardor or poetic imagination will prove wholly insufficient; they will be deterred at the very threshold of the undertaking by the toil with which it is attended, and turn aside into the more inviting paths of poetry and romance. The labor of writing the ‘ Life of Napoleon ’ shortened the days of Sir Walter Scott. Industry and intellectual power, if unaided by more attractive qualities, will equally fail of success; they will produce a respectable work, valuable as a book of reference, which will slumber in forgotten obscurity in our libraries. The combination of the two is requisite to lasting fame, to general and durable success.’

The general voice of his countrymen, and we might almost say of the world, has set the great history we have named in the list of standard national works; it is, as the

Germans would say, a world-historical book. Its ground-tone is of course conservative; its style is vivid, animated, and pictorial; its study is almost a necessary part of a complete modern education. We think its study might be most profitably combined with that of Carlyle’s powerful and original work on the same subject: in the one, the madness of revolutions is denounced and dreaded; in the other, there is the stern sympathy of an old Norseman, who gazes on a weltering battle from afar, and the earnest hailing of truth, though it comes “girt in hell-fire.”

As an essayist, Sir Archibald Alison deserves very great commendation. He does not always excel: in the biographic essay, for instance, he appears immeasurably inferior to certain writers of the day; but, in many instances, and on various subjects, he attains very high excellence. In laying down great principles in political economy, he is manifestly in a congenial element; in historical subjects he is, as might be expected, sagacious and happy; and, in criticism, his vision is wide and his judgment powerful.

In the historical essays, we sometimes come upon paragraphs containing truths of the highest value and the widest application. We were delighted to find the following great fact so clearly stated; its historical worth we deem incalculable; were it once fairly accepted and imbibed by the human race, the gates of Limbo would be choked for three days, so much nonsense would get its mittimus:—“Subjugation by a foreign power is itself a greater calamity than any benefits with which it is accompanied can ever compensate, because, in the very act of receiving them *by force*, there is implied an entire dereliction of all that is valuable in political blessings—a security that they will remain permanent. There is no example, perhaps, to be found in the history of mankind, of political freedom being either effectually conferred by a sovereign in gift, or communicated by the force of foreign arms; but as liberty is the greatest blessing which man can enjoy, so it seems to be the law of nature that it should be the reward of intrepidity and energy alone; and that it is by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow that he is to earn his freedom as well as his subsistence.”

The same remark holds good of his critical essays; the principle, for instance, embodied in the following sentences, lies at the foundation of all criticism:—“The human heart is, at bottom, everywhere the same.

There is infinite diversity in the dress he wears, but the naked human figure of one country scarcely differs from another. The writers who have succeeded in reaching this deep substratum, this far-hidden but common source of human action, are understood and admired over all the world. It is the same on the banks of the Simöis as on those of the Avon—on the Sierra Morena as on the Scottish hills. They are understood alike in Europe as in Asia—in ancient as in modern times; one unanimous burst of admiration salutes them from the North Cape to Cape Horn—from the age of Pisistratus to that of Napoleon." Were we to change somewhat the expression of his thought, and substitute "the perennial in man" for certain of its phrases, it would be astonishing how closely it would resemble a leading doctrine of Thomas Carlyle; so nearly do streams approach when traced to their spring.

The extent of information possessed by Sir Archibald; the swift glance which he can cast over it all; his animated, rolling diction; his varied sympathy; his truly British absence of affectation; in a word, every excellence of his style, is exhibited in the following magnificent apostrophic exordium to one of his critical essays:—"There is something inexpressibly striking, it may almost be said awful, in the fame of Homer. Three thousand years have elapsed since the bard of Chios began to pour forth his strains; and their reputation, so far from declining, is on the increase. Successive nations are employed in celebrating his works; generation after generation of men are fascinated by his imagination. Discrepancies of race, of character, of institutions, of religion, of age of the world, are forgotten in the common worship of his genius. In this universal tribute of gratitude, modern Europe vies with remote antiquity, the light Frenchman with the volatile Greek, the impassioned Italian with the enthusiastic German, the sturdy Englishman with the unconquerable Roman, the aspiring Russian with the proud American. Seven cities, in ancient times, competed for the honor of having given him birth, but seventy nations have since been moulded by his productions. He gave a Mythology to the ancients; he has given the fine arts to the modern world. Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Minerva, are still household words in every tongue; Vulcan is yet the god of fire, Neptune of the ocean, Venus of love. Juno is still our companion on moorland solitudes; *Hector* the faithful guardian of our flocks

and homes. The highest praise yet bestowed on valor is drawn from a comparison to the god of war; the most grateful compliment to beauty that she is encircled by the cestus of Venus. When Canova sought to embody his conceptions of heroism or loveliness, he portrayed the heroes of the "Iliad." Flaxman's genius was elevated to the highest point in embodying its events. Epic poets, in subsequent times, have done little more than imitate his machinery, copy his characters, adopt his similes, and, in a few instances, improve upon his descriptions. Painting and statuary, for two thousand years, have been employed in striving to portray, by the pencil or the chisel, his yet breathing conceptions; language and thought themselves have been moulded by the influence of his poetry. Images of wrath are still taken from Achilles, of pride from Agamemnon, of astuteness from Ulysses, of patriotism from Hector, of tenderness from Andromache, of age from Nestor. The galleys of Rome were—the line-of-battle ships of France and England still are—called after his heroes. The Agamemnon long bore the flag of Nelson; the Bellerophon combated the gigantic l'Orient at the battle of the Nile; the Polyphemus was the third in the British line which entered the cannonade of Copenhagen; the Ajax perished by the flames within sight of the tomb of the Telamonian hero on the shores of the Hellespont; the Achilles was blown up at the battle of Trafalgar. Alexander the Great ran round the tomb of Achilles before undertaking the conquest of Asia. It was the boast of Napoleon that his mother reclined on tapestry representing the heroes of the "Iliad," when he was brought into the world. The greatest poets, of ancient and modern times, have spent their lives in the study of his genius or the imitation of his works. The Drama of Greece was but an amplification of the disasters of the heroes of the "Iliad" on their return from Troy. The genius of Racine, Voltaire, and Corneille, has been mainly exerted in arraying them in the garb of modern times. Parnassus is still the emblem of poetry; Olympus, of the council-seat of supreme power; Ida and the Cyprian Isle, of the goddess of love. The utmost exertion of all the arts combined on the opera stage is devoted to represent the rival goddesses as they appeared to the son of Priam on the summit of Gargarus. Withdraw from subsequent poetry the images, mythology, and characters of the "Iliad," and what will remain? Petrarch spent his best years in re-

storing his verses. Tasso portrayed the siege of Jerusalem and the shock of Europe and Asia almost exactly as Homer has done the contest of the same forces, on the same shores, 3000 years before. Milton's old age, when blind and poor, was solaced by hearing the verses recited of the poet to whose conceptions his own mighty spirit had been so much indebted; and Pope deemed himself fortunate in devoting his life to the translation of the "Iliad;" and the unanimous voice of ages has confirmed his celebrated lines—

'Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night;  
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,  
And trace the muses upward to their spring.' "

We must draw our remarks at once to a close; our space is already exhausted. We need not say the subject is far from being so. We intended to say a good deal concerning Sir Archibald's style; to show that here, as elsewhere, we had his distinguishing characteristics displayed—wide, not intense thought, giving rise to a flowing and diffuse, rather than a terse mode of expression—diffused, not concentrated energy, producing a constant glow rather than a piercing fire; and to point out a few of its defects. Upon the repetitions, the mistakes in imagery, the sameness, fre-

quently rendered the less pardonable by commonplaceness, of forms of phrase, we *could* descant, but must cover it all up in this inuendo.

Sir Archibald Alison's writings are a continued protest against modern utilitarianism; his whole life has been an effort to break Mammon's threefold chain of gold, silver, and copper; he has exposed the dishonesty and insanity of political or party cries; occasionally he has confounded the good with the bad, occasionally his scythe has cut down the corn with the weeds. On the whole, we think he will give us his sanction in saying that change is not wrong in itself; that the frivolous restlessness of the child, which breaks one toy and cries for another, is to be despised; that the morbid fickleness of the hypochondriac, who thinks that a change of seat or the obtainment of some dainty would insure health, is to be pitied; but that the calm, reasonable desire to change an old habitude or dwelling for a new, entertained by the sagacious and healthy man, is to be respected; and that it is so in the case of nations.

Sir Archibald is the son of the Rev. A. Alison, the celebrated writer on Taste; he became a member of the Scottish bar; and the government of the Earl of Derby conferred upon him the title which he adorns.

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From the Quarterly Review.

## MEMOIRS OF WORDSWORTH. \*

It was a frequent saying of the subject of these memoirs that 'a poet's life is written in his works.' The Canon of Westminster tells us that it is especially just as to his uncle himself, and adds, in language far too magisterial to be spoken out of a school-room, 'Let no other Life of Wordsworth be composed beside what has thus been written with his own hand.' Two volumes in large

octavo are a singular commentary upon this prohibitory ordinance. In fact, the position is abandoned the instant it is taken up. The logical Doctor confesses that the personal incidents in his great kinsman's verse can only be fully understood through a narrative in prose, and that even the sentiments will be better appreciated when they are shown to have been in harmony with the poet's practice. He therefore follows up his absolute decree, 'Let no other Life be composed,' with the counter-declaration that 'a biographical manual to illustrate the poems ought to exist.' He still professes, it is true, to exclude everything relating to the man except what is connected with something in

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\* 1. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D. C. L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. 8vo. 1851.

2. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, compiled from authentic sources.* By January Searle, Author of *Life, Character, and Genius of Ebenezer Elliott, &c.* 12mo., pp. 312. 1852.

his works: this, however, is a vague principle, of which he has not attempted to define the limits, and which he has applied so capriciously that it becomes additionally hard to guess what meaning he attaches to it. In the strictest use of the words it might be understood to shut out all that was not explanatory of the actual sense of the poems; in its widest signification it might comprise whatever influenced the genius of the author, whatever related to his mode of conceiving and executing his works, and whatever in his life, habits, or conversation, was either in contrast or in keeping with his verse. The latter latitudinarian interpretation would seem to have found some favor with Dr. Wordsworth, for he has touched upon every branch of the subject, though in most cases, in his fear of plucking forbidden fruit, he has mainly served up the leaves. The volumes comprise not a few interesting letters and memoranda—but they are scattered among many more which have neither life of their own, nor any proper connection with the life of the poet;—while the portion of the text which proceeds from the Canon himself is, almost without exception, as vapid as verbose. His example is ill-calculated to recommend his theory, which we believe to be altogether unmanageable in practice. The perplexity of distinguishing between the author and the man, of deciding whether facts had any bearing upon the writings, would soon induce a biographer, worthy of the name, to break through the cobwebs which fettered his pen, and adopt ‘the good old rule, the simple plan’ of giving a full-length portrait of the original. If the Wordsworth system were possible, it would, at best, be undesirable:—it would produce a deceptive as well as an imperfect narrative—it would take from biographies what has always been felt to be the larger half of their use and entertainment, and, in a word, would deteriorate and nearly destroy a department of literature which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the most delightful of any.

The signal failure of Dr. Wordsworth to convey an adequate idea of his uncle’s character and career left the stage empty for Mr. January Searle. Again the performer has proved unequal to his part. Mr. Searle—whose *Life of Ebenezer Elliott* we never met with—seems never to have set eyes upon his new and greater hero, nor even to have conversed with any one who had. His ‘authentic sources’ are the materials already before the public—some of them exceedingly apocryphal—and in the process ‘of compilation,’

as he may well call it, he has used his scissors more than his pen. ‘Instead of vitality,’ he says of the official *Memoirs*, ‘we have dry facts—which are the mere bones of biography—and these are often strung together with very indifferent tendons.’ Mr. Searle’s tendons are likewise indifferent. What narrative belongs to him is feeble to silliness, and his occasional remarks are made doubly absurd by ostentatious accompaniments of which his predecessor had set him no example—most pitiable affectation and most laughable egotism.

A family of Wordsworths were anciently landowners at Penistone, near Doncaster, and from them the poet supposed himself to be descended. The particular branch from which he was inclined to derive his origin was that of William Wordsworth of Falthwaite, in Yorkshire, who, in a will, dated 1665, styles himself *yeoman*, and a year later, *gent.*; but the genealogy was conjectural, and his authentic pedigree terminates with his grandfather. His father was John Wordsworth, an attorney, apparently much esteemed, who superintended part of the Lowther estates, and occupied an old manor-house of that family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland:—his mother was Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer at Penrith. The poet, their second child, was born April 7, 1770. Mrs. Wordsworth was not one of those nervous mothers who conjure up dangers ghostly and bodily when their children stray beyond the tether of the apron string. At five years old he was allowed to range at will from dewy morn to dewy eve over the surrounding country, and among other amusements of that tender age, indulged largely in bathing. Porson, who hated water in all its applications, inward and outward, and who used to say that bathing was supposed to be healthy because there were people who survived it, would have looked with wonder upon the infant Laker, whose custom it was to make ‘one long bathing of a summer’s day,’ only leaving the stream to bask, dressed in nature’s livery, upon the bank, and then plunging back into the cooling current. His fifth was probably the most amphibious year of his life, for he was soon after put to a school at Cockermouth, kept by a clergyman. The school-house stood by the church; and a woman one week-day being sentenced to do penance in a white sheet, young William was praised by his mother for his virtuous zeal in attending the spectacle. He had been enticed by a rumor that he would be paid a penny for his services in looking on,



and when he proceeded to complain that the fee was not forthcoming, 'Oh,' said Mrs. Wordsworth, 'if that was your motive, you were very properly disappointed.' It is a proof of the fondness with which men dwell upon their earliest recollections, that when the venerable Laureate dictated half-a-dozen pages of autobiographical memoranda for the public eye, he thought this anecdote worthy to be included in so brief a chronicle of his long existence.

At eight years of age he lost his mother, who died from the effects of a cold brought on by sleeping at a friend's house in London, amid the damp dignity of "a best bed room." The only one of her children about whom she was anxious was our worthy William, whose indomitable self-will and violent temper led her to predict that he would be steady in good, or headstrong in evil. Among other wanton freaks to show his courageous contempt of authority, he asked his eldest brother, Richard, as they were whipping tops in the drawing-room of their maternal grandfather, which was hung round with portraits, whether he dare strike his whip through a hooped petticoat of peculiar stiffness. Richard, who considered that the pleasure of insulting the old lady's dignity would be dearly purchased by a flogging to himself, replied, "No, I won't." "Then here goes," said the gallant and ungallant William, and he lashed his whip through the canvas. Revengeful children occasionally commit suicide in the fits of spleen stirred up by punishment—and once, it seems, our future poet-moralist, when smarting from mortification, retired to his grandfather's garret to stab himself with a foil. His courage, or more properly his conscience, failed him, and he continued to brave the slings and arrows produced by his own ill-conditioned temper. He soon acquired a Spartan feeling, and thought the heroism of endurance an ample recompence for the humiliation of chastisement. No one could have detected in the wilful and wayward boy the father of the man, but what was common to the two was the force of character, which, however disorderly it may be shown in childhood, is the real element of future power.

In his ninth year he was sent to a school at Hawkshead, in the most picturesque district of Lancashire, and here is opened to us a scene unlike anything of which most English boys of the present generation have heard or read before, and which will make them look back with envy to the good old times when Wordsworth wore a jacket and carried a satchel. The scholars, instead of being

housed under the same roof with a master, were boarded among the villagers. Bounds were unknown. Out of school-hours they went where they liked and did as they pleased. In the summer they played in Hawkshead market-place, till "heaven waked with all his eyes," and every soul, but themselves, was asleep; or they angled in the pools of the mountain-brooks; or boated on the Lakes of Esthwaite and Windermere; or landed at an excellent tavern on the banks of the latter to recreate themselves with bowls, and strawberries and cream. Picnics were a favorite pastime upon sunny days—and with the verdant ground for their table, a rippling stream at their feet, and a canopy of leaves above their heads, these fortunate youths enjoyed a banquet rendered doubly delicious by the contrast with the frugal cottage fare of their ordinary experience. Riding was too expensive to be frequent, but when they did get into the saddle, they managed, before getting down again, to extract work for a week out of the costly animal—to which end they employed "sly subterfuge with courteous inn-keeper" (*poeta loquitur*), and persuaded him that some *half-way* house was their goal. In winter Hawkshead saw another sight. The jovial crew, if it was wild weather, gathered over the peat-fire to play whist and loo; or if it was clear and frosty, buckled on their skates and played hunt-the-hare upon the ice by the glimmer of the stars; or wandered half the night upon the surrounding heights, setting springes for woodcocks. Wordsworth in his retrospect says, that the sun of heaven did not shine upon a band who were richer in joy, or worthier of the beautiful vales they trod. Of the joy there can be little doubt; and a lad who was educated at Hawkshead might very possibly have re-echoed with truth the insincere adage, that school-days are the happiest days of life; but as to the worth, we suppose they had neither more nor less than any other chance-medley of boys whose sole qualification is that their parents can afford to pay at a certain rate per quarter.

The pedagogic government seems to have been nearly as mild within doors as without. But if Wordsworth was little troubled with Greek and Latin, he read English largely for his own amusement. When told by one of his school-fellows that his copy of the Arabian Nights was but a meagre abridgment—a block from the quarry—the prospect of obtaining the complete collection seemed to him "a promise scarcely earthly." He immediately entered into a covenant with

a kindred spirit to save up their pocket-money, and make a joint purchase of fairy-land. For several months they persevered in their vow; but, as their hoard increased, so did the temptation to spend it—and, finally, it went to the tavern-keeper or pastry-cook; nor did he ever possess the coveted treasure while his imagination could be led captive by conjuring genii. He found full compensation in the more masculine fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage, which were among his father's stores. His love of verse he dates from the age of nine or ten, and describes himself as rising early and strolling with a companion for two delightful hours before morning school, repeating rhymes with an ecstasy that bordered upon intoxication. In after days he condemned the "objects of his early love" as mostly "false from their overwrought splendor;" and poems which never failed to entrance him in boyhood seemed in his manhood "dead as a theatre, fresh emptied of spectators." Perchance he too readily took for granted that his latest taste was his best—at all events, among these discarded favorites we find the honored names of Goldsmith, Gray, and Pope. In his fifteenth year he composed a school-exercise, upon the completion of the second centenary of their foundation. "The verses," he says, "were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style." In truth, they are a cento from the works of that master. Out of all our prodigies there is not one, we believe, who at the age of fifteen, has fairly written from his own mind. Two years later Wordsworth wrote a long poem on his own adventures and the surrounding scenery, which we may conclude was of no other value than to practise him in his art, since he has only preserved a dozen, and these rather ordinary lines.

The relish for the beauties of creation, to which he mainly owes his place among poets, was early manifested and rapidly developed. A rover by day and night in a romantic country, many a casual and unsought prospect won his attention in the midst of his sports, and extorted a brief, involuntary homage. While yet a little boy, he took an Irish urchin, who served an itinerant conjuror, to a particular spot commanding Esthwaite Lake and its islands, for the sole satisfaction of witnessing the emotion of the lad on first beholding fields and groves intermingled with water. Soon, he tells us, the pleasures of scenery were *collaterally attached* to every holiday scheme.

A year or two later and rural objects were advanced from a secondary to a primary pursuit. He used to rise before a smoke-wreath issued from a single chimney, or the earliest song of birds could be heard, to sit alone upon some jutting eminence, and meditate the still and lovely landscape. Often on these occasions he became so wrapt in contemplation, that what he saw "appeared like something in himself—a prospect in the mind." His imagination, indeed, never failed to heighten the picture presented to his eyes, bestowing, as he says, "new splendor on the setting sun," and "deepening the darkness of the midnight storm." He was only in his seventeenth year when the intensity of his sympathy with inanimate nature suggested that pervading principle of his poetry which he summed up in the lines—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Such passionate communion with the wonders of creation is rare at any age—extraordinary, indeed, in boyhood, when all impressions of the kind are mostly transitory and subordinate.

Whatever may have been the usual fruits of the Hawkshead system, we cannot doubt that it was favorable to Wordsworth. Had he been cooped up within the walls of a playground, his dawning sensibility to the aspects of nature must have been checked, and might perhaps have been extinguished. His miscellaneous reading, pursued with an eager and entire mind, made rich amends for the loss of lessons in schoolboy lore, and the stock of English which he then acquired was the more important, that, from combined physical and mental causes, he was in after-life no great student of books. His faults of temper fared at Hawkshead as they would have done amidst any other congregation of the sort:—everybody knows that in all the weaknesses which affect their mutual relations school-lads are the least ceremonious and most untiring of disciplinarians. It was there, too—he is careful to record—that, taught "by competition in athletic sports," he acquired his "diffidence and modesty." To what happy circumstances Parson Adams supposed himself indebted for these virtues we are not informed. We only know that he held vanity to be the worst of vices, and seized the occasion, when it was mentioned, to dwell unctuously upon the excellence of his own sermon against it. But though Wordsworth was not free from the unconscious

inconsistency which beset good Abraham Adams, he justly contended that the system of his day was less provocative of conceit than the modern fashion which attempts, and for all good purposes attempts in vain, to put old heads upon young shoulders. It is with mountainous pride that the sapient stripling adds each fresh grain of learned jargon to his mole-hill heap; but the child who condescends to Jack the Giant Killer, Wordsworth well remarks, has at least this advantage over the philosopher in petticoats—that he forgets himself. In his own vacations he would sometimes lie reading for the better part of a day on the bank of the Derwent, while his rod and line were left neglected at his side, and with such a happy ignorance of studious conceit, that, jumping up suddenly, in very shame of what he deemed his idleness, he betook himself to the nobler occupation of angling!

Wordsworth's father never regained his cheerfulness after the death of his helpmate, and followed her to the grave in 1783, when his celebrated son was only in his fourteenth year. The bulk of his property at his decease consisted of considerable arrears due to him from Sir James Lowther, soon afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale. The lifelong eccentricity of that self-willed gentleman took ultimately, it seems, a parsimonious turn, and he refused to liquidate the debt—of which, in fact, not one shilling was paid until after his demise in 1802—a long and cruel interval of nineteen years! In the mean while the care of the orphans devolved on their uncles. One of them, Dr. Cookson, had been a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and thither William was sent in October, 1787, when in the eighteenth year of his age. Hitherto his whole experience of the world was confined to northern villages, and his first impressions on the change were much what would have been produced by the transformations in his favorite Arabian Nights, where men go to sleep in a hut and wake in a palace. He roamed delighted among the imposing buildings and their swarm of students, hardly believing that the enchanting scene was real, and felt that he was clothed in his own person with the dignity of the place. He thought it "an honor" to have "interviews with his tutor and tailor," and, though his attentions to the former quickly ceased, he had extensive dealings with the latter. He condescends to elaborate in blank verse a full-length portraiture of himself as an academical exquisite, airily clad and carefully frizzled and powdered,

which must amuse all, and has surprised many, from the contrast it presents to the rustic tone of his poetry and his subsequent negligence of dress. But the transition is one of every-day occurrence. Sir Matthew Hale equipped himself when at Oxford like the gay gallants of his time, and in his riper years wore such raiment that Baxter, who was himself thought culpably remiss, remonstrated with the homelier Lord Chief Justice of England. Different periods of life have their characteristic vanities, and to a village youth the dazzling novelty of full-blown fashion is peculiarly seducing.

Few dress with the finish of a Brummel to sit down to mathematics, and, in the technical language of the University, our self-painted dandy was not "a reading man." Wine-parties and suppers, riding and boating, lounging and sauntering, were his ordinary occupations. No enjoyment of the kind could have been more complete, for his animal spirits were high, and he never drugged his pleasures with vice. He says that even before the first flush of gratification was past he was disturbed at intervals by compunctious reflections that he had his way to make in the world, and, instead of giving himself up to the recreations of life, ought to be steadily training for its struggles. As often, however, as these shadows flitted across his mind they were chased away by the buoyant levity of youth, and he always professed that his residence at Cambridge was "a gladsome time." Before leaving Hawkshead he had mastered five books of Euclid, and had arrived at quadratic equations in algebra, which in those easy days gave him a twelvemonth's start of his fellow-freshmen; and in advanced age he ascribed his heedlessness at the University to the natural propensity of the hare to sleep while the tortoises were in the distance. In "The Prelude," written when his recollections were fresh, he assigns a different, and manifestly a truer, cause for his neglect to join in the mathematical race. Bred up, he said, amid nature's bounties, free as the wind to range where he listed, he could ill submit to mental restraint and bodily captivity. He loved solitude, but only in lonely places, and if a throng was near he had an irresistible longing to mingle with it. Repulsion and attraction, therefore, both combined to throw him into the circle of merry idlers. But minds such as his are never utterly idle:—and the free hours of unguarded intercourse afforded him valuable lessons in human nature.



Drifted along by the babbling stream of society, he had almost ceased to look for "tongues in trees and sermons in stones." Whenever, as a freshman, he betrayed by involuntary gestures his latent sympathies for the appearances of earth and sky, his boon companions whispered among themselves that there "must be a screw loose." They looked at natural objects after the fashion of men unable to read, who see the form of the letters and have no conception of their meaning. Wordsworth in their presence kept a veil upon his better mind; and it was only on the rare occasions when he stole away into solitude, that he indulged his propensities. So passed the first academic year, at the end of which he returned to Hawkshead for the summer vacation. He returned unspoilt by the vanities of his Cambridge life to greet with affection his school-boy dame—overjoyed to lodge again beneath her lowly roof and partake her humble fare. Old scenes brought back old recollections, and woods and lakes were again in the ascendant. He nevertheless imported into Hawkshead some of his new Cambridge tastes. His silken hose and brilliant buckles astonished rural eyes. He was much at feasts and dances, and felt "slight shocks of love-liking" for his buxom partners. He afterwards spoke of these companionable evenings as "a heartless chase of trivial pleasures," and wished he had spent the time in study and meditation. We question, in his particular case, the wisdom of the wish. He was too prone, except when in cities, to live upon himself, and it humanized him to mingle in domestic merry-makings.

Upon his return to the university his renewed love of nature showed itself in his giving most of his winter evenings to the college-gardens by the Cam—gazing at the trees, and peopling the walks with visionary fairies, till summoned within walls by the nine o'clock bell. He now broke loose a little from his idle companions, and spent more of his hours among his books. He dipped into the classics, made himself master of Italian, and extended his acquaintance with the English poets. He ascribes to this period the growing belief that he might one day be admitted into that proud choir. He started with the excellent creed that there were four models whom he must have continually before his eyes—Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare—and the three first were constantly in his hands. He sat in the hawthorn shade by Trompington Mill, and *laughed over Chaucer*, and he paid to the

temperate and puritanical Milton the singular homage of getting tipsy in his honor. At a wine-party in that room of Christ's College which tradition reports to have once been tenanted by the author of *Paradise Lost*, young Wordsworth drank libations to his memory; and being late for his own chapel, sailed proudly up the aisle, after service had begun, in a state of vinous and poetic exaltation, fondly dreaming that the mantle of Milton had fallen upon *him*. What makes this tribute especially memorable is, that in drinking days, and among festive associates, he could charge himself with no other trespass against sobriety. Having now begun to train for his high vocation, he had probably not much reason to regret his Euclid and algebra. Often, in the retrospect of neglected opportunities and wasted hours, a self-reproaching idea is entertained that the appointed studies of the place might easily, after all, have been combined with the pursuits of choice:—but where there is one predominating taste, it is impossible long to serve two masters. If Wordsworth could have lived his Cambridge life again, his diligence would doubtless have been greater, but in all probability it would have been bestowed upon Spenser, Milton, Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

The next long vacation was signalized by the renewal of his intercourse with his admirable sister. The Wordsworths, scattered by the death of their parents, had no common home to which they could gather at intervals. Miss Dorothy chanced to be domesticated for a time with her relations in the neighborhood of Penrith, and in the course of his autumnal ramblings he had frequent opportunities of sharing her society. In one of his poems he speaks of 'the shooting lights of her wild eyes,' and the bright impulsive gleams they sent forth were a true index of her quick genius and fervid sensibility. But with a masculine power of mind she had every womanly virtue, and presented with these blended gifts such a rare combination, that even the enthusiastic strains in which her brother sang her praise borrowed no aid from his poetic imagination. It was she who in childhood moderated the sternness of his moody temper, and she now carried on the work which was then begun. His chief delight had hitherto been in scenes which were distinguished by terror and grandeur, and she taught him the beauty of the humblest products and mildest graces of nature. While she was softening *his* mind, he was elevating *hers*, and out of this interchange



of gifts grew an absolute harmony of thought and feeling. It was at the same period that he formed an attachment for his sister's friend, Miss Hutchinson, of Penrith, whom he afterwards married. She became, he says, endeared to him by her radiant look of youth, conjoined to a placidity of expression, the reflection of one of the most benignant tempers that ever diffused peace and cheerfulness through a home.

His third and last long vacation was another epoch in his life. In July, 1790, he started with a brother-under-graduate, Mr. Jones, on a pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland, and the North of Italy. This, common as it is at present, he acknowledges to have been a hardy slight of university studies, and, sensible that his friends would remonstrate, he departed without communicating his design. His college acquaintances, who had nothing to say against his preference of travelling to mathematics, thought the scheme Quixotic, from the difficulties which must beset tourists so little versed in the languages of the Continent, and so scantily provided with funds. But all considerations with Wordsworth were lighter than air compared to his passion for scenery and his sympathy with the French people, then in the early or boisterously merry stage of political intoxication. Jones was an admirable associate for such an expedition, being a sturdy native of Wales, accustomed to climb mountains, and noted not only for quick intelligence, but for a happy, winning disposition. They were absent fourteen weeks, and the money they took allowed them four shillings a day each for all expenses. Their luggage was as light as their purse. They tied up the whole of it in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and carried their bundles on their heads, exciting a smile wherever they went. They reached Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution, and witnessed the festal abandonment which attended the event. They continued their course amidst the roar of what they supposed to be liberated France, and did their best to swell the chorus. In the fervor of their hearts they drank and danced with frantic patriots, who paid them especial honor as natives of a land which had set an example of liberty. Wordsworth's eye, much more practised to scan landscapes than men, nowhere penetrated beneath the surface. He concluded that the zealots of the revolution were as good as they were gay, and that a king and his courtiers were the only Frenchmen by whom power could be abused.

The poet was in his sphere when he got beyond the Swiss frontier, and he passed the remainder of the journey in a perpetual hurry of delight at the succession of sublime and beautiful objects.

After taking his degree in January, 1791, Wordsworth lodged for four months in London, with no other purpose than that personal gratification which had governed all his previous proceedings. He spent his time in seeing every manner of sight, and was often at the House of Commons to hear the debates on the French Revolution. There he listened to the majestic wisdom of Burke with involuntary admiration, but with no present profit—for in the autumn of the year his sympathizing spirit once more carried him across the Channel. Nothing could have been cruder than his political notions, which were mainly founded upon the defects of his personal temperament. His predominant characteristic was a headstrong will, a wild impatience of subordination, which made him even shake off regulations of his own as a tame restraint upon freedom. In this anarchy of a rebellious mind he had not waited for the outbreak of the French commotion to learn his levelling creed. It found him a hater of kings, and sighing for what he calls "a government of equal rights and individual worth!" What he meant by these, how he considered they were to be obtained, and how secured, he has not explained—and indeed the entire narrative which he wrote some years afterwards of his political fever is compounded of fallacies so shallow and transparent, couched in language so vague and obscure, that a want of all clear thinking upon the subject seems to have outlasted the period of rash, refractory youth. It was with very little knowledge of history, and with absolutely none of the science of government, beyond the disjointed notions picked up from pamphlets and newspapers, that he started on his second pilgrimage to France. He remained a few days at Paris, and then moved on to Orleans, that the society of the English might not impede his progress in mastering the language. He lived much with royalist officers, who fretted for the hour to draw the sword, but his principal intimate was a General Beaupuis, who belonged to the opposite faction. They held incessant conversations on patriotic themes, and once meeting a poor and pallid girl, who knitted while a heifer tied to her arm cropped the grass on the bank, the General exclaimed, "It is against *that* we are fighting." Wordsworth adds that he, on his part, equal-

ly believed that they were the apostles of a benevolence which was to banish want from the earth. This is an epitome of the whole of his early political philosophy. It went no deeper than a random confidence that, if existing institutions could be swept away, peace and prosperity would emerge out of the ruin. When every hope had been falsified, he clung resentfully to his tenets, in the endeavor (as he some time afterwards says) "to hide what nothing could heal—the wounds of mortified presumption." It is seldom, however, that the recantation of an error is complete. While penning this penitential confession he speaks with the same scorn of all the proceedings of Mr. Pitt and his party, as though events had refuted *their* predictions and verified *his*.

From Orleans he went to Blois, and while there the king was dethroned and imprisoned. Next came the massacres of September, 1792, and a month afterwards Wordsworth bent his steps towards Paris. The massacres he believed to have been a casual ebullition of fury, till he was left alone on the night of his arrival in the garret of an hotel, when his proximity to the scene of slaughter begot some fears for his safety, and suggested the high probability that there might be a second act to the tragedy. Closer observation confirmed his suspicion, and convinced him that the bloodiest hands had the strongest arms. He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted, and taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation, and conduct the revolution to a happy issue. With all the gravity of Don Quixote he sets it down among the justifications of his scheme that

"Objects, even as they are great, thereby  
Do come within the reach of *humblest* eyes."

How far the eyes were humble is needless to be said, and the only palliation is that they were utterly blind. The difficulty is to believe that they could have belonged to a man of genius in his twenty-third year. Had he made the slightest attempt to realize his project, he confesses that he would have paid for his presumption with his head. But what he then thought a harsh necessity, and afterwards acknowledged to be a gracious Providence, compelled him to return to England just in time to save him from the guillotine. No doubt his friends at home had become aware of his peril, and refused to answer any *more drafts from Paris*.

His mind boiling over with political passions, he had no relish for sylvan solitudes, and fixed his head-quarters in London. To vindicate his talents, which his Cambridge career had brought into question, he, in 1793, produced to the world,—hurriedly, he says, though reluctantly—two little poems, 'The Evening Walk,' and 'Descriptive Sketches.' If the Evening Walk was hastily corrected it had not been hastily composed, for it was begun in 1787, and continued through the two succeeding years. The metre and language are in the school of Pope, but they are the work of a promising scholar and not of a master. There is an incongruous mixture of poverty and richness in the diction, and often, instead of being suggested by the sentiment, it has been culled and adapted to it. The verse does not flow on with easy strength, but is labored, and frequently feeble, and the structure of the sentences is distorted beyond the limits of poetic license to meet the exigencies of rhyme. For the topics of the piece Wordsworth drew upon his individual tastes, but even here he has not been particularly happy. The rural objects he describes are minute and disconnected, neither chosen for their general association with evening, nor possessing, for the most part, an independent interest. Brief as the work is, it leaves a drowsy impression—but the poet breaks out in occasional touches, and the four lines on the swan present a picture he could not have surpassed in the maturity of his powers:—

The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings  
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering  
wings :  
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees  
How graceful pride can be, and how majestic  
ease.

The Descriptive Sketches had been penned at Orleans and Blois, in 1791 and 1792. They are the versified recollections of some of the scenes which struck him most in the pedestrian tour with Jones. In spite of the horrors of that season he concludes with an unqualified panegyric on the Revolution, and a prayer that 'every sceptred child of clay' who presumed to withstand it might be swept away by the flood. The execution is of the same school as *The Evening Walk*, but the language is simpler, and so far superior. Though he had Goldsmith's 'Traveller' much in his mind, and has copied the turn of many of his lines, there is an increasing ascendancy of the original over the imitative element. In one instance he has borrowed both broadly and clumsily from the magnifi-

cent couplet in which Gray depicts the overflowing Nile under the figure of a brooding bird :—

‘From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,  
And broods o’er Egypt with his watery wings.’

Wordsworth, speaking of the ‘mighty stream’ of the French Revolution, asks that it may

‘Brood o’er the long-parch’d lands with Nile-like wings.’

Here the comparison is between stream and stream instead of between stream and bird, and there is consequently no propriety in the expressions ‘brood’ and ‘wings.’ These involve a prior simile which Wordsworth leaves the reader to supply, and what mind could extemporize for itself the noble image of Gray? The germs of thought in one writer when developed by another, often differ as much as the seed and the flower, but whenever the singular beauty of the passage is the temptation to reproduce it, the effort to vary what is exquisite already, ends in a faded, distorted copy.

Even at the quietest period the Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches would hardly have attracted much attention—and slender indeed was the chance of their still small voice being heard amid the thunders of national strife. Of the few criticisms in contemporary journals none were at all satisfactory to the author. Some blew too hot and some blew too cold, and the indiscriminating praise, which betrayed a want of real appreciation, pleased him little better than undisguised contempt. In revising these juvenile pieces long afterwards for the collective edition of his works, he altered them enough to destroy their historical, without materially increasing their poetical value.

Disappointed of his ambition to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm abroad, Wordsworth took up his pen to enlighten his countrymen. The compendious method for scattering plenty over a smiling land, which he expounded under the form of ‘A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff,’ was to abolish the monarchy and the peerage. No better criticism can be pronounced upon his panacea than his own, in later life, upon the far more moderate views of Mr. Fox :—‘It is extraordinary that the naked absurdity of the means did not raise a doubt as to the attainableness of the end.’ The proceedings, however, of his French allies, began to teach him the dangers of precipitance. He wrote to a friend that he recoiled from the very idea of a revolution, and that he feared the destruc-

tion of vicious institutions was hastening on too fast. The Letter to Bishop Watson was restored to his desk—and has never been published. Yet he clung tenaciously to his republican tenets, and between love for his abstract theories, and horror at their practical fruits, there was a perpetual conflict in his mind, and not a little inconsistency in his conduct. While he spoke with disgust of the miserable outrages which desolated France, while his sleep was nightly disturbed by ghostly dreams of dungeons and scaffolds, while he constantly pictured himself in these hideous visions as a terror-stricken victim, pleading in vain for life before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was not the less indignant that England should array herself against the perpetrators of such crimes. Her interposition—though not warlike, as we all know, until the gauntlet was flung in her face—is declared by him to have been the first shock that was ever given to his *moral* nature! The assassinations had moved him, but what especially scandalized him was the attempt to tie up the hands of the assassins. So fanatical did he grow on the point, that he rejoiced when our soldiers fell by thousands, and mourned when we triumphed, allaying his grief with the treasonable hope that the enemy would hereafter have their day of vengeance. Long after it became apparent even to him that the sword of France was, like her guillotine, the bloody instrument of scoundrels who only talked of liberty to facilitate oppression, he went on asserting that Mr. Pitt was accountable for alienating him from his country. It might be supposed on his own showing that William Wordsworth, who helped, *pro puerili*, to let out the waters, had even more to answer for than William Pitt, who raised a dam to stop the progress of the deluge. In the course of a few years he became, in his own language, ‘as active a member of the war party as his industry and abilities would allow.’ To vindicate his consistency he then professed to remain persuaded that the war, however identified ultimately with righteous objects, was at the outset one of selfish tyranny and unprincipled ambition. It is needless now to vindicate Mr. Pitt against such perversions of fact and motive. By 1818 Wordsworth himself had come to speak and write in a far different strain.

Meanwhile, one good effect of the war was to set him laboring in his proper vocation. He had strayed to the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1793, and saw with an evil eye the equipment of the fleet. From thence



he turned towards Wales, and while pacing over Salisbury Plain the dreary scene was connected in his imagination with the roving of disbanded sailors and of the widows of the slain. He at once commenced, and in 1794 completed, the story of "Guilt and Sorrow," which did not appear entire till 1842, but of which he published an extract in 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." In regard to time it is separated from the Descriptive Sketches by a span, but in respect of merit they are parted by a gulf. He had ceased to walk in the train of Pope, and composed in the stanza of his later favorite Spenser. In no other hands has it proved so little cumbrous. It runs on with a light facility—never labored, never harsh, and never cloying. There is an exquisite simplicity and polish in the language, equally removed from the bald prattle of many of the Lyrical Ballads and the turgid verbosity of many pages in *The Excursion*. The landscape-painting has a bright transparency, very unlike the misty crudeness of his earlier efforts; and in the human part of the poem there is a deep and genuine pathos, unalloyed by a taint of morbid exaggeration. The plot is badly contrived, but the interest is in the details. To be appreciated it must be read with patient tranquillity, for its beauties are of that quiet order which escape a hasty eye.

While Wordsworth was thus dissatisfied with public events, his private circumstances were full as gloomy. Of the little available property his father left, part had been expended in the fruitless endeavor to compel Lord Lonsdale to pay his debt, and the remainder devoted to the education of the children. William was designed for the law or the church; but, for the former, he said, he had not strength of constitution, mind, or purse; and the latter must have been incompatible with his present opinions, both political and theological. It was part of his special satisfaction with the French Revolution that it had stripped the clergy of their "guilty splendor." His vagrancy and indolence, his turbulent intermeddling with the affairs of nations, and his total neglect of his own, justly alarmed and displeased his friends. He began to look anxiously for employment, and thought of establishing a monthly journal, to be called "The Philanthropist." Finding the scheme impracticable, he contemplated a connection with an opposition newspaper—a department of letters in which, being nowise remarkable either for flexibility of talent or piquancy of style, he could never

have attained much success. The question was pending when an event occurred which changed his destiny. Raisley Calvert, of a Cumberland family, and son of a steward of the Duke of Norfolk, was in a rapid decline, and our roving hero, whose previous acquaintance with him had been but slight, meeting him accidentally towards the close of 1794, and compassionating his solitary position, remained with him till his death, at Penrith, in January, 1795. The benevolence which prompted Wordsworth to give himself up to cheering the last few lonely weeks of a sick youth's life met with an instant and unexpected reward. The invalid imbibed a high opinion of his poetic powers, and to secure him, for a while at least, the free exercise of an unmarketable genius, bequeathed him nine hundred pounds. "Poor fellow!" moralizes Mr. Searle, "he seems to have been born for this special purpose. I would not be thought to speak ungenerously of poor Calvert:—God forbid!—but still I cannot help thinking about Providence, and his dark, inscrutable ways, how he smites one frail child to the grave that another may have leisure to sing songs." We are at a loss to say whether this comment is more ludicrous from its helpless silliness, or offensive from its conceited contempt. If Raisley Calvert was only created that he might leave a legacy to Wordsworth, for what does Mr. Searle suppose that myriads are born into the world who live no longer, accomplish no more, and have not a farthing to bequeath? Immortal beings are of some consideration on their own account, although they may neither sing mortal songs, nor endow the singers with worldly goods.

It was not the least advantage of the legacy that it was the indirect cause of extricating Wordsworth from the maze of speculations into which he had been drawn by the French Revolution. Meeting no government to his mind, he had arrived at the conclusion that every man should be a law to himself. He resolved to spurn the restraints of established rules, and recognize no other ground of action than what his varying circumstances suggested, as they arose, to his individual understanding. The next step in his new path was the endeavor to discover by that understanding, henceforth to be the sole light to his feet, what constituted good and evil, and what was the obligation to perform the one and shun the other. These propositions, however, proved too hard for even his unassisted reason, and the result was his abandoning moral questions in despair. De-



pressed and bewildered, he turned to abstract science, and was beginning to torment his mind with fresh problems, when, after his long voyage through unknown seas in search of Utopia, with sails full set, and without compass or rudder, his sister came to his aid, and conducted him back to the quiet harbor from which he started. His visits to her had latterly been short and far between, until his brightening fortunes enabled them to indulge the wish of their hearts to live together, and then she convinced him that he was born to be a poet, and had no call to lose himself in the endless labyrinth of theoretical puzzles. The calm of a home would alone have done much towards sobering his mind. While he roamed restlessly about the world he was drawn in by every eddy, and obeyed the influence of every wind; but when once he had escaped from the turmoil into the pure and peaceful pleasures of domestic existence, he felt the vanity and vexation of his previous course.

The autumn of 1795 found him and his sister settled in a house at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. It is a remarkable feature of his history, that all the time he was a hot-headed, intractable rover, he had lived a life of Spartan virtue. His Hawkshead training had inured him to cottage board and lodging, and the temptations of London and Paris had failed to allure him to extravagance or vice. His temperance and economy enabled him to derive more benefit from Calvert's bequest than would have accrued to poets in general from five times the sum. According to the Greek saying, he was rich in all the things he did not want; and it is a memorable fact that he and his sister lived together in happy independence for nearly eight years upon an income—Godsends included—which amounted to barely one hundred a-year. His example—a dangerous one he often in the sequel called it—will not lead many astray if it is followed by none but those who possess the prudence, perseverance, and powers, which were the basis of his prosperity. Some victims there will always be, because there will always be some who mistake ambition for genius, or strong tastes for corresponding talent.

Wordsworth now entered upon his poetical profession by paraphrasing several of the satires of Juvenal and applying them to the abuses which he conceived to reign in high places. The undertaking showed that the cask retained a scent of its late contents, but he soon desisted, and would never publish even a specimen. There is no Juvenalian

vein in his own poetry, and, besides his subsequent objection to the sentiments, he was probably aware that he had failed to transfuse the point and energy of the Roman. His second experiment was equally foreign to his genius. He began his Tragedy of 'The Borderers' at the close of 1795, and bestowed upon it an immensity of time and thought for many succeeding months. Coleridge wrote to Cottle that it was 'absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those profound touches of human heart which I find three or four times in The Robbers of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.' It is idle to say that Coleridge often displayed exquisite critical acumen; but he is no safe authority—for to the partiality which is ordinarily engendered by personal affection, he super-added a propensity, which clung to him through life, for lending imaginary perfections to commonplace books. The Wordsworthian drama was kept back for nearly five times the period prescribed by Horace, and when it appeared at last was considered, we believe, by all who read it, an unqualified failure. The plot has neither probability nor ingenuity. We can discover nothing individual in the personages, and no traits or manners in the least distinctive of their age and nation. As to the diction of the piece, a mawkish monotony pervades it, and a beggar-woman is the single character who utters a line or two of worthy verse. The cunning of the hand which penned 'Guilt and Sorrow' is nowhere apparent. The play was not intended for representation, nor could even excellent poetry have concealed its unfitness for the stage, since it is destitute of passion, movement, and incident. It was submitted, notwithstanding, to one of the actors at Covent Garden, and he, expressing strong approbation, advised Wordsworth to come up to London. He went with the conviction that it was a bootless journey, and when the managers rejected his MS. he signified a perfect acquiescence in their judgment.

It was in June, 1797, when this tragedy was on the verge of completion, that its first critic arrived at Racedown. Coleridge had met with the *Descriptive Sketches* in 1794, and discerned amid the faults of an immature understanding the promise of an original poetic genius. He, on his part, needed no other voucher for the possession of the richest intellectual gifts than what proceeded from his own most eloquent tongue. His mind, as yet undimmed by the fumes of opium, was now in its fullest and freshest

Transcendental metaphysics had not monopolized his thoughts. His sympathies had a wider range than afterwards, and, if his discourse sometimes lost itself in clouds, they were clouds which glowed with gorgeous hues. All who saw him in his early prime are agreed that his finest works convey a feeble notion of the profusion of ideas, the brilliancy of imagery, the subtlety of speculation, the sweep of knowledge, which then distinguished his inexhaustible colloquial displays. Each poet had traversed regions of thought to which the other was comparatively a stranger: Wordsworth full of original contemplations upon nature—Coleridge more conversant with systems of philosophy, and all the varieties of general literature. Coleridge was astonished to find a man who, out of the common appearances of the world, could evolve new and unexpected feelings—Wordsworth was dazzled with the splendor of apparently boundless intellectual hoards. There sprang up between them on the instant the strongest sentiments of admiration and affection. ‘I feel myself,’ writes Coleridge, ‘a little man by his side.’ Of Miss Wordsworth he speaks with equal enthusiasm. ‘His exquisite sister is a woman indeed!—in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary—if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say—

“Guilt was a thing impossible in her.”

Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer—it bends, protrudes, and draws in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults.’ What Wordsworth thought of his guest may be summed up in his well-known saying, that other men of the age had done wonderful things, but Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had ever known. Coleridge then resided at Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where the Wordsworths soon repaid his visit; and a house being to let in the neighboring village of Alfoxden, they hired it forthwith, for the sole purpose of enjoying the daily converse of the ‘noticeable man.

The alliance was soon productive of important consequences. In November, 1797, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister started on a pedestrian tour through the surrounding country. Their united funds being

small, the poets resolved that their wits should pay for their pleasure, and they began a joint composition, to be sold for five pounds to the publisher of a Magazine. Thus was commenced the celebrated ballad of *The Ancient Mariner*. A friend of Coleridge had dreamt of a person who labored under a curse for the commission of some crime, and upon this slight hint was built one of the most original and imaginative poems in the language. Wordsworth suggested, from a passage he had recently read in Shelvocke’s *Voyages*, that the navigator’s offence should be the shooting of the albatross—an incident which Coleridge turned to grand account. His partner in the venture started one or two other ideas, and assisted him here and there to a line, but they struck their notes in different keys, and Wordsworth, perceiving that he was only encumbering him with help, left him to chant by himself the whole of the mariner’s ‘wild and wondrous song.’ Incident gave birth to incident, stanza to stanza, till there was too much verse for the money, and they thought of making up a volume. The result of the Beaumont and Fletcher experiment was sufficient to satisfy them that the natural was the stronghold of the one, and the supernatural of the other. It was therefore agreed that Coleridge should take for his groundwork superstitious agencies, and deduce from them the emotions which would really arise if the events were true; while Wordsworth was to exhibit under fresh aspects the most ordinary characters and the most familiar objects. The essence of the system of Coleridge was to bring unearthly subjects within the range of earthly feelings; and that of Wordsworth to make manifest that lowly things had a high and spiritual significance. Acting in contrary directions, the combined effect was to place two worlds at the command of the reader—the first nearly closed to him, because it lay beyond the range of his daily experience; the second lost upon him, because it had grown too common to invite attention. Coleridge, after a fit of literary exertion, usually paused a long while to take breath, and he did nothing more to advance the scheme than frame a few fragments of *Christabel* and *The Dark Ladie*. While he was dreaming, his brother bard was doing, and there was no day without its line. Cottle, the Bristol Bookseller, had offered, before the tour, to purchase and publish the pieces which Wordsworth had then in stock, but the poet exhibited the utmost reluctance to submit his pretensions to public scrutiny.

He said at the close of his life that all he wrote fell short of his aspirations, and that he questioned if he should ever have given anything to the world unless he had been forced by the pressure of personal necessities. When the vague imaginings of the mind are reduced into shape and substance, there is the same difference as between castles in the air and houses on earth, and the artist is unwilling to be judged by what he considers inadequate specimens of his power. The urgent need for five pounds having passed, it is doubtful whether Wordsworth might not again have postponed the publishing day, if another event had not occurred to quicken his decision.

Coledrige was visited at Stowey by Thelwall, who, though not quite forgotten as a lecturer on elocution, is chiefly remembered from his trial for high treason. He had thrown up the dangerous game of politics, and applied himself to farming. As he sat with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the glen of Alfoxden, the latter exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world.' 'Nay,' said the new agriculturist, 'to make one forget them altogether.' The Government, judging Thelwall by his antecedents, had no conception of the pastoral turn he had taken, and conjectured that his business was to hold treasonable counsels with the two minstrels. A spy was sent to dog the pair, and detect their deep designs. He hid behind a bank near their favorite seat by the sea-side, and heard them speak of Spinoza, which to his plebeian ears sounded like *Spy Nosey*. He thought for an instant that they had discovered his mission, and were making merry with his 'human face divine.' Their talk proving innocent, where it was not unintelligible, he joined Coleridge on the road, and feigned himself a revolutionist to draw him out. The 'noticeable' rose up, 'terrible in reasoning,' and demonstrated jacobins to be so silly, as well as wicked, that the spy felt humbled to be even in seeming this contemptible character. His antagonist marked his discomfiture, and congratulated himself on having converted a disaffected democrat into a faithful subject of his sovereign lord the King. The less eloquent bard, however, though he, as it happened, had ceased to care about politics, was the most mistrusted by the villagers. 'As to Coleridge,' said one of them, 'there is not much harm in *him*, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that Wordsworth! he is the dark traitor. You never hear *him* say a syl-

lable on the subject.' His habits helped to aid the delusion. He was seen prowling about by moonlight in lonely places, and was overheard muttering to himself. At Hawkhead he had enjoyed the advantage of a sagacious dog, who returned to give him notice when any one approached. Rustics know nothing of the fine frenzy of poets, and to the opportunity afforded him of hushing his voice and composing his gait he ascribed his escape at that epoch from the imputation of being crazed. He had no advanced guard to warn him at Alfoxden when the enemy was coming; and the broken murmurs, which in quieter times would have been thought symptomatic of insanity, were understood in 1798 to indicate treason. According to Mr. Cottle's grave narrative—(which reflects, perhaps, *inter alia*, some bardic dreams)—opinion was not altogether unanimous, for a small minority maintained, from his mostly haunting the sea-shore, that W. W. was only a smuggler. The practical effect of the rumors was, that the agent of the landlord at Alfoxden refused to let the house any longer to so dangerous a character, and there was no other residence to be had in the neighborhood. This determined the trio to spend a few months in Germany, and it was to raise cash for the expedition that Wordsworth screwed up his courage to publish the *Lyrical Ballads*.

The first idea was that he and Coleridge should print their respective tragedies, and Cottle was willing to give thirty guineas for each; but a revived expectation of getting them brought upon the stage induced both bards to fall back upon their minor pieces, and the Bristol bibliopole was invited to Alfoxden that he might hear, admire, and purchase. He readily proffered his standing fee of thirty guineas for Wordsworth's part of the volume, and made a separate bargain with Coleridge for the *Ancient Mariner*. The publisher has preserved no memorials of his professional visit; but some particulars he has recorded of a former jaunt afford an amusing glimpse of the simplicity of living, and ignorance of common things, which then distinguished the gifted pair. Cottle drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Alfoxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Alfoxden pantry was empty—so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirty im-



At Hamburgh he had two or three interviews with Klopstock, and made notes of the conversation. Klopstock commended Wieland's *Oberon*, and Wordsworth objected that the interest was based upon the animal appetite instead of the mental passion of love. Klopstock replying that this was the way to please, Wordsworth rejoined that the province of a poet was to raise people up to his own level, and not to descend to theirs. It is the principle by which he always professed to be governed—and the early expression of it, before he was aware of the reception of his Lyrical Ballads, is a proof that it was not an after-thought to solace himself for neglect. It was Klopstock's turn to be critical upon English authors, and he complained of the Fool in Lear—which drew from Wordsworth the acute observation that 'he imparted a terrible wildness to the distress.' The 'German Milton' rated highly the faculty of drawing tears, but his visitor maintained that nothing was easier, and that the meanest writers did it every day. In England—to say nothing of Germany—attention to this undeniable truth would prevent an immense amount of misplaced admiration. There are certain topics—death-bed scenes especially—which never fail to move, and the more morbid and melodramatic the description, the more the writer is praised for pathetic power.

From Hamburgh Coleridge proceeded to Ratzeburgh and the Wordsworths to Goslar, where they remained till the February of 1799. Their main object was to learn the language, but they chose their abiding city ill. There was no society, and their only opportunities of conversing were with the people of the house, whose casual talk was not very classic. They were both glad to make their way back to England in the spring, and went to pass a few weeks with some old friends at Sockburn-on-Tees. During his residence abroad, Wordsworth had continued the composition of minor pieces, and, according to his sister, hurt his health by over-activity of mind. Having exercised his wings in short preparatory flights, he now felt ambitious to hazard a wider sweep. He had a strong inclination to try an epic, but was beset by the usual difficulty—the choice of a subject—and not being able to hit upon any which united every advantage, he at length determined to take himself for his theme. He mistrusted his present capacity of composing worthily an invented narrative, and here he had only to tell what he had felt and done. *The Pre-*

*lude* was commenced in consequence in 1799, and completed in May 1805. This metrical autobiography—never published in full till after his death—is valuable because it preserves many facts and opinions which might otherwise have gone unrecorded; but the matter would have been much better said than sung. In such a scheme there must inevitably be a compromise between poetry and prose, which ends in something that is neither. Completeness and perspicuity must bend on the one hand to the constraint of verse, and a concession must be made on the other of many of the elegances of verse to the commonplaces of life. There are a few poetical passages in *The Prelude*, and many poetical lines and expressions, but, upon the whole, it is bald and cumbrous as a poem, and as a narrative it frequently tantalizes by its generalities and perplexes by its obscurity. Upon the artistical execution of his blank verse Wordsworth bestowed unusual pains. He had elaborate ideas of regulating the pauses and cadences of every line for some special effect of harmony and emphasis, and he was equally solicitous that there should be a linked sweetness in the general movement of the paragraph. Yet, strange to say, none of our great poets have in the main written that arduous measure with less felicity. With him it has ordinarily neither majesty nor freedom—neither a full swell nor a mellifluous flow—but there is very often a painful harshness, and almost always a flimsiness of structure, which yields a flat and meagre sound. Many parts of *The Prelude* consist of bare prose cut up into lengths. Nearly the same—in spite of whatever exceptional felicities—may indeed be said of almost all who have encountered the difficulties of our blank verse. Can it be asserted that any besides Shakspeare and Milton—in their widely different uses of it—have entirely triumphed?

In September, 1799, Coleridge and Wordsworth made a tour through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were specially enchanted with Grasmere. A cottage was vacant in that lovely vale:—it had previously been a public-house, with the sign of The Dove and Olive Bough—Wordsworth hired it—and there he and his sister found rest for the soles of their feet on the 21st of December. When they went to reside they performed most of the journey from Sockburn on foot, and one day accomplished twenty miles over uneven roads frozen into rocks, in the teeth of a keen wind and a driving snow. Once only they got a lift in an empty cart, but



their spirits were as high as the thermometer was low, and Shakspeare tells us that a merry heart can go all the day. They lived at Grasmere in the same simplicity with which they travelled there. When the poet's circumstances were more flourishing his establishment is described as having the air of a comfortable vicarage; at Grasmere it must have been more in the style of the curate. In later life the day began and closed with prayers; and after breakfast the family read the lessons and psalms. They assembled at eight in the morning, dined at two, and drank tea at seven. In every essential respect his habits continued unchanged from his prime to his decline; and the portrait of one period will serve for all. The saying of the great and good Lord Falkland that a house was only for shelter from the rain was improved on by the Wordsworths, who braved all weathers to indulge their love of nature. The poet was not a saunterer, but used on all occasions—sometimes to the dismay of attendant admirers—that bold and sturdy step, in which native vigor and abundant practice had made him indomitable. One day he was showing an Eastern traveller the beauties of the country at a time when the torrents were swollen with rain. “I hope,” said he, “you like your companions—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams.” “No,” replied the pompous guest; “I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect with the silent solitude of the Arabian Desert.” The lover of the lakes was indignant at the slight, and resolved to be revenged on the bigoted Orientalist, who to his misfortune was dressed in boots and a thick greatcoat. “I am sorry you don't like this,” rejoined W. W.; “perhaps I can show you what will please you more;” and with these words he strode away from crag to vale, from vale to crag, for six consecutive hours, till the vaunting wanderer over the Desert was reduced to perfect submission of body and mind. “I thought,” said his host, “I should have had to carry him home.”

In his rambles Wordsworth contracted an extensive acquaintance with yeomen and peasants, and mingled much in what he expressively calls their “*slow* and familiar chat.” Mr. Justice Coleridge, whose reminiscences are the most valuable portion of the Memoirs, says that it was impossible to go a mile in his company without observing his affectionate interest in simple natures; with what easy, hearty kindness he addressed all he met; and how full was their demean-

or towards him of cordiality and respect, of love and honor. His particular delight was to detect traits in the poor which denoted sensibility of heart. “I like,” said a shepherd to him, as they went along the bank of a murmuring stream, “I like to walk where I can hear the sound of a beck.” “I cannot but think,” comments Wordsworth, always eager to give a worthy sentiment its widest scope, “that this man has had many devout feelings connected with the appearances which have presented themselves to him in his employment, and that the pleasure of his heart at that moment was an acceptable offering to the Divine Being.” Mr. Justice Coleridge was with him when they met a humble neighbor with a string of trout, which Wordsworth wished to buy. “Nay,” replied the man, “I cannot sell them; the little children at home look for them for supper, and I can't disappoint them;”—an answer which charmed the poet. The juniors had an abundant share of his attention. Mr. Robinson observed him at the Amphitheatre of Nismes absorbed in the least imposing part of the prospect. They were two young children playing with flowers which had captivated his eye, and his fellow-traveller overheard him murmuring, “Oh, you darlings! how I wish I could put you in my pocket and carry you to Rydal Mount!”

It was in the open air that he found the materials for his poems, and it was, he says, in the open air that nine-tenths of them were shaped. A stranger asked permission of the servant at Rydal to see the study. “This,” said she, as she showed the room, “is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors.” The poor neighbors, on catching the sound of his humming in the act of verse-making after some prolonged absence, were wont to exclaim, “There he is; we are glad to hear him *booing* about again.” From the time of his settlement at Grasmere he had a physical infirmity which prevented his composing pen in hand. Before he had been five minutes at the desk his chest became oppressed, and a perspiration started out over his whole body; to which was added, in subsequent years, incessant liability to inflammation in his eyes. Thus, when he had inwardly digested as many lines as his memory could carry, he had usually recourse to some of the inmates of his house to commit them to paper.

The misfortunes which hindered his writing must have been a check upon reading—but in truth he had not the inclination to be a “*helluo librorum*.” He cared for no

works except travels and records of fact, and he wrote to Archdeacon Wrangham, in 1819, that he had not spent five shillings on new publications in as many years. Even of old books his circumstances allowed him to buy but few—and yet, “small and paltry,” he adds, “as is my collection, I have not read a fifth of it.” Dr. Johnson himself was hardly more careless in his mode of handling a volume:—the neat and careful Southey compared Wordsworth in a library to a bear in a tulip-garden. The Elizabethan dramas were, with a few selected poets, his principal favorites, and what he read at all was perused with thoughtful deliberation. His sister, without any of the airs of learned ladies, had a refined perception of the beauties of literature, and her glowing sympathy and delicate comments cast new light upon the most luminous page. Wordsworth always acknowledged that it was from her and Coleridge that his otherwise very independent intellect had derived the greatest assistance.

Nature, he held, had gifted him with qualifications for two other callings besides that of a poet—landscape gardening and criticism on works of art. His ear was not musical, and smell he may be said to have had none whatever—in both which deficiencies he resembled Scott—but his eye, in compensation, was endowed with the acutest sense of form and color, to which he owed much of his boundless gratification in the ever-varying hues and outlines of nature. He had not only a sensitive feeling for the beautiful, but he knew by what combination of circumstances the beauty was produced. It is a necessary inference that he should pay particular attention to the arrangement of his garden, and that he should be successful in his efforts. The anxiety of his gardener that the grass should be of a shade to harmonize with the shrubs is pleasantly recorded by Sir John Coleridge.—“James and I are in a puzzle here,” said the poet to the judge. “The grass has spots which offend the eye, and I told him we must cover them with soap-lees. That, he says, will make the green there darker than the rest. Then, said I, we must cover the whole. That, he objects, will not do with reference to the adjoining lawn. Cover that, I said; to which he replies, You will have an unpleasant contrast with the surrounding foliage.”—How much the tasteful James was indebted to his instructor may be guessed by the sentence pronounced by a rustic of the class from which he sprung, upon the beautiful mosses, *lichens, and ferns* which ornamented the rim

of the well at Rydal. “What a nice well that would be,” he said to Wordsworth in person, “if all that *rubbish* was cleared away!”

Walking, reading, and gardening were the recreations of life at the Dove and Olive Bough. The business was to write poetry, and Wordsworth immediately commenced preparing a new volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, to be joined to a second edition of the first. He has related that all his pieces were founded upon fact, and it is now apparent from the published fragments of his sister's journal that it was she who supplied him with many of his materials—often, indeed, with merely hints which owed their value to his own embellishment, but sometimes, also, with everything except the rhyme. She was a poet by nature, though she wrote her poetry in prose. Wordsworth's pretty stanzas on the Daffodils are only an enfeebled paraphrase of a magical entry in her journal:—“There was a long belt of daffodils close to the water-side. They grew among the mossy stones about them: some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily *laughed* with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.” Few poets ever lived who could have written a description so simple and original, so vivid and picturesque. Her words are scenes, and something more.

“Fairer than life itself in thy sweet book  
Are cowslip bank and shady willow-tree.”

The enlarged edition of the *Ballads* was published in 1800. Thirty-seven pieces were added to the twenty he contributed to the original collection, and the supplement materially increased the proportion of good to bad. The doubtful lyrics' were few and brief, and the humblest in a higher strain than *Goody Blake* and *The Idiot Boy*. In their new form they had no contemptible sale, for without lowering the price, as before, to effect a clearance, there was a reprint in 1802 and another in 1805, and Jeffrey speaks of them in the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1807, as having been “unquestionably *popular*.” The author sent a copy to Mr. Fox, with a complimentary letter, in which he told him that if, since his entrance into public life, there had existed a single true poet in England, that poet must have loved him for his sensibility of heart. The true poet in the present instance still continued to be a true Whig, and the sympathy was much more political than poetic. *Michael*

and *The Brothers*, which were written "to show that men can feel deeply who do not wear fine clothes," he particularly recommended to the notice of the statesman, because they had a bearing upon the legislative measures for the relief of the poor. Mr. Fox replied briefly that he had read the poems with the greatest pleasure, but that, disliking blank verse for subjects which are treated with simplicity, *The Brothers* and *Michael* had failed to impress him. A more favorable judgment might have been expected from that sensibility of heart which Wordsworth justly ascribed to him, for both the pieces are extremely touching. A striking novelty in the book was the celebrated preface in which the author laid down his poetical creed. The theories he advanced were not altogether the cause of his practice, but had been devised in part to meet the objections of his critics. The effect was by no means answerable to the design. Even where the poems found favor the principles were repudiated.

The year 1802 was an eventful one to the poet. The stubborn old Lord of Lowther Castle was summoned by a creditor who takes no denial, and the kinsman on whom the estates devolved was conspicuous for every virtue and grace of character which had been wanting in his predecessor. He immediately paid the Wordsworths the original debt of 5000*l.* and 3500*l.* more for interest. There were five children, and the two shares which went to "The Dove and Olive Bough" enabled the poet to add, among other domestic comforts, the chiefest of all—an excellent wife. He was married at Brompton, October 4, 1802, to Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known from childhood, for they had learnt to spell together at a dame's school at Penrith. "Wedlock," says Jeremy Taylor, "hath greater joys and greater sorrows," but no marriage could have had more of the first greater, or less of the second.

In the following year he made three notable friendships—with Walter Scott, whom he met in the course of a tour through Scotland; with Southey who was residing with Coleridge at Keswick; and with Sir George Beaumont, who had also fallen in Coleridge's way. The great colloquial orator had set forth with his utmost zeal the high qualities of his friend at Grasmere, and the ardent sympathy, personal and poetical, which existed between them. The glowing picture moved the amiable Baronet before he had seen Wordsworth to purchase him a site for a house in a romantic spot on the confines of

Keswick. It was his ardent desire, he wrote to the stranger, to bring him and Coleridge together, conceiving that their intellectual enjoyments would be invigorated by interchange, and both stimulated to increased exertion. Wordsworth's gratitude was great, but for two months he kept it to himself, without one word of acknowledgment to the donor, content, he says, to "breathe forth solitary thanksgivings." The trait is curiously characteristic. The excess of kindness which would have moved most men to give vent on the instant to the gushing and unstudied impulses of their hearts, was by him considered a reason for performing the duty with elaborate care in "his best, purest, and happiest moments." The mental labor with which he composed a letter, and the physical difficulty with which he wrote it, continued the procrastination, till it grew painful to himself and puzzling to his benefactor. The main design proved abortive, for Coleridge soon went abroad again in search of health, and Wordsworth's money was disposed in ways which made it inconvenient for him to build—but a lasting intimacy with the Beaumonts was the consequence. Besides the bond of worth and intelligence, the poet and painter had a thorough appreciation of each other's art, and a common enthusiasm for landscape gardening and scenery. Wordsworth used to say that unless poverty had prevented it he should have been a ceaseless Rambler. When he had settled down into domestic life, to travel continued to be his principal luxury, and at the death of the gentle and accomplished Sir George, in 1827, he bequeathed his friend an annuity of 100*l.* to enable him to indulge in a yearly tour.

The first serious sorrow which fell upon the circle at Grasmere was the shipwreck in 1805 of Wordsworth's brother John, a captain in the East India Company's naval service. The brothers had only seen each other by glimpses since they were at school together at Hawkshead till they met in the Cumberland and Westmoreland tour of 1799, and then the genius of the Lakes was delighted to find in the navigator of the seas a person whose taste for scenery and poetry was not less acute and refined than his own. "Your brother John," wrote Coleridge to Miss Wordsworth, "is one of you—a man who hath solitary usings of his own intellect, deep in feeling, with a subtle tact, and swift instinct of truth and beauty." He had none of the vices, not even the manners, of his profession, but was meek, shy, and

meditative, and went among his crew by the name of 'The Philosopher.' John admired what William had written, and was thoroughly persuaded that, notwithstanding the clouds which obscured his rising, he was destined to shine among the stars of song. He did not expect his brother's poems to become rapidly popular. He said they required frequent perusal to be fully appreciated, and that the majority of readers were too little interested to look at them twice, but that people of sense would be gradually won, and the thinking few would carry the unthinking many in their train. The Captain's ambition, meanwhile, was to complete what Raisley Calvert had begun, and secure a more bountiful independence for his brother and sister. He would work for *them*, he said, and William should work for the world. With these hopes he made a voyage in 1801, and returned poorer than he went. He tried his luck once more in 1803, and fortune again withheld her favor. In 1805 he sailed for the third time, carrying with him his share of his father's property and 1200*l.* belonging to William and Dorothy, which, if his speculation had been prosperous, would have realized sufficient to put them all at ease. He had a dread of pilots, and used to say that it was a joyful hour when he got rid of them. The catastrophe justified his mistrust. It was an incompetent pilot that ran his ship, the Abergavenny, on the shambles of the Bill of Portland, and, though she was got off, she filled with water and sank while they were trying to run her upon Weymouth sands. The Captain, who had remained cool and cheerful to the last, perished with the larger part of the crew. 'A dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortunes of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck.\*' The news reached them when they were conjecturing that the vessel must have touched Madeira, and nothing could exceed the bitterness of their grief. The poet, in his letters, exhausted panegyric on the affectionate sailor, and makes it the climax of his praise that he was worthy to be the brother of Dorothy and the friend of Coleridge.

In 1807 Wordsworth published two new volumes, which contained the Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, and many more of his choicest pieces. Here appeared his

first sonnets, and several of them are still ranked among his happiest efforts in that department. He had long admired the sonnets of Milton, but, when his sister read them to him one afternoon, in 1801, he was so profoundly impressed with their dignified simplicity and majestic harmony, that he immediately tried to imitate the soul-animating strains. He held in regard to matter that the excellence of the sonnet consisted in a pervading unity of sense, and in regard to metre that it should have something of the combined effect of rhyme and blank verse—an admirable description, which would enable many to enjoy this species of poetry who are balked from a false expectation of epigrammatic point and a more marked confluence of similar sounds. Intermingled with the wheat were a few tares, such as the unfortunate Alice Fell and the lines to Wilkinson's Spade—but altogether it will not now be denied that the volumes were equal, if not superior, to their predecessors. Jeffrey, however, maintained that they were miserably inferior, and his Article put an absolute stop to the sale. The paper which worked this sad effect is not an elaborate production. There is little disquisition, and no wicked wit. The censor spoke of the poems with brief and quiet contempt, and left it to the extracts he subjoined to justify his words. How came it, then, that a man of genius could be felled by so faint a blow? Undoubtedly because he persisted in putting forth pieces which were quite unworthy of him, and which, when brought together in a few pages by a dexterous journalist, were sufficient to convince the lazy public that the man who wrote so badly could by no possibility write well. The lances of the critics would have been but straws if he had not perversely doffed his helmet for the barber's bason. As Jeffrey's own judgment was not based upon a partial knowledge of the volumes, contrariety of taste can alone explain the heartiness of his condemnation and the coldness of his praise. In several cases he has set his heel upon a flower. He calls *Yarrow Unvisited*, for instance, 'a very tedious affected performance, of which the drift is that the poet refused to visit this celebrated stream, because he had a vision of his own about it which the reality might undo.' Jeffrey was, as well as Wordsworth, a lover of nature, though he looked upon the world with a less imaginative eye, and he might have been expected to sympathize with a sentiment which, in some form or other, must have been felt by everybody,

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\* Jeremy Taylor.



and which was never so sweetly expressed before :—

‘ For when we’re there, although ’tis fair,  
 ’Twill be another Yarrow.’

The insensibility shown to his poetry led Wordsworth to extol the advantages of a catholic taste. He objected to his detractors that they had never had the patience to enter into the spirit of his works, and he was even intolerant of admirers who took exception to the barren spots in the prospect. Such was his demand upon the perceptions of others, that, when himself and Sir George Beaumont were watching the unsavory undulations of smoke from a blown-out tallow candle, he thought it indicated a defect of imagination in Crabbe that he put on the extinguisher. Unhappily for the romance of the sight, the sense of smell which nature had denied to Wordsworth was entire in his brother bard. But the universality of taste which the Lake poet preached he was the last to practise. He had deprived himself of all right to complain, for his harshest reviewer did him more justice than he was wont to deal out to his greatest contemporaries. His mind was not merely dead to their beauties and alive to their faults, but he sometimes indulged in an extravagance of censure which had no foundation whatsoever. He respected the decrees of that posterity to which he was accustomed to appeal no more than the judgments of the passing day. Posterity has ranked Gray among our happiest poets, and Wordsworth denied that he was a poet at all. He once related that he had never felt envy but twice—when a fellow-student at Cambridge got before him in Italian, and when he tripped up the heels of his brother to prevent his winning a race. Some little jealousy of the poets who ran, or were esteemed to run, better than himself, might have operated unknowingly in after-life; but the principal cause of the rash opinions he pronounced was the very narrowness of taste which he charged upon his critics. Verse which stirred the most cultivated minds like the sound of a trumpet found no echo in his, because he was bound up in the thralldom of a system—that is, in the eternal contemplation of his own theories as exemplified in his own performances. When he quotes two or three lines from his poem on the Wye, to show their superiority to the celebrated passage of Lord Byron on Solitude, he adds, that he does it for the sake of truth, and not from the disgusting motive of commending himself at the ex-

pense of a rival genius. He was sincere in his disclaimer; but nothing can evince so strongly the evil consequences of brooding too exclusively over his own sweet notes as that he should have come to the conclusion that these complacent comparisons were identical with the sacred cause of truth. The lofty station that he claimed among poets, and the low place he assigned to others whom the public had bid to go up higher, were notorious in every literary circle, and did him no good among the northern fraternity.

A second principle which he enforced and violated was, that nobody’s opinion upon a work could be so valuable as an author’s own, because *he* is sure to have pondered it with a hundred times the care of any one else. If the rule was just, what became of his dogmatic denial of the excellence of many of his fellow-poets? By his own confession he was an incompetent judge, and ought to have submissively received the law he presumed to give. But a doctrine more belied by daily experience was never delivered. Pope says that genius is claimed by every mother for her booby son, and whole troops of boobies claim it for themselves. Nay, our very Miltons, who could hardly over-estimate the sublimity of their genius, form the falsest estimate of the relative value of their works, and put *Paradise Regained* above *Paradise Lost*. The excess of meditation which an author bestows upon his productions is vitiated by an ingredient which Wordsworth ignores—an equal excess of self-love, which converts blots into beauties. He might, in his own particular case, have profited by the critics to whom he turned a deaf ear, for the faults they branded were in general real, and the mistake was in overlooking the merits which redeemed them.

On the appearance of the volumes of 1807 Lady Beaumont wrote expressing her anxiety for their success. Wordsworth replied that she must moderate her expectations, for the generation was stiff-necked, and would never bow down before him. London wits and party-goers led, he assured her, too heartless an existence to have any love for nature, human or inanimate, and even the kindly portion of the world had allowed that imagination to droop and die, without which he could not be tasted or even comprehended. It was the young he hoped to influence—to teach them the worthy use of their faculties, and make them feel the power of a universe upon which the majority looked with languid eyes. He believed that it was the spirit of b

poetry to calm them in affliction, and to put life into their happiness—to add sunshine to daylight, and to show them that there were stars for the night. His hopes and his ambition have not been disappointed; and it is pleasant to observe that the more popular he became the humbler he grew. In a letter of 1839 he speaks with abated assurance of the destiny of his works, and says that, standing on the brink of the vast ocean he was about to cross, it troubled him little how long he should remain in sight of the multitude who were left behind upon the shore. The reaction of conscious power against the undue attempt to keep it down is some apology for self-exaltation—and the general recognition of his genius, coupled with the effects of age in dimming the vanities of life, could not be lost upon so good and great a man.

Wordsworth's next publication was in prose. His indignation rose at the grasping tyranny of Napoleon, and in May, 1809, he put forth a pamphlet against the Convention (misnamed) of Cintra, in which he delivered at large his opinions on the war. The sentiments were spirit-stirring, but the manner of conveying them was the reverse, and his protest passed unheeded. It was an article of his literary creed, that all good poets, without a single exception, write good prose,—but he has himself broken in upon the uniformity of the rule. The phraseology of his sentences is heavy and frigid; the construction involved; and, though he grudges not space, the loose and circumlocutory diction constantly leaves his meaning dark. But what was least to be expected, there is a poverty of thought even upon subjects which he thoroughly understood. An epistle or rather dissertation, in the *Memoirs*, addressed to Sir George Beaumont, upon laying out grounds, is nothing more than a pompous paraphrase of a single dictum of Coleridge—and a very large share of the correspondence is of the same forbidding description. There are, indeed, specimens of a far different kind. An early letter to his sister, for example, during the tour with Jones, contains some charmingly fresh descriptions of scenery—and the letter to Scott upon Dryden—which is not the least in his usual manner—is admirable altogether. Southey imputed his want of perspicuity to his habit of dictating and his enthusiasm for Milton's stately prose. Wordsworth ascribed it himself to his little practice in the art. He confessed that he had a lack of words, or, to speak more *correctly, of the right words*, and a deficiency

of skill in the arrangement of them, which he thought use would remove. The admiration of Milton may account for the cumbrousness, and the want of practice for the awkwardness of his style, but neither will explain why a teeming mind should have shown upon paper such sterility of ideas.

By the birth of three children the circle had outgrown the accommodations of The Dove and Olive Bough, and in the spring of 1808 the family shifted to Allan Bank, a newly-built house, with inveterately smoky chimneys. From this misery they were delivered by the determination of the proprietor to enjoy his own smoke, and the Wordsworths removed in 1811 to Grasmere Parsonage. Here, however, in the following year, two of the children died—and the parents became anxious to escape from a place where every object reminded them of their loss. In the spring of 1813 they quitted the vale of Grasmere, and found their final establishment at Rydal Mount—a modest but most comfortable residence, the usual jointure-house, we believe, of the Le Fleming family, an ancient line of baronets, whose principal seat and its fine old woods stand hard by. The view from the terrace is most beautiful—including not only the small lake of Rydal but part of Windermere: and the grounds and gardens were by degrees most skilfully embellished under the poet's direction.

A piece of rare prosperity came to cheer him in his new abode. On the 27th of March he was made 'distributor of stamps' for the county of Westmoreland, an office which produced between five and six hundred a-year. He owed the appointment to the interest of Lord Lonsdale, whom he gratefully acknowledged to have been 'the best benefactor of himself and his children.' That excellent nobleman had previously offered to purchase for him a small property at Ulleswater, which he desired to possess. The estate was to be sold for a thousand pounds, which being two hundred more than Wordsworth thought it prudent to give, he allowed Lord Lonsdale to pay this portion of the cost, though he declined to avail himself, to the full extent, of his patron's munificence. The Poet ever after took great delight in carrying friends from a distance to spend a holiday with him at his own little outlying domain of Patterdale, where the farmer's cottage, if we recollect rightly, bore also some ensign of public hospitality, though certainly neither the Wordsworth Arms nor the Wordsworth Head.

The Canon of Westminster has a theory to explain why the period of sojourn at Allan Bank was not prolific in verse. The family went in before the workmen were out, and the biographer conjectures that his uncle's repose was disturbed by the noise of hammers and saws. The workmen must soon have departed, but the smoke remained, and that, we are told, nearly extinguished his imagination for the remainder of the term. There is an objection to the theory which its ingenious parent has overlooked. These three years were so far from being unproductive, that they were among the most important and laborious of his uncle's life, for it was then that *The Excursion* was chiefly composed. It was not committed to the press till the summer of 1814, and, as the poet predicted, its progress to notice was slow. His nephew says that Jeffrey 'boasted he had *crushed* it.' Jeffrey was never the noodle to expose himself by such a vaunt. It was the Ettrick Shepherd who called the article, in a letter to Southey, 'a *crushing* review,' and Southey retorted — 'Jeffrey crush *The Excursion*! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw.' On this grave affair both Southey's Correspondence and the Autobiographical Preface to Roderick are in direct contradiction to the Canon's statement. The poet, on *his* part, was not slow to boast in the opposite direction. 'I am delighted,' he wrote, 'to learn that the Edinburgh Aristarch has declared against *The Excursion*, as he will have the mortification of seeing a book enjoy a high reputation to which he has not contributed.' The author has proved a better prophet than his critic, but it is impossible to gainsay many of the remarks which followed the redoubtable Editor's inimitable proclamation—'*This will never do!*' *The Excursion* was designed for the second part of a philosophical poem upon 'Man, Nature, and Society'—and for any philosophical purpose is altogether a failure. Many difficulties are propounded, and many answers given, but in a style as verbosely mystical as the ideas are shadowy. Much of the obscurity is produced by the endeavor to discover in the book of God's works what is only to be found in the book of his Word. Wordsworth's apology late in life was, that, fearing he might err in articles of faith, he had purposely confined himself to inferior influences. Any one who reads *The Excursion* deliberately must feel that the defence is insufficient. There was no call to descant upon disputed doctrines, but there is many a page in which some allusion to the recog-

nized truths of Christianity was demanded by the subject, and where the substitution of unsatisfactory, and often fanciful, inferences from Nature is like shutting out the sun to grope in darkness. Wordsworth was an earnest member of the Church of England; and though doubtless his religious impressions deepened with age, the omissions in *The Excursion* were not the consequence of a defective creed. They resulted from the circumstance that he had taken profound and original views of the visible world, and his peculiar system had assumed an importance in his mind beyond what belonged to it in relation to universal truth. The incongruity of putting the philosophy of the poem into the mouth of a Pedler arose from his rigid adherence to another part of his scheme—the desire to exhibit tenderness of heart and loftiness of thought in classes where they were supposed to exist in a very diminished degree. In vindication of his choice of a hero, he has related that he made him what he conceived he should have been himself if it had pleased God to place him in that state of life. The public could not be expected to follow him in his uncertain conjectures of the kind of Person he might have become if his birth, education, and employment had been totally different, nor would critics be disposed to agree with him that, with all these diversities of circumstances, Wordsworth the Pedler would still have been Wordsworth the Poet.

In spite of the cloudy and unsubstantial philosophy, and its unsuitability to the condition of the principal speaker, in spite too of long and frequent paragraphs of dreary prosing, *The Excursion* was yet a noble addition to the English Library. It owes its now universal recognition as such to the beauty of the pictures of rustic life and rural scenes with their exquisite accompaniment of natural feeling. The story of *Margaret*—originally an independent piece, composed at Racedown and Alfoxden—is the most pathetic of his productions, and the one which displays the greatest knowledge of the human heart. *The Church-yard in the Mountains* is another admirable poem in itself; and, besides the numerous passages of sustained excellence, there are atoning lines and images in the dullest portions of the work.

In the following year (1815) appeared *The White Doe of Rylstone*. In conception the author considered that it held the highest place among his poems. "Everything," he said, "attempted by the principal personages failed in its material effects and en-

ceeded in its mental." The idea is good; but, as was common with him, it is faintly brought out. A second feature upon which he prided himself was, that he had represented objects as deriving their influence not from properties which really belonged to them, but from qualities which the imagination of the human agents bestowed. His manner of applying this favorite maxim is, to our thinking, a capital defect in the poem. The main purpose of the narrative is to show how Emily acquired passive fortitude after the violent death of her father and brothers. Nothing brings relief till the White Doe fawns upon her with a kind of loving intelligence. To be soothed by such an incident is according to nature, but to represent it as effectually restoring an agonized spirit, which had resisted the healing power of religion and time, is to subordinate fancy to reason—the visionary to the real—in a degree which can win no sympathy from those who wish to build their consolation for the trials of life upon a *solid* foundation. Another merit which the author claimed for his poem was, that it "began and ended with pure and lofty imagination"—the starting instance being the visits which the Doe pays every Sabbath to the grave of Emily, and the concluding example the apotheosis of the animal. This seems to us not imaginaiton but extravagance. It has no support from even the superstitions of mankind; it shows no richness of invention, and has no allegorical import. The very objection is that it *fails* to enlist the imagination, while it shocks our belief. In execution the first canto is, on the whole, very beautiful. There is a gentle music in much of the verse, a holy calm in the tone, a witchery in the local descriptions, which diffuse over the mind the full spirit of the sacred, soft, and sunny scene. The transition to the military narrative in the second canto shows the limit of his powers. Less interesting incidents, more tamely told, could nowhere be found. Representations for which a meditative and didactic manner was suited were his only province—energy of character and hurry of action were beyond his compass. The poet in the sequel acknowledged that he thought there was a "feebleness in the versification." The opening canto is not amenable to the censure, but the rhythm and composition both degenerate in those which follow.

In training his eldest son for college, Wordsworth was led about this time into a careful perusal of several Latin poets, which further enticed him into translating a part of

the *Æneid* in rhyme. He had read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* at school, and used to be in a passion when he found him placed below Virgil, but after he had studied the Mantuan he became one of his steadiest worshippers. He pronounced him the greatest master of language that ever existed; and extolled his lofty moral tone and frequent strokes of tenderness and imagination. Wordsworth's performance was read in MS. by Coleridge, who told him frankly that, though no original writer since Milton had produced happier lines, his version of the *Æneid* contained page upon page without one brilliant stroke. A specimen appeared in 1832 in the Philological Museum, and nothing could well be more stiff and prosaic. Wordsworth had resolved upon a verbal translation, and he ultimately agreed with Coleridge that he had wasted his time on an impracticable task. Many a Virgilian beauty of phrase had no equivalent in our tongue; and unless an English flower was engrafted in its stead, the stem was left bare. Horace was with our poet the greatest favorite of all, and he understood him too well to attempt to naturalize him. There is no possibility of disembodied thoughts which are inextricably bound up with his own easy and graceful idioms.

*Peter Bell* was published in 1819—and received with a shout of ridicule. The hierophant had neglected no precaution to provoke the sneers of the profane. He stated in the Dedication that the work had been completed twenty years, and that he had continued correcting it in the interval to render it worthy of a permanent place in our national literature. An announcement so well calculated to awaken the highest expectation was followed by a Prologue more puerile than anything which ever proceeded from a man with a fiftieth part of his powers. The groundwork of the story—that of a lawless rover, conscience-stricken and ultimately reformed by a series of startling and affecting circumstances occurring at night—is not in itself unpoetic;—but in the management of the theme the author repeated the error which pervades *The Idiot Boy*. The work is meant to be serious, and is certainly not facetious, but there is so much farcical absurdity of detail and language that the mind is revolted; and though some isolated stanzas are exquisite, *Peter Bell* as a whole is given up by all except the few idolaters who maintain the inspiration of every word which proceeded from their poet's pen. *The Waggoner* came close upon the heels of *Peter*, and put another weapon into the hands of the



enemy. Wordsworth said, apologetically, that his object, in it had been misunderstood—that it was a play of the fancy on a domestic incident and a lowly character. Whatever might be the design, the fact remains unalterable—that it is almost exclusively a collection of trivial circumstances very diffusely and feebly related. It has nothing to support it—not weight of sentiment, or elegance of expression, or harmony of numbers.

The stream of life flowed on with the poet in its usual tranquil course, diversified by occasional visits to London, tours at home and abroad, and the publication from time to time of a budget of poems. In the later volumes he has eschewed the class of effusions which on earlier occasions exposed him to ridicule, but on the other hand the pieces of distinguished excellence are not so numerous as before. With politics he meddled little except in periods of extraordinary excitement. His sentiments, however, like Southey's, had gradually settled down into steady Conservatism in Church and State. He was firmly opposed to Roman Catholic Emancipation—from the conviction that all the freedom given to papists would be employed in forging chains for their liberators. He was equally earnest in his hostility to the Reform Bill. He believed that if such a measure were once adopted on the proposition of a Cabinet, no succeeding Cabinets, assuming to represent whatever parties in the State, could avoid proceeding in such a course of practical concession to the Democracy as must finally be fatal for the Church, and consequently the Monarchy. He felt for the lower orders with no less ardor of benevolence than in the days of the French Revolution, but he had ceased to look for a wisdom in multitudes which was not to be found in the units. Like Southey, ever a strenuous advocate for popular education, he was also among the earliest to proclaim that moral training was of more importance than any other—and that those would be disappointed who expected reading and writing to produce a golden age. The persons who suppose that a little instruction will have potent effects in removing the vices of the poor should inquire how far it has eradicated their own.

Wordsworth's whole returns from his literary labors up to 1819 had not amounted to 140*l.*; and he remarks even in 1829 that he had worked hard through a long life for less pecuniary emolument than a public performer gets for two or three songs. But there is a tide in the affairs of poets, and it was between 1830 and 1840 that the flood which

floated him into favor rose to its height. Scott and Byron had in succession entranced the world. They had now withdrawn—and no third king arose to demand recognition. It was in the lull which ensued that the less thrilling notes of the Lake bard obtained a hearing. His adherents were a small but able and zealous band, and they advocated his merits in many eloquent contributions to critical journals that now questioned and rivalled the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*. When the public atones for neglect, it commonly, like good Lord Lonsdale, pays off principal and interest; and though Wordsworth's works have never become popular in the widest sense of the word, he met at last with a larger allowance of praise than if he had never been unduly depreciated. Honors gathered round him thick in his old age. In 1839 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an unusually crowded Theatre. In 1842 he was permitted to resign his Stamp Distributorship in favor of his second son, William, and two months afterwards Sir Robert Peel conferred upon him one of the few pensions conceded to the claims of literature. The next year the same minister (who always when he visited London showed him the kindest attention in Whitehall Gardens) informed him that he had been selected for the Laureateship, vacated by the death of Southey, 'as a tribute due to the first of living poets.' On coming to town upon this occasion he had the honor to be received in a very distinguished manner by her Majesty. Being invited to a Court Ball, the perfect, manly tranquillity of his demeanor in the to him novel equipments of sword, bag-wig, &c., was observed with surprise by many who had been accustomed to smile over the old jocularities about philosophical pedlars and penitential smugglers.

While everything prospered without, evening was casting some of its long shadows over his happy home. His admirable sister became in 1832 a confirmed invalid, and he could never mention her afterwards without a change in his voice, which assumed a gentle and solemn tone. Her loving-kindness in health had known no bounds, and the sympathy she had ever felt for the sorrows of others was now rivalled by the patience with which she bore her own. The poet's only surviving daughter, Dora, was married in 1841 to an amiable and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Edward Quillinan; and her account of a little tour in Portugal with him showed the public that she had inherited

ed no trivial measure of her aunt's tastes and talents. But here too the knell was not deep in the distance. She died in 1847, and her father wrote that the loss was inestimable, and the sorrow for life.\*

That honorable life was not itself to be much longer protracted. On the 7th of April, 1850, Wordsworth attained his eightieth year. He had been attacked a few days before with inflammation of the chest. The acute symptoms gave way to medical treatment, but, unable to rally from the shock, he was now quietly sinking from the after weakness. On the 20th he was asked by his eldest son (the Rev. John Wordsworth) if he would receive the sacrament, and he replied 'that is just what I want.' Two days later his notice was attracted by the noise of his niece drawing aside his curtain, and he inquired 'Is that Dora?' His memory was receding into its ancient strongholds, and it was amid the visionary reproduction of his happiest hours that he was about to pass into a world where his dream would be more than realized. He expired almost imperceptibly at 12 o'clock on the 23rd of April, and on the 27th he was buried by the side of his children in Grasmere churchyard. From his earliest youth he had never written one solitary line which could jar upon the mind if remembered at his grave.

Wordsworth was about five feet ten inches in height. His figure was not imposing, but his countenance had a strikingly intellectual expression. It did not, as frequently happens, derive this character from the eyes, for they were wanting in lustre—in fact, through life more or less diseased. His cheeks, moreover, hung loose, his chin was both small and retreating, and his mouth was neither handsome, nor, strange to say, in any degree suggestive of the refined qualities that belonged to him. But all was redeemed by the noble expanse of forehead, and a nose worthy of a Trajan or an Antonine. In Chantrey's bust the lower part of the face is embellished with a delicacy of skill which no other modern sculptor could have approached. Perhaps the best pictorial likeness of his prime is that introduced into Haydon's early but masterly piece, the Saviour's Entry into Jerusalem—and undoubtedly a head of him, taken long afterwards by the same artist, is the most satisfactory representation of his venerable age. His manners were those of a plain, unaffected English gentleman—easy,

but always with a background of dignity. His animal spirits throughout his vigorous years were unusually high, and communicated to his movements and conversation a vivacity which would not be suspected from the tone of his poetry. Even when his jovial time was gone by, a cordial laugh—a 'genuine grunting laugh,' as one friend is not afraid to call it—evinced his appreciation of fun. He has protested in some well-known sonnets that he preferred silence to personalities, and talked of Una and Desdemona—not of his neighbors. He might write thus in a moralizing mood, but in practice the social influence prevailed, and he took his share in the ordinary gossip about persons as well as things. His works of themselves would indicate the fact. Such an immense collection of versified traits and incidents, mostly drawn, by his own confession, from the surrounding inhabitants, could only have been collected by a mind on the alert to hear all that went on. But he had another vein. He liked to unfold his thoughts in solemn dissertations, which were not unfrequently monotonous and heavy. The homage of admiring disciples invites and almost compels the habit, which naturally grows to be carried on out of school. Jeffrey, after meeting him at dinner in 1831, reports that he seemed the very reverse of Lakish or poetical—a hard, sensible, worldly kind of man. This is to be received merely for a testimony of Wordsworth's tact. He would have considered sentiment thrown away upon the author of the *crushing* Article, and he would be gratified to show that the recluse poet could meet the shrewd and adroit critic and jurist on his own ground. He often, indeed, revealed, during his little holidays of London life, a command of conversational dexterity for which there was not much opening at the Lakes. He would now and then return wit for wit with the greatest masters in the art; and if his lot had been cast in the focus of society, and he had cultivated the talent, he might have joined, perhaps, to his better fame the traditionary reputation of a sayer of good things. To add that he was conspicuous among the doers of good deeds, that he was in every relation of life one of the most kind and generous as well as one of the most upright and prudent of men, is only to repeat what is known as widely as his name.

Wordsworth's poetry has passed through two phases of criticism—in the first of which his defects were chiefly noted, and in the second his merits. Already we have arrived at the third era, when the majority of readers

\* Mr. Quillinan also is now dead. He was the author of some very elegant verses, and probably the first Portuguese scholar in this country.

are just to both. It will not be questioned that he was a great and original writer; and perhaps there will not be many to dispute that no poet who soared so high ever sank so low, or interposed so large a proportion of the commonplace among his worthier verse. Of the double end at which he aimed, he sometimes thought he had succeeded best in one, and sometimes in the other. He told Mr. Justice Coleridge, in 1836, that, if he was to have any name hereafter, he founded the hope upon his truthful representation of the workings of the heart among the lower orders; and in 1849 he wrote to Professor Reed that what he chiefly valued was the spirituality with which he had attempted to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which he had exhibited its ordinary appearances.

He narrates, as we have seen, in *The Prelude* how he came to select his heroes from humble life. In the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* he assigned for his reason that the essential passions nowhere exist with such strength and purity as among peasants, and that in their case the emotion has the additional recommendation of being incorporated with the beautiful forms of Nature. The entire position is open to contradiction; and, admitting it to be true, the inference that the passions of the poor must therefore be more interesting than those of their superiors would be refuted by the recollection that Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth are kings. But there was no harm in his limiting his range, if he had not imagined that everything within the select domain which had once enlisted his own feelings must have a perpetual value for the public at large. Alice Fell, weeping bitterly because she had made a few more rents in her cloak, would have excited the compassion of any kindly person who had witnessed the scene; but it was not worth while to put into a bottle the tears which were shed for sorrows so slight and transitory. His doctrine that the business of a poet is to educe an interest where none is apparent, engaged him in efforts to squeeze moisture out of dust. We are entirely persuaded, indeed, that if he had allowed his mind to work more freely, and had not been for ever forcing it out of its bent in obedience to rules, he would have found in his personal emotions a surer index of what would interest the world. The main trivialities are attended almost invariably by paltry accessories which, far from being necessary to the development of his design, are in every way a clog upon it. A strong instance, and yet

very little stronger than a hundred besides, occurs in all the early versions of *The Thorn*:—

‘And to the left, *three yards beyond*,  
You see a little muddy pond  
Of water never dry;  
*I’ve measured it from side to side,*  
*’Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.*’

In the sequel no use whatever is made of these accurate measurements: they are introduced for their own intrinsic interest, and answer no other purpose.

It might be supposed that, descending to the humblest details of the lowest personages, his portraits would be transcripts of nature. This, however, is seldom the case. He describes feelings with accuracy and minuteness, but they are not the feelings of the poor. As he made his Wanderer the sentimental sort of pedler he fancied he should have been himself, so on all other occasions he attended less to what was likely to be thought by his characters than to what *he* should have thought in the same circumstances. His very principles of composition were opposed to dramatic truth. His aim being to exalt and color everything from his own imagination, the individuality of traits and incidents is apt to be lost in the reconstruction. Hence, too, another of his peculiarities—that he is seldom or never carried away by his sympathies. Instead of identifying himself with the sorrows of his agents, and receiving their hearts into his own, he appears to stand apart, and to consider them as subjects for poetic and philosophic display. It is a blot even upon the masterly History of Margaret, in *The Excursion*, that her woes are set forth with a stoical calmness. In general, the want of fervor in our poet produces lukewarmness in his reader; but he has told his tale in this instance with such pathetic power, that his contemplative composure has a painful effect, from the mind missing the assuaging influence of genial pity. Most of his happiest poetry upon character is contained in *The Excursion*. In the *Ballads* the human traits are usually insignificant, and the poetry is in the sweet reflections they elicit.

But we agree with Wordsworth in his latest opinion, and think that the portions in which he treats of man are inferior to those in which he deals with nature. The latter have a two-fold claim to pre-eminence, as being best in themselves and by far the most original. Other poets have excelled him in the vividness of their descriptions and in the power of conveying the emotions which

actual scene creates in the beholder, but the glory of Wordsworth is to have brought the mind into a deeper, livelier, and more intelligent sympathy with the inanimate world.

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,  
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,  
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,  
Or linked them to some feeling.'

Every lover of his works can learn from them to do the same, and the conferring an additional sense could hardly open a wider avenue for the purest pleasure. A vast amount of poetry, which is finer, as verse, than many of the effusions of Wordsworth, is on this account far beneath them in the permanent effects on the heart and understanding. There are myriads in the condition of Peter Bell:—

'A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more'—

and the strains which succeed in making it something more—which teach the power of nature, and develop all its resources—have a merit and a use superior to the excellence of mere literary execution. It was with some such meaning that Sir James Mackintosh said to Madame de Stäel, 'Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man among poets.' In turning negligently over the leaves of his volumes, the eye is most impressed by his numerous abortive attempts; but no one ever fairly drank in the spirit of his musings upon nature without acknowledging that he had infused a soul into the body of the universe.

The Sonnets are a distinct department of his works. Wordsworth, who borrowed little, takes more from Milton than from any one else. He has frequently imitated the turn of sentences, and adopted many phrases; but the best use he made of him was to frame his sonnets upon Milton's model. He has never attained to the austere grandeur of the sublime imprecation upon the persecuting Piedmontese. The instrument in his hands partakes more of the character of the lute than the trumpet, and in his most successful specimens he is not much behind his master in sweetness and simplicity. But as simplicity easily degenerates into poverty, Wordsworth has not avoided his besetting failing in his sonnets. No idea was too insignificant for the honor, and, notwithstanding the consummate beauty of many of these pieces, a large number of them are insipid to the last degree. It is *not an unusual* defect in the best for the end

to be inferior to the beginning and middle. The thought was exhausted before the space was filled.

The Sonnets are among the smoothest of Wordsworth's compositions. In *Guilt and Sorrow*, and a few of his minor productions, his rhymed verse is melodious, but his ear was not exacting, and his poems on the whole are deficient in harmony. Like Coleridge, from whom he had probably acquired the habit, he recited verse in a chanting fashion, which would have given tune to prose. Coleridge, with his perfect ear and his love of luxury of sound, employed it to render music more musical; but, by smoothing over asperities, and imparting increased volume to a slender strain, it led Wordsworth to rest satisfied with faulty metre. Worse than the want of sweetness was his fondness for the jingle of double rhymes. There are more of them, we believe, in his works than are to be found in all the poetry of his predecessors put together, and they disturb some of his most graceful conceptions by a painful similitude to the cadence of singsong ditties.

There is nothing for which Wordsworth has been more frequently censured than his want of finish of style—and there was no charge that he was more eager to repel. He said that he yielded to none in love for his art—that he worked at it with reverence, affection, and industry—and that he never left off laboring a line till he had brought it up to his notions of excellence. The great pains he took does not admit of a doubt; the sole question is, to what extent his efforts were successful. He has some of the most magical lines and stanzas which are to be met with in the whole body of literature; and ideas which seemed almost to defy expression are not unfrequently conveyed in the simplest, clearest, and happiest phrases. But these beauties only enhance regret for his inordinate quantity of feeble verse. The principal reason of the defect was his insufficient command of language. He confesses, as we have mentioned before, that he found it difficult to express himself in prose; and his letters are a conclusive proof how rarely nervous, idiomatic English dropped naturally from his pen. He has shown in entire poems, as well as in particular passages, that he could force chaste and polished diction into his service—but it did not come readily; and either his skill was often baffled or even his patience failed. His limited resources are especially conspicuous in his continual introduction of mean expletives for the



sake of eking out the metre or providing a rhyme.

'On a fair prospect some have looked,  
And felt, as *I have heard them say*,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gazed themselves away!'

The 'I have heard them say,' which enfeebles this charming stanza, is the more displeasing that the poet is speaking in his own person, and obviously from his own experience. The examples are set so thick that it would be as easy to adduce five hundred as one, and, indeed, the very form of speech we have quoted, varied to 'They will say,' and 'You'd have said,' occurs again and again. The habit of reiterating the same phrase in two or three successive lines, which amounts in him to an offensive mannerism, was another resource to supply the comparative scantiness of his vocabulary. A solitary specimen will illustrate the usage, but it is its constant recurrence which renders it repulsive.

'For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
For joy his head and heels are idle,  
He's idle all for very joy.'

Some of the minor pieces, as *The Thorn*, are half made up of the changes rung upon a surplusage of colloquial common-places. Though he termed the frequent inversions in the works of brother poets a want of respect for the reader, his own are incessant, and of the most barbarous kind. It seems as if their wanting the sanction of custom had led him to fancy that they were not inversions at all. That none of these blemishes proceeded from haste is the strongest evidence of his imperfect mastery over diction, and that they were not faults of impetuosity is also the cause that they are seldom accompanied by the vigor and animation which atone for so many slips of fiery composers.

Wordsworth professed that his chief ambition had been to write in pure, intelligible English. His sonnets seldom depart from this standard, and, though the language of the ballads is often far enough from classic, it is abundantly clear. In his blank-verse, however, he often indulged in the oppressive magniloquence of his worst prose, and he is then among the least perspicuous of poets. His obscurity arises in part from the vagueness of his doctrines, but more from the darkness of the lantern in which he buries his light.

It is constantly asserted that he effected a reform in the language of poetry, that he found the public bigoted to a vicious and

flowery diction which seemed to mean a great deal and really meant nothing, and that he led them back to sense and simplicity. The claim appears to us to be a fanciful assumption, refuted by the facts of literary history. Feebler poetasters were no doubt read when Wordsworth began to write than would now command an audience, however small, but they had no real hold upon the public, and Cowper was the only popular bard of the day. His masculine and unadorned English was relished in every cultivated circle in the land, and Wordsworth was the child, and not the father of a reaction, which, after all, has been greatly exaggerated. Goldsmith was the most celebrated of Cowper's immediate predecessors, and it will not be pretended that *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller* are among the specimens of inane phraseology. Burns had died before Wordsworth attracted notice; the beautiful Peasant's performances were admired by none more than by Wordsworth himself: were they not already far more popular than the Lake poet's have ever been—or ever will be?—and were they, in any respect or degree, tinged with the absurdities of the Hayley school? When we come forward we find that the men of the generation were Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, and one or two others. Wordsworth himself was little read in comparison, and, if he had anything to do with weaning the public from their vitiated predilections, it must have been through his influence on these more popular poets, whose works represented the reigning taste of the time. But nothing is more certain than that not a single one of them had formed his style upon that of the *Lyrical Ballads* or *The Excursion*. Lord Byron, during his residence in Switzerland, was imbued through Shelley with some of Wordsworth's characteristic feeling for Nature, which may be palpably traced in the third canto of *Childe Harold* composed at the period. The style of the noble poet, however, had been fixed long before, and displayed in more than one immortal production. Wordsworth, in fact, always spoke of Byron's language with unmeasured reprehension, and said that a critical review of it ought to be written to guard others from imitating it. He was equally emphatic in his censure of Scott—and between the diction of Moore and that of the Lake bard, there was no more resemblance than between water and perfume. Campbell, far from condescending to glean from the effusions of Grasmere and Rydal, was among their uncompromising opponents.

Whatever influence Wordsworth may have exercised on poetic style, be it great or small, was by deviating in practice from the principles of composition for which he contended. Both his theory, and the poems which illustrate it, continue to this hour to be all but universally condemned. He resolved to write as the lower orders talked; and though where the poor are the speakers it would be in accordance with strict dramatic propriety, the system would not be tolerated in serious poetry. The example of Shakspeare dispenses with argument. His characters are acknowledged to be nature itself, but their language in his Tragedies is not that which is spoken by ordinary men. It is the richly metaphorical style of Shakspeare himself, which could never have been general unless in a world of transcendent poets. Yet the discrepancy pleases instead of offending, because all the characters display the passions which are proper to their situation, and with just so much greater power and effect as Shakspeare's poetry was above common prose. Wordsworth's rule, however, did not stop at the wording of dialogues. He maintained that the colloquial language of rustics was the most philosophical and enduring which the Dictionary affords, and the fittest for verse of every description. Any one who mixes with the common people can decide for himself whether their conversation is wont to exhibit more propriety of language than the sayings of a Johnson or the speeches of a Burke. If it were really the case, it would follow that literary cultivation is an evil, and that we ought to learn English of our ploughboys, and not of our Shakspeares and Miltons. But there can be no risk in asserting that the vocabulary of rustics is rude and meagre, and their discourse negligent, diffuse, and weak. The vulgarisms, which are the most racy, vigorous, and characteristic part of their speech, Wordsworth admitted must be dropped, and either he must have substituted equivalent expressions, when the language ceases to be that of the poor, or he must have put up with a stock of words which, after all these deductions, would have been scarcely more copious than that of a South Sea savage. When his finest verse is brought to the test of his principle, they agree no better than light and darkness. Here is his way of describing the effects of the pealing organ in King's College Chapel, with its 'self-poised roof, scooped into ten thousand cells:—'

'But from the arms of silence—list! O list!  
The music bursteth into second life;  
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
With sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife.'

This is to write like a splendid poet, but it is not to write as rustics talk.

A second canon laid down by Wordsworth was, that poetic diction is, or ought to be, in all respects the same with the language of prose; and as prose has a wide range and numbers among its triumphs such luxuriant eloquence as that of Jeremy Taylor, the principle, if just, would be no less available for the advocates of ornamented verse than for the defence of the homely style of the Lyrical Ballads. But the proposition is certainly too broadly stated, and, though the argument holds good for the adversary, because the phraseology which is not too rich for prose can never be considered too tawdry for poetry, yet it will not warrant the conclusions of Wordsworth that poetry should never rise above prose, or disdain to descend to its lowest level. The great mass of the English tongue is common ground, but there are images which would sound affected out of poetry, and, still more frequently, there are combinations of words which would appear mean in verse. Wordsworth's works, notwithstanding his horror of poetic phraseology, present examples in the first kind as well as the second.

'Evening now unbinds the fetters  
Fashioned by the glowing light,'

would be a fantastic mode of saying, in any description of prose, that the coolness of evening restored the activity suspended by the sultriness of the day—and we question whether the person exists who honestly believes that the stanza which follows is sufficiently dignified for what is, in design at least, a sentimental poem:—

'And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
And Betty's in a sad *quandary*;  
And there's nobody to say  
If she must go, or she must stay!  
—She's in a sad *quandary*.'

Such was the nature of the innovation for which Wordsworth struggled. In the species of diction where he had no precursor he is never likely to have any successor, and the compositions of his that promise to live exhibit a style of which the antiquity is the best security that it will never grow obsolete. No generation has been so prolific in distinguished poets as his own, and, dissenting from the prediction that posterity will allot him the highest place in the brotherhood, we yet cannot question that he will keep the sufficiently eminent station which the world has long since assigned him amidst that illustrious group.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## COMMERCIAL EXCITEMENTS AND CRISES.

Of the evils of commercial bubbles, arising from crude speculation, cupidity, or a spirit of gambling, whereby the ignorant, the unwary, and more frequently the avaricious, are entangled in meshes from which extrication is hopeless till ruin surrounds them, there cannot be a question; but such manias must never be confounded with commercial activity, even should this sometimes terminate in individual ruin and temporary national suffering. The benefits which have been conferred on Britain through the speculative spirit of our countrymen, are admirably brought out in the following paper, read by Mr Francis, the well-known author of the "History of the Bank of England," at the monthly meeting of the Banking Institute, held in London on 12th October last. Mr Francis said, the paper which I shall have the pleasure of submitting to your notice, on commercial excitements and commercial crises, is partially to raise a question and partially to offer an opinion. By a commercial crisis, I do not merely mean that particular state of affairs which for a few days excites alarm, lowers prices and then dies away, being known popularly as a panic in the money market; but I wish to take a broader and more extended view of the subject, and to remember that a panic, denominated a commercial crisis, is but the result of some previous and prosperous period, which must be taken into due consideration. The fear of a commercial crisis has become a superstition. The banker and the merchant alike regard it with dread, whilst the legislator passes acts of parliament to prevent it, as if there were something unnatural in an accumulated capital forming new markets, or as if members of parliament could change the laws of nature by the laws of man. The topic is one of peculiar interest to our own class, and in venturing to suggest that the financial excitements and panics which from time to time have been recorded have been productive of much good in their ulterior results, it is not because the evil which they have created is denied, but because it is probable the evil has been too exclusively considered,

and that the good which has followed has been almost, if not entirely, forgotten. For I need not tell you that, in business as out of business, we are prone to forget the good we receive, and magnify the evil we endure. It need not be said that panics, the result of commercial crises, are now fairly naturalized among us. Some political economists there are who say that we owe them to what has been called the devilish bill of Sir Robert Peel in 1819; but, in truth, they were patent to the country a century before, for they occurred in 1694, in 1720, in 1772, in 1783, 1793, 1797, 1808, 1811, 1816, 1825, 1835, 1839, and the last, not least, in 1847. We have seen them, and we have suffered by them; and although it would be wrong to attempt to deny the sad and even terrible consequences of those epochs, I yet am willing to believe that if the good did not outbalance the evil, at least that the shield has a white as well as a black side; and taking only the one broad view of the question, that Great Britain, which has so often been said to be ruined by these financial crises, has yet made more progress than any country in the world, I think there are sufficient grounds for a consideration of the opinion advanced—an opinion which, after all, is but an elaboration of Shakspeare's fine truth, that "there is a soul of good in all things evil." You need not be told that public companies are necessarily included in the consideration of my topic. They are the offspring of commercial excitements. Mr. Gilbart, writing in 1847, says, "this is the age of public companies;" but I hope to show that, if it be the age, it is not especially so, and that they have always been a popular and favorable mode of investing English capital. I will not refer to our old guilds, but to the ancient corporations which at one time engrossed the chief business of the country. So early as 1294, there were ten companies, to whom our monarchs looked for money, and who were in return allowed a monopoly of various trades. One of these farmed the customs of England, paying £20 a-day, or about £3240

yearly, for that which produces now 21 millions. The discoveries by the Portuguese and Spanish adventurers of those lands in which the gold of the native was only equalled by the blood-guiltiness of the discoverers, created a movement in trade very like those animated periods in our own history which we have read of, and especially resembling that through which we are now passing.

The form which this excitement took 300 years ago was the joint-stock company. These, endowed with special privileges, became very numerous, were of the utmost service in introducing the trade of the country to new lands, and in undertaking commercial maritime expeditions, which could only have been compassed by the capital of a great and united body. I know that these companies are now regarded almost as mythic, or at least as monopolies which, long passed away, ought never to have been granted; but an examination of their proceedings will prove that they were missionaries in the cause of commerce, and pioneers in the cause of civilization; that they discovered new lands, and introduced us to their trade; that they penetrated the interior of old countries, and purchased mercantile privileges by personal suffering. To be a member of one of these companies then, was something like being a director of the East India Company now. It was sought as an honor by all the first-class merchants, because they received very important privileges from being admitted of the various bodies of merchant adventurers. These companies arose from commercial excitements; and to convince you that they have been a public good, I will recall to your recollection that the Russia Company fairly opened the important trade we now enjoy with the Baltic, and that it produced great and exclusive benefits for the English merchant. The Turkey Company followed; opened the trade with the Bosphorus, proving of the utmost importance to our commerce; and though Adam Smith called it an "oppressive monopoly" in 1770, yet this is only another evidence that the benefit of one century may be the bane of the next. I will not weary you further than to repeat that these, with the East India Company, the African Company (which traded to the coast of Guinea), the Hamburgh, the Greenland, the Hudson's Bay Company, are all additional proofs that the virtues of public companies were recognized centuries ago; and that they all successively arose during an excitement caused by abnormal years; and they also *tend to prove that then, as at a later period,*

an accumulated capital found in these companies at once a new vent for its gains and a new channel for adventure. And the commercial excitements of the last century have so increased the system, that we owe all our great works to them. "Public companies," says Mr. Gilbart, "now occupy a distinguished place in our social economy. We receive our education in schools and colleges founded by public companies. We commence active life by opening an account with a banking company. We insure our lives and property with an insurance company. We avail ourselves of docks and harbors, bridges and canals, constructed by public companies. One company paves our streets, another supplies us with water, and a third enlightens us with gas. If we wish to travel, there are railway companies, and steam-boat companies, and navigation companies, ready to whirl us to every part of the earth; and when, after all this turmoil, we arrive at our journey's end, cemetery companies wait to receive our remains and take tidings of our bones." Such being the case, I beg to remind you that to financial epochs we owe these many benefits, and that, at each period of financial excitement, men with minds in advance of their day have brought forward new ideas, which, ridiculed and rejected at the time, have ultimately been very successful. For it is not because a new idea seems to pass away that it is lost. The laws of God are as fixed in commerce as in nature. No great design arises in its full fruition at once. First the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear; and this order has been maintained with all the great mercantile designs of which we shall have to treat.

The earliest example to be named is one with which you are intimately acquainted. Prior to 1694, the want of a great bank had been felt. At various periods presumed to be favorable to their adoption, certain plans for a corporate bank had been proposed. For many years William Paterson had registered such a project in his great brain; and for many years, too, abortive efforts had been made to establish it; but it was not until a very general commercial excitement in 1694 had stimulated men's minds, and disposed them to risk their money, that the corporation to which I am proud to belong came with its capital and its credit to support a Protestant government and a new dynasty. And to this period we are indebted for other banking ideas, which were then held but lightly, but which have since been adopted. Among them, a bank of credit.



Now this, with the advanced financial knowledge of 1850, is legitimate enough; but, in 1694, it was a heretical inroad on the orthodoxy of banking. And yet this bank only proposed to do what has since been done by all bankers—receiving money in London, and granting letters of credit in various parts of England; and this was certainly more necessary during a period of unsafe travelling than now. Thus the first movement was made in joint-stock banking during this commercial crisis; the first joint-stock bank was established, and a new thought thrown out, to be carried into effect a century later.

In 1720 there was another period of excitement; and to this we are indebted for some new ideas on the principle of assurance, which are not even yet adopted, and to which I will presently refer. In the meantime let me rescue the South Sea era from the prevalent opinion that all the companies were fallacious. Instead of this, there were not 10 per cent. of bubbles in proportion to the legitimate proposals which a succeeding generation has sanctioned. There were twelve for fisheries; there were twelve for insurances; there were four water companies; there were eleven for trading with America; there were ten for the improvement of land; there were four for making harbors and forming or improving rivers; there were eight for manufacturing silks and muslins; there were fifteen for the advancement or production of metals; and there were scores of others equally just in principle. Some of the companies sound curious enough. Thus for planting mulberry-trees and breeding silk-worms in Chelsea Park may appear utopian; but here the intentions were honest, as 2000 trees were actually planted, and many expensive edifices erected. For building hospitals for bastard children seems a strange commercial speculation; and for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain, in order to propagate a superior kind of mule in England, equally so. But it was meant to be acted on, as I find that marsh lands were bought near Woolwich, by a clergyman who was deeply interested in this proceeding. You have heard that twelve insurance companies were brought forward, the first great movement being made in this principle, and the first idea of several modes and methods of assurance which are now in existence being then suggested. One was called an insurance against losses by servants, and this idea, I have every reason to believe, originated the earliest guarantee fund. At this period, there was also pro-

posed a company for the insurance and improvement of children's fortunes—an idea now carried out with great satisfaction. There was a company for insuring debts—and this proposition has lately been mooted, and may possibly be successful. There was a plan for a mutual marine assurance; and when we reflect how well the mutual principle has worked with lives, it is not utterly impossible to work it equally well with ships. Nor would it be very surprising to see this plan taken up by some bold projector, endeavoring to benefit in 1852, by the rejected proposal of 1720. There were insurance companies against housebreaking and highwaymen; and I do not know why laws similar to those which regulate life should not also regulate robbery. Of course, these proposals were pronounced worthless; but the life and the fire companies were ridiculed also, and these we know are tried and true. On the former it was remarked:—

“Come all ye generous husbands with your wives,  
Insure round sums on your precarious lives,  
That to your comfort, when you're dead and rotten,  
Your widows may be rich when you're forgotten.”

While, with regard to the fire companies, it was said:—

“Projecting, sure, must be a gainful trade,  
Since all the elements are bubbles made;  
They're right that gull us with the dread of fire,  
For fear makes greater fools than fond desire.”

I do not give these for the force of their satire, but because they prove that both life and fire assurance were regarded by the public as absurd and impracticable, always destined at a later period to be among the most important institutions of the land. During this period, further ideas on the subject of assurance were started. “Any persons,” says an advertisement of the day, “by paying 2s. on their entrance for a policy and stamps, and 2s. towards all marriages till their own, when the number is full, will secure to themselves £200.” Another was called a baptismal assurance, in which each subscriber was to pay 2s. 6d. towards each infant baptized, until he had one of his own, when he was to receive £200—a tempting inducement to the honors of paternity. If I appear somewhat urgent on the subject of assurance, it is because we owe it in a very decided manner to commercial excitements; and because I can fortify my opinion of its importance with that of Mr. De Morgan

says, "Though its theory has as yet been only applied to the reparation of the evils arising from storm, fire, premature death, and diseased old age, yet there is no placing a limit to the extensions which its applications might receive, if the public were fully aware of its principles, and of the safety with which it might be practised."

Another beneficial result of the periods to which your attention is drawn may be found in the fact that men give more liberally. It is a most notable truth, that after a somewhat close investigation of the subject, about 30 per cent. of the charities of England appear to have emanated directly or indirectly from similar periods. Nor is this very wonderful. A full purse often makes a full heart. A man with a good account at his banker's has a character to maintain; and, more than that, Providence has so ordained that it is our interest to give. It happens, therefore, sometimes that the money which is made by a bubble becomes a tangible fact, and not the least of the advantages which arose from the South Sea scheme was the huge endowment of Guy's Hospital by Thomas Guy. The purchase of seamen's tickets, and the speculations in South Sea stock, were turned by the shrewd Bible contractor to great account. One of his biographers says, "from the South Sea bubble, with characteristic tact, he drew off in time with his gains, being one of the few whom that gigantic fraud and folly benefited." £220,000 was the residue he left for its use; and, when we remember that the annual income of the hospital he founded is now £25,000, how great an amount of good to the poor and the sick is included in these figures!

Before I conclude with this epoch, let me once more allude to the facts that numbers of the projects of 1820 were founded on sound mercantile principles. For raising hemp and flax at home; for bringing pure water to London; for the improvement of refining sugar, were surely not impracticable benefits. Nor, though the company for making silver from lead was especially ridiculed, and though it afforded many a joke about the transmutation of metals and the philosopher's stone, the company was not really absurd in what it proposed to do. For I find in a paper read before the Antiquarian Society, that for several centuries silver had been extracted from lead, and that it was the subject of at least one legal enactment. Only sixteen years before this company was started, Macpherson, speaking of the Mine Adventurers' Company, says, "*From lead they extracted considerable quan-*

*ties of silver;*" while Mr. McCulloch calculates the entire produce of silver from lead to be 200,000 ounces. Yet what a fruitful subject of wit was this making of lead into silver, for Swift and the smaller deer of the day! Another positive benefit also arose; the working of tin plates, which had previously been effected in Germany only, came then first into operation in England, by means of one of these said bubble companies, and has ever since formed a somewhat important branch of our mechanical operations. And all these favorable symptoms are to be lost sight of, because a few people outrage common sense, because there was one company for the insurance of female chastity, and another against death by drinking Geneva; because there was one proposal for manufacturing sawdust into deal boards without knots, and another for a general fishery for gudgeons. The next era to which I would call your attention is 1793. And here it seems as if we were reading a newspaper of a few years since. The first bankruptcy which created suspicion, says Chalmers, was that of Donald & Burton. They were, probably, what Cowper calls "rogues in grain," as they failed in consequence of corn speculations. "On Tuesday evening," continues the same authority, "the bank threw out the paper of Lane, Son, & Fraser, and the next morning they stopped payment to the amount of almost a million." There were 500 bankruptcies recorded in six months, and 100 country bankers failed. These, with their collateral evils, were certainly terrible occurrences at the time, and we can all sympathize, for we have all seen something very like it; but, if we look back, we shall find that for many years prior to this period capital had been unlocked—men were seeking for fresh sources of investment. The crisis of 1807 and 1810 produced also special results. Life assurance societies were again increased. In 1805 only nine were in existence, and they were chiefly proprietary; but from 1806 to 1808 only nine more were established. This period, also, stimulated us to build bridges. Among the chief architectural glories of London, says the "Athenæum," are her bridges. Rome can boast of a finer church, Berlin a nobler museum, Paris much grander palaces, but what capital of Europe can show "such structures as span the waters of the Thames between Vauxhall and the Custom-house?" Canova declared that it was worth a journey all the way from Rome only to see Waterloo Bridge. And it is to this period that three of these structures owe their formation, Vauxhall, Waterloo, and

Southwark being then originated; and these we have seen, though failures as mere mercantile speculations, were important additions to the grandeur of the kingdom. And, more than this, they circulated, in work, wages, and material, nearly two and a half millions sterling; and many an artisan for many a year had cause to bless the crisis which gave him his daily bread.

I must pass over minor excitements to arrive at that of 1825. This was preceded by every symptom of prosperity; nor were these symptoms illusive.

Up to the remarkable period we are about to consider, the principle of public companies had been slowly but surely progressing. All our great undertakings had been the fruits of them; and, if you will permit me, I will read to you a somewhat remarkable statement of those associations which were formed prior to 1824.

|                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 63 canals, capital, £12,202,000 | 4 bridges, capital, £2,452,000 |
| 7 docks .. .. 6,164,000         | 27 gas .. .. 1,630,000         |
| 25 insurance .. 20,468,000.     | 7 roads .. .. 495,000          |
| 16 water companies 2,973,000    | 7 various .. .. 1,530,000      |

Of the canals, the Trent and Mersey paid a dividend of 75 per cent. per annum; the Coventry Canal paid 44; the Stafford and Worcester, 40; the Mersey and Irwell, 35 per cent.; the Oxford 32; the Forth and Clyde, 25. Seventeen others gave dividends varying from 20 to 10 per cent.; twenty paid from 10 to 5 per cent.; while thirteen paid dividends varying from 5 per cent. to nothing, or were so good as not be in the market. Of the dock companies, the Commercial paid 8 1-2; the London 4 1-2; the West India, 10 per cent.; the assurance companies, again, paid dividends varying from 10 per cent. downwards; while the water companies, in one or two instances, were worth rather less than nothing, although in many others a few shares formed a fortune. Independently, therefore, of the fact that public companies had provided canals and roads for our commerce, docks to receive our merchandise, insurance companies to comfort our widows and children, water companies to cleanse us, and gas to light us, you have the fact—and you, as financiers, will think it very important—that these companies produced good dividends to the proprietors; and all these we owed to preceding periods of excitement. The natural result of such success is to be found in the proposals of 1825. In taking a retrospect of the schemes which were promulgated with a view to discover their feasibility, we shall find that many of them were eminently successful, and that they produced

results which can only pass away with time. First and foremost, let it never be forgotten that it opened free trade in banking, and that it produced joint-stock banks. It made an irruption into the privileges of the Bank of England charter—privileges which Lord Liverpool truly said were growing out of fashion, and which were of no avail to themselves, while they only injured others. The testimony is abundant as to the evils of the country banking establishments. You know that, by the law, as it then stood, for the protection of the Bank of England, the number of partners in any banking house was limited to six. There might be less, said the wisdom of our ancestors, but there must not be more. These might be butchers or bakers, cobblers or cheesemongers, or they might be Killarney saddlers, such as Mr. Gilbert has told us of; they might be ignorant of banking as the wares they sold; yet the law said, there shall no bounds be put on your issues; you may emit your notes, and deceive the poor and provident, but ignorant, man as much as you can; but if more than six unite, although you represent the land, the wealth, and the intelligence of your district, you shall not give your countrymen the benefit of your science, your capital, and your knowledge.

To you I will not dilate on all the advantages of the joint-stock banks which superseded the private establishments. I will simply say, you owe them to a commercial panic. It was at this period, too, that railroads, then another distinctive feature of our island, were first formally introduced to the commercial world, and that the parent of all railways actually proceeded. It was then that a Great Western, a Great Northern, a London and Birmingham Railway, were proposed to be carried into effect a few years later. And I find that to the plentiful supply of money, to the large profits and enlarged hearts of our countrymen, in 1824, we owe mechanics' institutes. It is not necessary to enlarge on the immense advantage to the mechanic of societies somewhat similar to your own; it is scarcely possible to overrate it; and when, therefore, you are reminded that these links of brotherhood between the rich man and poor received during this period at once their impulse and development, I remind you of a very notable fact in the social life of England. There was scarcely a large provincial town in which they were not commenced; and in July, 1824, Lord Brougham stated that scarcely three days elapsed without his receiving accounts of some new ones; while Edward Irving declared they had arisen



as if by enchantment, and spread themselves over the land. And if in 1853 they are dying almost as fast as they were born, it is because from 1825 to 1853 England has made no sufficient attempt to educate her sons—because she has not taught them to appreciate those institutions which proposed to raise them in the scale of social life; and because, in truth, these institutions met with an apathy which, I trust, will not be met with you. Among the good companies was the Australian Agricultural Company, which I know was very serviceable to many. There was the General Steam Navigation Company, now in a flourishing existence. The Provincial Bank of Ireland took its rise at this period. The St. Katherine Docks, eighteen life assurance companies, with many other propositions successfully carried out, which were the fruit of 1825. But there were, besides this, many that were abandoned then to be contemplated now. There was a canal and railway to join the Atlantic to the Pacific, and this, I hope, we shall all live to see. Steam-boat companies were then proposed to all the places which they now occupy. There was a British Bank, an improved telegraph; and time would fail me to enumerate the many solid ideas which have since received complete development. There were many, too, which to look back upon is to mourn. I allude more especially to the foreign mines, which sent millions out of the circulation of this country, in a vain attempt to make the exhausted earth renew its stores of the precious metal. From 1825 to 1845, various other crises occurred, the benefits derived from which were undeniable; and though the railway era of the latter year was one of the most remarkable periods of the kind we have ever witnessed, I will not weary your patience by especially referring to it; we are all experiencing its benefits. Our iron roads are messengers of civilization and commerce, of health and of happiness, to millions. They have opened a legitimate mode of investment to the growing capital of England; they have reduced the weekly expenses of the poor man; they have enlarged the field of exertion for the rich, and I more than suspect that they assist joint-stock banks in paying dividends of 6 and 7 per cent., when discounts are at  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , and money may be had for nothing. It appears also to me that it was every way an improvement on the 1825 era, its chief fault being that we wanted to do too much in too short a space of time. But I must not refer to this epoch more specially, than to affirm that *the balance of good is greatly in favor of*

that tremendous period. There is something in the crisis of 1847 so fearful, that I hesitate to introduce it; and if I touch lightly upon that remarkable epoch, it is because I tread upon unsafe ground, and because the wound is yet unhealed. Nearly five hundred houses succumbed; but had business been in a wholesome state, this could not have been. Many of these firms were trading under false pretences—they had been insolvent for years; every article they could pledge had long been in the hands of the money brokers; one had pawned the furniture of his home, another had pledged the chattels of his counting-house, so that the very desk on which he wrote his insolvent acceptances was no longer his. And when, by an inscrutable decree of Providence—by the failure of a potato crop this foul, false system was exploded, let me ask all here, whether the good did not outbalance the evil? whether it was not time that such a deception should be shown to the world in all its hideous hollowness, and that the greatness of a commercial name should cease to delude the public?

We are now passing through a commercial excitement similar to those we have examined. We have enough and to spare for every project that is brought. The present epoch promises all manner of good things. A Crystal Palace and a railway to take us to it—steam to Australia has probably arisen from it—one of the greatest applications of science to social life, the electric light, is again brought forward—our poor are fed—our poor-houses are empty—consols above par—labor increasing in value—a colony, which may soon turn to a kingdom, receiving and providing for our surplus population, importing our commodities, and sending us gold for them. No period of our commercial history was ever gayer. We point to our metal, and defy a panic. And when the crisis of this period shall come—as I believe it surely will—I have little hesitation in affirming that the good will have outbalanced the evil. I do not forget that the shield has another side to it; that many homes are saddened, and many innocent men ruined, when the panic succeeds the excitement. I do not forget the uncertain position of a large portion of my own class. I have but to walk round the Exchange, to behold the spectres of those who, with haggard countenances and seedy habiliments, the former representatives of their former commercial greatness, haunt the spot which formerly witnessed their power, to remember the time

“When merchants with cargoes of trouble,



Ran foul of the bank, and broke brokers,  
When mining shares proved worthless rubble,  
And quidnuncs no longer were jokers;  
When bills and bad debts were made double,  
When paper was mere chaff and stubble,  
And credit itself was a bubble,  
And the nation a nation of croakers!"

If, then, I be correct in the conclusions I have drawn, our commercial crises have, at all events, produced certain good effects. A brief digest of these will give mercantile introduction to new countries, exclusive commercial privileges, new ideas in banking, the Bank of England itself, the advance and development of the principle of life assurance, hospitals to receive the sick and suffering, canals, docks, bridges, railways, joint-stock banks, mechanics' institutions—all owing to such eras. These were some of the special advantages derived by the public from financial excitements; but there are more general and collateral benefits which spring during these periods. It is then that if a man has a new idea he will produce it, that if he has a new machine he will patent it. It is then that

the inventor can find capital to perfect the invention which may add to a people's comfort, or stimulate their greatness. Nor is it one of the least of these benefits, that the excitement which precedes a commercial crisis changes the proprietorship of the good things of this world. Were it not for such great epochs, England would have been yet more a nation of millionaires than she is; we should have been yet more like old Rome when fallen on evil day, a people of extreme rich and extreme poor, instead of being, as I believe we are, a proof of the truth of Lord Bacon's wise aphorism, that money is like manure, and to do good requires to be spread. I believe that these crises are for good. They are the necessary consequences of a high productive power. We are eminently a nation of tradesmen, and that this is no reproach, let the republics of Italy in their palmyest days bear witness. But being good tradesmen, our capital is constantly increasing, and so long as this continues, we must find some mode of getting interest for it.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE IMPERIAL FOUR.

ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, AND NAPOLEON.

BY PROFESSOR CREAMY.

### CHAPTER II.

THE careers of conquerors are usually marked out by noting the scenes of their battles and their sieges in the countries, whither their ambition has led them. The progress of Alexander in the East may be more honorably traced by observing the cities which he founded along his lines of march when he advanced beyond Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Mesopotamia. In this respect it is peculiarly interesting to compare his campaigns in Central Asia, in Affghanistan, and the Punjab, with those of Charlemagne in Germany. Each conquered with a view to civilize. And each raised as the best means of civilization in every advantageous locality among the wild tribes, whom he subdued, strong and

stately cities, which should serve as schools of municipal self-government, as centres of commerce, of science, and of all the arts which minister to our race's welfare. The fair creations of Charlemagne still flourish, but with some few (though important) exceptions, those of Alexander have sunk into decay; yet, their importance and their influence were, for many centuries, not less real and substantial; and the indirect effects of the Hellenic civilization, which they propagated throughout the East, will endure as long as the human race exists.

Bishop Thirlwall well remarks, that "Alexander's was the first of the great monarchies of Asia, which opened a prospect of progressive improvement, and not of continual degradation to its subjects; it was the first that

contained any element of moral and intellectual progress." And the question unavoidably forces itself upon the mind, whether Alexander's Oriental Empire is not only the *first* but also the *last*, to which this high eulogy can be applied. The inquiry has a painful interest for ourselves. We, this English nation, are now rulers of a conquered Oriental Empire, which for population, wealth, and importance, may well be compared with that which the great Macedonian acquired. We have imitated him in our thirst for extension of territory; and, like him, we have raised out of the conquered tribes, native troops, disciplined and armed like Europeans, to aid in keeping their own countries in subjection. But we have not followed his example by admitting the best and most trustworthy of our Asiatic subjects to high civil and military offices, and in endeavoring to give them an unity of interest, and some degree of unity of patriotism with ourselves.

At the present time, when we are called on to legislate anew for the government of our rapidly-increasing Indian Empire, and of our 120 millions of Indian fellow-subjects, the policy which was pursued by Alexander (the only European conqueror who has preceded us on the banks of the Indus) acquires a peculiar interest. We may do well in not disdaining the lessons which he has bequeathed us in peace as well as in war.

Even as mere matter of military history, the career of Alexander is of unsurpassed brilliancy, and there is none that deserves more attentive study. If we distrust our own powers of examining and testing his generalship, we may be satisfied with the decisive testimony in his favor which has been borne by two of the highest of all possible authorities. Hannibal in his celebrated conversation with Scipio respecting great commanders, ranked Alexander as the first general that the world had then seen; and Napoleon, in his Memoirs dictated at St. Helena, names him among the eight generals whose tactics the modern commander should make the object of earnest study. Napoleon says,—“The principles of war are those which have regulated the conduct of those greatest generals, whose noble deeds history has handed down to us; Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great. The principles of Cæsar were the same as those of Alexander and Hannibal,—the concentration of his forces,—to expose no vulnerable point,—to move with rapidity upon important places,—to have recourse to moral

means to enhance the reputation of his arms,—and to political means also to preserve the fidelity of his allies, and keep the conquered people in subjection.”

Napoleon, in the same volume of his Memoirs, has given an admirable summary of the military events of Alexander's life. I do not transcribe it here, or enter into detailed narrative of Alexander's wars and sieges, but only pause on a few of the scenes of the campaigns, which peculiarly exhibit the characteristics of his genius, or furnish clear parallels with passages in the career of some others of the Imperial Four.

Alexander's first battle in Asia, that of the Granicus, deserves thus to be specified, as eminently displaying not only his personal valor and strategical skill, but also the instinctive quickness of his judgment: a quality wherein Niebuhr, speaking of this same battle of the Granicus, rightly compares him to Napoleon. It also shows how well Alexander deserves Napoleon's eulogy on him, for reckoning on the moral effect of the mode in which a victory is won, as well as on the direct material results of the victory itself. Napoleon's own conduct in the celebrated, or as he himself termed it, “the terrible” passage of the river Adda, at the Bridge of Lodi, in his first Italian campaign, presents a remarkable parallel with Alexander's measures at the passage of the ford of the Granicus.

The Persian army assembled on the eastern bank of that river, to bar the progress of the Macedonian invaders, was formidable not only on account of the number, but on account of its quality. There were twenty thousand of the best Asiatic cavalry, troops that, however inferior they might be to European horse in evolutions and steadiness, were well armed, well mounted, full of confidence and courage, and dangerous to even the best European infantry, when disordered by the passage of a difficult ford. The light-armed infantry was numerous, as in all Oriental armies; and however contemptible in close fight, was fitted to harass the Macedonian columns severely with javelins and archery, while they struggled across the stream. And there were also in the Persian army nearly 20,000 Greek mercenaries, fully armed and disciplined according to the most approved model of Agesilaus and Epaminondas, and who were not unworthy opponents of the Macedonian Phalanx itself, even on a fair field. This army also had the benefit of the guidance of a European general of eminent skill and courage, Memnon the Rhodi-

an. Memnon had been compelled by the Persian satraps, who were associated in command with him, to give battle, contrary to his own policy; but when the battle was decided on, he exerted himself sagely and bravely to win it for the King of Persia whom he served.

The position which the Persian army occupied was eminently advantageous. The river was fordable only immediately in their front, and even there it was deep and rapid, with a bed of shifting stones. There was a low, flat piece of ground on the Persian side, admirably adapted for the action of the Asiatic cavalry. In the rear of this were crags, which formed the boundary of the river when it was swollen by wintry floods; but in the spring, when the battle was fought, the flat ground between the crags and the brink of the ordinary channel was dry and practicable for horse. The Persian generals also placed large numbers of their light-armed infantry near the water's edge to gall the Macedonians while passing the ford. Their Greek mercenaries were drawn up as a reserve on the higher ground in the rear.

Such was the array, that Alexander found before him, when he approached the left bank of the Granicus early in the day, within a few weeks after he had entered Asia. The numbers of his own army (about 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse) have already been mentioned. If the advantages of ground had been equal, his superiority in regular infantry would have ensured him success; but to force such a river as that which chafed before him, against forces so well selected and so well posted as were the Persian, seemed hazardous even to temerity. We see the obstacles that presented themselves to Alexander at the Granicus in the 334th spring before our era. Let us for awhile change scene and date, and examine those which Napoleon encountered at the Adda on the 9th of May, A. D. 1796.

The Austrian general, Beaulieu, who was retreating before the French after the successes which the latter under Bonaparte had gained over both the Piedmontese and the Imperialists, resolved to halt behind the river Adda; and, if possible, there check the progress of the young conqueror. Beaulieu had retired through Lodi and across the river by the bridge of that town, and stationed himself with 12,000 foot, 4,000 horse, and 30 pieces of artillery on the further side. Napoleon, who was in eager pursuit of him, soon entered Lodi; but when it became necessary to cross the river, the obstacles which Beau-

lien opposed seemed to be insurmountable. The river was too deep for fording anywhere near the town, and when the French officers reconnoitred the bridge, they saw confronting them the thirty hostile cannons, some placed in battery at the bridge-head on the Austrian side, so as to sweep the bridge from end to end, while others were ranged a little on either side, so as to pour a cross fire on all who might attempt the passage. The Austrians had also thrown forward clouds of sharpshooters along the bank which was in their possession; and a little in the rear their lines of infantry and squadrons of horse appeared drawn up in perfect and imposing array.

To pass a bridge so defended, in broad daylight and by main force, seemed to all but Napoleon an impossibility. And more than one of his bravest generals recommended a pause, which must have resulted in a retreat of the French army; but Bonaparte keeping his eye fixed on the bridge, and pointing to it with his sword, exclaimed, "That is the way to Milan, to Rome, to the possession of all Italy. We must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes who had forced the broad Po." In a similar spirit had Alexander been urged by many of his best generals (Parmenio among the number) to halt on his own bank of the Granicus, and endeavor to effect the passage by surprise early on the following morning, before the return of the Persian cavalry, whose national custom it was never to encamp near an enemy for fear of a surprise. In the like spirit to that which afterwards dictated Napoleon's answer, Alexander had replied to Parmenio, that no advantage for the great enterprise which they had undertaken equalled that of dealing at the onset a blow which should surprise and terrify, and of not letting the opinion of their own superiority as soldiers slacken for a moment. He added that they who had crossed the broad Hellespont ought not to be detained by a paltry rivulet.

Let us now consider the two actions separately, bearing in mind that Napoleon at Lodi was only twenty-six years old, and that Alexander, when he fought the battle of the Granicus, was at the still more youthful age of twenty-two.

When the Macedonian King resolved to force his way to the opposite bank of the guarded stream and attack his enemies, he took in person the command of the right wing of his army, consisting principally of cavalry, but supported by considerable num-

bers of light-armed foot, who were trained to co-operate with their mounted comrades in action. The student of Cæsar's campaigns will remember how the Roman general similarly strengthened his cavalry by picked cohorts of legionaries at Pharsalia. Alexander drew up his phalanx and the rest of his regular infantry in the centre. Parmenio led his left wing, which was composed entirely of horse. The Persians easily distinguished Alexander by the brilliancy of his armor, and the deferential group of officers around him; and seeing him station himself in his right wing, they reinforced their own left, against which his main attack was evidently levelled, with several squadrons of their best cavalry. As often happens before battles, a brief pause ensued after each host was fully arrayed and in presence of the other, before the charge began; a pause more impressive in ancient than in modern warfare, from the absence of the bewildering noise and disordering fire of artillery. At length Alexander, after a few brief words of exhortation to the troops nearest him, gave the signal; and as the advanced Macedonian brigades plunged into the water with a joyous shout, the Persian archers and bowmen began to ply them with their missiles, and the Asiatic cavalry dashed forward to the water's edge to cut down the first ranks of the Europeans.

The first troops that Alexander sent across, were a squadron of light cavalry, a squadron of the royal horse-guards, and a division of infantry. This forlorn hope of the Macedonian army sustained much loss from the enemy's arrows and javelins while wading through the stream; and on reaching the bank were roughly handled, and forced back by the Persian cavalry. But while they occupied the attention of the foe, Alexander, with the rest of the cavalry of his right wing, effected his passage with comparatively little molestation, and the brigades of the phalanx at the same time made good their landing a little lower down. Alexander instantly charged at the head of his household cavalry, but was encountered by the Persian cavaliers with such spirit and in such numbers, that the contest was more like the close encounter between columns of infantry, than a conflict between lines of cavalry. Alexander fought in the thickest of the *mêlée*; his lance was broken, and he was obliged to defend himself for some time with the broken weapon before his attendants could supply him with a fresh one.

Nor were the leaders of the Persian horse

less conspicuous in personal bravery. As the contending masses opened, and space was given for fighting freely, the gallantry and prowess of the leaders on each side was more and more tested. A Persian nobleman, named Mithridates, a son-in-law of King Darius, was riding in advance of his squadron, which he was bringing up in support, when Alexander rode forward to meet him in single combat, and bore him lifeless to the ground with his levelled spear. Another Persian nobleman, named Rhoesaces, instantly rode at Alexander, and dealt him with his scimitar a blow on the helmet, which struck off part of the crest, and nearly hit through to the head. Alexander shortened his lance and unhorsed Rhoesaces with a thrust in the breast. But while the Macedonian King was thus engaged, the scimitar of a third foe, Spithridates, satrap of Lydia, was coming down on his head in sheer force to smite, when Clitus, one of Alexander's body-guard, rode up and saved Alexander's life, by severing the Persian's right arm from his body.

The fall of three of the chief officers disheartened the Persians, while Alexander's example exerted the Macedonian cavalry to the utmost daring and energy. The superiority also of the European weapons and European discipline began to tell, and the remnants of the left wing of the Persian cavalry broke, and galloped from the field. Their centre also, unsupported by infantry, had given way before the advancing spears of the Macedonian phalanx; and at the other end of the line Parmenio had crossed the river, and defeated the weakened right wing of the Persian horse, after some sharp fighting, in which the Thessalian horse regiments of Parmenio particularly signalized themselves.

The whole of the Persian cavalry was now in full flight, nor could any resistance be expected from their rabble of native infantry. But the Greek troops, in Persian pay, stood firm. They had not been led forward by their commanders to join in the attack on Alexander's troops when first landed, nor did the beaten Asiatic cavalry now make any attempt to rally behind the shelter which they afforded. They stood alone, exposed to the whole force of the Macedonian army, but their numbers (nearly 20,000), their bravery, their discipline, and their knowledge of the bitter animosity with which Alexander's men regarded them, made it certain that they would offer a desperate resistance, such as against some commanders might even then have been successful. But Alexander, instead of engaging them with an even line,



charged their array on one point with an infantry column of immense depth and weight; and when he had thus shaken their ranks, he sent squadron after squadron of cavalry upon each weakened spot of the body. They fought bravely, but when thus outnumbered and outgeneralled, all their valor was vain. They were slain on the spot, except about 2,000, who fell wounded, and afterwards recovered, or who escaped the immediate fury of the victors, by falling as if wounded or slain.

Let us now turn to the modern captain, whom we left eying the Bridge of Lodi, and expressing his indomitable resolution to cross the Adda, whatever opposition Beaulieu and his batteries might offer. Napoleon had possession of the town of Lodi, which was all on his side of the stream; and its buildings enabled him to shelter his men from the enemy's cannonade, while he made his preparations for attack, and also to mask those preparations from them, till the immediate moment for action had arrived. He got some guns into position on his own side of the river, with which he replied to the enemy's batteries; and in order to distract the attention of Beaulieu, he sent his cavalry and some horse artillery to attempt the passage of the river at a ford which was said to exist about a league higher up the river.

General Beaumont, whom he sent on this service, passed the stream, but not without difficulty. As soon as his squadrons were visible on the left bank, the Austrian officers opposite to Lodi betrayed great uneasiness; and seeing their attention thus diverted, Napoleon instantly took his measures for storming the pass before him. He formed a column of 6,000 picked grenadiers, and brought them under shelter of the houses close to the bridge, without the Austrians perceiving them. He went through their ranks, encouraging them, and exhorted them to keep as close order as possible, and, directly the word was given, to wheel out on the bridge, and advance across it at a run.

It was about six in the evening when the signal for this daring attempt was made. The chosen column shouting '*Vive la République!*' rushed from its shelter, wheeled round, and ran forward with closed ranks: its leading sections were on the bridge before Beaulieu or his men were aware of the intended attack. But the Austrian artillerymen and sharpshooters soon recovered from their surprise; and a storm of grapeshot and musketry opened on the devoted column as it neared the centre of the bridge. The

French grenadiers were swept off by whole sections, and the mangled column wavered, and would have fallen back, when Bonaparte in person, with his bravest generals, Lannes, Berthier, Massena, and others, rushed forward to the front, and encouraged the men to advance by voice, by gesture and example. On poured the column again over the blood-stained bridge. Lannes was the first man who reached the left bank of the Adda, Napoleon himself was the second. Beaulieu had stationed his infantry too far in the rear; and before he could support or rescue his batteries by them, the French grenadiers had rushed on the Austrian artillerymen and bayoneted them beside their guns.

The battle was not yet over. The Austrian infantry, though slowly, came steadily forward; nor was it till after an obstinate contest that Napoleon was able to complete his victory by driving them from the field.

Such were these two celebrated victories, by which Alexander and Napoleon, each at the outset of his career, not only gained important military advantages, but raised to the very highest pitch the zeal and the confidence of their soldiery. And not merely did Alexander and Napoleon thus inspire their own followers; but by these and other similar exploits, they overawed and dazzled their very opponents; so that even among those whom they invaded, there sprang up an enthusiasm for them, and an emulous readiness to acknowledge the young heroes in their glory. But no student of their characters should confine his attention to such audacious exploits as those of the Granicus and Lodi, or imagine that either of these great generals was a mere fiery combatant, who sought out dangers for the sake of rushing on them when most menacing. After comparing the battles of the Granicus and Lodi, it is well to take another parallel from the military biographies of Alexander and Napoleon, and to study and collate their tactics in effecting the passages of two other rivers in the presence of powerful enemies. The passage of the Hydaspes by Alexander, immediately before he defeated King Porus, will be found to present many curious points of similitude with the passage of the Danube by Napoleon before he defeated the Archduke Charles at Wagram. In each of these instances the patience, the caution, and the subtle skill of the victorious general, are as remarkably displayed, as their rapidity of decision and fearless energy in execution were signalized on the banks of the Granicus and the Adda.

From the British Quarterly Review.

## RIO DE LA PLATA—ITS LATEST HISTORY.\*

INTERESTING and important as have been the contents of the monthly mails during the last eighteen months from the Rio de la Plata, there are probably very few amongst us who have followed with accuracy and precision events which have called forth a new interest, and, for a time at least, inspired new hopes of the South American States on that river and its tributaries. In this article we propose to reduce to a narrative form, occurrences that will show the value of these countries to our own welfare, and that may also suggest the opening of a brighter future in them. As our story may encroach a little on our space, we shall not tarry on its threshold, but proceed at once to points that should be borne in mind throughout.

One, perhaps the chief, misfortune of the long and ensanguined struggles of the Spanish colonies for freedom and self-government was, that they rendered the establishment of independent monarchies impossible. Reconciliation with Spain was abandoned at very early stages of the contests; and though there were Bourbons, not Spanish, who might have been called in to perpetuate the connection of these possessions with their family, there were none with personal qualities sufficiently attractive to promote their selection; probably there were few who, had the choice fallen on them, would have accepted positions at variance with their amicable relations to each other. Efforts were, indeed, made by other governments to preserve South America for monarchy; but Spain so obstinately refused to abandon her dominion, that perseverance in them would have involved a rupture with that Crown: perhaps embarrassments and difficulties of a general character in Europe. So the colonies were left to achieve their independence as best they could, and to adopt what form of government they thought fit. Nor had

they at last any choice; for Iturbide's fate in Mexico extinguished all hope of establishing native monarchies. Their necessity was not, however, the less unfortunate; for long experience has proved how unfit the great majority of South-American Spaniards were (and continue to be) to found and carry out a republic; whilst the example of their cognate race, the Portuguese, in Brazil, suggests that they might have secured continued tranquillity, rational liberty, political progress, material prosperity, and independent nationality, under a monarchy.

Their next misfortune was—and in Mexico and the States of the Plate still is—that they were unable to agree on the particular form of the republic best suited to their wants. They differed as to whether it should be a federal republic, or a republic one and indivisible. And it is out of this secondary difference that nearly all the troubles of the South-American States have directly and immediately sprung. Excluded, under the Spanish colonial system, from participation in the higher offices of government, the emancipated colonists had neither traditions nor habits of self-government in such abundance as to supply the elements of a series of local States with separate administrations, obedient to a common head; and the old vice-royalties, when turned into new republics, were too vast in size, too difficult of transit, and too unconnected by their capitals, to be readily adapted to the rule of a central authority. Federal and centralized constitutions have rapidly alternated; each producing in its turn evils of its own; each overthrown by bloodshed and war; until in some, the commonwealth first formed has been broken (to the imminent advantage of its fractions) into smaller States. In Mexico\*

\**Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata: from their Discovery and Conquest by the Spaniards to the Establishment of their Political Independence. With some Account of their Present State.* By SIR WOODBINE PARISH, K.C.H. Second edition, enlarged. Murray. 1852.

\* New troubles are rising in Mexico, where there is at present a federal constitution, on this very subject; and they suggest, more clearly than before, that there are not in that country the elements of distinct national existence and life. Out of a population of seven millions and a half, there are only one million of whites; and amongst six millions of Indians, there are forty or fifty different languages!

and the Argentine Confederation, however, the question still remains a practical one.

The Argentine Confederation, lying between the 22nd and 44th degrees of south latitude, and containing upwards of 700,000 square miles, is composed of thirteen separate States, usually classed in three divisions—viz., four Riverine provinces on the banks of the Parana; Buenos Ayres, and Santa Fé on the one side, and Entre Rios and Corrientes on the other; six upper provinces connecting Peru with that river; and the three provinces of Cuyo, at the foot of the Cordillera of the Andes, which separates the Confederation from Chile and the Pacific. On the northern mouth of the Plate lies the state of Uruguay, or the Banda Oriental; the capital of which, Monte Video, is the commercial rival of Buenos Ayres. And from Corrientes as a base, between the river Paraguay and the Brazilian frontiers, stretches up the long parallelogram, known on the map, but little known out of it, the republic of Paraguay. The population of all these countries does not, probably, exceed one million and a quarter. Of it, the people of the Argentine States may number 900,000, one-third of whom belong to the sea-board province of Buenos Ayres. The greater part are gauchos, or graziers, and their families; a simple, credulous, but passionate and excitable race; as much American Tartars as the Spaniards themselves are said to be European Arabs; living in the saddle, always armed; easily convertible, therefore, into soldiers. They inhabit vast prairies or pampas, where an illimitable amount of cattle might be raised; but which, for the last forty years, have been, at no distant intervals, devastated by wars, to the serious diminution\* of their stocks.

The Plate, though popularly spoken of as a river, is really an estuary of the sea, into which flow the Parana and the Uruguay, both rising in the highlands of Brazil. At the mouth of the Parana, guarding and commanding access thereto, lies the island of Martin Garcia, in the State of Entre Rios. Diverging to the north, along the base of Paraguay, towards Brazil, the Parana receives, a little above the city of Corrientes, and near the point of divergence, the river Paraguay; and into it descend the Vermejo

\* This diminution was at one time so great in Uruguay, that cattle had to be imported from the Argentine State of Entre Rios, and the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande do Sul, to breed from.

from the higher parts of the confederation, and the Pilcomayo, which is navigable even into Bolivia. Hence it is that the Plate and its tributaries are said to be the highway of the interior of South America; even to those portions of Peru which lie east of the Cordillera of the Andes. And when we observe, that along an Atlantic coast of 2000 miles, this is the only access to countries of such boundless extent and exceeding fertility, the importance of opening all their rivers to the mercantile navigation of the world can hardly be exaggerated.

The true interests of all the Argentine States, their political development, their social civilization, the increase of their capital, and the augmentation of their population, are all dependent on freedom of trade and navigation. They want every thing that commerce only can supply or will advance—markets for their produce, cheap foreign commodities for their consumption; means to carry out, and enterprise and spirit to suggest, improvements. Where nature has been so abundant and generous in providing for material development, the population might be expected to be found taking full advantage of their natural outlets. It is, however, otherwise; and the artificial obstacles they themselves have thrown up to impede their own prosperity may be distinctly traced to that difference of opinion as to a federal or unitarian government already referred to. It is the littoral and upper provinces that are the adherents, the advocates, and the soldiers of federalism; because that principle, assigning to every separate member of the Confederation co-equal rights, would enable them to secure all the benefits of free outlet and inlet. On the contrary, the strength of unitarianism is in the seaboard province, which, by far the richest, most populous, and intelligent, objects to submit its interests to the inferior enlightenment of the higher states, and has hitherto endeavored to monopolize the trade, as well as the political authority, of the Confederation at Buenos Ayres. This always has been, and, as we shall see, still is, the real cause of Argentine quarrels, wars, and devastations. To master their outline, to follow their latest phase, to comprehend the present position of affairs, and to get, if we can, a glimpse of happier prospects, we must, however, ask our readers to cast a retrospect on the earlier history of the Plate.

The Spaniards first sought and ascended the Plate and its tributaries, neither to settle the countries they water, nor in search of

precious metals; but to reach Peru by a shorter route than by doubling Cape Horn.\* Mendoza, their foremost explorer, did indeed try to form a settlement at Buenos Ayres: he was, however, disastrously repulsed by the hostile and warlike natives; and it was at Assumption, the present capital of Paraguay, that the first Spanish town was founded. There the Spaniards met with a more docile race of Aborigines, the Guaranis, with whom they intermarried, whose language they adopted, and whose tongue—not the Spanish—is even now general throughout both Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation. The great hero of Paraguay was Yrala. After an arduous journey he at last penetrated into Peru; not, however, to participate in its mineral riches, or in its intestine struggles; but, wisely withdrawing from both, to bring back into the countries of the Plate sheep and horned cattle; and by their introduction, to lay the foundation of their present wealth. Under him, the 50,000 or 60,000 natives of Paraguay were divided amongst some 400 Spanish settlers. Their servitude was, however, light. Mineral labor did not, as in Mexico and Peru, diminish their numbers. Village communities were formed under native organizations; missions were established under the Jesuits; and an apparently† prosperous society was established. It had not, however, as yet, any command of the rivers connecting it with the Atlantic and Europe.

Yrala's successors extended their dominions; but under inferior skill and intelligence to his, the Spaniards were broken up into factions. The Portuguese settlements in Brazil were attacked; and in their quarrels, the seeds of even recent discussions and dissensions were first sown. The most remarkable of them was De Garay, like Yrala, a Biscayan: he established means of military communication and safety down the rivers; first founding the city of Santa Fé, for ves-

sels to refresh in on their tedious ascent, and then Buenos Ayres, commanding the mouth of the great estuary. These settlements completed the Spanish conquest of the Plate.

And now commenced its difficulties. The mercantile corporations in Spain, to which a monopoly of all trade with Peru had been sold, regarded these new colonies as high roads for smuggling into the richer countries of the Pacific. Unfortunately, they were able to infuse their jealousies into the policy of the Court of Madrid. Restrictions were imposed on the commerce of the Plate; their result was the contrabandista system of England and Portugal; whereby Spain lost both markets in, and revenue from, the Plate. To carry out this illicit trade, the Portuguese, in 1726, founded Monte Video, and thither went part of the population of Buenos Ayres. War between the two countries ensued; and under the ambitious policy of Pombal, the Portuguese became masters, for a while, of Uruguay.

The Court of Madrid was at last obliged to give a wiser and more generous attention to the affairs of the Plate. In 1776 it was separated from the vice-royalty of Lima, and placed under a new government established at Buenos Ayres. On Pombal's fall, the Portuguese retired from the Banda Oriental; and Florida Blanca issued the celebrated Trade Regulations, which liberated the Spanish colonies from some of their commercial restrictions. Still, however, all offices were strictly and exclusively given to Spaniards; no American was permitted to hold a place of power or trust.

Under these regulations trade was extending, prices rising, wealth increasing, when the French revolution broke on the world. It found the Plate loyal, but apathetic; contented, but ignorant of its own power and strength. These, however, it learnt in 1806, when the Spanish Americans repulsed the British attack on Buenos Ayres; and it has never since forgotten, though it has sometimes exaggerated them. After this discovery, it was impossible long to maintain the exclusion of the natives from political power; yet the old system was persisted in by Viceroy Limiers, even subsequently. The province rose against him, and he was overthrown. Juntas were established at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres; and from them, in their turn, all Spaniards were excluded. Despite the fidelity of these juntas to their ancient sovereigns, they were regarded as revolutionary; and civil war followed. Ferdinand VII. denounced the juntas; and all hope in him was

\* It is not long since the newspapers gave an account of a party of Frenchmen—old soldiers of Algeria,—bound for California, seeking refuge from sea-sickness by debarking, in their passage *via* Cape Horn, at Buenos Ayres. They resolved to make their way across the Pampas to the Pacific, and, adopting the fashion of the country, first took to horses; but, unaccustomed to riding, they soon abandoned their cattle, and prosecuted their march on foot. They encountered a party of hostile Indians, whose designs they repelled by exhibiting a bold front; and at last reached Valparaiso, where they again embarked for San Francisco.

† It may be doubted whether the prosperity was more than apparent, for the population declined, and the mental condition of the people was dwarfed and stunted.



destroyed. The old king was, in 1815, invited to resume a crown and regal functions at Buenos Ayres; but anxious as he had once been to reach his transatlantic possessions, he preferred repose with his wife at Rome; and on the 9th of July, 1816, deputies from all the provinces met at the distant city of Tucuman, declared their independence, and constituted themselves an independent State. For awhile the English government looked unfavorably on this policy; but our trade extending rapidly, and needing protection, Lord Londonderry, in 1822, made his famous declaration\* as to the necessity of having some recognized government; and in 1824—after the French had invaded Spain, and put down constitutional government there—Mr. Canning recognized† their independence; calling, as he boasted, a new world into existence to rectify the balance of the old. In the beginning of that year he sent out in diplomatic form, Sir Woodbine Parish, as the representative of England; by whom the treaty which still regulates our intercourse with the Argentine Confederation was concluded; and whose book (some important prejudices notwithstanding) is much the best work that has yet been published on these countries.

The Spanish colonies of the Plate and its tributaries formed, as we have said, a viceroyalty. Its capital was Buenos Ayres, at that time perhaps the largest, most important, and richest city in South America. Buenos Ayres, therefore, brought into the new State all the habits, traditions, and advantages of a capital accustomed to govern the upper provinces and to large general ex-

penditure. The sanguinary war of the colonists against the Spanish troops was, after their independence, almost immediately followed by a civil war amongst themselves, equally bloody and cruel; for the purpose of solving the character and form of the republic into which they had resolved themselves at Tucuman. From the fatal consequences of this war, some members of the new State sought safety and repose by separation from the rest. Paraguay resolved on isolation. Under the guidance of Dr. Francia, it adopted what perhaps was indispensable to its isolation, a completely despotic government; and rather than run the risks of further disturbance, its timid inhabitants shut themselves out from communication with their fellow creatures. Upper Peru also seceded, and formed a separate but a freer republic, under the name of Bolivia. In the province of Uruguay, the gaucho chief, Artigas, taking advantage of the general disorder, encouraged inroads into the neighboring territories of Brazil. In self-defence the Portuguese retaliated. General Lecor, at the head of a Brazilian army, overran Uruguay and occupied\* Monte Video, avowedly with the view, however, of saving the southern provinces of Brazil from the troubles and demagogism which prevailed in Uruguay, thence indulging in material rapine and political propagandism in their neighbors' territories. The other provinces, of what is now known as the Argentine Confederation, fell one by one into such a state of anarchy, as, for a season, set at defiance the adoption of any form of general or common government.

On the declaration of Brazilian independence, Uruguay solicited its incorporation with the newly-formed empire; sent deputies to its constituent assembly, and became the Cisplatine province of Brazil. The antipathies of the Spanish and Portuguese races soon, however, produced discontents in the new Brazilian territory. They were fostered and encouraged by the government of Buenos Ayres, jealous of the rise of the great commercial city—Monte Video—favorably situated for marine and mercantile purposes, on the opposite bank of the estuary. Insurrection, having for its object re-union with the other Spanish provinces, broke out in the Uruguay; and Brazil, feeling that it had been produced by Buenos-Ayrean intrigues, and

\* "So large a portion of the world," he declared, "could not long continue without some recognized and established relations; and the State which, neither by its councils nor its arms, could effectually assert its own rights over its dependencies, and thus make itself responsible for maintaining their relations with other powers, must, sooner or later, be prepared to see those relations established, by the overruling necessity of the case, in some other form."

† "If," said Mr. Canning, in a higher vein of intelligence, and with rare eloquence—"if the total irresponsibility of unrecognized States be too absurd to be maintained; and if the treatment of their inhabitants as pirates and robbers be too monstrous to be applied, for an indefinite length of time, to a large portion of the inhabited globe, no other choice remained for Great Britain, or for any other country having intercourse with the Spanish-American provinces, but to recognize in due time their political existence as States, and thus to bring them within the pale of those rights and duties which civilized nations are bound mutually to respect, and are entitled reciprocally to claim for each other."

\* Sir Woodbine Parish, rarely favorable, and not unfrequently unjust, towards Brazil, admits that the "anarchical proceedings" of the "notorious Artigas" afforded a "plausible pretext" for the occupation of Monte Video.—*Buenos Ayres* from *the* *South*, p. 82.

was supported by Buenos-Ayorean assistance, indignant, too, at the treatment her representative had experienced at Buenos Ayres, where he was grossly insulted by a mob, instigated by the authorities, in 1826 declared war against the government of that province. Substantially this war was for the possession of Monte Video and the country lying between the Plate and the Rio Grande do Sul.

As in other similar cases, danger at first produced some little union, if not reconciliation; and it was during this war with Brazil, that a constituent assembly of the old Spanish colonies was held. It decreed a constitution in which the federal form of government was, notwithstanding the experience of its success in North America, condemned; and the unitarian model, such as lately failed in France, was adopted. The unitarian constitution was, however, rejected by the provinces of Cordova, Santa Fé, Tucuman, and Rioja, which, with perhaps a correct appreciation of their own interests, saw, under it, the importance and wealth and commerce of the upper provinces sacrificed to Buenos Ayres. They declared for federalism; appealed to the sword; and, whilst both were engaged in a common war against Brazil, unitarians and federalists might be seen slaughtering each other on plains left undevastated by troops of that empire; until at last, such was the confusion, that when General Paz triumphed over the federalists of Cordova and Santa Fé, the unitarian government which he served had fallen in Buenos Ayres.

Nor was the war accompanied by much greater concord in Brazil itself. Free institutions were not, as yet, consolidated in that empire. Don Pedro enjoyed great popularity, and exercised almost unbounded power. But scarcely had he effected the separation of Brazil from Portugal, than, apprehensive of the colonial feeling, which in the dependencies of every country is essentially republican, he withdrew his confidence from the native Brazilians, and transferred it to the Portuguese. The liberal Brazilians, at that time a majority in the Chambers, in their turn grew alarmed, lest the influence to be acquired by the emperor in a successful war should be sufficient to enable him to become absolute, and to suppress free institutions. They accordingly employed every means and artifice to embarrass the war, and to give success to Buenos Ayres. Events favored them. In February, 1828, a Brazilian army, 11,000 strong, was surprised by a Buenos-Ayorean force still stronger, under General Alviar, on

the plains of Itusaingo. After a severe and sanguinary battle, the two armies separated; the Brazilians with the loss of all their baggage; the Buenos Ayreans unable to take advantage of their success. General Alviar was brought to a court martial by his own government; and the Brazilian opposition found, in a defeat little more than nominal, additional reasons for not pursuing a war which, on other grounds, they so strongly disliked.

It was in the midst of these perturbations, calamities, and contradictions in the Argentine States, and after this battle in Uruguay, that Mr. Canning—again in the interests of humanity and of commerce—resolved to interfere, not in the domestic quarrels of the Confederation, but in the war between Buenos Ayres and Brazil. He did so, to the infinite mortification of Don Pedro; for he, though the resources of Buenos Ayres were exhausted, was now obliged to treat under the imputation of defeat, regardless of his ability to have brought another well-equipped army into the field to retrieve his disaster. Both governments felt, however, that Mr. Canning's determination involved the cessation of hostilities. Humane and excellent in motive as was that great minister's intervention, it gave, what he certainly never intended, a death-blow to Don Pedro's influence in Brazil. From that time the liberal party rose to power in the empire, secured for it representative and free institutions, and have ever since remained the opponents of any extension of the Imperial territory. Mr. Canning confided his policy to the care of Lord Ponsonby, then British Minister at Rio de Janeiro, and in 1828, under that distinguished diplomatist's mediation (but without any English guarantee), Buenos Ayres and Brazil agreed on a preliminary treaty of peace.\* By it

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\* The following are the first three Articles of the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, signed 27th August, 1828:—

I. His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil declares the province of Monte Video, at present called the *Cisplatine*, separate from the territory of the Empire of Brazil, in order that it may constitute itself into a free and independent state, from every and any nation, under the form of government which may be judged suitable to its interests, necessities, and resources.

II. The government of the Republic of the United Provinces, on their side, consent to declaring the independence of the province of Monte Video, now called *Cisplatine*, and to its constituting itself a free and independent state, in the form declared in the preceding Article.

III. Both the high contracting parties bind themselves to defend the independence and integrity of

Uruguay became a republic, independent as well of Buenos Ayres as of Brazil; and its independence was guaranteed by both. Unfortunately, however, no definite treaty of peace was, as intended, subsequently negotiated. The delimitations of the frontiers of Uruguay and Brazil, the relations of their commerce, and the clear establishment of their rights of navigation of the upper rivers, were all left unsettled. The only security provided against a recourse to war on the old quarrel was, that Brazil and Buenos Ayres undertook not to recur to hostilities without giving six months' notice to each other of the intention, through England; a provision of some importance, it will be seen, in the more recent occurrences.

It was, we may remark in passing (for we cannot stop to enter into his history), whilst these dissensions were going on in the Argentine States between unitarians and federalists, that Don Juan Manuel de Rosas made his appearance in public life as a federalist. At length federalism prevailed; and after its triumph under Viamont, a convention, or provisional arrangement, was entered into by the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, to which the other States gradually assented, confiding to the government of Buenos Ayres the direction of their foreign affairs. By this slight and fragile link they voluntarily considered themselves as constituting a federal republic, each State continuing, however, to have its separate administration; and a congress of representatives from all the provinces, it was agreed, should assemble in Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of framing a definitive federal constitution. This provisional state of things was, however, by a great variety of schemes, and under as many pretences, prolonged by Rosas until his downfall. The chief of these pretences was war. To avoid assembling the constituent assembly, Rosas was continually engaged in hostilities with one State or other; in this way he had ruptures with England, France, the Banda Oriental, and Brazil, in rapid succession; and it forms one of the justest of the charges made against him, that he purposely kept the Confederation in this unorganized condition. For until the Confederation was practically developed, and a general government formed, Buenos Ayres remained pre-eminent, if not despotic, in the general concerns, and directed everything in conformity with its own interests. So that

Rosas, a federalist in pretence, was in reality the strictest of unitarians; a strange ending, says Sir Woodbine Parish, of a struggle for federalism.

Having, though of humble origin, acquired, first as an overseer, and then as a proprietor and agent, great wealth, and even greater influence in the rural districts of the province of Buenos Ayres, Rosas rose slowly to political power in the capital. With consummate craft, he yielded up the reins of government to acquire military reputation in punishing and driving back the Indians of the Colorado River; thereby gaining territory and security for the European population, and political influence and power for himself. Subsequently he refused to re-assume the governorship when elected thereto, because the tenure of the office did not confer on him authority sufficiently great. Soon afterwards, however, he headed an insurrection against Governor Balcega, and on his overthrow, assumed despotic rule over Buenos Ayres, and thenceforward played the tyrant over the upper provinces also. How he preserved and augmented the power he had thus violently acquired, of his terrorism, his cruelties, his massacres, and of his various quarrels with foreign powers—these we do not stop to detail. It is rather the circumstances which more immediately led to his downfall that we must hasten to develop and explain.

From its conclusion, Buenos Ayres had been dissatisfied with the peace of 1828; it feared the growth of Monte Video, more advantageously situated in some important respects, we repeat, for commerce; and it knew but one way of arresting the rivalry: that was, its subjection to Buenos-Ayrean influence. Rosas, fully adopting this feeling, prepared to carry it out with all his characteristic craft. His cruel disposition and savage instincts were joined (it is impossible to deny) to great political abilities; and extraordinary, if not admirable, was the talent with which he concocted diplomatic difficulties and perplexities; all directed towards enterprises only too flattering to the passions and too agreeable to the interests of the people of Buenos Ayres.

His project was to re-unite to the Argentine Confederation, or rather to the government of Buenos Ayres, the republics of Paraguay and Uruguay. For this purpose he obtained the authority of the congress of his province to dispose of all its resources for the subjugation of Paraguay. Paraguay was, however, a distant State, between which

the province of Monte Video, in the time and manner which shall be determined upon in the definitive treaty of peace.



and Buenos Ayres lay Argentine provinces not to be depended on; whilst Uruguay was on the opposite shores of the estuary and its tributary so called. Military movements against it were easier, and the political advantages of its subjection were greater; Rosas therefore postponed acting on this authority to subdue Paraguay, until he should first have established his influence in Uruguay. There, however, owing to the treaty of 1828, and to the maintenance of its independence by England, France and Brazil, Rosas was obliged to commence operations indirectly.

At this time, Oribe, a military chief, was President of Uruguay. By the constitution of that state he could not, on the expiration of his presidency, be re-elected. Unfortunately, some three months ere his tenure of office expired, he was overthrown by another soldier of fortune, Rivera, who, in due course, was legally elected President. Oribe, however, insisted on serving the remainder of his time, and appealed to arms. In this conflict of authority Rosas interfered, refused to recognize Rivera, supplied Oribe with an army, and to perpetuate the power of Oribe for the remaining three months of his presidency, that unhappy State was, for nearly ten years, plagued and tormented and depopulated by a ruinous and devastating war, disgraced by inhuman atrocities; and Monte Video, notwithstanding a resistance which out of South America would have been deemed heroic, was kept continually in a state of siege.

The disturbed state of Uruguay was quickly felt in the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande, where a dangerous rebellion, aiming at separation and a republic, was raging. In character and habits and industry, the inhabitants of the Rio Grande very much resemble their Spanish neighbors; like them their riches consist in cattle, their lives are passed on horseback, and arms are always in their hands. During the minority of the young emperor, they became impatient of the rule of the regency, and sought independence. A lengthened struggle ensued. During the war, the Brazilian rebels, when worsted, were able to retire into Uruguay. Now they were succored by one party in that State, then by another. For awhile Rosas professed to sympathize with Brazil in its complaints against the assistance given in Uruguay to the Rio-Grande rebellion. At one time, indeed, his minister at Rio concluded a treaty with Brazil for the pacification of the Uruguay; but Rosas refused to ratify it; and accompanied his refusal by indications which left no doubt of his own designs on that State.

In proportion as he was unimpeded in these designs, so did his lieutenant Oribe give assistance to the rebellion. When it was over, he assailed and despoiled the rich properties of Brazilian subjects in Uruguay, prohibited all communication between it and the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande, and at last made inroads into that province. This rendered Rosas' attack on the independence of Uruguay not only a political, but a material, question for Brazil. It was at once a breach of the treaty of 1828, and a violation of Brazilian territories.

Brazil, thus deeply concerned and injured, in 1844 urged England and France to join her in interfering and preserving the independence of Uruguay. Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot agreed on intervention, without having made a single arrangement with the countries interested. But from their intervention they excluded Brazil. Unfortunately, we think; for later events have proved that Brazil was able, without the sacrifice of a single soldier, and in a few weeks, to accomplish that which English and French diplomacy and fleets failed in attempting, and were at last obliged to retire from achieving. England and France did, however, interfere. They supported their influence by fleets very expensively.\* They shed blood very uselessly. They blockaded Buenos Ayres† (jointly for 659 days, and France separately for 341 days—in all, 1000 days) very mischievously. And at length England concluded with Rosas a treaty very ignominiously; for by it Mr. Southern, the British negotiator, recognized Oribe,‡ the tool of Rosas, as President of Uruguay, and so substantially confirmed the power of Buenos Ayres over that State; and acknowledged the right of Buenos Ayres,§ as representing the Confederation, to close the navigation of the upper streams. Thus the intervention of England, commenced in 1844, and carried on by a great naval force for nearly five years, at enormous expense to the

\* See Returns moved for by Mr. Cobden, Sept. 1849; *Seas. Pap.*, No. 110.

† "In the last twenty-four years, Buenos Ayres has been subjected to no less than three blockades, each lasting nearly three years, altogether more than eight years, or about one-third of the whole period." —*Parish's Buenos Ayres from the Conquest*, p. 358. And yet, during that period, notwithstanding these interruptions to trade, the total value of British goods imported into the Plate has reached the great sum of 14,033,082*l.*; the value of our imports into Spain, with ten times the population, in those twenty years, being only 9,792,469*l.*

‡ Article VI. Treaty, Nov. 24, 1830.

§ Article IV. of same Treaty.



finances, and great hurt to the commerce, of this country, ended in November, 1849, by resigning the very objects\* for which it had interfered in 1844—a conclusion which at least suggests how very ill-advised Lord Aberdeen's intervention in such distant countries and perplexed politics was, though this termination had for its justification, so far as Lord Palmerston was concerned, the notorious existence of French intrigues at Monte Video, and the dangerous state of Europe consequent on the Revolution of 1848.

Up to the period of the retirement of England from the Plate, the reclamations addressed by the Brazilian Minister in Monte Video to General Oribe—treating him only as a power *de facto*, or a general in campaign—were to some extent heeded and attended to. Freed, however, from the English and French conjoint intervention, they were subsequently neglected. The aggressions became more and more aggravated in character, and larger and larger in extent, until claims for 'compensation' for no fewer than 800,000 head of cattle alone were raised; and rather than give satisfaction, General Oribe refused to hold any further correspondence on the subject with the representative of Brazil.

Concurrently, discussions were in progress at Rio de Janeiro, between the minister of Rosas and the Brazilian government, on a variety of subjects, some relating to trifles admitting of easy arrangement; others on accomplished facts admitting of no alteration. No satisfactory termination of these disputes could, however, be arrived at. Rosas, in truth, desired none; for it was his policy to have in hand excuses for a rupture with Brazil, which he could at any moment use. His plan had long been to excite through Oribe, in Uruguay, a republican revolt in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande, and thus, if possible, to overthrow the monarchy which his adherents and partisans had repeatedly denounced to the Bue-

nos-Ayrean chambers as the only blot on the map of South America.

The time for this plot had now come. England had retired from interference; the Revolution of 1848 had given France other things to do than attend to the affairs of the Plate; Oribe, though still kept out of Monte Video, was all-powerful in the country of Uruguay; and Brazil, which had not then commenced her anti-slave-trade legislation, was unpopular in Downing-street. The representative of Rosas was, therefore, instructed to interfere at Rio de Janeiro on the complaints Brazil had addressed to Oribe, and to contest its right to satisfaction, and its claims to compensation. This interference the Brazilian cabinet refused to permit, Uruguay being a State independent of Buenos Ayres, and bound, it was contended, to conduct itself peaceably towards its neighbors. Thereupon Rosas directed his minister to demand his passports; and they being furnished, he quitted Rio. His departure, of course, brought matters to a crisis. Rosas began to prepare for war; and Brazil came to the determination of tranquilizing Uruguay, from the disorders of which her southern provinces had suffered so much and so long. But in the first instance, Brazil, content with self-protection, did not propose to attack Buenos Ayres.

At this point British diplomacy, which about eighteen months previously had retired from Lord Aberdeen's unlucky interference in the quarrels of the Plate, and now alarmed at the prospect of their renewal and of British commerce being once more disturbed, again became uneasy; and Mr. Hudson, our representative at the court of Rio de Janeiro, on the 12th of March, 1851, addressed two Notes to Senhor Paulino, the Foreign Minister of Brazil. In the one he reminded the Brazilian government of the stipulation in the treaty of 27th August, 1828, which required notice of any intention to resume hostilities with Buenos Ayres to be given to England, and claimed the fulfilment of that article. In the other he offered to Brazil, on general grounds, the mediation of England in its quarrel with Buenos Ayres. Senhor Paulino, in his reply to the former, disclaimed any such obligation as was imputed to Brazil. The treaty, he reminded Mr. Hudson, was but a preliminary convention; and the 18th Article,\* he contended, refer-

\* See Lord Aberdeen's *Instructions to Mr. Ousely, H.M. minister at Buenos Ayres, for his guidance in the joint intervention by England and France between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, in 1846.* "The war in which the Argentine arms are at present engaged," Lord Aberdeen instructed his minister, "is waged against a State, the independence of which England is virtually bound to uphold." "To open up the great arteries of the South-American continent to the free circulation of commerce, would be not only a vast benefit to the trade of Europe, but a practical, and perhaps the best, security for the preservation of peace in South America."

\* Article XVIII. is as follows:—'If it should happen, contrary to expectation, that the high contracting parties do not come to an adjustment in

red only to a rupture arising out of questions relating to the conclusion of a definitive treaty of peace as contemplated by the preliminary arrangement; but which, in accordance with the policy of Rosas to keep open and irritable all possible questions with Brazil, had never been negotiated. The present discussions between Buenos Ayres and Brazil, he further argued, had no reference to such a treaty; and on that ground alone, he said, Article 18 had no application to the existing state of things. Nor, he added, were the discussions which had been so suddenly broken off by Buenos Ayres, such as necessarily to provoke a war, at least, the imperial government had taken no resolution to commence hostilities against that State. General Rosas, he continued, had always repulsed English intervention in his policy towards and transactions with Uruguay; so Brazil could not, he concluded, recognize any liability under the treaty of 1828 to accept such mediations in its dissensions with that intermediate State. In answering Mr. Hudson's second note, Senhor Paulino advanced a step further; and stating, in some detail, how long and deeply Brazil had suffered injury and depredation from General Oribe and his party in Uruguay, and how in those attacks he had been instigated and aided by General Rosas, he avowed it to be the intention of the Emperor, in defence of his territories, and in protection of his subjects, to require satisfaction, redress, and security from Uruguay; adding, however, that as the British Government sincerely desired to avert hostilities, the best mode in which it could contribute to so humane an object would be by inducing General Oribe to lay down his illegal authority in Uruguay, and General Rosas to desist from his arrogant interference with the affairs of that State. Content with having made these efforts to compose differences, which, however, it was impossible, under the circumstances, to settle, except by the arbitrament of war; wiser, from sad experience, than its predecessor had been in 1844, and recognizing the force of Senhor Paulino's reasoning, the Russell cabinet withdrew from further official interference, and left things

the said definitive treaty of peace, owing to questions which may be raised, and upon which (notwithstanding her Britannic Majesty's mediation) they may not agree, hostilities between the republic and the empire shall not recommence until after the five years stipulated in Article X.; nor shall hostilities then commence without six months' notice being given, with the knowledge of the mediating power."

to take their natural course and find their own spontaneous remedy.

Though substantially master of the state of Uruguay, General Oribe had, we repeat, never been able to subdue its gallant capital, Monte Video; and there, opposed to him, was a lawful government, which had been recognized and dealt with both by England and France. To this government Brazil now turned. By it, the Brazilian resolution to protect its own interests, even by the expulsion of Oribe and Buenos-Ayrean arms from Uruguay, was, of course, hailed with joy: for that had been the end of its prolonged resistance, and of all its sufferings. Negotiations did not lag where the object aimed at was identical; and within a month after these answers had been given to Mr. Hudson, a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded between the Emperor of Brazil and the republic of Uruguay; and to it the state of Entre Rios became a party. The adhesion of a single state of the Argentine Confederation to such a treaty, forms, however, a new importation into the current of this singular narrative, requiring a little preliminary explanation.

The Riverine States, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and Entre Rios, though federalists in principle, had long been alieated from the policy and proceedings of Rosas. However loudly Rosas had proclaimed his federalism, and savagely persecuted unitarianism, he had, notwithstanding, ruled on an unitarian policy. The constitution of the Confederation had been kept by him in suspense for twenty years; and both state and federal rights were, consequently, imperfectly developed. He had concentrated everything at Buenos Ayres. That city monopolized the foreign trade and the customs' revenue of the Confederation; it closed the upper streams to foreign navigation, and even to the countries they watered; it compulsorily isolated them from the rest of the world; and it enriched itself by taxing goods imported for their consumption. This great highway to the coast of the Pacific was, in short, closed to mankind, because of the terrorism of Rosas at Buenos Ayres.

The chief of the important state of Entre Rios, which lies between the Parana and the Uruguay, was Urquiza,\* once the friend and

\* Urquiza has been governor and captain-general of Entre Rios since 1840. He sided with Rosas during the civil wars of Lavallé and Rivera, and routed the latter at the battle of India Muerta in 1846. He is remarkable for the temperance of his habits, using neither wine nor tobacco, and though

supporter of Rosas ; like him, too, a federalist, and in origin a gaucho ; having risen to wealth also, in his own state, in a similar career ; distinguished in its quarrels and disturbances ; but more distinguished for having raised his province from a state of disorder and confusion, to be a model of order and security. Uneducated, but intelligent ; taught by his intelligence, and by his own personal interests, that prosperity could only be restored to the upper provinces by their emancipation from Buenos Ayres, and their intercourse with Europe ; though a soldier of fortune and a successful military chief, humane and temperate, and therefore disgusted by the cruelties and butcheries of Rosas. Annually, Rosas performed the ceremony of resignation ; and on the last time, however, that he did so, Urquiza, as chief of Entre Rios, declared that State's acceptance of the act, and so deprived Rosas of the legal authority longer to represent and conduct the foreign relations of the Confederation.

Thus alienated and dissatisfied, the Brazilian movement found Urquiza ; he saw in the expulsion of the power of Rosas from Uruguay a road to the downfall of the tyrant in the Argentine Confederation ; and with that view he became a party to the treaty of the 29th of May, 1851, by which it was agreed to drive Oribe and the Argentine forces out of Uruguay, and then to proceed to a free election of a president under its constitution. To this example set by Urquiza the Riverine provinces gradually responded. The federal states of Corrientes and Santa Fé also joined the alliance ; and the independent republic of Paraguay again looked beyond its own frontiers, and entered into relations with its neighbors.

The treaty of offence and defence was quickly followed by five others. One settled the boundaries between Brazil and Uruguay, and so removed a source of continual disputes ; another regulated the commercial relations between all these states, and threw open to each other all their internal waters ; a third arranged the terms on which Brazil should find the pecuniary means of supporting the war ; a fourth was for the extradition of criminals ; and the fifth contained relations of further and more definitive and permanent alliance.

This, obviously, was a formidable League. It was composed of a great and powerful empire, possessing a well organized army,

an admirer of beauty, he is unmarried. Urquiza is upwards of fifty.

and a compact available fleet,\* which also had the pecuniary means of carrying on war ; of the lawful government of the republic of Uruguay, helpless enough in arms, but strong in right ; of the Riverine provinces of the Argentine Confederation, thereby limiting the support of Rosas to his own state, Buenos Ayres, where also he had hosts of enemies ; and of Paraguay, at last roused to a sense of national dignity.

The first and main design of the alliance, as we have seen, was to release the Banda Oriental from the influence of Rosas, and to restore to its legal government their proper functions, not to attack the power of Rosas in his own province. It was, however, impossible to overlook the probability of his supporting Oribe, and retaliating on the allies. Such a contingency was therefore provided against in the treaty of the 29th of May, 1851 ; and its 15th Article converted the alliance intended to be confined to Uruguay only, into a combination against Rosas, if he should resist its primary object ; and in that event the protection and command of the rivers Parana and Uruguay, as indispensable to military operations in the province of Buenos Ayres, were consigned to Admiral Grenfell and the Brazilian squadron.

Nor was Rosas long in acting on the anticipations of the allies. Sir Woodbine Parish, with that partiality which is the defect of his otherwise valuable work, says, indeed, that the Brazilian squadron entered the Parana without any declaration of war ; and this assertion, though literally correct, is substantially inaccurate. Brazil issued no declaration of war, for none was necessary on its part ; as Rosas himself had declared war against Brazil, announced his declaration to the legislature of Buenos Ayres, communicated it to the British minister there on the 18th of August, 1851, and published it to the world on the 20th.

The events of the war now demand our attention.

On the 28th of June, 1851, Urquiza was at the town of Gualiguaychu, on the western coast of the Uruguay, in the province of Entre Rios ; he had no troops collected, nor

\* Commanded by Admiral Grenfell, who, we need hardly say, is an Englishman. In early life this distinguished sailor entered into the East India Company's marine service ; thence he joined Lord Cochrane in the service of Chile ; and from it he passed with his lordship into the Brazilian navy. He commanded a fleet on the lakes of the Rio Grande during the rebellion in that province. There he destroyed the rebel flotillas, and at last reduced the insurgents to capitulate in the island of Famfa.



indeed any other force than a vigilant patrol at the principal passes of the rivers and the police of the towns. Count Caxias, commander-in-chief of the Brazilian army, had intimated to him his readiness to cross without delay the frontier, and commence conjoint operations against Oribe, who, at the head of the Buenos-Ayrean forces, was maintaining the siege of Monte Video; and, on the day above mentioned, Urquiza had an interview with Admiral Grenfell. Urquiza required that officer to support the land operations by occupying the Uruguay and Parana, so as to cover the coast of Entre Rios against the naval forces of Buenos Ayres. Admiral Grenfell having undertaken this duty, Urquiza at once issued orders for assembling his troops; and on the 19th of July crossed the Uruguay, with 5000\* cavalry. A body of Oribe's troops, 1000 strong, which had been despatched to observe Urquiza's movements, immediately passed over to his side, giving, by their disaffection, an early and a fatal blow to the cause of that general. Thus reinforced and freed from opposition, Urquiza commenced his march for the passes of the Rio Negro. Bad weather, and the flooded state of the rivers, somewhat retarded the advance, but the Rio Negro was crossed on the 1st of September, after a slight skirmish with an advanced guard of Oribe.

The junction intended to have been effected here with the Brazilian army, was frustrated by difficulties equal to those encountered by Urquiza, but much more sensibly felt by an army† numbering 15,000 men of the three arms. Urquiza, however, proceeded, without waiting for his allies, and on the 20th of September came in sight of the army of Oribe, 8000 strong, which had left its cantonments before Monte Video, and crossed the Santa Lucia. Urquiza, wanting infantry and artillery, refrained from attacking Oribe; but the superiority of his cavalry was too decided for

Oribe to meet them alone in the field. Thus situated, the two armies observed each other for some days. Time was acquired for the employment of seduction, so formidable in civil wars, and for the development of the discontent which for some time had been rising amongst the Orientals, or Uruguayans, in the army of Oribe. Sensible of this, and alarmed by the approach of the Imperial army, Oribe retraced his steps. Urquiza followed him, and encamped, on the 20th of September, on the Arrago de la Virgus. Here commenced a series of communications between the two generals, in which Oribe proposed to give up the Oriental troops, provided the Argentinos were allowed to embark and retire in safety to Buenos Ayres; and an appeal was made to the French and English admirals to protect this operation against the Brazilian squadron. Those officers, on grounds of humanity, were at first disposed to favor the measure; but the energetic remonstrance of the Brazilian minister and admiral, and the avowed determination of the latter to sink the Argentine transports, if an attempt at embarkation should be made, at last induced them to remain within the sphere of neutrality. Their retreat prevented the rapid approach and formidable numbers of the Brazilian army, and the demoralization which rapidly spread in the ranks of Oribe, compelled that general to abandon his position, and retire to the strong position of the Cerrito, a league from Monte Video. Urquiza pressed forward, and on the 4th of October established himself at Las Piedras, four leagues from that city, thereby cutting Oribe off from all resources of the country, and reducing him to the necessity of either fighting at great disadvantage or speedily surrendering for want of provisions. On the 8th of October things came to a crisis; Oribe renounced his command, and was permitted to retire to his country house; whilst the troops proclaimed their adherence to the cause of Urquiza, with the exception of about fifty officers, who effected their escape in the boats of one of the British men-of-war.

Thus bloodlessly terminated the nine years' siege of Monte Video, and the war in Uruguay.

On the 14th of October, Count Caxias, with the advanced guard of the Brazilian army, arrived before Monte Video. On the same day the count arranged with Urquiza and Admiral Grenfell the plan of operations for the overthrow of Rosas. The imperial army at once occupied the town of Colonia del Sacramento, opposite the city of Buenos

\* This force consisted of the small proprietors of Entre Rios, living under the protection of their chief. Each man provided himself with his own arms, and with four horses also. Pay they had none; and when pressed on one occasion by scarcity of provisions, Urquiza remarked to his Brazilian allies, that his followers did not eat.

† The Brazilian troops, unlike Urquiza's, constituted a regular army, properly organized and equipped, well provided and cared for, and having good pay. In the Uruguay, there were in this force 2000 Holstein infantry; but their insubordination and misconduct was so great, that they were not permitted, at a subsequent period, to cross the river, and only fifty of them were present in the battle which decided the fate of Rosas.



Ayres, and transports were forwarded thither for its embarkation. The imperial squadron, consisting of a frigate of fifty guns, six corvettes, three brigs, and five steamers, took up their positions before Monte Video, Colonia, Buenos Ayres, and Martin Garcia; having an advance squadron of two corvettes and a brig in the Parana, opposite the town of San Pedro.

The army of Urquiza, augmented by the Argentine troops of General Oribe, and the Oriental division of the defenders of Monte Video, amounting in all to 11,300 men, with 30 guns, were successively embarked in the port of Monte Video, and transported to the province of Entre Rios; and by the end of the month the combined army was all re-united in Entre Rios. Rosas, infuriated by the loss of his army in the Banda Oriental, strained every nerve to repair it, and to meet the formidable combination he had brought down on himself. General Mansilla, his brother-in-law, commanding at the town of San Nicolas, on the Parana, was reinforced with a body of 3000 men and 16 guns; he occupied the banks of the river at the pass of Tonclero, where he threw up entrenchments, and constructed batteries commanding the river, with furnaces for hot shot. The Buenos-Ayorean squadron, too (which had been restored by England to Rosas, on the conclusion of Mr. Southern's treaty), consisting of half a dozen brigs and schooners, was completely equipped; and, augmented by the purchase and armament of two steamers, was placed under the command of Commodore Coe, an experienced North-American officer.

Urquiza had appointed the 20th of December for the general rendezvous of the army and navy, at the pass of El Diamante, twelve leagues below the city of Santa Fé, on the Parana, and for the passage of that river by the allied forces. On the 14th of December, Admiral Grenfell embarked, at Colonia, the 1st division of the imperial army, consisting of 3000 infantry, 500 cavalry, and 12 guns, under the brigadier Marques de Souza,\* and steered for the Parana. Proceeding a-head with the *Affonso†* and three other steamers, on the 16th he joined the other division off the town of San Pedro, and the following morning, taking the corvettes

and brig in tow, continued his course up the river. At noon they reached the pass of Tonclero, where General Mansilla was ready to receive them. From some strange infatuation, he allowed the vessels to approach to within half musket-shot of his position without firing a gun; his batteries then all opened together, but were replied to with such spirit by the imperial squadron, that disorder soon became evident in his fire, and the vessels, enveloped in smoke, came under the muzzles of his guns, suffering very trifling injury. The firing lasted fifty minutes, and 500 cannon-shot were exchanged.

As soon as the pass was cleared, the corvettes were anchored, and the admiral, with the steamers, pursued his voyage. The following day, Mansilla, spiking his heavy guns, abandoned his position on the river, and left the passage free for the rest of the division of General Marques, who proceeded on unmolested. On the 19th, the admiral reached the pass of El Diamante, and found there Urquiza, who had arrived only a few hours before. Simultaneously with the arrival of the steamers and troops at El Diamante, came the news of the defection of the province of Santa Fé from the cause of General Rosas, and the presentation of a large body of its cavalry to Urquiza. The Parana, at El Diamante, is deep and rapid, and a thousand yards across. On the 23rd, the passage of the troops commenced, and continued till the 29th, when 23,300 combatants, with 30,000 horses, and 42 guns, were assembled on the right bank of the Parana. The whole force was now put in motion to the south, marching at a short distance from the river, where the steamers accompanied its movements. On the 12th of January, 1852, the vanguard passed the frontier of Santa Fé, near San Nicolas, and entered the province of Buenos Ayres. The march continued with trifling opposition from the enemy, whose forces retreated before them, but with great suffering to the troops, from the extreme heat of the weather and want of water on the plains, when the line of march led them any distance from the river. On the 1st of February, the army arrived within four marches of Buenos Ayres. The admiral had now left the Parana, and assembled the principal part of the naval force in front of Buenos Ayres, and to draw the attention of the enemy, made demonstrations of passing the troops still remaining at Colonia, across the river. Rosas had concentrated all his forces, to the number of 30,000 men, with fifty pieces of cannon, at Monte Casero.

\* This gallant officer, now Baron de Porto Aligre, is the brother-in-law of the late Brazilian minister in London, Commander Marques Lisboa, at present the representative of Brazil in Paris.

† It was this vessel, with Admiral Grenfell and the Prince de Joinville on board, which rendered such effective assistance to the *Ocean Monarch* in the Mersey, two or three years ago.

strong position four leagues from Buenos Ayres. His right was defended by a marsh; his centre occupied the rising ground and buildings of Monte Caseros; and his left extended to some enclosures and broken ground. His infantry and artillery formed his front line, while his cavalry was kept in reserve in rear of his left and centre. On the night of the 2nd of February, the allied army bivouacked in front of the enemy; on the right was the Correntino division, with General Virasoro; in the centre the Brazilian division, under General Marques; and on the left, the Monte-Videan division, under Colonel Cæsar Diaz. The whole of the cavalry, 12,000 strong, was massed in one body, under the commander-in-chief, leaving in the vanguard the 2nd regiment of Brazilian lancers, under Colonel Osorio. At daylight, Urquiza visited the different divisions; encouraged the troops; gave orders to form for the attack, and to advance simultaneously against the enemy. His commands were obeyed with alacrity and enthusiasm; the Orientals plunged into the marsh to turn the enemy's right; the Brazilians, in columns of battalions, advanced steadily against the centre and batteries of Monte Caseros, disregarding the concentrated fire of the whole of the enemy's artillery, which was directed against them. As soon as the action was general along the line, Urquiza, with the whole of the cavalry, fell on the enemy's left, broke through it, and charged the cavalry in the rear, putting them to rout, following them in hot pursuit to Buenos Ayres. Equal success attended the other attacks. The guns were all taken at the point of the bayonet; and the infantry, broken and dispersed, surrendered or sought safety in flight. On the first onset, the Dictator set an example of fleeing in disguise from the field, and owed his safety to the excellence of his horse and his knowledge of the country, which enabled him to reach the shore unrecognized, and with his daughter, the renowned Doña Manuelita, gain the hospitable shelter\* of one of her Majesty's steamers, anchored close to the shore. The victory was complete, and with comparatively little bloodshed; not more than 500 men fell on both sides. The troops continued their advance towards the

\* Rosas carried away no great amount of property—not more, it is believed, than 3000*l.*; nor had he funds in Europe. At first, his large estates were put under sequestration by the new government, but were subsequently restored to him by Urquiza, when in possession of absolute power in Buenos Ayres, much to the credit of the generosity and humanity of that chief.

city, and the following morning Urquiza received, at Palermo, the submission of Buenos Ayres; and ended a war which, for the first time in these countries, had been conducted on the principles of civilized combatants, desirous to gain a definite end at the smallest possible human suffering. All previous struggles in the Platine States had been disgraced by cruelties and barbarities of the most shocking and demoralizing description. Prisoners were indiscriminately slaughtered, whole bodies were savagely massacred; officers were tortured for popular amusement and delight; in short, no quarter was given, no life spared. On this occasion, however, the Brazilian alliance introduced a regular well-disciplined and properly commanded army into the contest; and in the hour of Buenos-Ayrean defeat, it was to its humanity, order, discipline, and obedience, that the troops of Rosas appealed. "Surrender to the Blue Pants (so the Brazilian infantry was termed); they do not kill!" was their cry; and thus a body, not exceeding 3000 men, had upwards of 5000 prisoners, not one of whom was injured. On the contrary, the Oriental contingent of Rosas's army refused to surrender to the Argentine forces of Urquiza; but on the appearance of a single Brazilian officer (Captain Petra), at once laid down their arms. Nor was this example of humanity lost on the Argentines themselves, in the subsequent occurrences at Buenos Ayres.

Thus both the original design of the alliance and its collateral stipulation were successfully carried out. The independence of Uruguay was secured, and Rosas, having taken arms against the allies, felt in a war which he had thereby brought on himself. Oribe\* having yielded in Uruguay, a president and congress were freely elected; and Rosas being driven from Buenos Ayres, the governors of the upper States, with three exceptions (and their absence was caused by distance and want of time), assembled at San Nicolas, in Santa Fé, and conferred on Urquiza full authority to represent and conduct the foreign and general concerns of the

\* Like another Cincinnatus, Oribe has since quietly resided on his own estate near Monte Video, cultivating—to use the expression of recent communications—cabbages, and picking caterpillars. With many and serious faults, Oribe is a remarkable man, and, superior in both education and intelligence to most of his contemporaries, may yet be destined to play a considerable part in the fortunes of Uruguay: His former rival, Rivera, is now in Rio de Janeiro, living on the bounty of the Brazilian government.

confederation. Urquiza, as Provisional Dictator and General in Command, approved of the election of Senhor Lopez as Rosas' successor, refusing the post for himself. Nor in declining the office did he act on the policy of Rosas; he abolished the punishment of death for political offences, relaxed the laws of the press, restored freedom to the Chambers, and was content to have devoted himself to the arrangements necessary for the consolidation of the confederation, leaving Buenos Ayres to manage its own provincial affairs. The old spirit of domination over the upper provinces was, however, still strong in that city. Neither their bloodshed nor their persecution, neither denunciations nor sufferings, had, it soon appeared, destroyed the old unitarian party. At the elections which followed, and over which Urquiza (unwisely, perhaps) abstained from exercising any great influence, members of that party were generally successful. As soon as the legislature opened, it at once attacked the power of Urquiza at its very foundation, by casting doubts on the legal right of Governor Lopez to have sanctioned his appointment as Provisional Dictator. The press, suddenly recovering its freedom, responded to the feeling of the Chamber. The governor, in whom Urquiza had confidence, was obliged to resign; and danger to the general interests seemed so fast accumulating in Buenos Ayres, that Urquiza (in conformity with a provision in the treaty of alliance) assumed dictatorial authority in that State; dismissed the Chamber, sent out of the province his leading opponents, and, having a clear stage to himself, proceeded to enact many useful measures.

Almost concurrently, difficulties of another sort arose between the new government of Monte Video and the Brazilian authorities. There, also, the newly-elected president, Senhor Giro,\* a man of sense and discretion, was uneasily yoked to a chamber wherein malcontents prevailed. The two parties in the State had, on the surrender of Oribe, agreed on returning equal numbers from both to congress. This agreement, strictly adhered to by the opponents of that chief, was disregarded by his friends; and the congress assembled on Oribe's downfall was not a little jealous at the interference of Brazil in the affairs of Uruguay.

As the Buenos-Ayres chamber began its resistance to the influence of the upper pro-

vinces by attacking the title of Urquiza, so the chamber of Monte Video commenced its traditional dislike of its neighbors by hesitating to recognize the validity of the treaties with Brazil; and for awhile this refusal to ratify them seemed likely to produce serious consequences. Brazil, firm on the point of their recognition and ratification, was, however, willing to modify some details, against which there were well-founded objections. So the congress wisely yielded; the treaties being ratified, were modified in a few particulars, and the relations between Brazil and Uruguay have since gone on satisfactorily.

Meanwhile the power of Urquiza in Buenos Ayres seemed established, but it was in appearance only. He was there as conqueror; and the presence of a Gaucho chief of a country province, in that character maintaining himself by Gaucho troops, was highly offensive to the pride of the metropolitan city. He was, too, engaged in preparing for the congress of Santa Fé, where a general constitution, by no means favorable to the pretensions or status of Buenos Ayres, would, in all probability, be framed, and imposed on the whole confederation. This was a further source of mortification to the unitarian party. Excellent, too, as many of his measures were, Urquiza's manners and personal conduct were not calculated to conciliate public opinion in Buenos Ayres. He was humane, to be sure, respected property, gave facilities to commerce, and attended to the finances; but he was intolerant and impetuous. Nor will it create surprise that, educated in such a country, he was not master of all the courtesies of refined civilization.

Neither was his policy a Buenos-Ayorean one; he proceeded to negotiate, and succeeded in negotiating a treaty with Paraguay, by which she opened her rivers and her territories; and he resolved on saving himself from much of the trouble of the approaching mission sent out by England and France, by issuing, on the 28th of August, 1852, a decree, opening up to the mercantile navigation of all nations, the rivers which, from their first discovery down to that date, had been closed—a document and a policy well worth the notice they received in the Queen's Speech.

This decree was no stinted or hesitating concession. As a legal measure, it was within the powers which had been conferred on Urquiza by the chiefs of the other States; as a practical one, it was necessary for the collection of the revenue, deranged and squandered since the fall of Rosas, and for the

\* Senhor Giro is a civilian, and a man of moderate abilities, with personal inclinations towards Oribe.



prevention of contraband, which had revived ; while, as a general piece of policy, it was in conformity with the better organization of the confederation reserved for the Congress of Santa Fé. It is, however, unnecessary now to explain the document in detail ; suffice it then to say, that its provisions were conceived in a spirit of wise generosity, tempered with regulations sufficiently protective of reveue interests. It established custom-houses up the Parana and Uruguay, laid the basis of a bonding system, and gave ample security to honest commerce against formal but necessary observances. When taken in connection with the treaty concluded with Paraguay, it was in every respect comprehensive and complete.

The date of this decree,\* it will have been observed, was the 28th August, 1852. Having issued it, Urquiza left the city of Buenos Ayres on the 8th of September for Santa Fé, to instal the constituent congress ; and within two days after his departure, the leaders of the old unitarian party had, by the aid of the Corrientino division, which Urquiza had left in garrison, and they had corrupted, overthrown his power. It was a nocturnal *coup d'état* ; but, unlike most pronunciamientos, happily passed over without bloodshed or proscription. The Chamber immediately assembled, recognized the movement, elected General Pinto governor of the province ; and he wisely permitted the troops still faithful to Urquiza to embark in peace. When news of this movement overtook Urquiza, his first thought was to return and suppress what he deemed a mere revolt. He soon found, however, that the province sympathized with the city of Buenos Ayres, and that the movement against him had united all parties. So, abandoning that intention, he proceeded onwards to Santa Fé, there to form a nation, as he at first said, without Buenos Ayres. At the latest advices, however, that intention also had been abandoned ; and, to all appearance, Urquiza was content to maintain his power in his own State of Entre Rios ; when, to the surprise of every rational person, he has been attached by a league between Buenos Ayres and Corrientes.

If success in the Plate, as in most other countries, be a great subduer of the jealousies that separate States, misfortunes there are even more potent destroyers of influence and authority than elsewhere ; and long ere Urqui-

za reached his own province of Entre Rios, he found himself not only deserted by Corrientes and Santa Fé, but in danger at home. Not, indeed, that the Riverine States have abandoned their desire to consolidate the confederation ; but that their faith in the ability of Urquiza to accomplish that great object has been shaken. Should he, however, be able to maintain himself in Entre Rios, the very position of that State—midway between the Parana and Uruguay, and separating Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé from Corrientes—must always give him great opportunity either for good or evil over the littoral provinces. The attitude he has assumed towards Buenos Ayres since his authority there was rejected, is, naturally enough, unfriendly, and even threatening ; but the new government of Buenos Ayres have it very much in their own power to control the personal designs (even if really dangerous) of Urquiza, by conciliating the other States of the confederation, through the mediation of a liberal policy, and friendly and reciprocally useful relations. Nor as yet have they shown any unwillingness to do so. To acquire the confidence at once of Europe and of the upper provinces, the new government of Buenos Ayres has “recognized”—to use the language of the decree it presented to the congress—“as a principle of general expediency, the opening of the river Parana\* to the traffic and mercantile navigation of all nations, and thenceforward declared and conceded it on its part ;” and this recognition it has followed up by establishing at Buenos Ayres, what is most important to commerce, a deposit or warehousing system in its custom-house, and by allowing the transit of goods, both by land and water, without the payment of duties.

For this somewhat unexpected conversion of Buenos Ayres to a free trade and a free navigation policy, commerce is mainly indebted to the liberation of Uruguay by the arms of Brazil and Urquiza. At present that State is, no doubt, greatly impoverished by the devastations of Oribe ; and Monte Video, its capital, has suffered severely by a siege almost rivalling that of Troy in duration. But both state and capital have every capacity for carrying on a large trade, which peace and tranquillity are sure to develop. Should, then, Buenos Ayres ever again resort to a restrictive commercial system, the import merchants and the upper States will

\* So important did it appear to the Board of Trade, that copies of it were sent by that department, almost immediately after its arrival here, to mercantile bodies at Manchester and Liverpool.

\* Urquiza's decree included the Uruguay as well as the Parana.



hereafter have at Monte Video and Colonia, what they had not under Rosas and Oribe, the means of self-protection. For, in that event, the former will transfer their capital from Buenos Ayres to Monte Video; and thither the latter will follow it with that produce which now finds a market at Buenos Ayres. So that, look at the liberation of Uruguay from what point we will, the most important consequences flow from it. Security is restored to the frontier province of Brazil; the seeds of prosperity are planted in Uruguay itself; and free trade and free navigation have been rescued from the control of Buenos Ayres.

Commercially, Monte Video cannot at present compete with Buenos Ayres. In some important respects, however, its position has advantages over the older city; its port is always accessible, and ships are always safe at its quays; but it is distant from the richer parts of the confederation; and until steam shall have overcome both the delay and expense of distance, the cost of transit either to Colonia or Monte Video must diminish seriously the profits of exportation from the Banda Oriental. Nor, as yet, has Monte Video any large capitalists to conduct trade between the import merchants and the up-country buyers, who have need of such middle-men for the arrangement of their credits. Nevertheless, Monte Video has, in the Banda Oriental, a great and fertile country of its own whereon to flourish; as its prosperity grows under the influence of peace, so will the advantages of Monte Video be developed; and when steam navigation shall cover the upper waters of the Parana, the Paraguay, and the Uruguay, there can be little doubt that Monte Video and Colonia will rival Buenos Ayres in wealth and importance, and the Banda Oriental be as populous and prosperous.

Under Rosas, Buenos Ayres, as we have said, taxed all the goods imported into the Argentine confederation. The success of Urquiza at once liberated the upper provinces from this contribution to the revenues of a single State; and Urquiza's successors have carried his liberality even further, and, as already stated, permit the transit of goods duty free. So, also, do Santa Fé, Cordova, and some others of the upper States. Each State will now, therefore, levy whatever import duties its local authorities may fix and determine on. But out of this state of things two serious anomalies will arise: First, that in a series of States professing to be a confederation, there will be no general power to

regulate custom duties, and their rates may vary in each of the thirteen confederated provinces; hence there will be a temptation for one State to smuggle into its more highly-taxed neighbors; discussions and quarrels will arise between them, and violence and war be resorted to. Secondly, in a union which contracts external relations with other countries, there will be wanting any general or common fund to defray the inevitable cost of federal measures. Hitherto the expenses of the confederation fell on Buenos Ayres; but now Buenos Ayres has no longer authority to speak and act on behalf of the littoral and upper States; and if it had, that State is without means to do more than defray the cost of its own local government. No doubt, Buenos Ayres is more favorably situated than any other State to represent the confederation with foreign powers, if any one State have to continue to represent it. But experience has shown the danger, the inconvenience, and the jealousies, sure to arise again, of a single State enjoying the rights of federal representation, to the exclusion of the rest.

It is only by giving to the confederation an intelligible expression, and by constituting a federal government, that these and other difficulties of a kindred character can be overcome. It is only by placing the navigation of the upper waters under the protection of a central authority, in which all the States interested shall be fairly represented, that any permanent security can be given to internal commerce or navigation. And liberally disposed as the new government of Buenos Ayres is in many respects, these are hardly objects which it will attempt to carry out. Alsina, the recently elected governor, is indeed known to be both a man of good sense and good abilities; and the ministry associated with him is, we do not doubt, animated by the most pacific intentions. But they belong to, and are, it is notorious, under the control of, the old unitarian party, which has a majority in the house of representatives; and that party has hitherto been the resolute opponent of federal development. The unitarians are, in truth, the *doctrinaires* of the Plate; wealthy, intelligent, pure, and occasionally liberal; but speculative, theoretical, austere, and too frequently intolerant; and these are defects that repel the confidence of a people, and the support of the bustling, active, earnest, practical men of the world. The long-suffering and heavy persecution they were subjected to under the terrorism of Rosas, may not, how-

ever, have been lost on the surviving unitarians of Buenos Ayres; and as yet they have, whilst overthrowing, acted at home on the policy of the federalist, Urquiza.

The tendency of the again dominant unitarianism of Buenos Ayres, however natural it may have been for the wealth and intelligence of that province to have risen against the force of a Gaucho chief not its own, is clearly the reverse of consolidation; and the end may be the separation of the province of Buenos Ayres from the Argentine confederation. Concluded on peaceable terms, and with proper relations established between all the littoral States remaining united, that

would be an evil much less than unwilling, unsettled, and dubious connection, such as has so long existed, to the hindrance of material progress and of social improvement. The time, it may be possible, has not even yet arrived for the formation of a great State in the interior; the terms in which that shall be established may, it is probable, still require the experience of some years of peaceable development in order to arrange and combine all interests; and we are not without sad examples in Europe of the dangers and embarrassment of precipitating constitutions before the people to be ruled are fit for them.

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From the Biographical Magazine.

## THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE royal message which recalled George Canning from his place of embarkation for India to take the post of Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet, on the death of Lord Castlereagh (August, 1822), reached him at the house of Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy Liverpool merchant. From the window of Seaforth House, Canning is described by his biographer as looking out upon the sea that he supposed was soon to separate him—perhaps for ever—from the Europe whose destinies he was unconsciously about to influence beyond any man of his day; while, sporting on the beach below him, were the three sons of his host, the youngest of whom, William Ewart Gladstone, is now M.P. for the University of Oxford, Privy Councillor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On the rule invariably observed in the Biographical Magazine, of writing only the public lives of living men, we abstain from saying, and make no pretence of knowing, more of Mr. Gladstone's private history than may be found in the "Parliamentary Companion," or other ephemeral compilation of particulars that might be extracted from the register of the parish in which he was born or married and of the schools and colleges he attended. Our information under this head may be given in a couple of lines.—He was born at Liverpool, in the year 1809; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Ox-

ford; and, having spent a short time in continental travel—after the manner of young gentlemen from time immemorial—he entered Parliament, in 1832, as member for Newark. It is from this latter point that we will pursue his career—as yet short, but eventful and suggestive.

It will be remembered that the general election of 1835 took place on a dissolution of the first reformed Parliament by Sir Robert Peel, on his hurried return from Italy to take the Premiership. It is significant either of the paucity of Sir Robert's materials for the construction of a ministry, or of the early promise of young Mr. Gladstone, that, immediately on his re-election, he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, having the new Premier (the Earl of Aberdeen), for his chief. This able and promising government fell before a hostile majority on the Irish Church question, in May of the same year. Mr. Gladstone, of course, went over with his party to the opposition benches, proved himself one of its most frequent, though not obtrusive, speakers, and was re-elected for Newark on the same interest (the Duke of Newcastle's) at the general election consequent on the death of William the Fourth.

In the following year he distinguished himself by a speech on the Abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, defending the planters

from the imputations upon them; but far more by the issue from the press of an octavo volume, "The State in its Relations to the Church." There can be no more satisfactory proof of the ability and influence of this work, than the fact that it was honored, so early as April 1839—when it had already reached a second edition—with an elaborate notice in the "Edinburgh Review,"—an article immediately recognized as Mr. Macaulay's; included in the authorized collection of his "Historical and Critical Essays;" reprinted, with the article on "Ranke's History of the Popes," in "The Traveller's Library;" and usually considered as the conclusive reply of the party opposed to Mr. Gladstone, to his doctrine and argument.

The judgment of so high an authority as Mr. Macaulay, is so essential to a just estimate of Mr. Gladstone's public character and position, that we will take the trouble to condense and copy the opening passages of the article in question:—

"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanor have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial.

"We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone's theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the Philosophy of Government proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. There is little danger that people engaged in the conflicts of active life will be too much addicted to general speculation. The opposite vice is that which most easily besets them.

"We therefore hail with pleasure, though assuredly not with unmixed pleasure, the appearance of this work. That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great pro-

blem in politics, is a circumstance which, abstracted from all consideration of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions, must be considered as highly creditable to him. We certainly cannot wish that Mr. Gladstone's doctrines may become fashionable among public men. But we heartily wish that his laudable desire to penetrate beneath the surface of questions, and to arrive by long and intent meditation, at the knowledge of great general laws, were much more fashionable than we at all expect it to become.

"Mr. Gladstone seems to us to be, in many respects, exceedingly well qualified for philosophical investigation. His mind is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination, and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the Chorus of Clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian.

"ὦ γῆ τοῦ φθίγματος, ὡς ἱερὸν, καὶ σεμνὸν, καὶ τερατώδες.

"When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense; just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness. Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak in those parts of his works which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way he deludes first himself, and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations. This fault is one which no su-

sequent care or industry can correct. The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out; and when, at last, his good sense and good nature recoil from the horrible practical inferences to which his theory leads, he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles, under cover of equally false history.

"It would be unjust not to say that this book, though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It abounds with eloquent and ingenious passages. It bears the signs of much patient thought. It is written throughout with excellent taste and excellent temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian. But the doctrines which are put forth in it appear to us, after full and calm consideration, to be false, to be in the highest degree pernicious, and to be such as, if followed out in practice to their legitimate consequences, would inevitably produce the dissolution of society."

The question with which Mr. Gladstone had ventured to deal, was pre-eminently the practical question of the day, as it has been one of the loftiest subjects of speculation, with philosophers and statesmen, in every age. The problems that Plato had undertaken to exhibit, in his "Republic," in a state of solution, so to speak, were substantially the same which the Dissenters of Nottingham and Manchester discussed in public meeting, and of which Daniel O'Connell attempted to compel the settlement, for at least one branch of the empire, by a thinly disguised display of physical force. In the debates on the Irish church, commenced with, and protracted through, every session of the Parliaments that sat from 1832 to 1838, there was involved, to the consciousness of thoughtful men, a profoundly deeper and far more difficult question than was apparent to "the Parliamentary rabble," or the turbulent agitator, or the excited public. It was a sense of this that brought Dr. Chalmers to London, to deliver his lectures on church establishments—perhaps the most eloquent and least satisfactory of his voluminous performances; for they contained little that had not been advanced by Hooker, Warburton, or Paley, and that little had an air of commercial utilitarianism, which Mr. Gladstone would probably feel degrading to the theme. The

"Student of Christ Church and M.P. for Newark,"—as Mr. Gladstone wrote himself on his title-page—was content neither with the "judicious Hooker's" notion of an ecclesiastical polity, nor with Warburton's theory of a contract; whilst Paley's argument from utility he pronounced to be "tainted by the original vice of false ethical principles," and Dr. Chalmers' refutation of the supply and demand scheme he deemed "questionable." He boldly climbed to the altitude of what he deemed an absolute moral truth, and thought to bring down thence express authorization for established churches—or rather, to lay upon the conscience of rulers the obligation of maintaining that co-relation of naturally opposite systems, known as the alliance of church and state. He thus states his general proposition, which, he thinks, "must surely command universal assent."

"Wherever there is power in the universe, that power is the property of God, the King of that universe—his property of right, however for a time withholden or abused. Now this property is, as it were, realized, is used according to the will of the owner, when it is used for the purposes he has ordained, and in the temper of mercy, justice, truth, and faith which he has taught us. But those principles never can be truly, never can be permanently, entertained in the human breast, except by a continual reference to their source, and the supply of the Divine grace. The powers, therefore, that dwell in individuals acting as a government, as well as those that dwell in individuals acting for themselves, can only be secured for right uses by applying to them a religion."

"The powers that dwell in individuals acting as a government," he elsewhere describes by resembling the magisterial to the parental character. In other places he expressly declares, "The governors are reasoning agents for the nation, in their conjoint acts as such;" and denies that the people are entitled to more than a beneficial use of the funds raised by taxation.

In these two sentences we have indicated the prominent characteristic—Mr. Macaulay would say the fundamental errors—of the book;—the confounding of individual with corporate functions, and the self-deluding use of analogical, in the place of inductive, reasoning.

It is obligatory on a man that he be religious,—it is therefore obligatory on any body of men that *they* be religious. Such, we believe, is a fair epitome of Mr. Glad-



stone's "argument for the obligation incumbent on governors as men." Now if by this be meant, that associations, like individuals, are morally bound to act from the purest motives, and to the highest ends, the assertion is merely a truism. But the proposition, as it stands, is one of those plausible errors—so logical in form, while utterly illogical in spirit—that are best refuted by pushing them into the realms of active life. This is what the Edinburgh Reviewer has done. By a great number of supposititious examples, vividly presented, he shows that society will go to pieces if this rule were attempted to be enforced. But, we think that with any intelligent definition of religion itself, the proposition is incompatible. *A priori*, as well as practical, considerations, are fatal to it. In the atmosphere of common sense, it cannot draw a single breath. Even by a change of expression, the thing intended is instantly destroyed. Put the sentiment, for instance, in this form—Whatever is incumbent on a man in one capacity, is incumbent upon him in any capacity;—and the absurdity of the conclusion sought to be established is evident at once. Yet is there no unfair exchange of phraseology; for it is only because man is a social being, that he has more than one capacity of action. Even in the most rudimentary forms of combination,—in the relations of parent and child, of master and servant, for example—new duties, with their corresponding rights, immediately arise. If religion be a personal obligation—if it be anything more than the practice of unmeaning ceremonies—if it be a certain state of intellect and heart—the father or the employer can have no business to enforce religious observances upon his household; for he thereby invades that private right which is necessarily involved in the private obligation. The influence of example and of solicitation is the only force which he can legitimately put into operation; and he must remember how easily the solicitations of a social superior come to be regarded as commands. In associations for purposes of industry, commerce, or literature, the principle comes out the more strongly in proportion to the complexity of the combination. Reflection suggests what experience shows, that until men are agreed upon those religious subjects which now divide them, one of two things must be—that either only men of concurrent belief unite, or that they unite on some other basis than a religious one. Thus, then, we may say, without giving an opinion for or against the

union of Church and State—that the first of the grounds on which Mr. Gladstone defends that union, is at variance with sound reasoning, and capable of easy reduction to absurdity.

It is by the misplaced employment of useful but delusive analogies, that so able a dialectician as Mr. Gladstone is led to take up these indefensible positions. The paternal character of government is one of those mocking images—"national personality" is another. Ignoring the earliest, but surest, facts of history, and the visible working of existing polities, he persists in representing rulers as divinely invested with power, in a sense somewhat different from that in which it may be said that a man is divinely endowed with understanding or wealth—government as a divine institution, not only as marriage may be said to be so, but as if actual dynasties, like life-unions, were "made in heaven"—society as the offspring, instead of as the author, of the State. The ruler he holds bound to do whatsoever he deemeth best for the people under him. He accepts the natural objection to this, even in its most startling form—"Then, if it be the duty of a Christian government to advance Christianity, it is the duty of a Mahometan government to advance Mahometanism. . . . I do not scruple to affirm, that, if a Mahometan conscientiously believes his religion to come from God, and to teach divine truth, he must believe that truth to be beneficial, and beneficial beyond all other things, to the soul of man; and he must, therefore, and ought to, desire its extension, and to use for its extension all proper and legitimate means. And that if such Mahometan be a prince, he ought to count, among these means, the application of whatever influence or funds he may lawfully have at his disposal for such purposes." The doctrine of "popular sovereignty" he discards as a "fiction." Political power, he contends, is equally the property and gift of God, "whether it be derived to the governors immediately, or through the people." Having thus deduced from that figure of speech which represents the king as father of his people, the gravest of consequences—namely, that he is responsible for their religious training and exercises—he proceeds to deal, as with "broad facts," with another purely rhetorical entity, and mere poetic influences:—"There is," he says, "a real, and not merely supposititious, personality of nations, which entails likewise its own religious responsibilities. The plainest exposition of a national personality is this

nation fulfils the great conditions of a person—namely, that it has unity of acting, and unity of suffering—with the difference, that what is physically single in the one, is joint, or morally single in the other. National influences form much of our individual character. National rewards and punishments, whether by direct or circuitous visitation, influence and modify the individuals who form the mass. National will and agency are indissolubly one, binding either a dissentient minority, or the subject body, in a manner that nothing but the recognition of the doctrine of national personality can justify. National honor, and national faith, are words in every one's mouth. How do they less imply a personality in nations than the duty towards God, for which we now contend? They are strictly and essentially distinct from the honor and good faith of the individuals composing the nation. France is a person to us, and we to him. A wilful injury done to her is a moral act, and a moral act quite distinct from the acts of all the individuals composing the nation:—To all which it may be sufficient to reply, that however the language of the Old Testament may justify such expressions as “national sins,” and “national judgments,” the Christian scriptures teach, in harmony with our own intuitions, that ultimately to his own master will every man stand or fall; that “the duty towards God” contended for, is strictly the rendering of spiritual worship; that “the rewards and punishments” of the gospel system are infinitely beyond any to which the word “national” can be applied; that, in short, while France and England may harmlessly and conveniently personify each other, it is an unreasonable and incalculably mischievous thing so to personify the moral relation to the Divine Being of any number of his creatures. It is the distinction of Christianity from the Judaism which it came to supersede, and the Paganism which it came to overthrow, that it makes no account of nationalities, in any other sense than as a *congeries* of human beings, individually responsible and spiritually equal. While the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers abound in allusions that show they regarded even Jehovah, or “Jove Best and Greatest,” as differently affected towards the people of different countries—no trace of that sentiment can be found in the gospels or epistles, but much that is antagonistic thereto. Again, therefore, we say, without pronouncing any opinion upon the general question,—this division of our author's argument does not exalt our idea

of his logical power, nor promise an adequate defence of the institution he undertakes to defend.

More original, but not less lamentably inconclusive, are the arguments by which Mr. Gladstone breaks the force of his own principles; and by limiting the duty of rulers to the *encouragement* of religious faith, seeks to guard the exercise of private judgment and the enjoyment of toleration. It would be an easy explanation of his singularly inconsequential propositions on these points to say, that he is too good a Protestant altogether to deny the great Protestant doctrine, and too amiable a man to approve the naked hideousness of downright persecution;—but this explanation is neither respectful nor sufficient. We prefer to regard the controversial curiosity we are about to exhibit, as the legitimate offspring of an intellect more subtle than powerful, of an understanding which partakes of the nature of a morbid conscience. As respects the right of private judgment, he explicitly denies that the church of England ever taught “that men were free to frame any religion from Scripture which they pleased: or to form a diversity of communions. . . . The act of her reformation,” he proceeds, “established the claim of the nation to be free from the external control of any living power in matters of religion, but not from Catholic consent. It is a strange fiction to say that the English Reformation was grounded on the doctrine of private judgment.” He appeals, in proof of this startling assertion, to the Twentieth Article, to the Canon of 1571, and the prelates Cranmer and Jewel. The historical truth of this representation, we are not concerned either to deny or admit. We have only to point out how vital a position it must necessarily hold in a man's churchmanship and statesmanship. With the same object, we must add, that our author admits there is an irreconcilable hostility between his own view of the rule of faith, and the mildest popular idea thereof. He seems to limit the function of reason in religious matters to a scrutiny of the general evidences of Christianity—beyond that, he lays it down, a man “should prefer adopting the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*,”—the utterance of the faithful in divers times and places—to his own conclusions from the sacred text.”

One would suppose that, in proportion as the sphere of free inquiry is narrowed, pains should be taken to preserve its inviolability. That is to say,—if only concerning the outworks of revelation may we freely investigate

and canvass, there should be presented no worldly motive to influence the decision; while it might be proper to reward or punish for obedience or disobedience to an authority once admitted. But the very opposite of this rule is that adopted by Mr. Gladstone. Conformity to the church of England, as the purest embodiment of the Christian religion, is the one and only thing which he requires the state to reward—nonconformity, the summary of offences it is called upon to punish by discouraging. He denies the right of the state to persecute; not, however, because religious freedom—the correlative, according to his own admission, of religious responsibility—is the right of man, as man, but because it has not “pleased God to give to the state or to the church this power.” Then comes the most curious feature of this curious piece of argument:—“For it was with regard to chastisement inflicted by the sword for an insult offered to himself, that the Redeemer declared His kingdom not to be of this world, meaning, apparently, in an especial manner, that it should be otherwise than after this world’s fashion in respect to the sanctions by which its laws should be maintained.” We must refer the reader to Mr. Macaulay’s celebrated essay for an exposure of the erroneousness of this Scriptural exegesis; and a vivid *ad hominem* refutation of the sophism, that disability is not persecution;—for the small remaining portion of our space that can be devoted to this part of our subject, we will occupy with some of the concluding passages of the work—selected as well for their impassioned eloquence, as for the indication they afford of deep and pious earnestness in the writer:—

“Will it be said, ‘All this anxiety is very much disproportioned to the case; if you are sincere in your belief, that there is safety within the church as an ark which shall float on the waters when the fountains of the great deep of human Desire are broken up?’ It is true that we have nothing to fear for her, who bears a charmed life that no weapon reaches. She pursues her tranquil way of confession, adoration, thanksgiving, intercession, and divine communion, concentrated alike for the present and the future, upon one object of regard—her Lord in heaven. This of the church of Christ. And in the church of England we find all the essential features unimpaired, which declare her to be a fruit-bearing tree in the vineyard of God. The scriptures faithfully guarded, liberally dispensed, universally possessed and read; the ancient bulwarks of the faith, the creeds, and

the sound doctrine of Catholic consent, maintained; the apostolical succession transmitting, with demonstration of the Spirit, those vital gifts which effectuate and assure the covenant; the pure worship; the known and acknowledged fertility in that sacred learning which, when faithfully used, is to the truth what the Israelitish arms were to the ark; and the everywhere reviving and extending zeal, courage, love; these are the signs which may well quiet apprehensions for the ultimate fate of the church of England in the breast of the most timid of her sons. But we need not be ashamed, with all this, to feel deeply and anxiously for our country. For that state, which, deriving its best energies from religion, has adorned the page of history, has extended its renown and its dominion in every quarter of the globe, has harmonized with a noble national character, supporting and supported by it, has sheltered the thickest plants of genius and learning, and has in these last days rallied by gigantic efforts the energies of Christendom against the powers and principles of national infidelity, bating no jot of heart nor hope under repeated failures, but every time renewing its determination and redoubling its exertions, until the object was triumphantly attained. For this State we may feel, and we may tremble at the very thought of the degradation she would undergo, should she in an evil hour repudiate her ancient strength, the principle of a national religion. We do not dream that the pupils of the opposite school will gain their end and succeed in giving a permanent and secure organization to human society upon the shattered and ill-restored foundations which human selfishness can supply. Sooner might they pluck the sun off his throne in heaven, and the moon from her silver chariot. What man can do without God was fully tried in the histories of Greece and Italy, before the fulness of time was come. We have there seen a largeness and vigor of human nature such as does not appear likely to be surpassed. But it does not comfort us that those opposed to us will fail. They are our fellow-creatures; they are our brethren; they bear with us the sacred name of the Redeemer, and we are washed, for the most part, in the same laver of regeneration. Can we, unmoved, see them rushing to ruin, and dragging others with them, less wilful, but as blind? Can we see the gorgeous buildings of such an earthly Jerusalem, and the doom impending, without tears? Oh, that while there is yet time, casting away every frivolous and narrow prepossession, grasping firmly and ar-



dently at the principles of the truth of God, and striving to realize them in ourselves, and in one another, we may at length know the 'things which belong to our peace!'"

We have dwelt thus at length upon this book—(of which we may further say, in a parenthesis, that in the British Museum Library is a copy of the first edition, copiously annotated by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex; and that for the third edition which appeared in 1841, a great part of the work was re-written, without, however, any modification of the argument)—because it not only lies at the foundation of Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a thinker and writer; and may be supposed to exhibit, if not his final convictions, yet his entire capabilities; but because it has had a serious practical influence on his whole subsequent career as a politician. It was first mentioned in the House of Commons, by Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) and the late lamented Mr. Charles Buller, in the course of the education debates of 1839. Its author then declared his readiness, as a legislator, to stand by what he had therein written as a private individual; and accordingly expressed a feeling akin to horror at the proposed intermingling of Jewish and Christian children in public seminaries. In 1841, on arguments of a similar character, he led the opposition to Mr. Divett's bill for admitting Jews to municipal offices; and drew from Mr. Macaulay the satirical remark, that if the casuists of Oxford would only impart some of their ingenuity to the Jews, they would doubtless make any declaration required of them. He returned to office with Sir Robert Peel in 1841, in the double capacity of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In January, 1845, he threw up that post; and at the opening of the session, accounted for so doing in a speech of which the following is the substance:—"I took upon myself some years ago, to state to the world, and that in a form the most detailed and deliberate, the views which I entertained on the subject of the relation of a Christian State in its alliance with a Christian Church. Of all subjects which could be raised, this I treated in a manner the most detailed and deliberate. I have never been guilty of the folly which has been charged upon me, of holding that there are any theories which are to be regarded under all circumstances as immutable and unalterable. But I have strong conviction, speaking under ordinary circumstances, and as a general rule, that those who have borne *solemn testimony* on great constitutional

questions, ought not to be parties to material departure from them. Now, my right honorable friend at the head of the Government, alluded towards the close of last session, to inquiries he was about to make into the possibility of extending academic education in Ireland, and indicated the spirit in which that important matter might be dealt with. I am not in possession of the mature intentions of the Government. In regard to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, I know nothing beyond what my right honorable friend then said. But those intentions were at variance with what I have stated as the best and most salutary principles. I therefore held it to be my duty, whenever such a measure came before the house, to apply my mind to its consideration, free from all biassed or selfish considerations, and with the sole view of arriving at such a conclusion as upon the whole the interests of the country and the circumstances of the case might seem to demand. I feel it at the same time my duty distinctly to declare, that I am not prepared to take part in any religious warfare against the measures of my right honorable friend."

Whilst all admired the exquisite conscientiousness of the course thus announced, there were many who felt, with Mr. Plumptre, that its explanation was not very intelligible—and that feeling was strengthened when Mr. Shiel, lamenting that "the statesman should be sacrificed to the author," quoted from Mr. Gladstone's book a passage to the effect, that if the imperial parliament had contracted for the maintenance of Maynooth, the contract should be fulfilled with dignified generosity. Still more inexplicable, upon ordinary rules of action, was Mr. Gladstone's ultimate procedure. In the debate on the first reading of the Maynooth College bill, he took no part, and in the division gave no vote. On the motion for the second reading, he came out as a supporter of the measure. Not, however, upon the hypothesis recalled by Mr. Shiel, and urged by the premier. Repudiating the reasons put forward on either side as inadequate to their object, he defended the increase of the grant upon the ground that the Irish were too poor to provide religious teachers for themselves—that those who paid taxes had a right to share in the benefits of their expenditure—and that to object to it on religious grounds, was to confound the principles on which men should act individually with those on which they must act in combination;—propositions, every one of which might be refuted, if at all,



in his own printed words. Of course, such singular vacillation did not escape sarcastic notice. "It appears," said Mr. Smythe, "as far as can be made out from his (Mr. Gladstone's) own statement, that his 'most cherished convictions' and his votes are at issue. But about the mere vulgarity of votes, the right honorable gentleman cares little; for upon this very question he has voted all ways. He voted first against, then in favor of, the grant. He went out of office because the grant was to be increased. When the measure involving the increased grant came to a first reading, he did not vote at all. Now, at the second reading, he is prepared to vote in favor of it. And is any one sure—is the right honorable gentleman himself quite sure—that upon the third reading he will not find equally good reasons for voting against the measure?" (Laughter and cheers.)

Equally incomprehensible, to vulgar politicians, was Mr. Gladstone's course upon the Jewish disabilities question. Notwithstanding his opposition to Mr. Divett's bill in 1841, he gave his silent support to a similar measure, when proposed and carried by the Government in 1845; and, in 1847, just after his election for the University of Oxford, he had the courage to reply to the speech with which his colleague (Sir R. H. Inglis) supported petitions from that venerable body against the admission of Jews to Parliament, as proposed by the then premier (Lord John Russell). The substance of his speech on this occasion Mr. Gladstone has published, and prefixed to it a preface from which we gather clearer notions of his new position than from anything he has elsewhere written or said. It is briefly this:—That whereas it is impossible to hold the state to that close alliance with the Christian church which is involved in the true idea of that union, it is alike unjust to dissenting citizens and impolitic as regards the interests of the church, to endeavor after that impossibility. This proposition is developed with much precision of thought, and beauty of language. After a very forcible exhibition of the "proposition as a matter of fact," that there is "no creed, or body of truth, definite and distinctive," in the present parliamentary profession of Christianity—that it is neither a bond of union nor a badge of separation,—but merely the symbol of "the preponderance of Christians in the constituencies;" he contends, with equal force of language, if not with equally satisfactory logic, that this fact must be taken, not as the results of the chance triumph of

party, but as organic, normal realities; must not be reasoned *upon*, but reasoned *from*. The conclusion to which he labors to bring his fellow-churchmen is this—"that as citizens, and as members of the church, we should contend manfully for her own principles and constitution, and should ask and press without fear for whatever tends to her own healthy development by her own means and resources, material or moral, but should deal amicably and liberally with questions either solely or mainly affecting the civil rights of other portions of the community."

That this recommendation was made with understanding and earnestness is amply evinced by Mr. Gladstone's subsequent conduct as a politician and as a churchman. Thus, in conformity with one half of his counsel, he is found resisting the issue of the Oxford University Commission, and advocating, in parliament and through the press, the restoration of active powers to convocation, the admission of laymen to synods, and the permission of synodal action to colonial bishops. The other half might seem to have been uttered in prophetic anticipation of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. As a High Churchman, and therefore jealous of the titular honors of the English episcopacy—as a son and representative of the University of Oxford, and therefore the natural organ of clerical sentiments—he might naturally have been expected to insist on the prompt and decided repression of what was almost universally considered as at once an insult and an encroachment. And there was nothing in his published writings—if we except the sentence just quoted—to debar him from acting in accordance with these circumstances. On the contrary, however, he was the ablest, and amongst the most persevering, of the small minority who resisted the Government measure. On the seventh night of the debate on the second reading, he delivered a speech, covering thirty-two columns of "Hansard," which exhibits with rare effectiveness the anomalous character of the arguments by which the bill was supported, and closes in a strain of pure and lofty eloquence seldom reached in the House of Commons—where sparkling personalities and party hits are more keenly relished than the luminous enunciation of great principles, or touching appeals to noble sentiments. In this speech, the orator showed himself able to excel in the former, but delighting in the latter. After turning upon Lord John Russell one of his lordship's own most effective perorations, Mr. Gladstone proceeded thus:

"My conviction is, that the question of religious freedom is not to be dealt with as one of the ordinary matters that you may do to-day and undo to-morrow. This great principle which we (the opposition) have the honor to represent, moves slowly in matters of politics and legislation, but though it moves slowly, it moves steadily. The principle of religious freedom, its adaptation to our modern state, and its compatibility with ancient institutions, was a principle which you did not adopt in haste. It was a principle well tried in struggle and conflict. It was a principle which gained the assent of one public man after another. It was a principle which ultimately triumphed after you had spent upon it half a century of agonizing struggle. And now what are you going to do? You have arrived at the division of the century. Are you going to repeat Penelope's process, but without Penelope's purpose? . . . . Show, if you will, the pope of Rome, and his cardinals, and his church, that England as well as Rome has her *semper eadem*; that when she has once adopted the great principle of legislation which is destined to influence her national character and mark her policy for ages to come, and affect the whole nature of her influence among the nations of the world—show that when she has done this, slowly and with hesitation and difficulty, but still deliberately and but once for all, she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this giant city can flow backward to its source. . . . We, the opponents of this bill, are a minority, insignificant in point of numbers. We are more insignificant because we have no ordinary bond of union. But I say that we, minority as we are, are sustained in our path by the consciousness that we serve both a generous Queen and a generous people, and that the generous people will recognize the truth of the facts we present to them. Above all, we are sustained by the sense of justice which we feel belongs to the cause we are advocating, and because we are determined to follow that bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead."

Mr. Gladstone's second important work appeared in 1840, under the title, "Church Principles Considered in their Results." It is virtually the supplement of his former production, developing, and largely arguing, views there only incidentally, if at all expressed; of greater interest to theologians than to politicians. It treats of the institutions or *doctrines of the church*, as regards their au-

thority and operation—especially of the sacraments and of apostolical succession. The author's views on the first of these two points may be thus summed up in his own words: "In the midst of all the threatening symptoms of tendency towards unbelief and disorganization with which the age abounds, we are led to regard the sacraments as the chief and central fountain of the vital influences of religion when the church is in health and vigor, as their never wholly obstructed source when she is overspread with the frost of indifference, as their best and innermost fastness, when latent infidelity gnaws and eats away the heart of her creed, and of all her collateral ordinances." On Apostolical Succession he is equally decided. His sense of the value of a question which to many is only one of "vain genealogies," is fairly expressed in the following clause of a sentence, too long for quotation entire:—"It is to us nothing less than a part of our religious obligation to seek the sacraments at the hands of those who have been traditionally empowered to deliver them in their integrity; that is, with the assurance of that spiritual blessing which, although it may be obstructed by our disqualifications in its passage to our souls, forms the inward and chief portions of those solemn rites." Venturing to transfer ourselves from the "dim religious light" of our author's diction, into the clearer atmosphere of popular phraseology, we may say;—he holds that the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper are veritable means of communicating grace, not merely the symbols of its communication; and that Episcopal ministers, historically connected with the apostles, are the only authorized, and therefore effective, administrators of those ordinances. To trace out Mr. Gladstone's corollaries from these propositions, would be to overstep the province of a non-theological magazine; and to impute to him conclusions which he may possibly repudiate, would be to imitate one of the worst though commonest vices of controversy.

The Maynooth question having been removed out of his way, Mr. Gladstone re-entered the ministry in December, 1845, taking the post of Colonial Secretary, vacated by Lord Stanley, on account of Sir Robert Peel's resolution to abolish the corn laws. In the spring of the previous year he had rendered important service to the new policy by the publication of a pamphlet, ("Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation,") exhibiting in elaborate detail the beneficial working of the tariff of 1842. Probably none of the

converts to the free-trade doctrine made a greater sacrifice of personal and party ties than did Mr. Gladstone. Not only were his father and brothers bigoted protectionists, but the late lord of Cumber so successfully exerted his ducal influence over Newark, as to prevent Mr. Gladstone's re-election; thus depriving the premier of his ablest lieutenant through the memorable parliamentary struggle of 1846. At the general election of 1847, however, Mr. Gladstone was compensated for this temporary exclusion from the House of Commons, by the bestowal of an honor two successive statesmen (Canning and Peel) have prized as nobler than any in the gift of crown or people, and have yielded up as the heaviest penalty of faithfulness to conviction—namely, the representation of Oxford University. How highly he appreciated this honor may be judged from the dedication to his *alma mater* of the first-born of his intellectual progeny, in these words of filial piety and pride:—

Inscribed to  
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD;  
Tried, and not found wanting,  
Through the vicissitudes of a thousand years;  
In the belief that she is providentially designed  
to be a  
Fountain of blessings,  
Spiritual, social, and intellectual,  
To this and to other countries,  
To the present and future times;  
And in the hope that the temper of these pages  
may be found  
Not alien from her own.

This "hope" was in some danger of disappointment. The Low-church and Anti-tractarian parties, elated by several consecutive triumphs in the University, vehemently opposed Mr. Gladstone on account of the sentiments advocated in this very work, and in that on "Church Principles." They set up against him, in conjunction with Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Round; but Mr. Gladstone triumphed by a majority of some two hundred votes over the latter candidate. In the course of the late parliament, he incurred the risk of displeasing alternately both sections of his supporters—the liberals, by his opposition to University reform, and his speech on Mr. Disraeli's motion for the relief of agricultural distress; the conservatives, by refusing to take office with Earl Derby, in February, 1851, and inflicting on the late Government the only material defeat they experienced through the session of 1852. He was, therefore, exposed to a determined opposition at the last general election; when Dr. Bullock Marsham polled more votes than Mr. Glad-

stone himself in the previous contest. He has just emerged from a still more vexatious and protracted struggle. By taking a very prominent part in the recent free-trade and budget debates—gaining, indeed, the most signal rhetorical success of the whole conflict—and accepting office in the new coalition ministry, he at once exasperated his old opponents, and alienated some of his warmest supporters.\*

We come now to an episode in Mr. Gladstone's career which has conferred upon his name a world-wide reputation, and gained for him the admiration of millions. In the winter of 1850, he went to Naples, actuated only by such motives as carry thither annually hundreds of our affluent countrymen. He came in contact, however, with circumstances which converted his visit of pleasure into a "mission" noble as was ever undertaken by any knight errant of humanity. Naples had been conspicuous in the tragic drama of Revolution and Reaction. In January, 1846, a constitution was spontaneously granted to the kingdom of Naples, sworn to by the monarch with every circumstance of solemnity, accepted by the people with universal and peaceful joy. Under this constitution, a Chamber of 164 deputies was elected by about 117,000 votes. On the 15th of May following, a collision took place, or was assumed to have taken place, between the authorities and the citizens. The former were victorious, and made ferocious use of their victory. Nevertheless, the constitution was solemnly ratified, and the King conjured the people to confide in his "good faith," his "sense of religion," and his "sacred and spontaneous oath." On Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Naples, about two years and a half from the date of this address, he heard repeated the assertion of an eminent Neapolitan, that nearly the whole of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies (the Chamber itself having been abolished) were either in prison or in exile. He deemed this statement a monstrous invention; but was convinced, by the sight of "a list in detail," that it was

\* The following are the number of votes polled for each of the respective candidates in 1847:—

|                       |      |
|-----------------------|------|
| Sir R. H. Inglis..... | 1700 |
| Mr. Gladstone .....   | 999  |
| Mr. Round .....       | 824  |

In 1852:—

|                           |      |
|---------------------------|------|
| Sir R. H. Inglis .....    | 1869 |
| Mr. Gladstone .....       | 1108 |
| Dr. Bullock Marsham ..... | 758  |

In 1853:—

|                     |      |
|---------------------|------|
| Mr. Gladstone ..... | 1022 |
| Mr. Perceval .....  | 898  |



under the truth—that an absolute majority of the representatives were either suffering imprisonment, or avoiding it by self-expatriation. The knowledge of this terrible fact led him on to the investigation of other and yet more horrible statements—that there were ten, twenty, thirty thousand political prisoners in the kingdom of Naples; that many of these unhappy persons were of eminent station and of unimpeachable loyalty; that few or none of the *detenus* had been legally arrested or held to trial; that, nevertheless, they were suffering intolerable wretchedness—sickness, hunger, suffocation, and irons; that, in short, the government was “the negation of God erected into a system.” Having with his own eyes tested as many of these statements as admitted of verification, and found the horribleness of reality to exceed the horribleness of rumor, Mr. Gladstone determined—despite his strong conservative prejudices against interfering in the affairs of other nations, and especially of even seeming to side with republicans—to make an effort for the abatement of such gigantic atrocities. Immediately on his return to England, therefore, he addressed a written letter to Earl Aberdeen, as ex-Foreign Secretary, reciting what he had witnessed, and suggesting a private remonstrance with the government of Naples. That remonstrance having proved ineffectual, Mr. Gladstone published, in July, 1851, that and a supplementary letter. Never did pamphlet create a more profound sensation. Fifteen or twenty editions sold in less than as many weeks; newspapers multiplied its revelations a million-fold; and Lord Palmerston presented copies to all the continental ambassadors, for transference to their respective governments. Only one English *litterateur*, Mr. Charles Macfarlane, could be found to indite an “Apology” for the power thus formally impeached at the bar of universal opinion; and that performance was justly deemed so unsatisfactory by his clients, that an “Official Reply” was put forth. Mr. Gladstone briefly rejoined; and his facts, by almost unanimous consent, stand equally unimpugnable with his motives.

That he is “a member of the *Conservative* party in one of the great families of European nations,” is alleged by Mr. Gladstone as one of his reasons for doing the very thing which has procured for him the sympathetic admiration of English and European liberalism. “Your deviation from the *Conservative* principles of finance will be followed by a *late but ineffectual* repentance,” was his

final appeal against the budget of a tory minister. These circumstances are strikingly significant—the explanation of his apparently vacillating career, and of his preset anomalous position. He is emphatically a Conservative-Liberal—Conservative in conviction and sentiment, Liberal by the prescience of his intellect and the generosity of his nature. One of the hereditary princes of commerce, he is also one of the elected chiefs of the republic of letters; having early set himself to win distinction in the quiet walks of scholarship, and in the noisy arena of intellectual strife. Content with no less than a triple crown, he would add to the reputation of the schoolman and the philosopher, that of the politician. He enters the senate as the champion of prescriptive power, at the moment when innovation is elate with triumph, and impatient for renewed struggle;—yet in the only decisive struggle which has since occurred, he bled and conquered in the rearguard of progress.

He asserts the principle and authority in religious faith, and of unity in political institutions, with a rotund positiveness from which even its veteran devotees recoil;—nevertheless, he surrenders one by one every remnant of the times when that principle obtained, with a promptitude shocking to many of its professed opponents. He submits to toil and sacrifice to aid in the abolition of a system, for the loss of which he is afterwards not sure those who benefited by it should not be compensated;—yet when that very position is embodied in a Government, his is the hand put forth to overturn it, and no one attributes to him an unworthy motive. He avows himself in virtual alliance with the established governments of Europe,—yet has done more to make them hateful, and therefore feeble, than any one of the revolutionary chiefs. He framed a theory of social relations which requires in the members of a Government something like a common faith and a corporate conscience; yet takes his seat in the Queen’s councils with men whose religious views are the antipodes of his own, and whose conscience has dictated conduct quite the opposite of his, on questions of the highest moment;—still no one calls him unprincipled. Though a man of nicest honor, he clings to a society in which he is insulted by some, and can have little congeniality with any,—because all are agreed, he loves the name it bears, and the cause it represents. Holding, as Mr. Gladstone does, that government is not a human arrangement, necessitated by human imper-



fection, but a divinely appointed power,—though designed for the general good, not originating in the general will,—he is necessarily a Conservative. Believing, too, that it is the function of the understanding, not to develop, but only to apply, religious truth—that there is efficacy in outward rites duly administered, deeper than our consciousness, and lasting as our existence—that to a class of men is committed the influences to which it is unspeakably important that all men should be subjected—his sympathies are engaged, beyond the utmost compulsion of the intellect, to that side of public affairs which we are agreed to call the aristocratic. Further, the natural bias of his mind, strengthened by the direction of his studies, is towards an undue reverence for the past. Thus we find, that all his arguments are based, in theology, upon revelation—in politics, upon precedent; all his appeals addressed to the religious prepossessions or historical knowledge of those whom he would

persuade. He never takes his stand upon the immutable facts of our nature, the inalienable rights of man—never rises to those prophetic heights whence pictures of social perfection may be discerned. But over against all this must be set that rectitude of intellect which makes him anxious to understand both sides of a controversy,—that keenness of perception, which detects the entrance of a question upon what he calls its “fluent state”—and that delicacy of conscience which will permit him to inflict no known injustice, nor gain for his party any unfair advantages. A philosopher among statesmen, he is also a purist among politicians. It would be most hazardous to predict the career of a man so thoroughly individual; but, reviewing the incidents of a career chequered but unblemished, we may confidently anticipate, that as that future lengthens out it will yield only honor to him, and chiefly service to his country.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## MISS MITFORD.

It has been observed by an intelligent and graceful foreign writer—who has been styled the Addison of his own country's literature\*—that whereas in some lands the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation, and are the only fixed abodes of elegant and cultured society, while the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry, in England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering place, or general rendezvous of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life.† Hence Geoffrey Crayon's warning to the stranger who

would correctly appreciate English character, not to confine his observations to London, but to examine our rural life. The traveller, he says, “must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens, along hedges, and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches, attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humors.” As for him who travels not, and is dependent on books for his acquaintance with the village life and rural characteristics of England, few records can compete with those of Miss Mitford, in quaint adaptation to the spirit of the subject, in graphic sketches from nature at first hand, in cordial sympathy with the diversified topics under review, and in a quiet, home-bred humor, itself racy of the soil. Like Geoffrey Crayon himself, she may be chargeable with occasionally idealizing and over-beautifying her favorite scenery and her

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\* “. . . The genius of Washington Irving—the Goldsmith, nay, even the Addison of America.”—Lord Mahon's “History of England.” vol. v., p. 101.

† “The Sketch Book.” Miss Mitford has modelled her style, perhaps too closely, on that of this agreeable Miscellany, and its still more entertaining companion, “Bracebridge Hall.”

pet *protégés*; but every hearty English soul must acknowledge her skill in the difficult art of description.

The "difficult" art of description? Is that a tenable phrase? Does not, on the contrary, every free Briton who writes letters—and a prodigious per centage of the population must own *that* soft impeachment, in these days when Rowland Hill and the schoolmaster are both abroad, and have met, and mutually embraced—does not every retailer of pot-hooks fancy himself, herself, or (duly to accommodate the scale to tender years) itself, a powerful hand at describing, be the object described what it may, from the Crystal Palace to the penny wax-works? Is it allowable to call that difficult which, by hypothesis, all can do; and which, by postulate, all can do well?

To describe external objects, one by one, says Christopher North, is no doubt easy; and accordingly it is often done very well. But—as he goes on to show—to produce a picture in words, there must be a principle of selection, and that principle cannot be comprehended without much reflection on the mode in which external objects operate upon the mind. "Sometimes a happy genius, and sometimes a strong passion, vivifies a whole scene in a single line. But the observer of nature, who has neither genius, nor passion, nor metaphysics, can do little or nothing but enumerate. That he may do with great accuracy, for he may be a noticing and strong-sighted person. Not a feature of a landscape shall escape him—each sentence of his description shall constitute a natural and true image, and ordinary people like himself will think it admirable. Yet shall it be altogether worthless; while one stanza of Burns' wafts you into the very heart of Paradise." And thus it is that such a man as Wordsworth will make more of

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye,

than men of low degree will make of a cedar of Lebanon, or a Royal Oak:—"he will make a better poem on a gooseberry bush, than you will do on the great Persian sycamore, which is about seventy feet in girth." There is a "knack" in first-rate descriptions; and this knack is innate, or connate, or what you will—except acquired. Improved and refined by practice it unquestionably is; but the artificial manufacture of it is Brummagem ware—and the difference between them is that between delf and porcelain, plated and plate.

Now, Miss Mitford has a natural gift for description. It is not, perhaps, of a very lofty order, or large compass; and though tinged with the *couleur de rose* of fancy which idealizes, it has little of the imaginative, creative

Light that never was on sea or shore.

But in her own sphere, she is a fine describer. Let but her foot be on her native heath, and her name is—Miss Mitford. Her testimony is not given on hearsay, or on the strength of a well-stocked library; she testifies to what she has seen, and heard, and felt, on the breezy downs of the Day-side of Nature. To her we may apply what an eminent French critic says of the greatest of living French novelists:—"On n'a pas affaire ici à un peintre amateur qui a traversé les champs pour y prendre des points de vue: le peintre y a vécu, y a habité des années; il en connaît toute chose et en sait l'âme."\* Some three-and-twenty years since, the Shepherd of the *Noctes* was made to say, "I'm just vera fond o' that lassie—Mitford. She has an ee like a hawk's, that misses naething, however far off—and yet like a dove's, that sees only what is nearest and dearest, and round about the hame-circle o' its central nest. I'm just excessive fond o' Miss Mitford."† Cowper does not more effectually transport us, without material locomotion, from the fireside by which we are reading him, to the scenes of our home counties: so that there is truth as well as prettiness in Mr. W. C. Bennett's Sonnet to the Lady about whom we write:

Out have I been this morning—out—away,  
Far from the bustling carefulness of towns,  
Through April gleams and showers—on windy  
downs,  
By rushy meadow-streams with willows gray;  
In thick-leaved woods have hid me from the day  
Sultry with June—and where the windmill  
crowns  
The hill's green height, the landscape that re-  
nowns  
Thy own green county, have I, as I lay  
Crushing the sweetness of the flowering thyme,  
Tracked through the misty distance. Village  
greens  
All shout and cheerfulness in cricket time,

\* "Causeries du Lundi," tom. i., p. 282.

† The gallant shepherd goes on, in his fervor, to protest that "the young gentlemen o' England should be ashamed o' theirsells for letting her name be Mitford. They should marry her whether she wull or no—for she would mak baith a useful and agreeable wife. That," concludes honest James,—"that's the best creetishism on her warka."—*Noctes*, No. xli. (1829); see also *Noctes*, No. xxix. and xxxix.

Red winter firesides—autumn cornfield scenes,  
All have I seen, ere I my chair forsook,  
Thank to the magic of thy breezy book.\*

A deceased critic, who had the reputation of being crabbed and scolding in every review he penned, except when Miss Mitford was his theme, once met the stigma, or compliment, whichever he might think it, by saying, "And in her case how could I be otherwise than kind? she speaks to the heart and to the understanding, and deals in national beings and landscapes, such as a plain man may hope to see without going to another world. She is the only painter of true English nature that I know of: the rest are splendid daubers—all light and shade, darkness and sunshine; Mary Mitford gives the land and the people, and for that I honor her." It was something to win a sweeping panegyric like this from such a censor. Miss Mitford, indeed, enjoys the privilege of favoritism in all quarters: broad England loves her as one of its true aborigines—loves her hearty interest in its mannerisms, her appreciation of its excellences, her cheery, blythe, hopeful spirit, in which, ever beaming with sisterly good-will, her every fellow-countryman recognizes tokens of personal sympathy—

Φαῖδρα γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλω  
Ζῶντι μὲν ἀποδιδύμενα.†

This cheerful temperament imparts a special charm to the autumn of her days; for though it is right that the man at manhood should put away childish things, it is not right that he should include in his renunciation the child-like spirit, the faith and buoyancy and promise of life's spring. Happy that soil of the heart which yields this after-math! blessed that existence whose dimpled six years and furrowed sixty are bound each to each by natural piety! If Sparta so honored Age, in its universal, and therefore its commonly forbidding aspects—how should we delight to honor these white hairs which have a crown of glory all their own, brightened not dulled, brightening not fading, with years that bring the philosophic mind.

Of Miss Mitford's early literary ventures in "high art," we have not much to say. "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas," was introduced to the public in six cantos; and we sadly fear the public found them half-a-dozen cantos too many. Those were

\* Poems by W. C. Bennett, p. 97—a collection of pleasant verses, "affectionately inscribed to" Mary Russell Mitford herself, by a seemingly congenial spirit.

† CEdip. Colonens.

the days when the imitative epidemic had Walter Scott's poetry for its *fons et origo*, when the press teemed with metrical romances quite equal in quantity, and gloriously unequal in quality, to the stories of William of Deloraine and Ellen of Douglas—with noble "Margarets of Anjou," and "Legends of Iona," and "Fights of Falkirk." Miss Mitford's verse is pronounced by Moir deficient in that nameless adaptation of expression to thought, which is accomplished by some "indescribable collocation of the best words in their best places." Yet, in one at least of her tragedies, she has been thought to rival Joanna Baillie herself. Tragedy perhaps ill squares with the popular notion of "Our Village" gossip; yet has she written and succeeded under the tutelage of Melpomene. At the "Feast of the Violets," Apollo exclaims:

And Mitford, all hail! with a head that for  
gven  
From your glad village crowners can hardly be  
seen:—

whereupon the Apollonic secretary, Leigh Hunt, observes,

And with that he shone on it, and set us all blink-  
ing;

but is careful to add,

And yet at her kind heart sat tragedy, thinking.

"Rienzi" and "Julian" were both attractive plays for a season, and, in reference to them, Allan Cunningham said that the author had witnessed that slope of wet faces, from the pit to the roof, which, according to Cowper, is the accompaniment of a well-written and well-acted tragedy. Her "Charles the First," produced under indifferent auspices, made less stir.

But it is to "manners-painting Mitford"—at home amidst her Hampshire and Berkshire haunts—that one turns with a more ready and abiding interest. A pleasant dépot of rural characteristics is "Our Village"—with its close-packed inhabitants, insulated, as the author says, like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship—everybody interested in everybody: a spot over which we are invited to ramble, and form a friendship with the fields and coppices, the birds, and mice, and squirrels—with the retired publican's tidy, square, red cottage; and the blacksmith's gloomy dwelling; and the village shop, multifarious as a bazaar, a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribands, bacon, and everything

except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment; and the village inn, whitewashed and bow-windowed, with its portly landlord in his eternal red waistcoat; and the cottages up the hill, where the road winds, with its broad green borders and hedge-rows so thickly timbered; and the old farm-house on the common, with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, looking out from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills—the common itself half covered with low furze, and alive with cows and sheep, and two sets of crickets. A delightful companion is the author along the high-ways and by-ways of her village;—there is something contagious in her keen delight at pioneering you about, and you get to walk with step well-nigh springy as her own upon the mazy roads of her favorite coppice, and amidst its steep declivities, sunny slopes, and sudden swells and falls, with the dark verdure of fir-plantations hanging over the picturesque unequal paling, partly covered with moss and ivy—the firs interspersed with shining orange-leaved beech, and the glossy stems of the “lady of the woods,” the delicate weeping birch; while beneath grows a rich underwood, where the old thorn’s red-spotted leaves and redder berries, and the bramble’s scarlet festoons, and tall fern of every hue, seem to vie with the brilliant mosaic of the ground, now covered with dead leaves, and strewn with fir-cones, now, where a little glade intervenes, gay with various mosses and splendid *fungi*. On she guides us, on a calm mild November day, along a beautiful lane, decorated with a thousand colors: the brown road, and the rich verdure that borders it, strewn with the pale yellow leaves of the elm, just beginning to fall; hedge-rows glowing with long wreaths of the bramble in every variety of purplish red; and overhead the unchanged green of the fir, contrasting with the spotted sycamore, the tawny beech, and the dry sere leaves of the oak, which rustle as the light wind passes through them; a few common yellow flowers, still blowing in spite of the season, and ruddy berries glowing through all. On she posts us up the hill where the road widens, with the group of cattle by the wayside, and the little boy-messenger, trundling his hoop at full speed, making all the better haste in his work, because he cheats himself into thinking it play: and so we reach the patch of common on the hill-top, with the clear pool, where three cottar’s children—~~one of them~~—are five years old—

without any distinction of sex in their sun-burnt faces and tattered drapery, are dipping up water in their little homely cups, shining with cleanliness, and a small brown pitcher with the lid broken, which, when it is filled, their united strength will never be able to lift: and as we gaze, we *ex animo* subscribe assent to our guide’s assertion that these infants are quite a group for a painter, with their rosy cheeks, and chubby hands, and round merry faces; and the low cottage in the back-ground, peeping out of its vine leaves and china roses, with the good wife at the door, tidy, and comely, and smiling, preparing the potatoes for the pot, and watching the tiny laborers at the pool. Or she makes us cross the river, and lean as, by instinct, over the rails of the bridge, and gaze on the fine grounds of the Great House, with their magnificent clusters of limes, and firs, and poplars; the green meadows opposite, studded with oaks and elms; the clear winding Loddon itself; the mill with its picturesque old buildings bounding the scene. Not a ramble do we take with her, but her pretty Italian greyhound, Mayflower, is there also—for May is as welcome a presence as the season of that name—and, confesses her mistress, to accomplish a walk in the country without *her*, would be like an adventure of Don Quixote without his faithful squire Sancho. And then, what real village life-and-blood personages we are introduced to! That retired publican, for instance, who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for reform—who, in chronic *ennui*, hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat; who volunteers little jobs all round, smokes cherry-trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows up all the wasp-nests in the parish. And big, burly Tom Cordery—that gentlest of savages, and wildest of civilized men—rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker—whose home menagerie of ferrets, and terriers, and mongrels, do really look, as his crony, the head-keeper, can’t help hinting, “fitter to find Christian hares and pheasants, than rats, and such vermin.” And there is Jack Hatch—as mystic a personage in some respects as Geoffrey Crayon’s Stout Gentleman—whom not to know argues oneself unknown in “Our Village.”—Not know Jack Hatch? the best cricketer in the parish, in the county, in the country: Jack Hatch, who has got seven notches at one hit: Jack Hatch, who has trolled, and caught out a



whole eleven :\* Jack Hatch, who is more-over the best bowler and the best musician in the hundred—can dance a hornpipe and a minuet, sing a whole song-book, bark like a dog, mew like a cat, crow like a cock, and go through Punch from beginning to end ! Not know Jack Hatch ! Such ignorance is of course preposterous, and it would be equally an affectation to pretend ignorance of Aunt Martha, that most delightful of old-maids ; and Hannah Besit, that energetic little dairy-woman ; and Lizzy, the spoiled child of the village ; and the old family-servant, Mrs. Mosse, in appearance so eminently “respectable” (not at all in the sense of Steerforth’s Littimer) ; and that comely vulgarian and boisterous sportsman, Tom Hopkins ; and Lucy, that wholesale coquette ; and Doctor Tubb, all-accomplished barber-surgeon, with accommodations in his pocket-book for distressed man and beast ; and gentle Olive Hathaway, lame and pensive, the village mantua-maker “by appointment,” the sound of whose crutch subdues every rough temper, and whose fame is far-spread for begging off condemned kittens, and nursing sick ducklings, and giving her last penny to prevent a wayward urchin from taking a bird’s nest. On the whole, little wonder was it that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, as Mr. Chorley says, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest† for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.

“Belford Regis” transfers and enlarges the

\* Miss Mitford has been charged with speaking at random on her favorite theme, the cricket-field. Who but Miss Mitford, asks an authority both in literature and in field sports, ever heard of a cricket-ball being thrown five hundred yards ? And the conclusion is, that ladies never can make themselves mistresses of the rules, technicalities, and character of male games. Which conclusion need not exclude those ladies, however, from taking their revenge in the thought that equally fallible are their barbarian critics, when a game is going on from the “Lady’s Own Book,” or some labyrinthine recreation in crotchet and Berlin wool.

† “Miss Mitford,” says one of her transatlantic visitors (though ’tis twelve summers since), “is dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which have all a broad humor, bordering on coarseness. She has a gray, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow : a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness that we have so long been familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been, indeed, a disappointment not to have found them.”—Mrs. Sedgwick’s “*Letters from Abroad*.”

sphere of observation from a village to a market town. There are some touching sketches—as that of “The Old Emigré,” and humorous ones by the dozen, such as Mrs. Tomkins, the cheesemonger ; and Mrs. Hollis, the fruiterer ; and that “useless old beau,” King Harwood. The description of the good town itself is perhaps better still ; we become as familiar with its ins and outs as though we had paid rent and taxes there, and had run up long bills with Mrs. Tomkins for double Gloucester, or privately effected a barter with her of unsold (alas unsaleable) copies of our last “octavo, cloth boards,” for base instalments of butter and eggs.

Miss Mitford’s scattered contributions to annuals and magazines, who shall reckon up ? With her, literary occupation is evidently a labor of love. Literature has ever been to her at once a passion and a solace—from the days when she found such sweetness in the stolen waters of Corneille and Racine, to the present time, when she corresponds so zealously with unnumbered dons in the republic of letters. How cordial and catholic her taste is, in estimating the merits of “all the talents,” may be seen in her latest work, “*Recollections of a Literary Life*” (1851). The book is a disappointing book, if taken up, as naturally it is, in the expectation of enjoying a connected biographical narrative. It is a thing of shreds and patches—an *omnium-gatherum* of waifs and strays—a *mélange* of tid-bits, ana and analecta from scribes and scribblers, old and new, native and foreign, known and unknown. The “courteous reader” is told in the preface—why was he not told in the title-page ?—that he must just take the three volumes for what they are—“an attempt to make others relish a few favorite writers as heartily as” Miss Mitford has relished them herself. However, having once recovered from the sense of being “at sea,” through the “false colors” hung out at the mainmast of this contraband trader, we settle down to enjoy such stores as it carries, including, perchance, occasional scraps of dry remainder ship-biscuit. And after all, books of this kind are valuable, as introducing to more general society the names and works of neglected or unrecognized authors ; as in this case, those of witty, accomplished, refined Mackworth Praed, and the rising American poet-doctor, Oliver Holmes ; and Daniel Webster’s forensic oratory, little known in the Old Country ; and the slenderly-observed merits of John Kenyon and George Darley, Catherine Fanshaw and Thomas Davis, besides such old-fashioned performances as

"Cowley's Essays" (which the world should not, and which Miss Mitford *will* not, willingly let die), and "Richardson's Correspondence," and "Holcroft's Memoirs:" the last, by the way, is worthily lauded by Tom Moore in his "Diary," as a model of a literary man's personal recollections, and has recently acquired something of its due popu-

larity by being reprinted in Messrs. Longman's well-selected "Traveller's Library."

It is to be hoped that Miss Mitford will yet, with many another work, give us a more methodical and detailed history of herself—the present memoir being a misnomer. Seems it so?

Seems, madam? nay, it is; we know not seems.

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From the North British Review.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON: HIS CHARACTER AND PROSPECTS.

WHEN, exactly twelve months ago, we called the attention of our readers to the state of France, it was at a moment when a Republican form of Government and representative institutions had just been overthrown by one of the most audacious and unscrupulous usurpations of which history makes mention. By naming Louis Napoleon President for ten years, with unlimited power to frame a constitution—by raising him on the bucklers of seven millions of voters—the nation sanctioned the usurpation, and adopted the usurper. By passing such a prompt and ample bill of indemnity, according to one point of view, France made herself a *particeps criminis*, an accessory after the fact; according to another, she declared that Louis Napoleon, by his high-handed *attentat*, had only forestalled her designs, and interpreted her will aright. No one, however, believed that the last act of the drama was played out: in spite of all protestations of moderation, of all disclaimers of ulterior ambition, it was obvious that the Empire was "looming in the distance;" and the long foreseen 2d of December 1852, when it arrived, was felt to be only the fitting sequence and the natural completion of the 2d of December 1851. For four years France has been firm and unchanging in her decision, and to all appearance not only faithful but increasingly attached to the man of her choice: six millions elected him President; seven millions made him Dictator; nearly eight millions have named him Emperor. The dynasty of Napoleon again sits upon the throne of France. Like all its predecessors, the Imperial *régime* has had its restoration. The old race of Bourbons was restored after an

exile of twenty-one years; the Republic after the lapse of forty-eight; the Empire after an abeyance of thirty-seven. Who believes that the phantasmagoria of changes is run out?

Meantime there is no doubt that the present Government is decidedly and generally popular in France. If we would rightly estimate either the position of our neighbors or our own, we must indulge and persist in no illusion on this head. The election of the Emperor we believe to have been in the main a fair one. There may have been undue influence; there may have been gross ignorance; there may have been scandalous misrepresentation; there may have been bribery; there may have been intimidation:—undoubtedly there were all these; there are all those in every country where popular elections are known. Some may have voted in terror; some may have been urged by self-interest; the priests may have persuaded some; the prefects may have bullied more;—but all these considerations combined, still leave it impossible to believe that the result of the voting just terminated does not in the main truly and faithfully represent the real wishes and opinions of nine-tenths of the French nation. We may be amazed that it should be so; we may despise the French because it is so; we may grieve that a people who have once tasted the pleasures and the dignity of self-government should be willing to abdicate their functions into the hands of a supreme and irresponsible Ruler: we may moralize as we please over the blind insanity of a nation whose notions of the national *summum bonum* are so strangely at variance with our own—but we must accept

*the fact*—as one to be deplored, if we like, and to be explained, if we can—but still to be received and laid to heart as the basis of our reasonings, if we would not run into perilous and fatal blunders. For, be it observed, Louis Napoleon's position is a very different one, both as regards his stability and *his power of acting upon other nations*, if he be the welcome, chosen, and accepted Emperor of the French, from what it would be were he a mere bold adventurer, who had usurped by stratagem and force a throne from which an oppressed and outraged people were watching for a favorable opportunity to hurl him. In the one case his whole strength must be reserved for and concentrated upon the preservation of his ravished sceptre from his numerous internal conspirators and foes;—in the other, it will be all available for whatever ulterior designs he may entertain against foreign enemies and rivals.

But though his rule is popular, there is no *enthusiasm* either for the Government or for the man. Neither his manners nor his character are fitted to excite enthusiasm. The official attempts to create it, and to represent it as existing, have been both injurious and unsuccessful. In all his grand displays, his splendid shows, his gorgeous progresses and parades, intended to dazzle and please the populace, he appears to us to have made a great mistake, and to have incurred merited failure. He has carried these *spectacles* so far as to annoy and disgust the more rational and thoughtful of his supporters; he has carried them too far even for the childish and meretricious taste of that splendor-loving people; he has over-shot his mark, and created even among his popular allies an uneasy feeling that he is treating them rather too much like barbarians or babies. He is popular, not because he has dazzled the excitable imaginations of the people over whom he rules, not because he commands or can arouse any of that loyalty or devotion which the Highlanders felt for Charles Edward, or the old veterans for Napoleon the Great—it is a blunder on his part to pretend that he has it, or to fancy that he can excite it;—but because there is a general, cool, deliberate, *motivé* conviction, that the man and the *régime* are those best suited to the actual position, and possibly to the habitual character of France; that no hand less resolute, no form of government less dictatorial, would be competent to deal with so shattered, wearied, and demoralized a country; and that only out of the strengthening, recreating, reorganizing rest which a despotic rule

can ensure and enforce, can be hoped to dawn a healthier and better state of things.

It is a mistake to imagine that the Empire is popular only with the ignorant peasantry and the ambitious army. From different motives and in different degrees it is popular with nearly all classes,—except the *Rouges*, who for the most part are enemies of all government, and comprise the wild, turbulent fanatics, the sanguinary ruffians, and the hopeless, incorrigible rascals who abound in most communities, and whose party, though still numerous and restless, has been too effectually *beheaded* to be as formidable as it once was,—and the *Doctrinaires* and their followers, who naturally, and perhaps justly, are furious at having been jockeyed, defeated, gagged, and reduced to insignificance. It is the hostility of this section which weighs most strongly against Louis Napoleon and the imperial *régime* in the opinion of Englishmen; and it is quite natural that it should do so. This section includes nearly all those politicians whose names are known in England; it includes the dynastic opposition, as well as the principal ministers of Louis Philippe; it includes most of the literati whose reputation has crossed the Channel; and its members were nearly all admirers of the Parliamentary constitution of England, and the persevering advocates of the introduction of a similar system in France. All these things naturally give the opinions of this party overwhelming influence in this country; and it is difficult to believe that a Government which ignores, banishes, or repels at once Guizot, Thiers, De Tocqueville, De Beaumont, Broglie, Molé, and Dufaure, can really be welcome to, or fairly represent the French nation. We have long been accustomed to regard those men as the most able and enlightened politicians in France, and to consider them as the defenders and promoters of a constitutional freedom somewhat like our own; it is their writings we have been accustomed to admire; it is from them that we have been accustomed to take our notions of French interests and French opinions. They formed a galaxy of political and literary talent which shone in the eyes of foreign nations with a lustre which obscured and put out all lesser but more national lights. For the truth we believe to be, that these eminent men, with all their brilliancy, never had any strong hold on the nation; they were beyond it, above it, apart from it, rather than its leaders and representatives; their ideas and objects of admiration were English rather than French; their talents, as writers

and speakers, gave them vast influence as long as Parliamentary government prevailed; but they have never inoculated the people with their views; their party was select, but their followers were few. Partly from their merits, but still more from their faults; partly from the *Parliamentariness* and therefore the *unfrenchness* of their notions; partly from the intriguing character of several among them; partly from the notorious and awful corruption of the government which they administered in turn; and partly from the deplorable, disrespectable, and clumsy catastrophe in which they finished their career, they are now with five-sixths of Frenchmen the most utterly damaged, discredited, and unpopular party in the country; and were they to join the Emperor and become his ministers, such a step, which we in England should regard as his sanction and his safeguard, would, in France, probably be fatal to his power. This position and situation of the *Doctrinaire* party, in their own country, must be fully understood before we can judge of the actual posture of French affairs.

The present Government, as is universally allowed, is popular with the peasantry, especially with that preponderating part of them who are proprietors; and for these reasons: *First* and foremost, on account of the name which stands at its head. The first Napoleon, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, wrote his name indelibly upon the soil of France, and no subsequent ruler has left any impression there at all. His memory is still venerated, not only as the great representative of military glory, but as the strong and skilful reorganizer of the nation after the calamities and confusions of the Revolution. Mere relationship to him is a tower of strength. *Secondly*, The French peasantry, as proprietors and peaceful cultivators of the soil, feel the want of steadiness and order as distinctly as any part of the community: they had been kept in a perpetual state of disturbance and uneasiness by the changes and rumors of change which succeeded one another for so many years with such bewildering rapidity, and the political motives and causes of which excited in them no interest, and were altogether beyond their comprehension; and they believe that Louis Napoleon has the strong arm and the iron will needed to secure for them the rest they sigh for. Moreover—and this is a point which has been almost entirely overlooked—they do not, it is true, love despotism, or deliberately wish to place over them a wholly

irresponsible or autocratic master, but *they comprehend the rule of one man*; they do not, and never did, comprehend the government of a *mob of masters*—a numerous, divided, and wrangling Assembly. We may deplore this incapacity on their part; we may despise their ignorance and their proclivity to servitude; but we must accept the fact, and reckon on it. During the only period when they were without a sovereign, they were governed and harassed by the Clubs, the Communes, the Revolutionary Committee, the Paris Commissaries, the imbecile Directory; and we can scarcely wonder that they shrink from anything which reminds them in the least of those gloomy, anarchical, and sanguinary times. *Thirdly*, The influence of the priests, a great part of them at least, has been diligently exerted on behalf of the present *régime*, and this influence is very great in many districts, and has of late years been steadily, and to some degree deservedly, increasing. Their control and direction would often, according to our views, be exerted for mischief; they are in many places as ignorant and prejudiced as their flocks—blind leaders of the blind; but still it is said, that ever since the Revolution of 1830 they have unremittingly performed their duty among the poor, administered to them the consolations of their religion, visited them in sickness, advised and assisted them in trouble, supported them in the hour of death, and kept up in their hearts the much needed sentiments of obedience and devotion. They are now reaping their reward; and their influence—much as we may regret that such power should be wielded by such unenlightened hands—has been laboriously earned. Whether Louis Napoleon will ultimately turn out to be either the sturdy friend or the obedient son of the Church which the priesthood hope that he is and will remain, may well be doubted; but at present, throughout the rural districts of France, they are his zealous and efficient allies.

The present Government is popular among a great proportion of the *ouvriers* of most of the towns, of Paris in particular. Many of these, no doubt—the idle and dissipated of them to a man—belonged to the *Rouges* whom Louis Napoleon scourged and decimated with such stern severity; and these, we must suppose, nurse against him a bitter spirit of animosity and revenge. But the Assembly were as hostile to the *Rouges* as Louis Napoleon himself, and he suppressed and outwitted the Assembly. Cavaignac slaughtered and deported them even more mercilessly than Louis Napoleon, and Louis Napoleon



defeated and imprisoned Cavaignac. Then Louis Napoleon hates the *bourgeoisie*, whom the *Rouges* also hate. So that if the President and the anarchists do not love each other, they have at least the bond of union of having most of their enemies in common. But the industrious and well-disposed workmen have many solid reasons for adhering to the new Government. They look to employment from the public works which the President is carrying forward on a great scale. At present, not only the regular workmen of Paris, but numbers who have been summoned from the country, are in receipt of ample, even large, earnings. Then the Empire is, or is believed and suspected to be, order and stability; and order and stability are to the workmen the synonymes of plenty and comfort. In times of quiet and repose men make money and spend it; in times of anarchy and disturbance men save money and retrench. Hence the tailor, the grocer, the shoemaker, the armorer, the coachmaker, the saddler, the watchmaker, the jeweller, are all Napoleonists, where no personal feeling, arising out of the death or deportation of a *Rouge* relative, interferes to overbear the dictates of material interest. The paralyzing effect of 1848 upon Parisian and Lyonnese industry is not, and will not be for long, forgotten.

Again: strange as it may seem, a considerable portion of the Socialists are, for the moment, adherents of the new Emperor. It is true, that it is from them he is said to have "saved society;" it is true, that where he imprisoned one *bourgeois* he imprisoned a hundred Socialists; it is true, that Socialism is still the bugbear which his advocates hold up before the upper and middle classes as the mysterious horror against which he is their only bulwark. But the Socialists must not be altogether confounded with the Red Republicans. No doubt, in many places, and to a great extent, they are identical; but the objects and aspirations of numbers who bear the proscribed name are social rather than political: and it is believed, and we think with reason, that Louis Napoleon is strongly imbued with some of the Socialist notions; it is known that he has occupied himself much with the subject of pauperism; and it is supposed that he is busy with some scheme for its extinction, which will be promulgated as soon as it is ripe and he is firmly established on the imperial throne. He has all along shown a disposition to base his throne rather on the support of the masses of the people, than on the middle or upper classes; and many of the former are in the habit of

saying, "Ah! Louis Blanc and Louis Napoleon are both Socialists, but the former was an extravagant theorist—the latter is a practical man."

The commercial and manufacturing classes—as men who can only thrive in peace and permanence—are generally friends to the duration of the present Government, and will remain so as long as the Emperor keeps clear of war, which would be fatal to his popularity among them. These classes and those whom they employ have been enormously prosperous ever since the *coup d'état*; and the proclamation of the Empire seems like a seal set upon that stability which has already done so much for them. They are everywhere extending their transactions, embarking in longer and more distant adventures, and even fixing capital which, since 1848, they had kept in realizable securities or in actual cash. They know that a change would be fatal to all their plans, and they will discourage everything which tends even to excite the fear of one.

There can scarcely be a fairer or more speaking indication of the condition and state of feeling among the industrious ranks than is afforded by the Savings Banks accounts. Now we find that in the *Caisse des Rétraites*, as it is called, in the quarter ending last October, the deposits amounted to 22,000,000 francs, and the sums withdrawn to only 3,000,000 francs, showing an actual accumulation of capital, on the part of the industrious classes, to the extent of 19,000,000 francs. But what more especially merits remark, is the extraordinary progress of the *Caisse des Rétraites for old age*. It was only founded in May, 1851, and, on December 31, had only accumulated 1,212,000 francs. On the 30th of September last it possessed a capital of 22,572,000 francs. Out of 15,431 depositors, 6602 are work-people, properly so called, of whom 2966 are women, 771 artisans or petty dealers, 611 servants, 2105 *employés* in humble situations, 363 soldiers and sailors, 718 persons exercising liberal professions, principally priests, and 4361 without professions, half of them minors.

Further: the new *régime* is popular with a very large portion of the Legitimists, and this portion comprising the most energetic, wise, and far-sighted of that party. They believe that Louis Napoleon is not ill-disposed to the Comte de Chambord, and that, if he has no children, he will not be averse to look upon the Comte as his successor. The gentle and almost respectful tone in which the recent manifesto of the Comte was spoken of

in the *Moniteur* goes far to confirm this impression. At all events, the Legitimists feel that every year that Louis Napoleon can hold sway in France will make their future advent and power more probable and more easy, if he should not succeed in founding an hereditary dynasty, and living till its consolidation. They feel that he will settle the disturbed and suppress the turbulent elements of French society,—that he may accustom the French once more to a firm and autocratic rule,—and that not improbably he will re-establish an aristocracy which may ultimately blend with and reinforce their own. They believe also, that, while doing all this, he will fall into blunders and create enemies which will make many persons willing to exchange him for Henri V. Finally, they feel and admit that he is a fitter man for the present posture of affairs than the Comte de Chambord would be; that the Prince is doing the work of the Comte better than the Comte could do it for himself;—for the one is soft and yielding, the other stern, inflexible, and unrelenting. Few among the Legitimists are anxious for an immediate restoration.

*Lastly*, the new *régime* is popular among all who want repose; among those who are weary of perpetual turmoil, and those who are sick of repeated failures; among those—and there are many of them—who believe that as soon as he feels himself firmly seated on the imperial throne, Louis Napoleon will discard some of his worst associates, and relax much of that despotic gripe which is endurable only in a crisis of peril and transition; among those real and deeply-thoughtful friends of true freedom—and there are such—who know from history and from reflection that civil liberties can be more easily won by gradual encroachment from a monarch, than ingrafted upon anarchy, or created by a stroke; and who hope that the present darkness may be a starting-point for the dawn of a better day. And, to sum up and conclude the whole, the continuance and stability of the new Emperor are earnestly desired by those politicians who feel with deep anxiety that he has no rival, and that if he were now to be cut off he could have no successor,—*who believe and know that between Louis Napoleon and anarchy lies at present no third alternative.* The honest Republicans are surprisingly few and feeble; the old politicians of the Chambers are loathed and scouted by all but their own small following; the country has not yet received the idea of the possibility of a Bourbon restoration; and the sins and short-comings of the Orleans princes must have

time to be forgotten before their chance can become a hopeful one. We doubt, from the best information we have been able to obtain, whether (putting aside the Reds and the *mauvais sujets*) out of the thirty-six millions of the French nation, a hundred men could be found who did not deliberately believe that the destruction or discomfiture of Louis Napoleon would be the most awful calamity that could happen to the country in the present posture of affairs.

But though the restoration of the Empire is thus generally welcome and popular in France, it is not to be denied that it has inspired profound disgust and melancholy among many of the better and more aspiring spirits of the nation. Few even of these, indeed, would be prepared to overthrow it, or to wish it overthrown; but they are cut to the heart that their country should so cheerfully acquiesce in such an oppressive rule, and by that acquiescence should confess its suitability. It is not that they resent the tyranny as a violent and wrongful imposition; they admit that France has resigned her liberties unreluctantly, if not voluntarily; but they feel grieved, disappointed, and discouraged by the unfitness for more advanced institutions implied in this ready submission to a despot. They are for the most part men to whom the free constitution of England has long been an object of unbounded admiration; who dreamed that it might be acclimated in France; who have toiled in faith and hope during the best years of life to make it strike root in their country, and to educate their countrymen to a perception of its value; and who are now forced to confess that their hopes were too sanguine, and their enterprise and exertions premature. They would have gathered France under the wings of freedom, under the ægis of a Parliament,—but she would not! They feel as men may be expected to feel who have sold everything to purchase a pearl of great price, and cast it down, as an offering of love, before trampling feet and unappreciating eyes. They laid, as they conceive, a real treasure on the altar of their worshipped country, and she has spurned the gift, and cursed the givers. They feel hurt, wounded, and disheartened. They look to the past, and they see every party in succession tried, and found wanting; every form of government in turn adopted and in turn cast aside as unsuitable, or falling to pieces from its inherent weakness; they see France slavish under a despotism, restless under a constitution, turbulent and unmanageable under a

republic,—seeking, like a sick man, in feverish changes of posture, the ease which his internal malady denies to him in any. They look at the present, and they see a military usurpation sanctioned by popular acclaim; the higher classes ignorant, prejudiced, and apathetic; the *bourgeoisie* corrupt, selfish, unpatriotic, and material; the working-classes victims of delusive theories, and ready to abjure their political existence. As orators and statesmen their mouths are closed and their occupation gone; as writers they are fettered and warned away; as patriots they scarcely know what to wish or recommend. Some have sought refuge in mere literary studies; some have abjured politics and public life for ever; some speak of voluntary exile, that at least their children may be citizens of a free land, and inheritors of a more hopeful future; some sit by in patient vigilance, waiting for whatever faint possibilities of amelioration may come to light in the next turn of Fortune's wheel; some—and these among the most thoughtful—are utterly despondent of the future, and speak of one military revolution after another, like those of the late Roman Empire, as the only prospect before them.

We, who, as our readers well know, never augured well of the Republic, and were never sanguine as to the success of Parliamentary Government, do not now despair as it is natural for those to do who were accustomed to look in that direction only for the realization of their patriotic hopes. Last year, and the year before, we explained at some length those features in the national character and moral condition of the French which made free political institutions so unworkable among that peculiar people; it is worth while now to give a glance at some of those *social* facts which make liberty so difficult and so unstable, and an autocratic rule so comparatively easy; and to inquire whether the dawn of a better day ought not to be looked for in a very different direction from that in which alone it has hitherto been deemed sane to seek it, and whether even the restored Empire, with all its bad antecedents and its inauspicious birth, with all the corrupt and all the sanguinary and all the tyrannical preliminaries of its inauguration, may not be designed by Providence as the avenue—sure though long—gloomy, ignominious, and full of tribulation, but still direct and unavoidable—to a quieter haven and a brighter sky.

#### I. The power of expansion—a field to ex-

patiate in—is a necessary of life to all energetic races. The multiplication of lucrative occupations, of means of livelihood, of productive channels of industry, is a necessary of life to all increasing populations. If numbers increase, and remunerative branches of industry do not increase in an equal ratio, poverty and distress must ensue; and poverty and distress generate discontent; and discontent thus generated inevitably makes the task of government difficult and thorny. The uneasy class is always a restless, and generally a turbulent and formidable one. If the activity and energy of the middle and educated classes, from want of objects, openings, and outlets, is compressed and denied a vent, it will find an irregular and dangerous expression in explosive action, which only the strongest government can successfully deal with. So long as each young man, as he arrives at manhood, finds scope and field for his powers and aspirations in some occupation or enterprise within his means and suited to his class—so long as employment is waiting for the peasant, commercial industry for the merchant and the clerk, the service of the state for the ambitious and the roving, and a political position for the wealthy and the noble, there is comparatively little to disturb or menace the stability of government or the peace and good order of society. But if any of these vents are closed, or if they should not increase as fast as numbers and energy require, the vigor which ought to be spent in pursuit of individual fortune will assuredly be directed to creating difficulties for the community and for its rulers.

Now we believe it will be found that one of the great permanent social difficulties of France arises from the fact that the openings and outlets for her increasing population, and especially for the middle and upper classes, are still inadequate, notwithstanding their decided augmentation in late years. We do not intend to weary our readers with statistics, though we have volumes of them at hand; but we will ask them to give a comparative glance at the condition of England and France with regard to the relative number and expansibility of their respective *débouchées*.

The population of the United Kingdom may be taken at about 27,000,000, and its annual augmentation, by the surplus of births over deaths, at 230,000.\* The population

\* The average surplus in England and Wales, during the five years ending with 1851, was 178,000. Of Scotland we have no account, and in



of France is now rather above 36,000,000; and its annual augmentation (which varies enormously from year to year) has averaged for the last eight years on record, about 135,000, reaching, however, sometimes as high as 200,000 and upwards. That is, we have to provide outlets or occupations for 230,000 persons annually, and our neighbors for 135,000, on pain of discomfort, discontent, and possible disorganization.

Now, the openings or *débouchées* for these numbers are, for Great Britain, the military, naval, and civil service of the state, commerce, manufactures, railways, India, and emigration to the colonies,—for France, the service of the state, commerce, manufactures, railways, and Algeria (which corresponds to our India), *but no colonies*. The army of France is far greater than ours, and her marine is said to employ nearly as many as ours,\* but in time of peace the *increase* in the numbers employed cannot be much greater with them than with us; and it is with *the absorption of the annual increase* of the population that we are now concerned. The civil *employés* in France are nearly twenty times as numerous as those of Great Britain,† but their army of *employés* can scarcely be augmented; and, as a more liberal commercial policy and a freer system of intercourse are adopted, it will have a tendency to diminish; whereas the tendency with us is rather towards an increase.‡

The increase of manufactures, and their power of absorbing the annual augmentation of the population, we have no means of ascertaining with statistical accuracy for either country. We know, however, that this increase has been very great in France, and still continues so, though there is no reason to believe that it advances with a pace as rapid as with us.§

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Ireland, we believe that there has been no surplus at all. The last two years, however, the increase in England has been much greater than this average. In 1851 it was 220,000.

\* The French army numbers 393,000 men; ours, 130,000. The French marine 27,000; ours, 40,000.

† French civil servants, 535,000; ours about 25,000.

‡ The real difference, too, it must be remembered, between the number of civil servants in the two countries is by no means as enormous as it appears—many of those who hold under the crown, in France, holding under the people or the local authorities in England.

§ It is, however, very important to bear in mind that as the tendency is always towards an *economy of labor* in manufacturing productions, any given amount produced represents yearly fewer hands employed, *i. e.*, a smaller amount of absorbed labor

The introduction of railways has, in recent years, supplied to France a most important opening for the industry both of the laboring and middle classes, and has done much towards finding a harmless and beneficial vent for the restless energy and active ambition that would otherwise have gone to swell the social elements of turbulence. Of the number employed in the construction of railways we have no account; but it must have been great. The number to whom the railways now completed (or about to be so) will furnish permanent occupation we estimate to be about 30,000, of all classes, workmen, engineers, clerks, and superintendents;\* and we shall not be far wrong if we anticipate an increase to this number, as railways spread, of about 1000 a-year.

Algeria is to France what India is to us, and more; for though its soil is far less productive, and its commerce incomparably smaller, yet it employs a much greater number of European troops, and attracts a much larger porportion of permanent colonists of the middle and laboring classes. It is, in fact, a colony as well as a military settlement. The number of civil *employés* of the upper classes (exclusive of clerks, policemen, &c.) in Algeria are now about 250; and the military force employed varies from 60,000 to 80,000 men. The native population resident in towns and villages, amounts to about 85,000, of whom 4000 are negroes, and nearly 20,000 Jews; the unsettled Arabs are about 3,000,000; and the European population in 1852 reached to 133,000, of whom however only 67,500 were French, and 42,500 Spaniards. During the last eight years the Europeans have increased about 74,000, of whom half may be French; but as part of this is natural augmentation, we cannot assume that Algeria affords an outlet of permanent colonization to the mother country for more than about 4000 persons annually.

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and population. Two persons now produce as much as three or four did twenty years ago, in many branches of industry.

\* We have not been able to procure from the French public offices any complete account of the railway *employés*; but the Rouen and Dieppe line of 174 miles, employed 947 persons, exclusive of engine drivers and stokers. By a Parliamentary return up to 30th June 1849, 5447 miles of railway then open in England gave regular occupation to 55,968 persons. From these data we calculate that the 3000 miles of French railway will employ about 30,000. The length of lines open at the beginning of 1850 was 1720 miles, with 1270 more in process of completion; a great proportion of which is now finished, or on the eve of being so.



There can be no doubt that Algeria is to France a possession of great value, and will probably become more and more so every year. The country now under French rule is about two-thirds the size of France, and contains 39,000,000 *hectares*; the soil is said to be fertile and well watered; the climate similar to that of the most favored parts of the south of Europe; and the productions many, various, and all excellent of their kind. The wheat, oil, and tobacco are said to be of the finest quality, and iron, zinc, and copper are among the exports. The country is being colonized, though not at our Anglo-Saxon rate; culture is extending, irrigation is much attended to, and many of the public works of the ancient possessors are being cleared out and made available. The French fondly look forward to the time when, by the help of Algeria, they will become altogether independent of foreign commerce, or (as they, in their ignorance of economical science, express it) when "they will be able to free themselves from the *tribute* which they now pay to other nations." They expect, too, gradually to extend their African territory by the ultimate absorption of Morocco on the one side, and Tunis on the other; they believe, and with reason, that they will be driven to this extension, as we have been in India, by a sort of inevitable fate—i.e., by that train of natural events which almost invariably succeed one another when a strong and intrusive race are side by side with feeble but aggressive neighbors. If we are wise, we shall offer them no hinderance in this fated career, which will occupy them probably for generations, and may drain off energy, wealth, and numbers that might and would be otherwise mischievously employed in Europe.

Other countries which have no colonies of their own relieve themselves of their superabundant numbers by emigration to foreign lands. The Germans, as we showed in a recent Article, are flocking to America at the rate of 100,000 a year. But this expatriation to alien countries where a different language and different habits prevail is distasteful to a sociable race like the French, and if we except a few who go to South America, Algeria remains their only vent. If, then, we add to the fact of their slowly developing commerce, of their stationary marine, of their only moderate progress in railway communication, and of the scantiness of their colonial resources, the further consideration that, with them, women engage in many of the occupations which are exclusively confined to men

with us, (as clerks, accountants, &c.)—and that, while many rush into *speculation*, the slow gains, and the laborious, obscure, and unexciting employments of regular commerce are still despised by the great majority of the educated classes,—we shall see ample reason to conclude that the various outlets and careers which France at present provides are insufficient for the absorption of her rising numbers or the employment of her restless energies. From this insufficiency inevitably arises one of the greatest dangers a government can have to encounter: in this is presented one of the hardest problems a government can be called upon to solve. Now, there is good reason to believe that both the Emperor and many among the party which supports him, are perfectly aware of the serious nature of the difficulty which is here presented to them, and will do their best to meet it; though imperfect education and confused ideas of political economy may often lead them to seek a solution by illegitimate means and in a wrong direction. Still he may do much, and his adherents expect that he will. He may, by preserving external and internal peace, give scope and time for that development of private enterprise which needs only security to achieve almost miracles of wealth;—and the spring which industrial undertakings have exhibited since the *coup*, affords a most encouraging earnest of the progress which, if guarded from interruption, they will make. He may facilitate and encourage the formation of new railways, which, both while constructing and when constructed, not only give employment to so many of all ranks, but open new channels of adventure, and aid prosperity and progress in a thousand ways;—and we know that he is anxious to do this. He may, both by the multiplication of railways, and by the many channels which are open to a centralized and interpenetrating administration like that of France, spread among the provinces the knowledge of new modes of investment and easy access to them, and thus, by showing to the people other and more lucrative ways of employing their savings, mitigate that inordinate competition for land, and that irrationally high price for it, which now create so much mischief and embarrassment among the peasant proprietary. Ignorant of shares and funds, and suspicious of the risks of trade, the industrious provincial has at present no conception of any other way of disposing of his cash except by purchasing some field adjoining to his own, which will probably yield

him only two per cent., while perhaps to complete the purchase he borrows from some notary at eight per cent. The new *Banque du crédit foncier*, questionable as are its principle and management, shows that the Government has its eye upon the evil. Lastly, Louis Napoleon may do something to make commercial occupations honorable, by honoring and respecting those engaged in them; and he may do much to mitigate one of the greatest difficulties of French enterprise and industry, by insuring and maintaining that tranquillity and order which alone is able, and is alone sufficient, to induce foreign capital to flow in torrents into the country. Want of capital is felt throughout France, and peace will not only attract it from abroad, but enable it to accumulate at home.

The subject of the condition of the working-classes is known to have occupied the mind of the new Emperor for many years;\* he is believed to be engaged in meditating some schemes for raising that condition, almost socialistic in their tendency; and he is certainly more fully alive than most of his predecessors on the throne to the vast importance, as regards the stability and comfort of Government, of securing ample employment and a low price of food for the people. Some recent mysterious and most costly operations in the corn market, which have been, with much appearance of probability, traced to his Government, and which must have been undertaken with the view of keeping down the price of wheat in France, throw considerable light upon the views and notions of Louis Napoleon on this head. They were most ingeniously exposed in the *Economist* two months ago.†

II. One of the peculiarities in the present state of French society, which is most hostile to the stability of political institutions and the extension of regulated liberty, is the absence of an Aristocracy—of a permanent, powerful, and wealthy class, which could act both as a connection and a barrier between the subject on one side, and the monarch on the other: which could at once maintain the throne against the discontent and turbulent aggressions of the populace, and protect the people against the encroachments of despotic power. The privileged and influential body which we have found throughout our history

such an invaluable bulwark both of liberty and of authority, exists no longer as a class in France. Many of the old noble families remain, but shorn of their influence, impoverished in their means, and shattered in their organization. Though the distinction of *feeling* between a noble and a *roturier* exists nearly as marked as ever, the *order* is gone. The law of equal inheritance destroyed it, far more effectually than the decrees which abolished a privileged Peerage by direct enactment. We are not going to discuss the relative merits of the law of primogeniture, and the law of equal subdivision of the patrimonial property: such an argument would require an entire treatise to do it justice. We are concerned now with only one or two of the social consequences of the latter system as it prevails in France. Primogeniture creates and maintains a class whose large possessions make them essentially conservative; whose ancestral traditions make them too proud to surrender, without a tenacious and prolonged struggle, any of their privileges to assaults from below, or any of their liberties to encroachments from above; whose mutual jealousies prevent them from combining to oppress the people, whose organization and common interests prevent them from succumbing to the unconstitutional ambition of the throne. The law of equal inheritance, by dissipating the wealth, dividing the estates, and destroying the feudal influence of the noble and the great, at once relieves them from the political obligations of nobility, and renders them powerless to fulfil them. The intermediate constitutional barrier is removed; and the people and its chief stand face to face, each left to his own unaided strength.

Further: The case of equal division creates great numbers who have just enough to live upon: enough to command many of the enjoyments of life—not enough to impose upon them the duties which large property, especially in land, almost always brings with it. They do not, like our younger sons, who have little or nothing, set to work to become the architects of their own fortune, and the creators of a new name; they live upon their scanty income, and the energy that ought to have been spent in earning a livelihood, is diverted into public channels; the excitement which the pursuit of wealth might have furnished them, they are driven to seek in political intrigue and party strife. They can afford to be idle; but idleness brings ennui, and ennui seeks refuge in exhausting dissipation, in the strife of journalism, in the passions

\* He is the author of a work on the Extinction of Pauperism.

† See the *Economist* newspaper for 13th November, 1852.

and intrigues of the Parliamentary arena, or (it may be and has often been) in conspiracies, *émeutes*, and revolutions. Moreover, their moderate share of a divided patrimonial inheritance, laid up in a napkin, instead of being put out to profitable use, constantly drawn upon and never augmented, is, in many cases, soon spent, and often lost; and when thus reduced to poverty, they become, not diligent, but desperate. An Englishman or an American would endeavor to retrieve his fortunes by energy, industry, and enterprise: a Frenchman, unaccustomed to labour, and habituated to despise it, seeks for his re-habilitation in the chapter of political accidents. It is true enough that we in England, especially in those classes most prone to need excitement and to suffer from ennui, have numbers of indolent and unoccupied men; but the great difference between the cases of the two communities is this: our idle men are generally *rich*; the idle men of Paris are generally *poor*. The men about town in England are either wealthy, or closely connected with those who are so, and therefore essentially conservative and aristocratic: in France they are, in overwhelming proportion, needy and embarrassed. The men who came to the surface in 1848, and who guided if they did not make the revolution, were, with scarcely an exception, over head and ears in debt.

Besides the danger to Government arising from this source, the standard of public morality suffers in a deplorable degree. The habits of the actual Parisian society involve all public and prominent men in an amount of expenditure which only ample fortunes could supply. But exceedingly few men in France have private property sufficient to sustain the luxury of lofty station, and of these few only a small portion enter into public life. A statesman who is at the same time a poor man, as most of them are, is therefore involved in expenditure which necessitates some supplemental source of income. Hence, not only the constant habit of French politicians of jobbing in the public and other securities, but the ready absolution given by general opinion to conduct which, in England, would stain a statesman's reputation past redemption. It is felt that in the majority of instances, a man who becomes a minister in France, *must* job, in order to make both ends meet.

Now, we found in France, among reflecting politicians of nearly all parties, not only a general and increasing conviction of the mischief wrought by this law of equal divis-

ion in preventing the accumulation and circulation of capital, and in prohibiting the formation of a powerful, permanent, and wealthy class,—but a strong impression that the present ruler of the country would and ought to attempt some modification or repeal of the law in question. The Emperor, they say, may do this: no one else could. No popular or representative Government would dare even to propose its abrogation or alteration: the passion for equality among the French people makes them cling to this law with a morbid and irrational tenacity. But a despotic government might brave the first opposition which would certainly be aroused by the proposition of a change; and in a few months the popular indignation would have spent itself, and would die away. The greatest difference of opinion, however, prevails as to the extent to which it is desired that the Emperor should, and expected that he will, modify the existing regulation. One party thinks that, considering how small the families generally are in France, it would be sufficient to allow the father *two* child's portions to dispose of instead of only one as at present,\* and that this is the limit of change which it would be safe or possible to attempt. The Legitimists, many of them, hope that Louis Napoleon will go much further than this, and leave the matter entirely at the option of the parent, in which case they imagine that most of the noblesse, and many of the wealthier *bourgeoisie*, in order to found or to maintain a family, would revert to the custom of primogeniture, and endow an eldest son. Others, again—and these we believe to be best informed as to his intentions and opinions—suppose that he will compromise the matter by authorizing the creation of *majorats*, for which step he would have the sanction of his uncle's example. The mode of operation, it is imagined, would be this:—He would enact that any man of a certain rank—or perhaps without any limitation as to rank—possessed of a certain amount of wealth, might create a *majorat*; i.e., might set apart a specified portion of his income or his property, landed or funded, as an endowment for his eldest or his chosen son, (the remainder to be divided among the

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\* The existing law enacts that the property shall be divided into as many portions as there are children, *and one over*. Over this supplementary portion alone has the father testamentary power. If he has five children he may give to any one he chooses, not *one-fifth*, but *two-sixths*. If he has three children, he may give one of them not *one-third*, but *two-fourths*, or *one half*, and so on.



children in equal proportion,) which endowment should descend undivided and entailed in the direct course of primogeniture. Thus, if a marshal of the Empire, or an old marquis, or a millionaire banker, had a property, say of two million of francs, he should be authorized to set apart one million as an endowment for the *majorat*, which should descend unbroken from eldest son to eldest son, through future generations, while the remaining million should be divided among all the children according to the provisions of the actual law. By this means a race of men would be created of ample and of certain incomes, who by that circumstance alone would not only become a stable class, but, as with us, would naturally form the class out of whom statesmen would be chosen, inasmuch as their wealth would give them means of studying the art of government and preparing themselves for taking part in it,—would exempt them from the low temptations to which needy politicians are exposed, and would render them too influential to be lightly neglected or alienated by any ruler. They might not be a titled or a privileged class, but they would enjoy most of the power and discharge many of the functions of an aristocracy; and they might form a body with which the old noblesse—now so ignorant, proud, prejudiced, and indolent—might amalgamate with advantage, and in which it might in time be merged.

III. Some of the most formidable difficulties which the present or indeed any Government has to contend with in France, arise from the mode in which the army is recruited. The soldiers there do not, as with us, choose the military profession as a career, enlist voluntarily and enlist for life; but every year a list is made up of the young men in each department who attain their twentieth year, and out of this number (about 250,000) 80,000 conscripts are selected by ballot. These serve in the ranks for seven years, and then return into the mass of citizens. The evil consequences of this system are manifold. In the *first* place, as all conscripts are rejected who are under size, who are feeble in health, or who suffer under any bodily defect or incapacity, the troops consist of the *élite* of the nation's youth, physically speaking, and those who are left at home to cultivate the soil, perform the peaceful functions of citizens, and *perpetuate the race*, are the inferior and rejected portion. To this circumstance, it is said, much of the physical deterioration of *the people* is to be ascribed, and we can be-

lieve, with much truth. *Secondly*, when these conscripts, after having passed the seven most active and impressible years of their life in the idle, dissipated, roving career of the garrison and the camp, are disbanded and mingle with their fellow-countrymen, they are without any trade or occupation, little disposed perhaps to learn one, and at all events untaught and without the manual and professional skill which early practice can alone give. They commence industrial avocations often with distaste, always at a disadvantage; and the sentiment of superiority which they must in many respects feel as compared with those around them, increases and fosters their discontent. *Thirdly*, by this arrangement, not only is a vast portion of the French people trained to the use of arms and the manœuvres both of regular and desultory warfare, but *the army consists of young soldiers and the people of veterans*: the *enrolled* troops are (comparatively) the raw levies; the *disbanded* troops are the experienced soldiers. The result is, that in any insurrection, *émeute*, or street fighting, the insurgents not only can readily find admirably trained men to organize and lead them, but in the main may and often do consist of these very men. The best troops are on the side of the revolutionary mobs. In England, a handful of soldiers are a match for thousands of undisciplined civilians. In France, rebels and regiments meet on nearly equal terms. It is said—we cannot say with what truth—that Louis Napoleon is fully alive to the dangers and mischiefs arising from this source, and that he intends to reorganize at least a portion of the army on the footing of voluntary enlistment for life, or for twenty years. If he does this he may largely reduce the army without rendering it one whit less efficient.

IV. Those who have watched the interior workings of society in France long and close at hand, are inclined to attribute much of that uselessness and discontent which is one of its most striking features, and which is the despair both of the friends of order and the friends of freedom, to the national system of education. This is considered to embody two characteristic errors, both of which are dangerous, and both of which operate in the same direction,—it is too literary and too little industrial and utilitarian, and it is too uniform for all classes. The great proportion of those who attend it acquire, it is said, a smattering of literature, just sufficient to give them a distaste for the humble and useful



occupations of their parents, a desire for intellectual excitement of a miscellaneous and often of a low description, and a conceit of their own fitness for careers and professions which demand a really liberal and comprehensive education. Then members of various grades and classes in the social scale are instructed together, in the same schools, in the same mode, and on the same subjects, to a degree of which we have no example here. If the peasant, the grocer, or the tailor can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same seminary as the son of the proprietor whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy who ought to be a laborer or a petty tradesman, sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune, or the civil service of the State. This system arises out of the passion for equality, and fosters it in turn. The result is, that each one naturally learns to despise his own destination, and to aspire to that of his more fortunate school-fellow. The grocer's son cannot see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, or a statesman, as well as the wealthier and noble-born lad who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task. Hence numbers who might have remained useful, respectable, and contented citizens in their own humble line, are tempted to "rush out of their sphere," and emulate those whose wealth and social position give them most advantages in the race. Defeated competition with those of higher rank becomes in their ill-regulated minds conspiracy against the rank itself, and the state of society to which they attribute their defeat. Instead of following their parents' career, they aspire to that of their companions, and their parents' ambition often stimulates them to the unequal strife. They go to Paris or some large provincial town, become students of Medicine or of Law, or, if still more ambitious, and gifted with any superficial cleverness, attempt the ruinous and disappointing channel of the Press. They fail from incapacity, indolence, imperfect education, dissipated habits, or want of means to continue the struggle; they become *hommes manqués*, and degenerate into *émeutiers*, *chevaliers d'industrie*, (*Anglicé*, sharpers,) or malignant penny-a-liners.\*

\* Some steps have been already taken to mitigate the evil, by rendering the instructions given in the national seminaries, especially the primary and continental ones, less literary and more practical.

There is another subject which has always been one of great perplexity and surprise to Englishmen—the state of the press in France, the mode in which it is treated, and the light in which it is regarded. We have never been able fully to comprehend, in a nation so enlightened and unrestrained as the French, either the ceaseless war which every Government, whatever was its origin and constituent elements, has always waged against journalism, nor the quietness and apparent satisfaction with which its despotic and merciless repression by Louis Napoleon has been received and acquiesced in. Napoleon the Great always declared, that if the press were left free, as in England, it would not only destroy every administration and every party, but would render all government impossible in France; and every successive ruler or ministry which has held the reins of power has, either avowedly or implicitly, confirmed his statement. Legitimate monarchs, despotic monarchs, monarchs by popular choice, administrations composed of journalists and men of letters, assemblies chosen by universal suffrage,—have all vied with one another in the severity of their laws for gagging and muzzling the press, and in the rigor with which they have prosecuted editors and newspaper-writers. And what is strangest of all is, that, of late years at least, the people seem to have approved and sanctioned this repressive action of the authorities. Charles X. endeavored to put down the freedom of the press by illegal ordinances, but the attempt cost him his throne. Louis Philippe succeeded him, and called to his Cabinet the very men whose fame and fortune had been made by journalism; but no sooner was he firmly established on the throne, than he found or deemed it necessary to turn round upon the power which had mainly contributed to his elevation, and both Thiers and Guizot supported him in restrictive laws and constant prosecutions. Juries were generally ready to convict, and judges always ready to inflict the severest penalties. When Louis Philippe was replaced by a Republic, an assembly elected by universal suffrage not only required a very heavy *cautionnement* to be deposited as security for good behavior before any one was allowed to establish a journal, but struck the most fatal blow ever aimed at the influence of the press, by the law which enacted that every writer must affix his name to his articles,—thus depriving him both of the shelter and the weight of the anonymous. Moreover, during this time of popular government,

there was, we believe, only one instance in which a jury refused to convict in the case of a newspaper prosecution. Lastly, the very first act of the President after the *coup de état* was to destroy all remains of freedom and independence in the daily press; and no one of his acts assuredly met with such general, cordial, or prompt approval. Some were indignant at being denied a channel for the expression of their indignation: some deplored the impossibility which resulted of obtaining accurate information as to public occurrences; some thought the repression needlessly stringent; but of the wisdom, the justice, the necessity, and the beneficent operation of some such measure, at all events as a temporary one, we scarcely heard two opinions among the leaders and respectable men of all parties in France.

The truth is, that by little and little the newspaper press, with a few exceptions, had fallen from the high position and character it once enjoyed to a state of the most unbounded and merited contempt and aversion. It had ceased to be a public protector, and had become a public enemy and a public danger. It respected nothing, and was respected by no one. After the Restoration and up to 1830, it was chiefly in the hands of able, instructed, honorable men—often ambitious, sometimes unscrupulous, but still men of earnest convictions, resolute purpose, and high attainments. About 1829, it had reached its highest glory and its widest influence. Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant were gone from the stage; but Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Salvandy, Armand Carrel, and many others, were in the noon-day of activity and strength, and labored to inoculate the country with their principles in the columns of the *Globe*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *National*. As the reading public multiplied, and the fame and power of journalism increased, new papers were set on foot, but these were unavoidably conducted by men of less ability and knowledge, supplying an inferior article, and satisfied with a lower remuneration. The Revolution of 1830 carried many of the writers of the highest genius and reputation into the Ministry; from journalists they became active and practical statesmen, and of course had to abandon their previous vocation. The consequences were two-fold:—*First*, Their places had to be supplied by men of far lower attainments and capacities and less fixed and sincere opinions, who endeavored to make up in piquancy what their *articles wanted in solidity and value, and like*

bad cooks, attempted to disguise by unlimited salt and pepper the poverty of their materials and the imperfection of their workmanship. *Secondly*, The success of the first class of writers, whose pens had gained them Ministerial portfolios, inflamed to the utmost degree the ambition of every smart Parisian or aspiring provincial who imagined himself endowed with any literary talent; the friends and relations of those who had been thus successful implored them to introduce them into the career of journalism; new journals were established which had to force a circulation as they best might, by universal *dénigrement*, by spicing highly, and attacking indiscriminately; the class of contributors became worse and worse, and newspaper writing from being an honorable profession, sank to the ignominy of a trade. Then one of the chief of these competitors for public favor (Emile de Girardin, we believe) set the example of lowering the price of his paper, in the hope of securing a wider circulation than his rivals. This obliged him, first, to lower the rate of remuneration to his contributors, and of course to be contented with an inferior set; and, secondly, to write down to a lower audience, and pepper more coarsely still. Political articles were not always stimulating enough for appetites that had long fed on garbage and on poison, so the *feuilletons* of Eugene Sue's stamp were introduced, and completed the degradation and denaturalization of the public taste. Things went on thus till a considerable portion of the press got into the hands of mere literary bravos, assassins, panders, and adventurers, without principles, without convictions, of perverted and mutilated powers, of imperfect and superficial knowledge, mere manufacturers for money, who would often write at the same moment for two hostile journals, and on opposite sides of the same question, and who respected neither the decencies of private life nor the duties of a public station. Of course there were journals to whom these observations would not apply; but with these exceptions, if we take our "Satirist," "Northern Star," "The Nation," and other of the more violent Irish papers, we shall have a pretty fair idea of the sort of political excitement which was daily served up to the Parisian public. Journalism had lost its character, but not its power. It became a discredit to men of real ability and reputation to be connected with it. Much of it sank to what it is now—a common sewer—*un véritable égout*, as we heard one leading minister

describe it. Still it exercised influence over the hasty and fiery temperaments of Frenchmen which our cooler and more phlegmatic spirits cannot adequately estimate. It still acted as a firebrand and a poison; it still had power to arouse the passions of that excitable people, just as a dram can madden and intoxicate, though known by the drinker to be noxious and adulterated;—and when Louis Napoleon put it down with so relentless a gripe, the nation thanked him, as we might thank a despot who withheld “fire-water” from the Red Indian savages around us, or who shut up gin-shops in a time of popular fury and commotion.

The death of journalism in France was probably necessary to its resurrection in a purer spirit and a healthier frame. The time will come, sooner or later—the adherents even of the new Emperor avow their expectation of prick time—when a period of peace and quiet shall have calmed the furious passions which revolution after revolution has engendered and nursed; when France, restored by fasting to a sound and healthy appetite, shall be anxious for some wholesome food; and when the desire for the discussion of political and social interests, natural to an intellectual people, will revive, and may be safely and moderately indulged. Men qualified to instruct and guide the people, may then, without discredit, engage in periodical literature, without the fear of being dishonored by low associates, without being compelled to lower their style to the taste of pallid or *blasé* readers. Reviews, in the first instance, and then weekly papers will, it is hoped, recommence the political education of the nation, and the rational and reflective criticism of the Government; and when the tone and character of the newspaper press has been restored, daily journals may follow with comparative safety and hope of patriotic service. These are the hopes of the more thoughtful of the French politicians, and the belief of many. The present restrictions, they say, are only fitted to a state of crisis and transition, and are to be judged of only as provisional and temporary. If, when order is fully re-established, they are not judiciously and gradually relaxed, discontent and resistance will ultimately ensue. France cannot, ought not, will not submit to be permanently deprived of free discussion.

It is the opinion of many of the most experienced and philosophical observers in France that the Emperor has before him a rich harvest of splendid possibilities if he has

the talents, the judgment, and the patriotism to see them and to strive for them. His position is one of enormous and almost unparalleled advantages. He has the power of an oriental despot added to the sanction of the most unanimous choice of the people. He has no rival and no opposition. He has arrived at supreme authority at a moment when France, worn out with strife and tumult, and alarmed at the prospect of anarchy which a year ago menaced them so fiercely, is clamorous at once for a master and a protector. One point in his character is especially relied on; people are satisfied that he will shrink from *nothing* which is requisite to maintain order, and suppress insurrection; that he will not, like Louis Philippe, cast down his power from want of nerve or resolution to uphold it. We found that the burden of conversation on every side was the same—“We are weary of ceaseless and purposeless strife; we are sick of politics; we can no longer bear to live under the harass of perpetual alarms—alarms which those who know what fearful elements of mischief and disorganization exist in French society—how full is Paris, and indeed nearly all France, of liberated galley-slaves, of fanatic socialists, of escaped or pardoned insurrectionists—are little disposed to deride as unfounded or exaggerated.” With a nation in this prostrate, fatigued, and obedient state of mind, with power as unlimited as his, and with a resolute and unrelenting will, the Emperor *may* do much—everything for France. *Will* he? Has he the capacity? Has he the knowledge? Has he the due sense of his position? His friends and the cooler and more hopeful observers (who, however, are seldom very numerous in France) reason thus, in a tone which in some is little more than wish, and in others rises into sanguine anticipation, and almost into prophecy:—that the present tyranny is only transitional, adapted to a dangerous crisis and a deep-seated malady, and must be judged as such; that a period of stern and iron rule is absolutely necessary in order to crush into absolute hopelessness all insurrectionary and revolutionary parties, and to give time for the turbid and muddy elements of society to settle down into calm stagnation, and for the great central ideas of religion, of duty, of patriotism, of family, to take root again in the mind of the nation; that some years devoted to repose, to recovery, to the pursuit of national prosperity, must be allowed before France is ready again for the efforts and the sacrifices of citizen-



ship; that, in fact, an interval of calm as rigid and unbroken as the grave, is an indispensable vestibule to a better, a serener, and a healthier life. They urge, moreover, that gradual improvements may be ingrafted on a stable Government, and gradual liberties be wrung out of a despotic one; but that all history, and French history most of all, too clearly shows that from the *overthrow* of authority, neither freedom nor order can arise, and that revolution can only, after much tribulation and many sufferings, terminate in restoration. The nation has twice, at least, had *carte blanche* as to its own future, and both times it has failed to construct anything fitted or desirable to last. They affirm, too, that Louis Napoleon has a clear perception of the needs of France, and has planned several reforms which will be abiding blessings to the country, long after he and his dynasty shall have passed away. Finally, they declare, and we believe with perfect truth, that there exists now in France a strong reactionary tendency, an increasing and spreading conviction that something of the past must be recalled before an enduring basis for any political system can be laid; that whatever of loyalty, of chivalry, of religious sincerity yet remains in France must be satisfied, embraced, and enlisted, in any Government that is to remain. Their hope and wish, therefore,—the solution of affairs which alone seems to them to offer a rational and vivid prospect of permanent good and ultimate tranquillity,—is, that the Emperor, having done his work of pacifying, consolidating, and compressing France, and laying broad and deep the foundation of an aristocracy of statesmen, and a *bourgeoisie* of prosperous habits and commercial propensities, shall pass away without direct lineal heirs; that he should be succeeded by Henri V., who will rally to the re-established throne the clergy and the Legitimists, and that he in his turn dying without progeny, the crown shall naturally pass to the Comte de Paris, who will regather the Orleanists under his wings. In this scheme, each party in France will have had its restoration; one by one the throne will have gathered round it and attached to it all rival sections, the Imperialists, the Bourbonists, and the adherents of Louis Philippe's family; and the Republicans alone, too few to be important, will alone have been left out. Moreover, at each successive change of rulers, the French nation may easily, if it knows how, obtain an extension of its political liberties; and with the Comte de Paris will come back to power—

instructed and chastened by the lessons of the past—those friends of parliamentary government who shall have survived to that riper day, and whose offences the nation shall by that time have forgiven. The cycle of changes, twice trodden with little profit, will at length have come to a peaceable and natural termination.

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|--------------------|---------|--------------------|---------|
| Republic. . . .    | (1793.) | Republic. . . .    | (1848.) |
| Empire. . . .      | (1804.) | Empire. . . .      | (1862.) |
| Restoration. . . . | (1814.) | Restoration. . . . | ( )?    |
| Orleanism. . . .   | (1830.) | Orleanism. . . .   | ( )?    |

But for the working out of this *euthanasia* of revolutionism, time, quiet, and the life of Louis Napoleon are needed. The chances of the future may be marred by three possibilities, war, bankruptcy, or assassination. The last—an accident on which it would be vain to speculate—would of course cut short all hopes. Bankruptcy might be fatal to him by the universal indignation it would excite among all that is respectable or wealthy in the nation, and how to equalize the revenue and the expenditure, without some such disgraceful catastrophe, is one of the knottiest problems he has now to solve.\* Retrenchment and an income-tax combined—if he have courage for the one and self-denial for the other—may save him. Lastly, comes the question of peace and war—a most momentous one for us, for France, and for all Europe. Without peace, the calm and consolidation requisite for the reorganization of the country cannot be obtained. Does Louis Napoleon intend, and will he be able, to keep the peace? To answer this question we must consider carefully, first, his *character*; secondly, his *professions*; thirdly, his obvious *interests*; and fourthly, the necessities of his position. These are difficult problems for solution: on this subject, as on most others, accurate knowledge is not easy of attainment in France. "Truth (as Barrow says) cannot be discerned amid the smoke of wrathful expressions;" and the passions of those nearer to the scene of action, and, therefore, most favorably placed for observation, are still so violent and angry, that their statements and opinions are rather misleading than informing. Nevertheless, having had opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of most parties in France respecting the new Emperor, and having, it is fair to state, conversed with five of his enemies for one of his friends, we shall endeavor to lay before our

\* The *Moniteur* states, that the deficit of 1852 has been reduced to 40,000,000 francs, but this statement, like most official ones in France, must, we fear, be received with hesitation.



readers what, in our judgment, is the real state of the case.

In the first place, it is quite certain, and is now beginning to be admitted, even by his bitterest enemies, that Louis Napoleon is not the foolish imbecile it was so long the fashion to consider him. Those who aided in recalling him to France, and elevating him to the Presidency, under the impression that one so silly and *borné* would be rendered a pliant tool in their hands, soon found that they reckoned without their host. His *mind*, it is true, is neither capacious, powerful, nor well-stored; but his moral qualities are of a most rare and serviceable kind. His talents are ordinary, but his perseverance, tenacity, power of dissimulation, and inflexibility of will, are extraordinary. He is a memorable and most instructive example that great achievements are within the reach of a very moderate intellect, when that intellect is concentrated upon a single object, and linked with unbending and undaunted resolution. Moreover, his mental endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally shrewd, secret, and impenetrable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England: he has devoted his mind to that one subject. He is, too, a deep thinker. He *ponders* much; which few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened, by silent meditation, whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and speaks well; and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social condition of France, till on these subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable crotchets, which a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself, without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous, and unexpected. The minutest details of the *coup d'état* were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and

Thiers down to Faucher, who have endeavored to lead, drive, or govern him, have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he rose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech, he observed to his Minister for Foreign Affairs, who sat next him—"Now I am going to astonish you not a little." When he announced his intention of visiting Abdel Kader at Amboise, Gen. St. Amand expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech, expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the President quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to his captive his approaching freedom, that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new Emperor, must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon, if we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation *only*. The most prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular *romanesque* imagination,—which often overrides all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spurs him on to actions and attempts which seem insane if they fail, and the acme of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the *coup d'état* of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his "star." He is even a blinder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the Dynasty of the Bonapartists, and the old glories of the Empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile, and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failure in no degree discouraged him, or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He "bided his time:" the time came: he struck and won. After such success—after having risen in four years from being an impoverished exile to being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—~~after having~~

discomfited, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France,—we may well believe that his faith in his “destiny” is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further pinnacle of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him after a Past so eventful, marvellous, and demoralizing.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition he dissimulates or postpones: he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and inscrutable, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favorable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will. This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this delineation we add that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him, and who have lived intimately with him; that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and his means; and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy, we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as *certain and reliable* regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of this country more especially—to study closely, and to watch unresistingly. Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation, what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve? He never abandons an idea or a project; he recoils from no rashness; he believes in no impossibility. Why should he? After the marvellous past, why should he doubt the future? He succeeded in the *coup d'état*—why should he fail in a *coup de main extérieur*? He believed himself destined to restore the Empire: he has restored it. He believes himself destined to recover the imperial boundary line, and to wipe out the memory of Waterloo: is he likely to shrink from the adventure? It is said that he admires England and her institutions, and that he is grateful for the kindness and protection that he met

with while among us. Both we believe to be true; but when did considerations of this sort ever restrain a politician who believes in “his star?”

One other feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day, the nature of the government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and *justesse d'esprit* on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that, if he treads in his footsteps, he may aspire to emulate his glory. This is a sentiment eminently misleading, and full of danger. The talents of the two men are so wholly different, the internal condition and, to a great extent, the character and feelings of the nation have been so changed by thirty-five years of peace and free institutions, that maxims and modes of proceedings sound and expedient *then*, may be utterly inapplicable *now*. The dazzling fame and the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon I. may be the *ignis fatuus* which will lure astray Napoleon III. to discomfiture and ruin.

The *words* of Louis Napoleon—that is, his public announcements and professions—unhappily can never be relied on as indicative of his intentions; but if regarded at all must be interpreted by the rule of contraries. By repeated and most flagrant perjuries he has forfeited all reasonable hope of being believed, even when he speaks with sincerity and truth. Hence when he proclaimed, “L'Empire, c'est la paix,” we are reluctantly compelled to put the announcement aside as conveying no meaning, and giving no clue to his real views and purposes. Other words, however, spoken and written at earlier times, and when there existed no direct or immediate motives for deception, may afford us the indication we desire of his habitual ideas, and his fixed, permanent, and long-matured designs. Now we know that long ago, at Ham and before, he repeatedly declared his belief, that he was destined to restore the Empire, and to recover the old boundaries of France. We know that before the Chamber of Peers he said, that “he represented a principle, a cause, and a

defeat: the principle, the sovereignty of the people as opposed to legitimacy; the cause, the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo." We know that very recently he held up as Napoleon's strongest title to the gratitude of Frenchmen, that he abdicated rather than consent to her dismemberment—i.e., her confinement to her former limits. We believe, too, (we cannot say we *know*, because our information is at one remove from first authority,) that he has more than once avowed to his intimates his determination to have a page of history to himself, and his idea of realizing his ambitious dream by an achievement which no one since William, Duke of Normandy, has attempted. So much for his language.

His immediate and obvious *interests* all lie on the side of peace. With the great mass of the French people of all classes any war would now be most unpopular. They want rest; they want prosperity; they want time to devote to the restoration of their shattered fortunes, and the advancement of industry and wealth. They dread the increased taxation which war would inevitably bring. The more reflective among them—and in this class might be mentioned some of the first military men in the nation—deprecate a war, because they believe it would be a war of aggression; therefore, probably, a war against combined Europe; therefore, in the end, an unsuccessful one, and likely to be visited with heavy retaliation and certain dismemberment. The *ouvriers* know that war would put a stop to much of the public and private expenditure which now causes their prosperity. The commercial classes hate war instinctively as well as rationally. The railroads, and the constant intercourse they have encouraged, and the extensive intermarriages, connections, and interlacing of interests which this intercourse has brought about—all cry out loudly and powerfully for peace, especially for peace with England. The turbulent and unprincipled journalists, who used to be the great clamorers for war, and the mischief makers who strove to fan every trifling misunderstanding into a bloody quarrel, are now effectually silenced. The Emperor is well aware of all this; the enthusiastic reception of his pacific speech at Bordeaux must have confirmed his previous knowledge of the pacific desires of the people; and we have had ample opportunities of ascertaining that his own friends and supporters of all ranks of civilians, deprecate war in the most earnest manner. Louis Napoleon is, we believe, sincerely desirous

to promote the interests of France, and perfectly aware that a war would be most inimical to those interests. He also perceives clearly how dangerous and impolitic it would be for himself and his position; and he has more than once repeated the argument we put forth more than a year ago when urging upon him a pacific policy, viz., that war would be a suicidal folly in a civilian like himself; for that an unsuccessful war would destroy him, and that the fruits of a successful one would be reaped by the general who led it. If, therefore, Louis Napoleon is guided by his own interests, or by his own clear perception of those interests, he will not voluntarily and deliberately engage in war.

But we must take into account not only Louis Napoleon's interests, but his passions. Now, it is notorious that his anger is vehemently excited against both England and Belgium, and for the same reasons. Both countries harbor his personal enemies and the refugees from his tyranny; and the press in both countries has been unmeasured and unceasing in its abuse of him. Both countries he believes to be centres of perpetual plots against his government; and if he supposed that he could seize the conspirators by a sudden inroad, like that by which his uncle obtained possession of the Duke d'Enghein, we greatly question whether any motive of decency or prudence could restrain him from making the attempt. In the case of Belgium, too, his irritation is shared by a great number of persons in France; and with the French nation the strongest motive for an attack on Belgium would not be the territorial aggrandizement, but the hunting out of what they regard as a nest of calumniators and conspirators.

Now let us cast a hasty glance at those peculiarities of Louis Napoleon's *position* which may leave him no free choice as to the line of action he shall adopt, and may compel him to be guided neither by his judgment, his imagination, nor his passions, but by his necessities. The present prosperity of France is great, and the revenue is improving, but the deficit is large, and the public expenditure on a most extravagant scale. The unfunded debt is more extensive than is at all safe, and it is scarcely likely that a loan could be easily negotiated, at least in the open market of the world. Embarrassed finances, though in one point of view they may make war difficult, may, on the other hand, drive the Emperor into some rash and desperate step to rehabilitate them. A



an enemy's country can be made to support itself; and a triumphant army abroad, besides the possibility of levying tribute and indemnity, it might be hoped, would cost less than an unemployed but fully equipped army at home. This may not be a very wise or sound speculation; but we know that men in pecuniary difficulties are notoriously adventurous and wild; and something must be done soon to bring expenditure and revenue to a balance.

But the real difficulty lies with the army. *Res dura et regni novitas* may compel the Emperor to do what, if left to himself, and if omnipotent, he would most desire to avoid. Though it is not true that he relies solely on the army; though his hold over the affections and wishes of the nation is general and strong; yet it is unquestionably to the army in the first instance that he owes his elevation; the army is now the *active* agent in all political movements; and he must content the army if he wishes to retain his power. It is exceedingly numerous, reaching to nearly 400,000 men of all arms. Of these, Algeria employs at the outside 80,000, and Rome 20,000. The remainder are either employed as policemen, or are not employed at all. Now, the members of every profession wish for occupation: no man likes to rust away; and the members of the military profession long, in addition, for prize-money, and promotion, and adventure. Only a very limited number of them can be satisfied and kept quiet with decorations and pecuniary advantage; the others become only the more restless, envious, and ambitious. If we except a few of the older and wiser generals, the army as a whole desires war. It cannot be otherwise: it is natural: it is notorious. Part of the army is already disaffected, and can only be restored to and retained in its allegiance by the lucrative and tempting prospects which war holds out. If the President reduced the army to such a number as could be fully employed in Algeria, Italy, and at home, he might keep his hold upon it without war, but he would make irreconcilable enemies of the officers who were thus reduced to half-pay. If he retains the army at its present or nearly its present magnitude, he must, in order to satisfy it, and to regain and enforce his hold upon its affections or adherence, employ it. He must engage in war, whatever be its dangers, at home or abroad. When placed, as he must soon be, between the alternatives of disgusting the people by war, or disgusting the army by peace, he *must choose the former*; for the army might

defend him against the people; the people could never defend him against the army. The people would be passive: the army would be active.

The army is even now notoriously restless and dissatisfied. The Algerine regiments are inclined to the Orleans family; many of those at home are strongly infected with Republican or Socialist opinions;—a war, especially a sudden, dashing, and successful war, would at once rally them all to the imperial *régime*. Louis Napoleon knows all this well. He will not like to be forced or hurried; and war may probably be his last card, but it is one which, sooner or later, he must play. His only security, and ours, would be in a disbanding of 70,000 of the most disaffected troops, and *the suspension or great reduction of the conscription for the next two years*. If he does not do this we may look out for the only other resource.

But Louis Napoleon may not only be driven to war as a matter of necessary policy, which, if successful, would consolidate his throne, and even if not immediately or brilliantly so, would postpone his dangers;—he may be driven to it, if his fortunes become gloomy, and failure and destruction threaten him at home. If he sees his power slipping from under him, he is exactly the man to make a desperate, even an absurdly wild attempt to recover it, by a sudden attack upon England. If such an attempt should be temporarily successful, or even brilliant in its failure, it would give him a new lease of power:—if otherwise, it would, as he well knows, dazzle the excitable and jealous fancies of the French, and impart a sort of lurid and *grandiose* lustre to his fall. At all events, if a landing were effected, and a serious amount of injury inflicted, (as could scarcely fail to be the case,) he would have gratified one passion of his morbid mind, and have gained a gaudy, though a stained and disgraceful “page of history to himself.”

To sum up the whole. All the obvious and well understood *interests* of Louis Napoleon dictate to him the preservation of peace, and the direction of all his energies to the development of the commerce, internal industry, and general resources of France; and he himself is perfectly, coolly, and avowedly aware of this. But he believes that, sooner or later, his *destiny* is war; he is conscious also that the necessities of his position may leave him no choice in the matter; and, finally, desperation may drive him to what prudence would peremptorily forbid.



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## MISCELLANEA LITERARIA.

### ON HEREDITARY MISFORTUNE IN CERTAIN FAMILIES.

"Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,  
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem."

OVID.

"Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;  
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee."

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"The world is full of strange vicissitudes."  
"Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

LORD BYRON.

MANY people fancy, or try to persuade themselves, that there is no such thing as good or bad luck. The words are simple, colloquial, intelligible, of honest Saxon descent, and as much in use as any in our language. But there are stiff, prim objectors, who affect to be shocked when these terms are applied to the affairs of men. They start as if piety was invaded, and the doctrine of predestination making insidious approaches under a masked battery. According to their orthodoxy the events of every man's life are in his own hands, to be regulated by his own conduct. If he is in the right course he will succeed. If he has strayed into a wrong path he will fail. The wise man cannot miss the mark, which the fool can never approach. Actions govern fate. "Fate," says the greatest of modern poets, in 1823, "is a good excuse for our own will." Home, the author of *Douglas* (and a clergyman besides), many years before, wrote and printed in the first edition of his tragedy that circumstances could be controlled by determination, and that

"Persistent wisdom is the fate of man."

But he raised an outcry under which he quailed, and in the next edition expunged the line, and explained away the hypothesis. A theory such as this is plausible as well as wholesome, if it could be carried out to a logical or practical conclusion. But it breaks down before arriving at either. Daily experience, the authority of history, and above all, the study of the inspired writings, teach us that it is impossible. Le Sage (in "*Gil Blas*") quotes from an anonymous Pope, who

says, "Quand il vous arrivera quelque grand malheur examinez vous bien, et vous verrez qu'il y aura toujours un peu de votre faute"— "Whenever any heavy misfortune happens to you examine yourself well, and you will be sure to find that it is in some measure your own fault." With all deference to his Holiness, his dictum will encounter many dissentient voices. Reader, were you ever in a house when the next room lodger set fire to his curtains by reading in bed, and burnt you out in a mortal terror, with the loss of all your moveables? Were you ever upset with the fracture of ribs, arms, or legs, in a stage coach, or a railway train, by the wilful carelessness of the conductors? Were you ever gored by a bull, bit by a mad dog, or shot by an unskilful sportsman when you were walking in the fields? Were you ever assaulted, plundered, and thrown into a ditch by three footpads, when you were sauntering in a secluded lane, full of gentle aspirations, and enjoying the tranquillity of the evening? Were you ever run over by an omnibus when you were not crossing a crowded thoroughfare, but trying hard to keep out of the way? Were you ever arrested in mistake for another, or subpoenaed on a trial in a case of which you knew nothing, when you were just setting out on a most important journey? Did your carriage ever break down when half-an-hour would have enabled you to prevent a weak relative from making a foolish will? Did you ever get your eye knocked out by a stone intended for some one else? Were you ever injured in purse or reputation by evil reports which had no shadow of a

basis? Did you ever suffer from a treacherous friend, a scolding wife, an insolvent partner, or an extravagant son? Were you ever more than half killed, and your constitution ruined by a physician who mistook your case, or by a ruthless surgeon who treated you as a subject to try experiments on for the advancement of science? All these are among the severer casualties of existence; some or other of them happen almost daily, but what reasoning will convince the sufferer that he has helped to bring them on himself? A satirical poet, in summing up a list of second and third class annoyances, arising from the proceedings of others, observes justly,

"———These are paltry things, and yet  
I've scarcely seen the man they did not fret."

There can be no doubt we sometimes produce our own miscarriages by wilfulness, want of judgment, unsteadiness in principle, or by not knowing when and how to seize the favoring opportunity. But, on the other hand, our ablest efforts are often rendered abortive by a counter-tide of disaster we have not set flowing, and which we can neither stem nor turn. For purposes we are unable to fathom, the presiding providence which governs the universe dispenses or withholds the blessings of temporal prosperity without reference to personal character. The good are often hunted by calamity, while the bad appear to be selected as the special favorites of fortune. Some cannot succeed by any effort of genius or virtue, while others are impervious to failure, although not distinguished by superior talent or integrity. It is better to study and draw profit from this lesson than to cavil on the causes by which it is produced. As long as human nature exists under its present construction, so long will human beings believe in the predominant influence of what all understand when they apply the terms, lucky and unlucky, to particular families, individuals, or transactions. They are not led to this by any want of proper notions on the subject of religion; neither do they build temples to the Goddess Fortuna, nor hold faith with the Pagan doctrine that Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos regulate the destinies of mortals, as laid down in the ancient mythology. We have volunteered these few words of explanation as a preliminary defence, to prevent the ultra-pious from being scandalized, to avoid misinterpretation when we use common expressions in their ordinary sense, and to anticipate and disarm the possible charge of disseminating heterodox opinions. Lord Littleton, in the preface to his

"Dialogues of the Dead," quotes a very apposite passage from certain Italian writers, "Se avessi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Destino, Elysio, Stige, &c., sono scherzi di penna poetica, non sentimenti di animo cattolico." "If I have named fate, Fortune, Destiny, Elysium, Styx, &c., they are only the sports of a poetical pen, not the sentiments of a catholic mind."

A De Moivre calculates with mathematical nicety what he calls "the doctrine of chances." Experience falsifies the calculation in nine cases out of ten. The profound arithmetician tells you, that if you take the dice in your hand it is thirty to one against your throwing a particular number, and a hundred to one against your repeating the same throw three times in succession, and so on in an augmenting ratio. You take the dice and throw. At the first cast up comes the unlikely number, and you repeat it eleven times running. Away goes the calculation, but neither he nor you can explain the agency by which it is foiled. And thus it is from the veriest trifles up to the gravest avocations of life. Fortune decides everything; and what we mean to convey by fortune is well expressed in the closing sentence of the historian of the Peninsular War, "that name for the combinations of infinite power, without whose aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean." Shakspeare conveys the same meaning in two impressive lines—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we will."

Cardinal Mazarin would never employ a general proverbially unfortunate, no matter how strongly recommended or how evident his capability. With him luck was all, talent nothing, if linked to an unpropitious star. His great predecessor, Richelieu, thought differently. His favorite maxim was, "an unfortunate and imprudent person are synonymous terms." Juvenal said the same thing long before him: "Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia." The rule may hold good in general, but it abounds with exceptions. Thousands dislike commencing any important undertaking on a Friday. Many strong minds (Cromwell included) have believed that particular days had a particular influence on their fortunes. Uneven numbers are more popular than even ones. A superstitious, or religious origin may be claimed for this preference. Virgil assures us that "Numero Deus impari gaudet." Superstitious fancies are not of necessity linked with weak-

\* *Balog. vii. l. 75*

ness or want of courage. No one can doubt the bravery of Marshal Saxe, yet it was said of him that he always looked under his bed every night, and locked his chamber door. He had a peculiar horror of cats or other nocturnal intruders. Cumberland, a very moral writer, makes one of the characters in his most popular comedy deliver himself as follows, on the subject of perpetual ill luck. The speaker had not changed his sex like Tiresias, but he had shifted his character as often as Proteus did his form. He is a rogue, but he reasons from experience. "It is not upon slight grounds," says he, "that I despair. There had used to be a livelihood to be picked up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest. I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last; there is not a point to which the art and faculty of man can turn that I have not set mine to, but in vain; I am beat through every quarter of the compass. I have blustered for prerogative, I have bellowed for freedom, I have offered to serve my country, I have engaged to betray it. Why I have talked treason, writ treason, and if a man can't live by that, he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller, and people leave off reading immediately. If I was to turn butcher I believe o' my conscience they'd leave off eating."

Sylla assumed the surname of *Felix*, or the Fortunate. Napoleon considered himself the chosen favorite of destiny, and christened Massena, one of his ablest marshals, "L'Enfant gâté de la Fortune." Cicero, when he proposed Pompey to the Roman senate to undertake the war against the pirates who had nearly annihilated the naval power of the republic in the Mediterranean, recommended him as "*semper felix*," always lucky, before he spoke of his superior abilities or experience. The prestige of success alone surmounts many difficulties. Ascending from those named to much higher authority, we find it written in the Psalms (Prayer-book version), "We have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord."

The heathens treated their chosen deities with marked disrespect. The private history of the court of Olympus is certainly neither edifying nor exemplary; nevertheless, it seems inconsistent that mankind should not be held more in awe by those beings, in whose divine attributes they affected to believe, and to whom they went through the external mockery of offering sacrifices. The old Greek poet takes them to task roundly, who says,—“The gods are disgraced by the prosperity of the

wicked.”\* Seneca repeats the sentiment in speaking of Sylla—"Deorum crimen, Sylla tam felix"—“The gods were criminal in allowing Sylla to be so fortunate.” Cicero also declares, that the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, a successful pirate, bore testimony against the gods. Lucan depreciates the popular immortals to enhance his compliment to Cato of Utica.

“Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.”†

“The gods and Cato did in this divide:

They chose the conquering—he the conquered side.”

There can be no doubt that Cicero had a clear idea of the immortality of the soul, and of one omnipotent intelligence. When he wrote, he must have felt the utter absurdity of the existing system. Lucan, an avowed heathen, has recorded his own internal conviction in another very impressive passage, which is often quoted:—

“Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer, .  
Et cœlum, et virtus? Superos quid quærimus  
ultrâ?

Jupiter est, quodcunque vides quocunque moveris.”

“Is there any other seat of the Divinity than the earth, the sea and air, the heavens and virtue? Why do we seek for God beyond? He is whatever you see; He is wherever you move.” These contradictions are remarkable, but many parallel cases may be readily produced from the ancient writers. They appear to have looked upon their own received mythology as an ingenious allegory.

History shows how misfortune has dogged the steps of certain families for many succeeding generations. For eminent examples, let us trace down the annals of three royal houses. The successors of Charlemagne, or Carlovingian kings, who occupied the throne of France for one hundred and seventy-three years; the race of Stuart, who reigned in Scotland and England for three hundred and forty-three years; and the second line of Valois, succeeded by the collateral branches of Bourbon and Bourbon-Orleans, who numbered, jointly, thirteen French sovereigns, extending over three hundred and thirty-three years, counting from the accession of Francis 1. to the deposition of Louis Philippe.

\* θεον δ' ονειδος, τοους κακους ενδαιμονειν.

† Lucan's Latinity is certainly good for a Spaniard, and his poem very creditable to a very young man. Had he lived, he might have ranked among the best writers of the Augustan age, in spite of the sentence of Scaliger, who says, he barks rather than sings.

Charlemagne was a great man, a great conqueror, and a most successful monarch. He consolidated and left a mighty empire to his posterity, of whom it is difficult to decide whether they are most remarkable for their misfortunes or their unworthiness. Louis the Meek, only son of Charlemagne, was fitter for the cowl than the sceptre. He was a melancholy, subdued religionist, who never smiled. His court resembled an hospital. His life (like that of Henry II. of England) was embittered by the disobedience of his children; in the course of these domestic quarrels he was twice deposed, and finally died for want of food, in consequence of a superstitious panic. His son and successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by Sedecias, his Jewish physician, and died in a miserable hut, while crossing Mont Cenis. During this reign a remarkable plague of locusts occurred in France. Louis the Stutterer, son of Charles the Bald, reigned only eighteen months, when he too was carried off by poison. Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to the Stutterer, was killed by a blow on the head, from a nobleman named Albuin, whom, for an idle frolic, he sought to terrify in a childish disguise. Louis III. and Carloman, sons of the Stutterer, were crowned together on the death of their father. Both died before either had reached the early age of twenty-two. The death of Louis is attributed to two causes, poison and an accident. Some historians say, that riding through the streets of Tours, he pursued a handsome girl, the daughter of a citizen named Germond. She escaped from him in terror, by a low and narrow gateway; the king endeavored to force his horse through, broke his back and died. Carloman was killed by the spear of one of his attendants, aimed at a wild boar. It pierced his thigh, and in a few days deprived him of his crown and life. In his dying moments he had the generosity to screen from the mistaken resentment of the public his unfortunate domestic, by imputing his wound to the rage of the animal he pursued. Charles the Fat, the next king of the race of Charlemagne, but not the direct heir to the throne, was set aside for utter incapacity within four years, and reduced to such a state of indigence, that he was left without a single servant, or the common necessities of life. Luitprand, Bishop of Mayence, relieved his immediate wants; and Arnulf, his successful competitor, accorded him a scanty pension; but he perished shortly under the combined evils of indigence, grief and violence. Charles the Simple, *posthumous* son of Louis the Stammerer,

succeeded on the death of Eudes, who was not a scion of the family. After reigning nearly thirty years, Charles was imprisoned at Peronne, where he was put to death by Herbert, Count de Vermandois. Louis IV., called the Stranger, from having been educated in England, succeeded his father the Simple. He was killed, when hunting, by a fall from his horse. His son, Lothaire, and grandson, Louis V., or the Slothful, were both poisoned by their wives, for presuming to pay too much attention to their little indiscretions. The Sluggard was the last of the Carolingian monarchs. His uncle, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, survived him, the only remaining representative of the blood of Charlemagne. His character was so worthless and contemptible, that the nobles unanimously excluded him from the crown, to which Hugh Capet was as unanimously elected. It has been pointed out by French historians, that the epithets given to the princes of the Carolingian race, were almost all expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom they reigned. It would seem as if they assisted lineal misfortune by lineal imbecility and ill conduct.\*

Let us now turn to the house of Stuart. Robert II., the first sovereign of that family, succeeded to the throne of Scotland on the death of David (Bruce) II. without issue. Robert was the son of Margery, daughter of the great liberator of his country, Robert Bruce, and his direct representative in default of male descendants. The lineage sprang from the Anglo-Norman race of Fitz-Alan. This pedigree has been distinctly traced by late antiquaries, to the suppression of many fabulous legends. The surname of Stewart, or Stuart (it is spelt both ways by learned authorities), supplanted that of Fitz-Alan, in virtue of the dignity of seneschal, or steward of the royal household, which had become hereditary in the family. Robert II. reigned nineteen years, without any signal disaster; and though not possessed of brilliant talents, or much personal activity, was a reasonably good monarch, and, on the whole, better and more fortunate than many of his successors. Robert III. died of a broken heart, in consequence of the murder of his eldest and the captivity of his second son. David, Duke of Rothsay, and Prince Royal of Scotland, was

\* The surname of Capet may be derived from the Latin word *Caput*, as the founder of a dynasty; from a cap called "Capet," which he introduced; or from his having a very large head.



confined in the palace of Falkland, and cruelly starved to death, through the machinations of his uncle, the Duke of Albany. James, his younger brother, succeeded to the throne, after a long imprisonment in England. He put to death, under judicial prosecutions, several of his nearest kindred; and was murdered in a conspiracy, headed by his uncle, Walter Earl of Athol, who, for perpetrating this act of regicide, was executed with dreadful tortures. James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was called James with the fiery face, from a red spot which disfigured his otherwise handsome countenance. But he merited the title of fiery more justly from the natural violence of his temper, which led him to slay the Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and under his own roof, at Stirling Castle; much after the manner in which the Roman Emperor, Valentinian III., assassinated his great general and deliverer, Ætius, in a private conference. James III., flying from a battle with his rebellious nobles, his horse started at the sight of a woman drawing water at a well, and threw him to the ground. He was borne into the neighboring mill, and incautiously proclaimed his name and qualities. Some of the enemy who followed entered the hut, recognized and slew their monarch, whose body was never found, neither were the murderers ever identified. He was a weak and unfortunate, rather than a bad sovereign, although suspicions rest on his memory, of having participated in the death of his brother, the Earl of Marr. James IV., his son and successor, was forced into the rebellion against his father; as a penance for which, he ever after wore an iron belt next to his body. He fell, in the forty-first year of his age, and twenty-sixth of his reign, with all his principal peers and knights, on the fatal field of Flodden. His death in this battle was long disbelieved and disputed by the Scottish chroniclers; but the accuracy of modern research has placed it beyond an "historic doubt." James V. died of vexation for the ruin and dispersion of his army at Solway Moss—he was then only thirty years of age. His two male children had expired within a few days of each other in the preceding year. His last words, on being told, when on his death bed, that his queen was delivered of a daughter, were long remembered and often repeated—"The crown came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." Mary Stuart, a widow before her nineteenth year, was deposed and imprisoned by her own sub-

jects, and compelled to take shelter in England, where she was beheaded, after a lengthened captivity, by her rival, Elizabeth. The fretful valetudinarian, Pope, called his life "a long disease." The existence of Mary Queen of Scots may be designated one accumulated calamity, with scarcely an interval of enjoyment, after she grew to womanhood. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, her cousin and second husband, was blown up by conspirators in his own country residence, near Edinburgh. In the person of James VI. of Scotland, and first of England, the only child of Mary, the hereditary claim to family misfortune appears to have been suspended for a time, to descend with increased weight upon his posterity. But James sustained the domestic affliction of losing his eldest son, and heir apparent, Henry Prince of Wales, whose early death extinguished a brilliant promise, and whose dawning excellences might (had it been so permitted) have removed the ban from his house. The unhappy father was even accused of hastening the end of his son, from jealousy; and his own demise has been imputed to poison, through his favorite, Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham. But neither of these charges rest on sufficient grounds. We are not to believe such secret histories as that of Sir Anthony Weldon. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and direct ancestress of the house of Brunswick, was one of the most unfortunate princesses that ever lived. Her life reads more like a romance than a reality. The sufferings, privations, and domestic afflictions she endured, are almost equal to those of her grandmother, except that she was not brought to a violent end, but lingered through a neglected old age, in obscurity and dependence. Of the two lots, it is difficult to say which is the less enviable. Charles I., after a stormy life, in a great measure produced by his own obstinacy, perished on a scaffold. With all our monarchical propensities, we hesitate to call him a martyr. Charles II. endured ten years of poverty and exile without reform; returned, set an example of unmatched profligacy, equally regardless of national honor or private reputation, and died suddenly of apoplexy, without time for reform or repentance. Bishop Burnet states, in his history of his own times, "that there were apparent suspicions of his having been poisoned." Churchill echoes the opinion, and points directly at the object of suspicion; but a professed political satirist is always doubtful authority. He sums up his biting philippic against the Merry Monarch, thus:

"To crown the whole, scorning the public good,  
Which through his reign he little understood,  
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim,  
He re-assumed a bigot brother's claim;  
And having made time-serving senates bow,  
Suddenly died—that brother best knew how;  
No matter how—he slept among the dead,  
And JAMES, his brother, reigned in his stead."

James II. was driven from the throne in the third year of his reign, and consumed his old age in poverty, in "hope deferred," and in fruitless efforts to recover what he needed never to have lost, but for his own unprovoked bigotry. His eldest daughter Mary, consort of William III., died childless, of the small-pox, in her thirty-eighth year. Anne, after a reign of twelve years, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the loss of a numerous family, and the quarrels of her favored servants. Prince James, known in history as the Old Pretender, or Chevalier de St. George, in attempting to recover the throne from which he was excluded by the Act of Settlement, occasioned only his best friends and most devoted adherents to perish by the executioner. His life was inglorious and unfortunate; he died an exile at Rome, having lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight. His son, Charles Edward, after the failure of his chivalrous attempt in "forty-five," endured incredible hardships and misfortunes, and, finally, gave himself up to indolence and low debauchery, which enervated his constitution, and weakened his intellects. Henry Benedict, his younger brother, became Cardinal of York, lived at Rome on a pension badly paid, and died at the advanced age of eighty-two, in 1807. With him, the race became extinct in the male line. The tomb of the last Stuart in St. Peter's, at Rome, bears the futile and ostentatious inscription, "*Henricus IX.*"

Francis I. of France, founder of the second house of Valois, was a monarch of brilliant endowments and daring courage. His ambition involved his country in constant wars, and the defeat of Pavia inflicted a wound on his power, from which he never recovered. His life was embittered by imprisonment, by the premature death of his eldest son, and shortened by personal excesses. His reign was equally distinguished by outward splendor, internal exhaustion, and constant vicissi-

tudes of fortune.\* Henry II., his second son and successor, was accidentally killed in a tournament by the Sieur de Lorges, Count de Montgomeri. It seems something like a fatality that the father of this same "Capitaine de Lorges," had severely wounded the king, Francis I., on the head, with a fire-brand, when amusing himself by attacking a house with snow-balls. Henry II., by his demon-queen, Catherine of Medicis, left four sons, so that the permanent succession seemed to be quite assured in his immediate progeny. Notwithstanding this, they all died without issue in a single generation, and the crown passed away to a distant collateral branch. Francis II. died in his eighteenth year, and Charles IX. in his twenty-fourth. The first, of an abscess in the ear, the last of a strange and unnatural disease in which blood oozed out from the pores of his skin. This horrible death was pronounced by many a judgment from Heaven, in consequence of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but there are good grounds for supposing that Catherine de Medicis assisted in removing her two elder sons to make room for her favorite, Henry III. Henry III. was assassinated by James Clement, a Jacobin friar, before he had reached his fortieth year, and in the sixteenth of his reign. With him was finally extinguished the race of Valois. His younger brother, the Duke of Anjou, had died of a decline a short time before. Henry IV., justly surnamed the Great, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty, was the best and ablest sovereign who ever sat upon the throne of France. His life had been one perpetual struggle with danger and difficulty; he had escaped countless perils, as if protected by an ægis, but fell at last by the hand of a fanatical assassin. His son, Louis XIII., proved himself a degenerate representative of an illustrious sire, while his daughter Henrietta, consort of Charles I. of England, has descended to posterity, as remarkable for her misfortunes, as for the many doubts that cloud her reputation. The prosperous youth and manhood of Louis XIV. were more than balanced by the domestic afflictions and public reverses which accompanied his old age. Louis XV., the only living great-grandson of his predecessor, long survived the title of "well-beloved," which the early enthusiasm of his subjects had too hastily bestowed. He became so universally detested, that his

\* The recent "Life of Francis I." by Miss Fardoe, has stripped much of the gilding from his hitherto brilliant and captivating character.

\* See Churchill's Poem of "Gotham," Book II.

death was considered a national blessing, and he ranks deservedly among the worst kings who are handed down in the annals of his country. His personal example, encouraging the vices and debauchery of the court and higher classes, sapped the foundations of royalty, broke up the long-cherished ties between the sovereign and the people, and led the way to the subsequent horrors of the revolution which dragged Louis XVI. into the balcony of his own palace, with a cap of liberty on his head, in place of a crown, and shadowed forth the outline of the guillotine, on which he shortly afterwards perished.

The execution of Louis XVI. took place on the 21st of January, 1793. The first movements of the revolution occurred in 1789. If natural phenomena have any designed connection with human events, either as warnings or coincidences, more than one of no ordinary character heralded the important changes which were soon to unhinge the whole fabric of civilized society, and endanger the best established institutions. On Sunday, July 13th, 1788, about nine o'clock, an almost total darkness covered several parts of France, without any eclipse. This was followed by a storm more tremendous than any that devastated Europe, since the great tempest of November 26th, 1703. Louis XVII., the dauphin, and legitimate successor of his father, was closely confined by the terrorists, apprenticed to a shoemaker, named Simon, who treated him with savage barbarity, and died in prison, as was generally believed, of poison. Louis XVIII. was restored on the first abdication of Napoleon, in 1814, under the title of "Le Désiré." He fled within the year, returned a second time in a few months, surrounded by the bayonets of foreign allies, and died on the throne in 1824. His brother, Charles X., was driven out by the revolution of 1830, which substituted the Orleans branch. They, in turn, succumbed under another revolution in 1848, brought on by the Ulysses of the family, Louis Philippe. The Duke d'Angoulême, eldest son of Charles X., and Dauphin, died childless. His brother, the Duke de Berri, was assassinated in 1820, by Louvel. The only male representative of the house, the Duke de Bourdeaux (son of the Duke de Berri), is unmarried and an exile. The present aspect of political opinion looks very unfavorable to the chance of his restoration. But in these days of rapid change, a few turns of Fortune's wheel may effect miracles. His affairs are scarcely in so desperate a condition as were those of Louis Napoleon, when a prisoner in

the citadel of Ham; and there he is now, Emperor of France, with unlimited power, his foot firmly planted on the Imperial throne, and his title acknowledged by every power in Europe.

These eminent examples, selected from an almost endless list, convey an impressive lesson. They may serve to check ambition, and console humility. When we ponder over them, we feel the truth with which the satirist wrote, who says—

"How much do they mistake, how little know  
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which  
flow  
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,  
Because it glitters, must be lin'd with down.  
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,  
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with  
thorns.  
O might Reflection, Folly's place supply,  
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,  
Then should we learn what woe from grandeur  
springs,  
And learn to pity, not to envy kings."

Pope Adrian VI., a virtuous prelate and most exemplary man, was well aware, although his reign was short, that the couch of a monarch is anything but a bed of roses. He rather possessed, than enjoyed, supreme dignity, and expressed a wish to have this inscription engraved upon his monument—  
"Here lies Adrian VI., who was never so unhappy in any period of his life, as in that wherein he was a prince." Sovereigns are not to be judged by the common standard of human character and opportunity. The philosophic mind, instead of looking with discontent on their superior state, will rather rejoice to have escaped their superior cares. A natural and entertaining historian, Old Philip de Comines, with goodness of heart and clear understanding, says:—

"In all the princes that I have served, and have ever known, there was always a mixture of good and of bad, which I plainly discerned, and indeed without wonder, for they are men like to ourselves, and perfection belongs only to God himself. That prince, however, whose virtues exceed his vices, is certainly worthy of extraordinary commendation and applause; for persons of their rank and dignity are more obstinate and inclinable to violence in their actions than other men, on account of the education which they receive in their youth, that is always less strict, and with less of discipline than that of others; and when they are grown up, the greater part of those that are about them, make it their business and their study to conform to their humors."

Comines had good personal experience of

\* See Churchill's Poem of "Gotham," Book 5

royalty in two masters of very opposite characters—Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and Louis the XI. of France. In his "Memoirs of his own Times," he tries to palliate the atrocities of the latter, who has descended to posterity, despite this attempt to white-wash him, as a mass of wickedness, with no redeeming points. It may be truly said, that Nature, in compounding this unique specimen—

"Having given all the sin,  
Forgot to put the virtues in."\*

ON CERTAIN PROVERBIAL AND COLLOQUIAL  
EXPRESSIONS.

"Orditur ab ovo."—HORAT. DE ARTE POETICA.  
Let things be traced to their origin.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE," meaning "This or none." Few phrases are in more common use. It takes its rise from Tobias Hobson, a celebrated Cambridge carrier, in the times of Charles I. and II. A short account of him may be found in the *Spectator*, No. 509. He was the first man in England who let out hackney horses for hire. The collegians of that day, as at present, when they engaged a horse, spared neither whip nor spur. Hobson kept a stable of forty sound roadsters, always ready for saddle and bridle, and in good order for travelling at a moment's notice. He was thrifty and ingenious, but benevolent withal, and he made it an invariable rule that each of his horses should have an equal portion of rest as well as labor. Accordingly when a customer came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there were many to choose from, but he was compelled to take that which stood next to the stable-door, being the one which had rested the longest, or to have none at all. Thus every customer had the same chance of being well served, and every horse performed a similar duty. Hence it became a proverb, in all cases of general application where there was no alternative nor freedom of election, to say—"Here is nothing but Hobson's choice." This worthy speculator's house of call, in London, was "The Bull" in Bishopsgate-street, in one of the rooms of which Steele writes, in 1722, that his portrait was drawn in fresco, with an hundred-pound bag under his arm, and this inscription on the said bag—"The fruitful mother of an hundred more." Milton honored the memory of the Cambridge carrier with two quaint epitaphs, of which we transcribe the shortest, as it also appears to us the best.

\* Churchill, "Duellist," Book iii.

"On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague.

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,

And here, alas! hath lain him in the dirt;  
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
Death was half glad when he had got him down;

For he had any time, this ten years full,  
Dodg'd with him, betwixt "Cambridge" and  
"The Bull:"

And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd.  
But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
(In the kind office of a Chamberlin)  
Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,

Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.  
If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
Hobson has slept, and 's newly gone to bed."

DUN. To dun, to press importunately for payment of a debt. This term has been deduced from the French *donne*, give; implying a demand for something due. The following seems a better origin. There was a man named John Dun, a bailiff of the town of Lincoln, who was so extremely active and so dexterous in his unpopular vocation, that it became a proverb when any one was indisposed to pay a debt, to say, "Why don't you Dun him?" That is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" The phrase from this became customary, and may be traced back as far as the days of Henry VII.\*

To dine with DUKE HUMPHREY. This old saying was applied to certain *impransi* who were accustomed to walk in St. Paul's Church, during the time usually occupied at dinner. In more recent days, it was common to say of peripatetic dinnerless dandies—"They are counting the trees in the park for a dinner." Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was a man of great hospitality, who kept open house, and a most excellent table. As he was supposed to be buried in St. Paul's, the analogy of the expression explains itself. But the fact is, he was not buried in St. Paul's, but in the old Abbey Church at St. Alban's, where we have beheld his veritable bones enclosed in an ancient oak chest. Authentically handed down, and as surely genuine, as the skull of Duke Schomberg, slain at the Boyne, which used to be exhibited to the

\* See Gale's "Recreations," and Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."



curious in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, or that of Oliver Cromwell, which may still be investigated in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. Some ten years since we happened to visit the last named museum. The curator placed in our hands, with considerable reverence, a cranium, which he evidently considered the gem, or great gun of the collection. "This," said he, importantly, "is the skull of Oliver Cromwell." We manipulated the relic with less emotion than Hamlet does the brain-pan of Yorrick, having already seen three before, of which fact we apprised the custodian. "It is impossible!" he exclaimed, with indignation, "there can be but one." "Precisely so," we rejoined—"There can be but one *real* skull, but which that is, it would puzzle Solomon to determine, when the evidence is equally good for all." "Ours is the right one, the rest are humbugs," said he, as he carried back to its resting shelf the grinning memento of mortality. We have heard of another more circumstantial virtuoso, who has improved on this, by exhibiting the skull of Oliver Cromwell, when he was a boy. The pedigree of an erratic skull is more difficult to trace than even that of a picture, a horse, or a hero.

"I have caught a Tartar;" or, "He has caught a Tartar." A common saying, which means a man in a difficulty, from which he can neither advance nor recede. The expression is supposed to be founded on a story of a trooper meeting a Tartar in the woods, and exclaiming to his comrades, who had a little preceded him, that he had *caught* one. "Bring him along with you," cried they. "I can't," replied he. "Then come yourself." "He won't let me." The story is apposite; but it proceeds from the phrase, and not the phrase from the story. We find in Terence, "*auribus teneo lupum*," I hold a wolf by the ears—which has precisely the same meaning, and is evidently the Latin father of the English descendant. More of our proverbial sayings are derived from the ancient classics than are generally recognized, until we take the trouble of tracing them to their source.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." This proverb comes lineally from the Latin of Laberius, preserved in the "*Fragmenta Veterum Poetarum*," by Stephens and Maittaire. "*Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*." From thence it ascends to the Greek,\* originating in an

oracular perdition. The responses of the oracles of old were contrived with such ingenious ambiguity, that the solution was equally borne out, whether fortunate or disastrous. Many celebrated instances are preserved by Herodotus, Xenophon, Strabo, and other writers. Croesus, when he consulted the oracle of Delphi, was told, that if he crossed the Halys, he should destroy a great empire. He supposed it was the empire he was about to invade, but it proved to be his own. The words, *Credo te Æacide Romanos vincere posse*, which Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, received for answer, when he wished to assist the Tarentines against the Romans, convey opposite meanings according as they are read. He interpreted them in his own favor, and they proved his ruin. Nero was ordered to beware of seventy-three, but he expected to live to that age, and misinterpreted the caution, until Galba, then in his seventy-third year, dethroned him. The oracles of old were open to bribery and corruption. Lysander failed in his attempts to purchase favorable responses, but Philip and Alexander were more fortunate. These oracles, for the most part, were mere priestly impostures, but occasionally a happy coincidence in the prediction and the result gave them current popularity. As late as the sixteenth century, Michael Nostradamus, a celebrated French empiric and astrologer, obtained much reputation in this way. He published a volume of quatrains, in 1555, entitled, "*Prophetical Centuries*," obscure and fantastical, which may mean anything or nothing, according as they are translated by credulity or caprice. He gained great credit by the following lines, which are applied to the death of Henry II. of France, killed at a tournament by the Count de Montgomeri, the lance piercing his eye through the golden visor:—

"Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera,  
En champ bellique par singulier duel,  
Daus cage d'or les yeux lui crevera,  
Deux plaies une, puis mourir : mort cruelle."

"The elder lion shall the young engage,  
And him in strange and single combat slay;  
Shall put his eyes out in a golden cage,  
One wound in two. Sad death, in such a way!"

In another quatrain he had said, "*Les Oliviers croîtront en Angleterre*." This was afterwards affirmed to be verified in the elevation of Oliver Cromwell to the protectorship. When the French, under the reign of Louis XIII., took the city of Arras (anciently spelt Aras) from the Spaniards, after a —

\* Χίλιαί ποτὶς ὄναι σὺν ἀπὸ ἀλίστην καὶ χίλην.

long and most desperate siege, it was remarked that Nostradamus had said—

“Les anciens crapauds prendront Sara.”

“The ancient toads shall Sara take.”

This line was then applied to that event, by showing that *Sara* is *Aras* backward, and that by the ancient toads were meant the French, as that nation formerly had for its armorial bearings three of these loathsome reptiles, instead of the three fleurs-de-lys afterwards adopted. Hence the origin of “Jean Crapaud,” or “Johnny Crapaud,” as a generic term for our Gallic neighbors. This Nostradamus had been a Jew, and claimed to be of the tribe of Issachar, because it is said in the Chronicles—“There shall come learned men from the sons of Issachar, who know all times.” He lived in good repute, and died at Salons in 1566. Jodelle commemorates him in a punning Latin distich, not easily translated—

“Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est;

Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.”

Two very extraordinary instances have been pointed out of predictions fulfilled to the letter, without straining or round-about interpretation; where no gift of prophecy was darkly assumed, no imposture intended, and no supernatural agency can by any possibility be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his preface to his sermons on prophecy (1768-9). It is part of a chorus in the “Medea” of Seneca:—

“Venient annis

Secula seris, quibus Oceanus

Vincula rerum laxet et ingens

Pateat tellus Tiphysque\* novos

Deteget orbes.”

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. The other is in the first book of Dante’s “Purgatorio:”—

“J’ mi volsi a man’ destro, e posi mente

All’ altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle

Non viste mai, fuor ch’ alla prima gente.”

This is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the south pole, and yet Dante is known to have written in the early part of the fourteenth century, long before the discovery of the southern hemisphere. “Lord,” as an English title of nobility,

is from the Saxon, Hla-ford, a giver of bread: Hlaf, a loaf of bread; Ford, to give, or afford. The descent is regular: Hlaford, Laford, Lord. The great men in ancient days kept great houses, and fed the poor, for which reason they were called givers of bread. The ladies distributed the loaves with their own hands, and were called Lef-days, bread-givers. “My Lord,” as vulgarly applied to hunchbacked persons, was probably a school-boy joke in the beginning, and evidently comes from the Greek word, λαρδος, crooked.

“*Revenons a nos moutons*,” and “*Apropos des bottes*,” are two of the commonest French colloquial phrases, constantly used in quotation. The first will be found in the old farce of *L’Avocat Patelin*, known in England as the *Village Lawyer*. The second is from the comedy of *Le Distrait* (*The Absent Man*) by Regnard. The principal character comes on the stage with only one boot on. His valet, after some observation relating to it, passes to another subject. The ludicrous transition of which he makes use, is, “*Apropos des bottes*” (“Talking of boots”); since which the expression has become proverbial.

“*Tally-ho!*” the cry set up by the huntsman when the fox breaks cover, is derived from the old Norman French, “*Il est allé hors!*” (“He is gone out”), as may be seen explained in “*Dame Juliana Bermer’s Book of Hawking and Hunting*,” and other ancient treatises on the noble art of venerie.

“Feed a cold and starve a fever,” is a common saying, which, when taken in the literal sense, has led to dangerous mistakes. The correct reading is directly opposite, and means, “If you feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever.” Sensible and useful as our English adages are justly reputed, the tongues of warmer and more southern lands possess a strength and piquancy of which ours is unconscious. With how much more force does the Spaniard express our “Misfortunes seldom come alone,” when he says to the frowning visitor, ill-luck, “*Ben vengas si vengas solo!*” (“Thou art welcome if thou art unaccompanied.”) There is a touching humility in another saying of the same nation, to which we have no parallel:—“*Defienda mi Dios! de mi*” (“Preserve me, O God! from my own follies.”) The Italian “*Semper il mal non vien per nuocere*” (“Misfortune does not always come to injure”), is better than “’Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;” while our “When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,” &c., is by no means so comprehensive as “*Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo*”

\* Tiphys, it will be remembered, was the Pilot of the good ship *Argo*, in the Golden Fleece Expedition. See “*Virgilii Bucolica*.” Ecl. iv. l. 34; and “*Valerius Flaccus*,” *passim*.

("When the danger is over, the saint is cheated.") Neapolitan and Sicilian sailors use their saints after a singular fashion. When there is either a storm or a calm, they put up an image of Saint Anthony against the mast, and call upon him to send a fair wind immediately. If he is sullen or dilatory they thump him vehemently about the head, or against the deck, depose him for another, and so run through the whole calendar, kicking, cuffing, imploring, and blaspheming, until their wishes are accomplished.

No less a personage than the same Saint Anthony, *in propria personâ*, was for a long time marshal-general of the troops of Portugal, and still retains his rank, unless he may have been lately cashiered. In 1706, during the war of the succession, when affairs were going badly, the saint was made a soldier, subaltern, and captain, and, being dressed up in the successive uniforms of the several gradations of rank, he was at length elevated to that of marshal-general, with a pension of an hundred and fifteen ducats. The first cannon ball fired by the army of the Duke of Berwick at Almanza, unfortunately took off the head of the holy general, who had been placed in the van in an open carriage; whereupon the Portuguese army lost heart, turned tail, and fled to a man, leaving their English adherents to fight it out as they best could. It is said that the pay of this unlucky commander is still punctually deposited by the sovereign in the Chapel Royal, every year, in a purse of red velvet. There are several Saint Anthonies. We know not whether the general be the same who sailed from Reggio across the straits to Messina on his cloak, steered by his staff, and founded a celebrated convent, still in existence, at the neighboring village of Saint Agata. When we were in Sicily the veritable cloak and staff were still preserved, and exhibited by the good monks for the trifling consideration of three bajocchi.

There have been many disputes as to the origin of the line—

"Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

Erasmus quoted it with a dissertation, yet acknowledged that he was utterly ignorant of the author. It runs well and smoothly, as if it came from an ancient classic, and has a Virgilian sound. Many bets have been made and lost that it occurs in the third book of the *Æneid*, where the Trojan hero relates to Dido how, when he was in Epirus, the prophet-king Helenus cautioned him to avoid sailing through the Straits of Messina, lest he

should be wrecked between the rocks and the whirlpool. But the line is not there. It is to be found in a poem little known, by Gualterus Gallus, called, "De gestis Alexandri," a poor version of Quintus Curtius into Latin hexameters. The passage in which it is introduced is as follows, and speaks of the flight of Darius from the field of Arbela:—

"Quo tendis inertem  
Rex periture, fugam? Niscis, Heu! Perdite,  
nescis  
Quem fugias. Hostes incursis, dum fugis hostem,  
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

This was first pointed out by Galleotus Martius of Narni, who died in 1476, and repeated in Dr. Johnson's conversation, as recorded by Boswell. Another still more common quotation, ascribed to Juvenal, has never yet been traced—

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis."

The well-known story of the Ephesian matron, adopted with variations by so many subsequent authors, originates with Petronius, and may be read at page 286 of his "Satiricon" (Amstelodami, 1669, 8vo.) At page 521 of the same work will also be found the line, affixed as a motto to the Globe Theatre, in Shakspeare's time—

"Totus mundus exerceat histrionem."

A few clever sentences, with an occasional scrap of satirical philosophy, are all that can be gleaned from the volume of Petronius; and to get at these what a mass of profligate and disgusting debauchery must be turned over! Truly, the profit is not worth the labor. The inscription over the proscenium of old Covent-garden Theatre, "*Veluti in speculum*," is not in any classic. The nearest to it, and the same in meaning, is "*Tanquam in speculum*," from Terence.

After the fight of Bannockburn, so fatal to the English, in the reign of Edward II., the Scots, by way of insult, formed a proverb, which is valuable, as it points out the fashion of the day—

"Long beards, heartless—painted hoods, witless—

Gay coats, graceless—make England thriftless."

Boursault, in his Letters, relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII., to which he was an eye-witness. She was amusing herself, and endeavoring to get rid of some of the many heavy hours mixed up with the gaieties of a court, by playing with her domestics at the game of proverbs, expounded by gesticulation. She had already found out

several, but endeavored in vain to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. "Madam," said he, "my proverb means 'One fool makes many.'" The princess looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence, in being too familiar with her servants, and banished the unlucky provincialist from her presence for ever.

The following passage is quoted perhaps more frequently than any in the English language:—

"He that fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day;  
But he that's in the battle slain,  
Can never rise to fight again."

Where are the lines to be found? Every one will answer readily—of course, in Hudibras. You may search Hudibras with a microscope, but you will not discover them. Lowndes says (Bibliogr. Manual, vol. iii.), that they are in a small volume of facetious poems, by Sir J. Mennis and Dr. James Smith, entitled "Musarum Deliciæ; or, Muses' Recreation," published in 1655. But Lowndes is in error; they are not there, nor in Hudibras neither. This is the passage, as it stands in the latter book (Book III., canto 3), and from this it would appear the other has been altered:—

"For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain."

#### ON CERTAIN ANCIENT EDIFICES.

What are the oldest buildings in the world? There can be no doubt that the Pyramids of Egypt take the lead before all others. With no pretensions to architectural beauty, they astound by vastness, and seem built to last until the final breaking up of all terrestrial matter. Certainly in existence 1,400 years before the Christian era, their origin has been traced back by some learned enthusiasts to the date of Moses and Aaron, who have been even quoted as their builders—a theory without a plausible basis. Herodotus says, the first and largest was erected by Cheops, King of Egypt, to enclose his remains. It occupied the labors of 360,000 workmen for twenty years, during which time one thousand and sixty talents were expended in supplying them with leeks, parsley, garlick, and other vegetables. This enormous pile of stone weighs six millions of tons; the base occupies an area equal to that of Lincoln's-inn Fields. The pyramids, as approached, seem less gi-

gantic than they are in reality. Standing in an open plain, they are visible at a great distance. It is so with the ruins of Stonehenge from the same cause. The very remote antiquity of Stonehenge has been carried by some writers to a period almost as far back as that of the pyramids. We once met with a tract published by a resident of the neighborhood, a schoolmaster, in which he undertook to show that the remains of that remarkable pile are antediluvian. He may have convinced himself, but he gained no converts. The best-founded opinions establish it as a Druidical temple; but when, ~~or~~ by whom erected, it is impossible to make even an approximate guess. Perhaps it was in existence even before the Druids, and may have originated with the Guebres, or fire-worshippers, for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies. The two leading points in the Druidical system were secrecy and safety. For these reasons their temples were erected in the recesses of thick forests of oak, where they could only be discovered with difficulty, and whence it would be almost impossible to eject them, except as the Romans did, under Suetonius and Agricola, by starving and burning them out. It seems difficult to believe, that an open space, like Salisbury Plain, should ever have been selected ~~for either~~ concealment or defence. Oaks could never have grown where the chalk lies within a few inches of the surface. The mysterious round towers of Ireland have been deduced from the same origin, and have given rise to many fanciful and ingenious dissertations. O'Brien, who was roughly handled by the critics, although he failed to establish his own theory, demolished those of his predecessors. The able and convincing work of Dr. Petrie appears to have settled a question long supposed to be insolvable. It is now decided that the towers were built for Christian usages, and can show no claim to a heathen pedigree. Under all circumstances, they may be considered the most singular, as well as the most interesting relics in the world.

The "Tower of the Winds," at Athens, was built B.C. 550, by Andronicus. The Temple of Theseus, at this day, the most perfect specimen of the kind, about one hundred years later. Trajan's pillar, still remaining at Rome, stood in the centre of the Forum. It dates from A.D. 100. The architect, Apollodorus, expressed himself lightly on a plan submitted to his judgment by Adrian, for a temple. He told the emperor, that if the goddesses and other statues which were seated in the area should take a



fancy to rise, they would break their heads against the ceiling: an untimely pleasantry, which cost him his life. The Mole of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was erected A.D. 120, by Detrianus, who bears the repute of having been a worker of miracles, as well as an able architect. He conveyed the temple of the "Bona Dea" from one station to another, long before the *Casa Santa* of Loretto began to travel from Galilee to Dalmatia, and so on to its present resting place. The miracle of the monks thus loses all claim to originality. Adrian's sepulchre is a huge mass, with little to admire beyond strength and antiquity. The Roman sovereign, in his architectural taste, is well designated by Lord Byron, as the "Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles," and "colossal copyist of deformity." The oldest religious building in a perfect state is the Church of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, built by Anthemius and Isidorus, under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century. It is, therefore, twelve hundred years old. In dimensions and general beauty, it is not to be compared to St. Peter's, at Rome, St. Paul's, London, or many of the Gothic cathedrals; still it is an object of great interest, from its immense antiquity, and the historical associations. All the Greek emperors, from Justinian, were crowned there, and several murdered at the altar. Six of its pillars are of green jasper, from the temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and eight of porphyry, from the Temple of the Sun, at Rome. The dimensions are small: length, 269 feet; breadth, 243 feet. The effect of the interior is perhaps increased by the total absence of all ornament or decoration, while the dome is so light, that it almost looks suspended in the air.

The city of Venice originated from a single house, built on one of its smallest islands, A.D. 450, by Entinopos. The cathedral at Rheims dates back to A.D. 840; the architect, Rumaldo. The cathedral of Strasburg, by Erwin de Steimbach, was completed in the year 1020. The celebrated Campanile, or leaning tower of Pisa, is the work of Guglielmo, A.D. 1174. It inclines seventeen palms out of the true perpendicular, yet has stood in this state seven centuries, and is likely to stand. On a simple mathematical principle, there is no danger of it falling, so long as a plummet dropped from the centre falls within the base. The local *ciceroni* stoutly maintain that it was built so, but the conclusion is most improbable. A settlement, or an earthquake, after all was complete, is a much more intelligible cause. Who could ever

credit that an engineer would designedly erect a bridge with a broken back, or an arch without the key-stone?

#### WOMEN, AS DESCRIBED BY THE ANCIENT POETS.

The ladies are not much indebted to some of the old classics, who have treated them with unjust depreciation. An action for libel would lie against more than one, if they could be summoned into court. Homer draws two respectable matrons in Hecuba and Andromache. The Greek tragic poets have given some noble heroines; but Euripides was such an avowed enemy to the fair sex, that he was sometimes called, *Μισογύνος*, the "woman-hater." Perhaps from this deeply-rooted aversion arose the impure and diabolical imaginations which appear in his female characters. He endeavored to refute the charge, by saying that he had faithfully copied nature. In spite of all this antipathy, he was married twice; and, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "the crime carried the punishment along with it," for his choices were so injudicious, and the ladies so ill-conducted, that he was compelled to divorce them both. Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal, are terrible scandal-mongers: they step out of their way to describe women unfavorably, and lack the courtly delicacy of the elder Lord Lyttleton, who, when asked by a literary lady of note, why he did not insert in his life of Henry II. the well-supported tradition, which makes that prince the offspring of an amour between the Empress Matilda and her competitor, Stephen,—"*Madam*," replied the noble biographer, "my work shall never become the vehicle of antiquated scandal against a lady of rank and character." The ancient Egyptians treated the better half of the creation with becoming respect. It appears from Seneca, that in arranging the genders of their nouns, a singular and delicate compliment was paid to women. In the four elements, beginning with water, they appointed the ocean, as rough and boisterous, to the male sex; the more gentle streams and fountains they left to the females. As to the earth—they made rocks, stones and mountains male; but meadow-lands, gardens and bowers, female. Air they divided thus:—to the masculine gender, rough winds and hurricanes of every kind; to the females, the sky, the balmy breezes, and the zephyrs. Fire, when of a consuming nature, they made male; but artificial and harmless flames they consigned to the feminine class. Not so the Ro-

They made a most awkward, and, in some instances, a peculiarly ridiculous distribution of genders.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better; and the only one among them who has done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality in doing it.—“*Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fateor, Vincor!*” (*Heautontimor.*)—(I was wrong, my Chremes, I own it! I am conquered!) It will hardly be believed by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon, in these humble strains, was neither more nor less than the saving her child from being murdered, as *her* husband, and *its* own father, had humanely commanded.

Virgil, far from showing the least consideration for the female sex, has treated them (even according to his warmest panegyrist, Dryden) in an unjust, unmanly style. He has falsified both the era and the history of Dido to render her odious and contemptible. By an anachronism of nearly three hundred years, he has taken away the character of an honest woman who committed public suicide, because she had sworn fidelity to the manes of her first husband, and preferred death to a compulsory marriage with a second.\* Virgil also makes Queen Amata turbulent and tippling; and the Princess Lavinia, undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, “that she looks a little flickering after Tumas.” His goddesses are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a passion, and surely (as Dryden observes), Venus adopts rather a strong measure, when she impudently expects that her injured husband should provide a suit of impenetrable armor for the offspring of her amour with Anchises. Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to speak well, but he soon dashes down her character by calling her “Aspera” and “Horrenda Virgo”—a bitter, awful virgin. This is almost as bad as Boiardo’s “Gatta, fiera, cruda, dispietata”—a fierce, cruel, pitiless cat—as applied to his heroine, Marfisa. Both contain meanings as distant from anything attractive or amiable as words can paint. As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of pure fame spoken of in any part of his poems. We must except the compliment paid to Livia, the wife of Augustus

\* Hence her appellation of *Dido*, a valiant woman, instead of *Elissa*, her original name. The ghost of Sicheæus, her uncle and first husband, appeared every now and then to remind her of her vow, and prevent any backsliding.

(more in flattery than in truth), when he calls her *par excellence*—“*Unico gaudens mulier, marito*”—the wife contented with a single husband. His ladies are all Chloes, Delias, Lyces, Lydias, Lalages, and Cynaras. Their characters are all measured by the same light standard, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid. He treats them accordingly, and recommends one of them to take care lest her keeper, in a fit of jealousy, should spoil her fashionable cap. One tolerably modest woman, indeed, Neobule, he seems to have known; but his idea of her delicacy does not prevent him from condoling with her on the severity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor wash away her cares with rosy wine. Juvenal need not be mentioned. His trade was universal satire; womankind he treated with peculiar severity. He declares that he had scarcely ever heard a tradition of a thoroughly modest woman since the golden age. The prose writers of the Augustan era seem to have favored the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca’s account of the ladies of his time is at least as bitter as the sixth satire of Juvenal. In later days, Pope has written severely on female follies, but he has depicted some beautiful instances as a set off. Take the following for an example:—

“O blest with temper, whose unclouded ray,  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:  
She who can love a sister’s charms, or hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
She who ne’er answers till her husband cools,  
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humor most where she obeys.”

Shakspeare, Lord Byron, and Sheridan Knowles, are amongst the ablest champions of the fair. Antiquarians consider them necessary evils, or, at best, endurable superfluities. Youth, beauty, and elegant accomplishments have no charm in their eyes.

“There Venus must be old and want a nose.”

The diary of Anthony à Wood contains many grotesque illustrations of his dislike to women, and the learned Selden records his own want of gallantry as follows:—“It is reason a man that *will* have a wife, should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that *will* keep a monkey, it’s fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.”

We conclude with an anecdote, which shows that ladies sometimes, when they please, can find opportunities of retaliating so-

verely on those who treat them not with the respect they merit. A gentleman who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often, in conversation, to the beauty and virtues of his first consort. He had, at the same time, not discernment enough to discover that the subject was anything but agreeable to his present lady. "Excuse me, Madam," said he; "I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honor," replied the fair incumbent, "I can most heartily affirm, that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be." Reader, never mind the ancients, and the fusty antiquaries, but study from living editions. If you are not satisfied with your own observations, and want to be assured from other sources how women ought to be valued, read

Dryden's "Epitaph on Mrs. Anne Killigrew," Lord Lyttleton's "Monody on his wife," and remember what Sir Walter Scott sings in the last canto of "Marmion":—

"O woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade,  
By the light, quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou."

Then turn to the Bard of Hope, and learn these lines by heart, if you have not done so already:—

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man?—A world without a sun."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

This year goes out in storm. The sky is full  
Of vaporous turmoil; the Atlantic waves,  
Convulsed and batter'd into tawny froth,  
Welter upon the beach, or, thundering white,  
Scale the black cliff, and ever fall rebuff'd.  
To-night the spirits of air rage round this house,  
And sometimes through the waisted curtain bow  
My taper's slender pyramid, whose light  
Flickers on names of power, that live emboss'd  
In jewels on great shrines (their wealthiest shrines  
And durablest are here), with others, too,  
This age keeps count of on her civic roll,  
Scarce proudly enough, and humbly not enough,—  
Amidst th' antique and new perennial peers,  
Thine, LANDOR. Ruffle not, ye wintry blasts,  
That brow beneath its coronal, for Time's  
Unwearied breath may never thin a bud  
The coronal upon that brow! Blow soft  
Along the Vale of Springs whilst he is there!

Nor visit fiercely my unshelter'd door,  
Who from this utmost edge, remote and rude,  
Dare to that valley on your pinions waft  
A hymnal greeting—ah, too wildly dare!  
Were not the lower still the harsher judge.

Yet hear me, tempests!—as ye drown that toll!  
Time's footfall on the mystic boundary

That severs year from year—could such a wind  
Blow out of any quarter of the heaven  
As to lay ruin'd, worse than Nineveh,  
The thrones where men of serpent forehead sit,  
And eyes of smoky hell-spark, with their spur  
Firm in the people's neck; nor less indignant,  
Shatter their chairs, whose white, angelic robes  
Drape the hog-paunch, or lend the juggler sleeve—  
Swift purifier! whirl them to the mud!  
Ay, the Lord lives, and, therefore, down with ye!  
Rotten impostors, down! Could such a wind  
Blow out of any quarter of the heaven,  
Content, my habitancy, like a twig,  
Torn in the mighty tempest, would I crawl,  
Shivering for shelter, or scoop out a cave  
Among the rabbits in the benty sand,  
Or else need none.

Dark clouds are taking wing  
Out of the wave continually. They fly  
Over those heaps of benty sand, and moor  
And mountain, eastward, hurrying to the dawn;  
There where a New Day and New Year roll up  
In misty light. Eastward I look and hail  
Thee, LANDOR, with the Year; inscrutable  
In all its fates; and over all its fates  
The throne of God, eternal, just, serene.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

New Year's Eve, 1852-3.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## LIFE OF THE REV. W. KIRBY.\*

WHY do we love to contemplate the lives of those who, having by their deeds or works been public benefactors, are passed away full of years and honor? Gratitude, doubtless, has its share in the eagerness with which we trace their pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and read the record of their progress and habits; but is there not a higher, a holier cause for the interest with which we mark the respect which they obtained, and the love which, after shining upon their mortal path, still clings to their memory after they have entered the house appointed for all living? Chalmers has well answered the question; and in an eloquent passage of his eloquent Bridgewater Treatise,† has pointed to our cherished hope, that death but transforms without destroying them; and that the present is only an embryo or rudimental condition, the final development of which is in another and future state of existence.

It has been said, but few who have said it have ventured to print it, that physiology and natural history, when deeply studied, have made more skeptics than the whole school of Voltaire put together.

That there have been nominal physiological and zoological skeptics is very true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. But that the *deep* student of the organization of animated beings can arrive at the wretched conclusion of those so-called physiologists and zoologists who have come to the soul-depressing doctrine of Lucretius and of those besotted spirits who in a neighboring country, some sixty years since, cursed God and died, we deny.

The subject of the memoir which we are about to consider, approached the question in a pious and humble spirit. A perfect master of the branch of natural history to which he added so much, he thus writes to a friend, when preparing for publication a work which

is in the hand and head of every entomologist,\* from the parsonage, Barham, in 1800:

In this work, my aim is to unite two sisters, that through the fault of the admirers of one of them, have long been separated, and the consequence has been much mischief. I mean Religion and Natural History. The author of scripture is also the author of nature, and this visible world, by types, indeed, and by symbols, declares the same truths as the Bible does by words. To make the naturalist a religious man—to turn his attention to the glory of God, that he may declare his work, and in the study of his creatures see the loving kindness of the Lord—may this, in some measure, be the fruit of my work.

Happily, we do not require *now* a Ray, a Kirby, or a Buckland to impress upon us the wisdom of God in the creation present and past; but our gratitude is not the less due to those good and mighty men who fought and won the battle.

Time was when the entomologist was vilified as a butterfly-hunter, and the conchologist as a cockle-collector; but those days, when the contented and self-satisfied ignorant despised everything but their own comfortable, but not very elevated guinea-hunting, are gone by. True it is that a good many of the *virtuosi*, as they are somewhat apocryphally dubbed, were mere Vistos, who fancied they had a taste, and who valued a specimen merely for its supposed rarity. A well-known shell collector, some years since, gave a large price for two shells, the only examples of the form then known, and as soon as the lot was knocked down, crushed one of them under his foot, in the face of the agonized assemblage, in order that he might be the possessor of an 'unique;' forgetting that there was no act of parliament to regulate the production of the mollusca, and oblivious of the commerce of a country that vexes every sea with its keel. In a very few months, this selfish one was rewarded by the arrival of a cargo of the species, whose only representative he thought he had stamped as

\* *Life of the Rev. William Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., Rector of Barham.* By John Freeman, M.A., Rural Dean; Rector of Ashwicken, Norfolk. 8vo. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852.

† Vol. I. p. 163.

\* *Monographia Apum Angliæ.*



his own; and which were sold, individually, for as many pence as the tenths of hundreds of pounds which he had paid for his whistle.

But there were then, and long before then, men who, though they saw through a glass darkly, wrought out the rich vein of Nature as far as their lights permitted them; and who have left their imperishable works as a lanthorn to the paths of their more fortunate successors.

And how much is left for those successors! All Nature is so full, that there is no fear of exhausting the well of living waters which she presents; and perhaps there is no class of creatures, small and insignificant as the majority appear to be, more worthy of study than insects. In no animals is instinct, properly so called, more entirely developed—in none does the impulse that actuates them seem to come more directly from above. Well might the Mantuan in his fervor exclaim—

Igneus est ollis vigor et cælestis origo.

Their anatomy and general organization is passably well known; but their senses and modes of communication are, for the most part, as yet a closed book and a fountain sealed. Two emmets or two bees will meet, and by contact of their antennæ evidently impart ideas to each other. One insect will carefully use those organs as explorers by touch; another will as carefully strive to keep them from touching anything, and appear to be at its wits' end if a determined meddler pertinaciously forces them into contact with any foreign substance.

Look at the architecture of these wonderful creatures. To say nothing of the bee and the ant, and a hundred others, take one of those considered by the eye of prejudice the vilest and most loathsome, and see if you can give any answer but one to our own Queen Anne's man, when he asks, in the often misquoted couplet—

Who made the spider parallels design,  
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?\*

'All very fine,' quoth some type of the utilitarians of this utilitarian age, 'but *cui bono?*' If one *must* sound the base string of humility, just observe, most exemplary utilitarian, the effects produced by the infinitesimal tiny legions on man, and on the results of his industry. Have you land and beeves? Are you an agriculturist or a forester? Have

you a garden? 'Yea, verily.' Then give me your attention for a few moments.

To say nothing of those familiar beasts which may signify love, but which, nevertheless, we never heard praised as being peculiarly desirable, we find the following orders, which, though they do not live on the body, can make man's life sufficiently uncomfortable by their attacks:—*Coleoptera*, *orthoptera*, *hemiptera*, *neuroptera*, *hymenoptera*, *lepidoptera*, *strepsiptera*, *diptera*, *myriapoda*, *arachnoidea*. Now turn we to the catalogue of persecutors of the domestic animals. First, we have an army of the genus *pediculus*, Linn.; and no one conversant with the subject will deny the attention which these foul swarms deserve from the cattle-breeders, when, from want of cleanliness or other causes, they have so multiplied as to be developed in such numbers as to become a disease.\* Then we have the horse-bot (*æstrus equi*, Fab.), and another bot still lower in the intestinal scale (*æstrus hæmorrhoidalis*, Linn.; *gasterophilus hæmorrhoidalis*, Leach.) But be not alarmed, gentle reader; you are not about to be overwhelmed with an avalanche of scientific names. The catalogue shall, with slight exception, be continued in English; and if you want the learned names, and will ask *Fraser*, we will undertake that he shall give them to you. To proceed, then, in the vernacular. Here is the ox worble; there the red bot. That sheep does not thrive. How should he? he is the victim of the sheep bot. That other woolly one falls off daily. What else can be expected? he is a walking colony of the sheep tick. What can make your horse 'spang on end,' as gentle King Jamie was wont to say, to the imminent danger of your limbs, if not of your life? Don't you see that the dreaded *forest fly* is endeavoring to make a settlement? What can ail my Cochin Chinas? Why, they swarm with the bird spider fly, the most tenacious of parasites, whether tenacity of locality or of life be considered. Unless expelled—and it is very difficult to catch, running backwards and forwards with wonderful agility—it will remain lording it over its living domain till death has stopped the supplies with the circulation, when it quits the inanimate feathered biped, as the head-louse leaves the corpse of the unfeathered one who seldom or never put the hostile comb in action during his life.

Then there is the minute but terrible Hungarian gnat, which, though not parasitic, not

\* In most instances, this trite quotation is given thus:—

Who made the spider's parallel design?  
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?

\* *Phthiriasis*.

unfrequently causes the death of cattle by the inflammation occasioned by the insufferable irritation of its bites, or by choking from a sudden swelling of the throat and stopping up the windpipe.

The bee-master knows to his cost the havoc made in his hives by the bee louse, spiders, the honey-comb moth, ants, wasps, and hornets, and though last not least, by robber bees. Of a verity, robbers and parasites do everywhere abound; and who shall say that the poet who wrote the following exquisite lines drew merely on his imagination:—

The very fleas have other fleas,  
And smaller fleas to bite 'em;  
And those fleas have lesser fleas,  
And so *ad infinitum*.

Grain in the field and in the granary is subject to the attacks of the gibbous ground beetle, the German or field cockchafer, the lined click beetle, the winter or dart moth, the white-line dart moth, the millet moth, the corn moth, the corn weevil, the horrible Hessian fly, the wheat midge, and the barley midge.

The meadows are laid waste by the unspotted lady-bird; that destroyer of every green blade, the migratory locust; the rye-grass moth; and the antler or grass-moth.

Our kitchen and flower gardens suffer from a host of winged invaders.

The culinary vegetables are attacked by the spring beetle or skip-jack, the asparagus beetle, the twelve-spotted leaf beetle, the earth-flea beetle, better known under the terrible name of the turnip-fly; the mole cricket, the painted field-bug, the plant lice (*Aphides*), with their never-ending generation-power; the large cabbage white butterfly, the small white butterfly, the green-veined white butterfly, the gamma moth, the cabbage moth, the white line brown-eyed moth, the cabbage garden pebble moth, the carrot moth, Roesel's tineas, the cabbage fly, the lettuce fly, the onion fly, and the negro fly.

But we should weary our friends and occupy valuable space if we were to continue, as we might, the names that blacken this dark catalogue. Suffice it to record their numbers.

The vine has to sustain the attacks of six species, and some of these are also injurious to greenhouse and hothouse plants, orchards, and woods.

Eleven species revel in the destruction of the beauties and dainties of our greenhouses and hothouses. Thirty-seven infest fruit-trees.

If we wend our way to the woods and forests, we find a legion of destructive species

working silently but surely. The deciduous trees have their share of vigorous destroyers, and the pine and fir tribe alone are subject to twenty species of ravagers.

Enough has been stated, we hope, to satisfy the most unimaginative utilitarian of the strictest school, that entomology is not what we have heard it called by one of them, a mere frivolous branch of science. Without a knowledge of the destructive animal and its habits, its ravages can rarely be stopped. But we take higher ground, and claim for entomology a distinguished place in the justly popular science of zoology.

The life of one of the worthies who devoted himself to the study of insects, with the best results to the public, without in the least neglecting his sacred duties, is recorded in the book now before us; and of the way in which the amiable and reverend biographer has performed his part of the task we would write in the kindest spirit, though we must confess that we were not sorry when we were greeted by the more lively pages wherein the zoological career of his departed partner is recorded by his gifted and scientific friend and survivor: long may he continue to delight us by his presence!

In truth, we have lately had too many examples of the otiose mode in which biographers, so by courtesy called, have performed their tasks. Too often they get possession of all the letters written by the departed and his friends, and pitch them, pell-mell, before the unhappy reader. But every letter-writer is not a Swift, a Pope, a Southey, or a Scott; and a heap of stones, even if they be all hewn, do not make a symmetrical monument. We know the almost incredible quantity of raw material in this shape that was presented to the appalled eyes of the author of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*; and all have seen with what a judicious selection of that good and great man's correspondence the most perfect biography which has appeared in our time is enriched.

But as biographies go, the Rev. John Freeman has done his work in a good and righteous spirit; and if we occasionally find the theology somewhat ponderous, and the pleasantries now and then rather heavy, we are on the whole gratified by the honest simplicity and true piety of his record.

William Kirby was born at Witlesham Hall, in the county of Suffolk, on the 19th of September, 1759, and no time was lost in making him a member of the church of which he was an ornament; for he was baptized on the same day. His father was a solicitor, of

a respectable family; his uncle, Joshua, was the friend of Gainsborough, and a kindred spirit; for he, too, was a landscape painter but more celebrated for his treatise upon perspective, published under the title of *Dr. Brook Taylor's Method of Perspective made Easy*, and that bearing the title of *The Perspective of Architecture upon Dr. Brook Taylor's Method*, which last was published in 1761, and magnificently printed at the expense of the King, by whose royal hand one of the plates was designed. This patronage Joshua Kirby owed to the Earl of Bute, who obtained for him the important office of comptroller of the works then in progress at Kew; and in Kew churchyard he sleeps, by the side of his immortal friend Gainsborough, who had requested that when he died his body might be laid by the side of the mortal remains of Joshua Kirby. Joshua's son died early and suddenly, but his daughter, Sarah, was the celebrated Mrs. Trimmer, to whose fascinating pen so many youthful heads—some of which still survive with their locks of silver gray—were indebted for their first literary teaching.

William, the father of our entomologist, married, in 1750, Lucy Meadowe, of an ancient family; and the result of the alliance was, that he took up his residence at the Hall, renting the farm of his father-in-law. It was a saying of the great Napoleon, that the character of the child depends in great measure on that of the mother; and our entomologist, when more than eighty years had slightly palsied the head which once nestled on her beloved bosom, seemed to renew his youth when he spoke with delight of the early lessons which "his very dear mother had taught him."

An old family cabinet was the storehouse from which issued the treasures which determined our William's future career. It contained a collection of shells, which were among the first playthings that his mother laid before him. Attracted by the diversity of their shape and color, the boy was soon taught to ask for each by its proper name; then led on to describe with accuracy the shells which he desired; "next, to mark their distinctive characteristics; and, at last, to know every shell in the collection, not merely from habitual sight, or from hearing the name repeated, but from intelligent observation;" and so the child became the father of the man; and as he grew, the love of nature waxed strong in him. The bright skies, and those stars of the earth, the flowers, drew him forth into the freshness of the fields, and he became a botanist. A small herbarium, in which the pre-

servation of the plants had been so well managed by the youthful naturalist, that the colors of the flowers are almost as bright as when they were gathered, attests the diligence and success with which he followed this charming pursuit. But he was no idle boy: the village school of Winesham first received him; and in due course he was sent to Ipswich grammar school, over which the Rev. John King then presided. That his time was not lost, some remaining exercises, and especially a very creditable translation of Aristotle's *Art of Poetry*, made at the age of sixteen, prove. But before this, he had suffered his first heavy sorrow; when he was fifteen, his tender mother was called to the better country. This greatest and most irreparable of afflictions fell upon him in the year 1768.\*

In due time his father sent him to Cambridge, and the college founded by the renowned Dr. Caius received him. We find nothing remarkable during his residence at the University, with the exception that a cloud appears there to have settled down upon him, and he narrowly escaped Socinianism. But the cloud cleared away; and in 1781 he took his bachelor's degree, and removed his name from the boards to return to the seclusion of his father's house and prepare for holy orders. In 1782 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Norwich, and was appointed to the cure of Barham—an appointment which he owed to the friendship which existed between his father and Mr. Nicholas Bacon, who was rector of that parish and vicar of Coddentham, where he resided. Barham was left under his sole charge, and he was required to perform one duty on Sunday at Coddentham.

The scenery around had many charms for one who possessed a mind that could be amused and exhilarated by the contemplation of the beauties of nature, for the country, in its general aspect, is wooded and well-cultivated, with undulating and broken ground at intervals. It abounds, too, in sequestered nooks and shady lanes, for which this part of Suffolk is justly celebrated, and which make up in some measure for the bolder and more striking landscapes of other countries. The soil, in the course of a moderate walk, passes through various changes of sand, gravel, chalk, and clay, presenting an ever-varying field for flowers, and consequently for insects, which make them their habitation or their food. The streams and ditches of the low meadows abounded with the yellow iris, the purple loose-strife, and the fragrant spi-

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\* In 1791, he lost his father, who died in the seventy-second year of his age, after a gradual decay.

rea, and the banks of the canal amused and charmed the stroller with the beauty and elegance of the brilliant dragon-flies and the skimming gnats. The gravel supplied the plants which despise the thirsty nature of their neighbors by the stream; the woods abounded with the orchis, the blue-bell, anemone, and a host of plants which provoke inquiry. Here bees and butterflies, beetles and ants, spiders and other insects, are found in so many forms, that it would exhaust a life before it could be said that all had been entered upon the naturalist's catalogue.

Young Kirby was happy here for a season; but there was something wanting. It is not good for man to be alone, and in 1784 he married Sarah Ripper, whom he seems to have chosen upon the principle of the most worthy Dr. Primrose. Heraldic claims she had none (whatever her husband's mother had), for she was the daughter of the grocer and draper who kept the village shop. Her parents were soon removed from the cares of business to the quiet and repose of Barham parsonage. With a family of love around him, warm friendships, and the seasoning of a little controversy,—he seems to have taken especial pleasure in buckling on the armor of faith to destroy one Evanson, a forgotten imp of the Tom-Paine school:

How happily the years  
Of Thalaba went by.

Kirby's general love of nature was concentrated on one class of objects by chance, which he thus records in a letter dated from the parsonage, in November, 1835:—

About half a century since, observing accidentally one morning a very beautiful golden bug creeping on the sill of my window, I took it up to examine it, and finding that its wings were of a more yellow hue than was common to my observation of these insects before, I was anxious carefully to examine any other of its peculiarities, and finding that it had twenty-two beautiful clear black spots upon its back, my captured animal was imprisoned in a bottle of gin, for the purpose, as I supposed, of killing him. On the following morning, anxious to pursue my observation, I took it again from the gin, and laid it on the window-sill to dry, thinking it dead, but the warmth of the sun very soon revived it, and hence commenced my farther pursuit of this branch of natural history.

The 'bug' was a lady-bird, and encouraged by Dr. Nicholas Gwyn, to whom he told his tale, Kirby set to work in earnest.

As yet the multitude of scientific societies was not; but almost immediately after our entomologist entered upon his researches, the Royal Society ceased to stand alone. In 1788, Doctor, afterwards Sir James Smith, laid the foundation of the Linnean Society,

now so worthily presided over by ROBERT BROWN, who has well earned the title of *Botanicorum Princeps*, by which he is known throughout the civilized world. Kirby was one of the original members; and on the 7th May, 1793, contributed his first paper, which did not relate to the class in which his labors became so conspicuous. It was 'A description of three new species of *Hirudo*;' but his next paper was 'A History of three new species of *Cassida*,' and appears to have been his first contribution on insects.

But it must not be supposed that Kirby was negligent of his higher duties while indulging in these *amœnitates*; and those who are interested in the theology of the eighteenth century will be well rewarded by a perusal of his correspondence with Mr. Rodwell (ch. vii.) His favorite study was, nevertheless, pursued with ardor in the company of his friend Marsham, secretary of the Linnean Society, his 'tutor in entomology,' who was among the foremost to call science to the aid of the farmer during the panic that prevailed in this country, at the close of the last century, in consequence of what was supposed to be a new disease in the corn; and who, for the purpose of acquiring information which would warrant his prescribing an antidote, corresponded on the subject with Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Markwick, and his 'pupil.'

It was soon evident that the *Hymenoptera* more particularly secured Kirby's notice; and he gives the reason for this preference in a paper of a new genus (*Ammophila*), read at the Linnean Society in 1797:

In no department of the animal kingdom is the Divine wisdom more eminently conspicuous than in the constitution and economy of the insect tribes, and amongst them, none, perhaps, are more worthy of our attention, on both these accounts, than the individuals which compose the class<sup>\*</sup> Hymenoptera. Though they do not, like many of the Coleoptera and Lepidoptera, immediately attract our notice by the brilliancy or gaiety of their coloring (though some are singularly beautiful even in this respect), yet when we examine them closely, and observe the consummate skill manifested in their construction,—when we attend to their history, replete, be they gregarious or solitary, with entertaining anecdotes, and furnishing instances of the most astonishing sagacity and most prudent precaution, we feel inclined to prefer the study of this order of insects to that of any other, not only as most prolific of materials to set forth the praises of Him who hath created them, which is the first duty of the naturalist, but also as gratifying in a high degree our natural taste for the inspection of things that are remark-

\* 'Class' is here used for 'order.'



able either for their beauty, their structure, or their uses.

In 1796 the rector of Barham died; and the fears of those who dreaded the removal of Kirby from a cure and residence of fourteen years were agreeably relieved by the rector's bequest of the next presentation to his curate, who, after some preliminary suffering from the law's delay consequent on an abortive attempt of Mr. Bacon's relations to set the will aside, found himself master of the comfortable parsonage, where, in 1799, he received his cousin, Mrs. Trimmer, as a visitor; and with her he kept up a regular correspondence, in which works of charity and piety were not forgotten. We wish our limits would permit us to give more of this gifted and excellent lady's letters, but we must restrict ourselves to the following account of her interview with the good old King and the royal family:—

Nov. 9, 1808.—I have lately had a very great enjoyment, of which little James was a partaker. I took him with me to Windsor. As soon as the Royal Family knew I was coming thither, they sent to our friend Mr. Plumley, to desire him to tell me the Queen wished me to attend her on Thursday at two, and the princesses at twelve, and to take the child with me. We accordingly obeyed the Royal invitation on Thursday last, and each of the princesses admitted us to her apartment in succession, and behaved with the kindest condescension. The child was greatly caressed and highly gratified with all the new objects which a Royal residence afforded to him. Unfortunately for us, the Duke of Clarence arrived just at two o'clock, and it was four before he left, to visit one of his sisters. The Queen then desired us to attend her, and with her Majesty we found our gracious Sovereign, who spoke to us in a manner I shall never forget, of his afflicting malady, with so much pious resignation, as showed the goodness of his heart in the strongest light. He took very kind notice of the little boy, though he said he could only tell how tall he was, without discerning his features. Two mornings I attended at the private chapel in the castle, where the King goes constantly to prayers every morning, and delightful it was to witness the fervency of his devotion, and to hear him make the responses. You would have enjoyed it more particularly on Saturday, the 5th of November, when the service was in many parts so applicable to the present times, especially when the King made the response to the sentence, 'O Lord, save the King;' I humbly hope his trust will not be in vain.

In little more than two years after the date of this letter, Mrs. Trimmer was called away. She died on the 18th December, 1810.

In 1802 appeared the *Monographia Apum*

*Anglica*, which at once placed the author in the highest rank as an entomologist and Christian philosopher. Praise flowed in from all quarters, but we must content ourselves with the pregnant brevity of one well qualified to judge:—'I will venture to say that it is the most valuable critical work on entomology that ever was published,' writes Mr. Mac Leay, in June, 1802.

But let it not be supposed that the publication of this excellent little book, and the extensive correspondence, foreign and domestic, to which it gave rise, occupied the whole of the author's attention. In addition to his religious duties and writings, we find him, during the anxiety which spread over the whole kingdom in the early part of the present century, taking an active part in the measures for repelling the threatened invasion. Secretary to the little volunteer regiment in his neighborhood, he performed his office with exemplary diligence. Every man in the parish, from the highest to the lowest, had his weapon allotted to him and his post assigned. The cattle and wagons were all numbered, inventories of the stock made, and watchwords and signals appointed. To the pastor himself was assigned the duty of collecting the wagons in the hour of danger, and providing for the safety of the women and children.

In 1813 his wife's mother died, to his great sorrow and that of his beloved but suffering wife,\* who herself departed this life on the 13th of December, 1814, in the fifty-third year of her age. He bowed to this heavy dispensation with christian resignation; but he did not the less feel the weight of the blow.

The fifteenth chapter, one of the best in the biography, is contributed by Mr. Spence, whose first acquaintance with Kirby commenced in 1805. This soon ripened into friendship; and in 1809, Mr. Spence, agreeably to Kirby's invitation, transferred himself to Barham, and for several weeks they were hard at work, laying the foundation of one of the most interesting and useful books in our language. At length, in the spring of 1815, the first edition of the *Introduction to Entomology* came forth, just in time to allow Mr. Spence to take a copy with him to show to their friends on the continent, where Mr. Spence made a four months' tour, after

\* In an entry of the 21st June, 1814, Kirby, after a fervent prayer for her perfect recovery from an illness under which she had been laboring, writes:—'Illa enim mihi est, ut nunc expertus scio, auro et gemis pretiosior.'

the battle of Waterloo. A second edition was called for next year, and a third in 1817, when also was published the second volume, of which a second edition was required in 1818, and a third in 1822.

In 1818 a sad interruption to the joint labors of the Beaumont and Fletcher of entomology took place, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Spence, now, to the great gratification of his friends and zoologists in general, entirely restored to health. During this illness, though Mr. Spence took no part in the completion of the joint book, he gave suggestions on various points; and in 1826, the concluding volumes (iii. and iv.) were published: in the same year he removed, for the benefit of travelling, to the continent with his family, where they spent the next eight years.

In 1823, the first volume of a translation of the *Introduction* was published at Stuttgart, by Professor Oken; the second in 1824; the third in 1827; and the fourth in 1833.

In 1828, a fifth English edition of this charming work was called for, and this being exhausted, it became necessary to bring out a sixth edition of vols. i. and ii., which appeared in 1843, with the addition of upwards of 100 MS. pages. The preparation of this fell to the share of Mr. Spence, as his venerable friend's age precluded any attention to it on his part.

Mr. Spence thus closes his too brief memoir:—

I will not encroach on the province of my friend Mr. Freeman, who is so well able to do justice to it, by expatiating more largely on the admirable traits which, in every point of view, distinguished the character of my dear old friend; but I will conclude this slight sketch of the history of our long friendship, which, for forty-five years, formed one of the great pleasures of our existence,—I know that I may truly say of his as of mine,—by pointing out to our brother entomologists, whom I have had chiefly in view in writing it, two circumstances in his study of insects by which I was forcibly struck on my visits to him at Barham.

The first was the little parade of apparatus with which his extensive and valuable acquisitions were made. If going to any distance, he would put into his pocket a forceps-net and small water-net, with which to catch bees, flies, and aquatic insects; but, in general, I do not remember to have seen him use a net of any other description. His numerous captures of rare and new Coleoptera were mostly made by carefully searching for them in their haunts, from which, if trees, shrubs, or long grass, &c., he would beat them with his walking-stick into a newspaper, and, collected in this way, he would bring home in a few small

phials in his waistcoat pockets, and in a moderate-sized collecting-box, after an afternoon's excursion, a booty often much richer than his companions had secured with their more elaborate apparatus.

The second circumstance in Mr. Kirby's study of insects to which I allude was the deliberate and careful way in which he investigated the nomenclature of his species. Every author likely to have described them was consulted, their descriptions duly estimated, and it was only after thus coming to the decision that the insect before him had not been previously described, that he placed it in his cabinet under a new name. It was owing to this cautious mode of proceeding, which young entomologists would do well to follow, that he fell into so few errors, and rendered such solid service to the science; and a not less careful consideration was always exercised by him in the forming of new genera and in his published descriptions of new species, as his admirable papers in the *Linnean Transactions* amply testify.

The above remarks are meant for entomologists, but there is another moral to be derived from Mr. Kirby's life, to which, in concluding, I would fain draw the attention of all who, like him, have some leisure time to command, and reside in the country,—the great accession of happiness which he derived from his entomological pursuits, which not only supplied him with objects of interest for every walk and for every spare moment within doors, but introduced him to a large circle of estimable naturalists at home and abroad, and thus virtually doubled the pleasures of his existence, and this without neglecting any one of his professional or social duties, with which, much as he did for entomology, he never allowed his study of it to interfere.

To this excellent summing up we would add nothing except from the pen of Kirby himself, who thus writes:—

If you collect insects, you will find, however limited the manor upon which you pursue your game, that your efforts are often rewarded by the capture of some nondescript or rarity, at present not possessed by other entomologists; for I have seldom seen a cabinet so meagre as not to possess some unique specimen. Nay, though you have searched every spot, shaken every bush or tree, and fished every pool, you will not have exhausted its insect productions. Do the same another and another year, and new treasures will continue to enrich your cabinet. If you leave your own vicinity for an entomological excursion, your prospects of success are still further increased; and even if confined in bad weather to your inn, the windows of your apartment, as I have often experienced, will add to your stock.\*

Resuming the general life of this good and industrious man, we find him active in his professional duties, but not relaxing in his zoological labors. Paper upon paper

\* *Introduction to Entomology*.—Introductory Letter.

ornamented the pages of the *Linnean Transactions*, among which we cannot forbear to mention that on *stylops*,—a century of the non-descript insects of his own cabinet, thirty-two of which were exquisitely drawn and colored by Mr. Curtis,—and, after a short interval, another elaborate communication (Feb. 17, 1818) in which were described thirty-three species from New Holland, all *coleoptera*, with the exception of seven, collected by ROBERT BROWN.

‘Mr. Brown,’ writes Kirby, ‘(who has so ably illustrated the Flora of New Holland, and whose observations and discoveries have diffused so much new light over the science of botany) when in that country, did not overlook its zoological productions, and, amongst other subjects, collected many new and singular species of insects. Desirous of having these treasures described, and his time and attention, to the great benefit of the botanical world, being devoted to another science, though fully competent to the task himself, he has requested me to lay a description of them before the Linnean Society.’

In the arrangement of this interesting collection, it was found necessary to form three new genera.

We next find our indefatigable author describing the insects discovered by the Northern expedition under Captain Parry (1819, 1820).

In the meantime, a change had taken place in the domestic establishment of the philosophical pastor. In June, 1816, he married Miss Charlotte Rodwell, sister of Mr. Josiah Rodwell, whose interesting correspondence with Kirby is recorded by Mr. Freeman. In 1817, he made a trip to Paris, accompanied by Mrs. Kirby.

In 1822, it was proposed to establish the Entomological Society, now flourishing,\* but it did not then find favor in the eyes of Kirby, notwithstanding the flattering terms in which his sanction was sought by his energetic fellow-laborer, Mr. Vigors; and perhaps the temporary abandonment of the institution led to the establishment of the Zoological Club, which was the foundation of the present Zoological Society. The first meeting of this Club was held on Ray’s birth-day, in the apartments of the Linnean Society, and Kirby filled the chair. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Joseph Sabine was elected chairman for the ensuing year, and at the expiration of his year of office, Kirby was unanimously elected to succeed him (1824).

In 1829, he published his *Seven Sermons*

\* Kirby presented his invaluable collection of insects to this society.

on our Lord’s Temptation, &c.;\* and in 1830 he accepted one of the appointments made under the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, undertaking to write the essay on the habits and instincts of animals which forms one of the well-known series called the *Bridgewater Treatises*. Of the pious spirit in which Kirby’s treatise is written, his numerous readers can unhesitatingly speak; and in the natural-history department he is, in most instances, strong on his own ground. But when he plunges into other branches of the great stream of zoology, he gets occasionally entirely out of his depth, and flounders deplorably. Had he no friend to induce him to cancel that part of the treatise wherein he exhibits to the astounded student ichthyosauri and plesiosauri, creatures long since blotted from the book of life and buried in the ruins of a former world, still gamboling in the flesh, and thriving in some subterranean limbo of his imagination? for we know not where else to look for them, unless they exist

In the Domdaniel caverns,  
Under the roots of the ocean.

In 1837, the fourth part of the *Fauna Boreali-Americana* appeared, and a marvellous work it is; especially when we remember that this elaborate and vigorous volume was published in the 78th year of Kirby’s age. The number of insects described by him in this book is, 343 *coleoptera*, 3 *orthoptera*, 2 *neuroptera*, 2 *trichoptera*, 32 *hymenoptera*, 17 *hemiptera*, 1 *homoptera*, 32 *lepidoptera*, 13 *diptera*, 1 *homaloptera*, 1 *aphaniptera*.

In 1844, Kirby’s second wife died. Neither by this nor by his former marriage had he any children. The lonely can alone estimate the forlorn condition of a solitary old man. He was bowed down, and the effect was shown more in his mind than his body; for though he retained the power of comprehension, his memory greatly failed him.

It was not to be expected, (writes Mr. Freeman,) that at his advanced age he should have recovered in this respect; it is, however, remarkable, that notwithstanding the weakening of his bodily frame, his mind regained much of that vigor which it had before the calamity fell upon him. Once again he was able to enjoy the society of his friends, and even to resume his duty in the church, confining himself, however, to reading the prayers, and to the administration of the holy communion.†

\* Longman and Co.

† Kirby’s church preferment was confined to the living at Barham. At least, he can hardly be said to have entered on any other. It is true that he was appointed a rural dean by the late Bisher

One of his last appearances in public was on the opening of the Museum at Ipswich (established in 1847), of which he was President, and where he sat on the right hand of the late Bishop of Norwich, who took the chair.

The remainder of this excellent man's long and useful life was passed in the retirement of his own personage. Infirmities gradually

increased with the increasing weight of years. In the spring of 1850, it was evident that his mortal end was near. On the 4th of July, at the age of ninety, he breathed out his soul in prayer and praise; and he sleeps in the centre of the chancel of the church which he had adorned by his presence during sixty-eight years.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## COLOGNE CATHEDRAL AND ITS ARCHITECT.

### A MEDIEVAL LEGEND.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE PLAN OF THE CATHEDRAL.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1226, a poor architect sat in his own small home in the city of Cologne.

The archbishop, Conrad de Hochsteden, had sent a faithful servitor to him that morning, ordering him to furnish, forthwith, a plan of the finest religious edifice the world had yet seen. "For such a building," said he, "shall rise in Cologne, for the glory of the saints and the honor of Germany."

The poor architect was bewildered at his high commission; not that he misdoubted his own great thoughts, for he felt in himself struggling conceptions of something infinitely glorious, beautiful, and harmonious; but he knew better than the archbishop, or anybody else, what would be the difficulty of reducing his ideas to practice, and wished to take counsel with the master-spirits of his age.

He returned, therefore, a modest and thoughtful answer, praying that the means of visiting the finest churches of Germany, France and England, might be afforded him, before he gave in his plan, and commenced the work.

The archbishop did not refuse compliance with the reasonable request, stipulating, however, that the architect's wanderings

Norwich, who was President of the Linnean Society, but he soon resigned the office. The same prelate offered him, by letter, a canonry in Norwich Cathedral, which was gratefully accepted; but, somehow or other, it was forgotten, and Kirby never received the canonry.

should not, on any account, occupy more than one year.

The allotted time expired; true to his word, the architect returned, and set himself at once to the work of drawing out a plan; but, alas! he found the task harder than ever. The emblematic character was no doubt fully written in his mind. That there should be two towers, since the earnest Christian raises both his arms in prayer, was a matter of course; also, that there should be twelve chapels, to recall the memory of the twelve apostles. Of course, too, it was to take the form of the cross, and the triple glory of God should be shown by the three windows lighting the holiest part of the tabernacle. All this was the essential, the inward idea, the *soul*, of the whole: but *the body* was not yet: it had yet to be formed, indicated, shaped out. This, day and night, was the theme of the architect's meditations.

Musing constantly upon the enterprise, he sauntered one day beyond the city walls, to a spot called the Gate of the Franks; and there, seated on a bench, began tracing with a stick, on the loose sand, outlines of *that* which was ever in his thought.

At length something very grand and stately began to grow beneath his hand. His eye beheld it with a degree of satisfaction, when a sharp satirical voice behind him exclaimed, "Bravo! my good friend! so, you are drawing the Cathedral of Strasburg!"

A little keen-looking old man, of a remarkably disagreeable voice and aspect, presented himself as the speaker. The architect



did not feel much pleased by the remark, nor by its utterer, but felt that the verdict was just, and, sighing, acknowledged it.

He effaced the work, and began again. This time other lines came—a different form altogether.

Again the sharp voice remarked, "Bravo! the Cathedral of Rheims!"

"Alas, yes!" said the artist.

Again the picture was rubbed out, and he began anew. This time he worked for nearly a quarter of an hour, encouraged by the plaudits of his neighbor, who whispered several times, "Bravo! Bravo!" But at length the remark came, "You must have travelled far, my friend."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you have been in England."

"Who told you that?"

"This drawing of Canterbury Cathedral."

The architect uttered a deep groan. It was terrible, but too true. With his foot, he effaced all trace of the building, and impatiently turning to the little old man, he put the stick into his hand.

"Here, my master," said he, "such a good critic as you are, cannot you add example to precept, and give me a specimen of what *you* can do?"

"Willingly," said the old man, with a dry and wicked laugh, and then he began, carelessly, and as if by chance, but with wonderful power, to trace on the sand lines so bold, so elegant, and so correct, that the architect exclaimed—"Ah! I see we are, brothers in art!"

"Should you not say," replied the little old man, again laughing that scornful laugh, "that you are scholar and I master?"

"Truly, perhaps, I ought," answered the artist, with the honesty of genius, "if it were not that I have yet to see something more of the fillings up of the sketch."

"Very good, something may be made of you yet," said the little old man, "but I do not choose, just now, to do any more."

"Why not?"

"Because, then, you would get *my* plan."

"Have *you* a cathedral to build, too?"

"I hope to have one."

"Where?"

"Here, at Cologne."

"What, my own cathedral?"

"Yours?"

"Yes, to be sure, mine!"

"Ah, true, if you can construct a plan."

"And I *will* construct a plan."

"So will I, and Archbishop Conrad will choose between the two."

The poor architect felt his heart sink. "Listen," said he, "I have a hundred crowns left of the money advanced me for my journey and plans; finish your drawing for me, and the crowns shall be yours."

The little old man laughed again, and just undrawing the strings of a small purse which hung at his girdle, displayed a treasury of glittering diamonds.

The architect sighed, for he saw that the man was worth far more than *his* price: and while sad thoughts grew on him, the master's hand went on tracing grand outlines, such as he had never conceived of. Exasperated and struck with envy, a sudden impulse seized him—he would possess himself of the idea at any rate. He grasped the old man's arm with one hand, and with the other he pointed a dagger to his breast. "Old man," said he, "finish the plan, or die!"

Hardly were the words uttered, when he felt himself seized by a more powerful arm than his own, a knee was pressed on his breast, and his own poignard glittered close to his throat.

"Ah! ah!" said the adversary, "cheat and murderer!" and he laughed again.

"Kill me!" said the artist, "but spare your laughter."

"What, if I do *not* wish to kill you?"

"Then, you will give me your plan."

"I am ready to do so, but on one condition. First, however, be so kind as to get up and sit down by me; we are not comfortably placed for conversation."

And the stranger seated himself at one end of the bench, quietly crossing his legs, and looking at the poor builder, who, rising, shook the dust from his knees, and stood still in the same place.

"Well," said the old man, "you see I bear no malice."

"But who are you?" cried the architect.

"Did you ever hear of the Tower of Babel, the Gardens of Semiramis, and the Coliseum?"

"Yes."

"Well, I constructed them."

"You are the Tempter, then?" cried the poor artist, with a violent start.

"The same, at your service," with the everlasting low laugh.

"Get thee behind me!" exclaimed the artist, making the sign of the cross.

The low laugh passed into a gnashing of teeth—a flash of lightning above, a yawning chasm beneath his feet—and the Tempter was gone.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE MONK AND THE ADVERSARY.

THE artist went home, and found his poor old mother waiting for him at supper; but he would not sit down at the table, and, taking a pencil, began, inattentive to her remonstrances, to fix some of the fugitive ideas which he had seen traced by the Tempter's hand.

The good woman went to bed weeping; since his return from his travels, she had scarce been able to recognize her son, so possessed was he by the spirit of restlessness and discomfort, and so changed towards herself.

The whole night was passed by the artist in drawing lines and effacing them. There had been a fantastic boldness in the mysterious plan he had beheld, to which he could not approach. As the dawn appeared, he threw himself on his bed; but sleep, instead of giving him relief, added to his disturbance. Half beside himself, he awakened, and ran to the Church of St. Gereon, the favorite scene of his devotions.

But he stopped before the portal. St. Gereon is a small Byzantine church, standing on the site of one older still, constructed by the Empress Helena. Nothing could well be in stronger contrast than the heavy, dull mass before him, and the light towers, the airy and yet bold colonnades which had grown beneath the Tempter's hand, in the sketch of the night before. He forgot that he came to pray—on he passed, not knowing whither he went, occupied by his single, perpetual thought.

All day long did he wander thus; towards evening, without design or knowledge of the way he was taking, he found himself again at the Gate of the Franks, on the terrace and near the bench he occupied before. It was now night-fall, the promenade was deserted, and one solitary man alone besides himself remained outside the walls.

That man was the stranger. In a moment the artist knew and approached him.

He stood before the rampart drawing on the wall with a metal style or pencil, and, as he drew, every line, which, at the first appeared as if traced in characters of fire, faded away, so that in proportion as the magnificent plan grew, the earlier drawn part grew pale and faint, and gradually disappeared; and the eye could not at any one time follow the new lines and recall the old. Thus the artist saw pass before him the vision, even to the minutest and fullest de-

tails, of a phosphoric cathedral, lost in a moment in darkness, not to be recalled or reproduced by possibility.

He sighed sadly.

"Ah, is it you?" exclaimed the old man, turning round, "I expected you."

"I am come."

"Well, I knew we had not quarrelled. Look, I have retouched my plan. What say you to my portal?"

"Magnificent," exclaimed the artist, with undissembled enthusiasm.

"And my tower?"

"Splendid."

"And my nave?"

"Wonderful!"

"Well, you may have it all, if you wish it."

"And what do you ask in exchange?"

"Your signature."

"And *then* will you give me your plan?"

"Certainly, complete in all points."

"I consent to your wish, but when?"

"To-morrow, at midnight, here." And the Tempter departed, and the poor architect returned to the town.

His old mother waited for him as before. The artist sat down this time, and at first the poor woman was cheered: but soon she saw that he simply obeyed the dictates of an absolute physical necessity, and that his mind was far away.

He rose and retired to his room; his mother dared not follow, but seated herself on the threshold, ready to answer at his call.

For some time she heard him uttering sighs and prayers; this did not arouse her anxiety sufficiently to make her think it right to enter. Then she heard him lie down—long turnings and tossings followed—then a few moments of rest, then groans and cries. At length it seemed to her that some one was disputing with him, there was a sound as of a wrestle and a fall, and she heard a cry for help. Then she could not but open the door, but he was alone and in a dream, crying with all his might, "Avaunt, Tempter! thou shalt not have my soul."

"Tempter! Satan!" the case was plain; the poor mother made the sign of the cross over the disturbed brow of the sleeper, which calmed him in a measure, and then she knelt down and prayed at the foot of the bed, looking up at a beautiful picture of the Madonna, given her son by a pilgrim from Constantinople.

As the prayer proceeded, the artist's sleep became easier; and, by the time it was over, his breath was gentle and calm as an infant's.

In the morning he rose in a tranquil state of mind, and, placing himself at the window to breathe the early air, caught sight of his mother, who was going out, clad in mourning. She saw him and stopped.

"Mother, where are you going? why are you in mourning?"

"To-day is the anniversary of your father's death, dear son, and I am going to St. Gereon to order a mass for souls in purgatory."

"Alas, alas!" muttered the artist, "neither mass nor prayers can bring my soul out of the abyss into which it must go."

"Will you not come with me?" said the mother.

"No, mother; only, should you see old Father Clement, send him to me. He is a holy man, and I want to consult him in a case of conscience."

"The saints keep you in such a pious frame, my son; for, unless I am much deceived, the enemy of souls is seeking to surround you with his toils."

"Well, mother, go quickly."

The good woman went, and the architect leaned thoughtfully out of the window. Presently he saw old Father Clement turning the street corner and advancing towards him. He closed the window and waited.

The good old monk entered; a sage, experienced, pious man. The moment he looked at the artist he exclaimed, "O, my son, you have evil thoughts within."

"Yes, indeed, my father, many evils thoughts; and that is why I have called on you to help me."

"Tell me your story, son."

"Father, you know that our Lord Archbishop has given me the task of building our cathedral."

"Yes, I know it, and believe he could not have applied to a better architect."

"There you are wrong, father; I have drawn plan upon plan—possibly some of my plans may be worthy of inferior towns, such as Dusseldorf, or Worms, or Coblenz—but he who has framed a plan for a cathedral worthy of Cologne, is not your penitent, father."

"No!" said the monk; "and cannot we buy his plan for gold?"

"I have offered him all I have, and he has shown me a purse full of precious stones."

"Can we not get it by force?" for his eagerness for the honor of Cologne and the Church drew the monk somewhat beyond the bounds of justice and Christian charity.

"I would have used force," answered the artist, "but he threw me down like a child."

"Will he yield to no condition?"

"Yes; but only one, father."

"What can that be?"

"I must sign away my soul."

"The saints preserve us; it is Satan himself."

"No doubt."

The monk took the matter very quietly. "Well, my son, beware of pride, for it is *that* only which endangers thy soul."

"And is it possible," exclaimed the artist, "that I can get the plan and *not* lose my soul?"

"Perhaps it is possible."

"Oh, father, tell me quickly—how?"

"First, go and confess and communicate in the church of St. Gereon, and then I will tell you what to do."

The architect went as he had been told; and when he had performed his religious duties, he visited the father in his cell.

Now, for what we are going to relate we do not presume to judge the matter; the Cathedral of Cologne is a very great work, and its plan worthy of a seraph. If the holy monk prescribed fraud to the artist, we doubt not he thought it an act of virtue to foil and defraud the Tempter; and so, it is likely, thought the artist also. We, in this day, do not, it may be feared, hold Satan in sufficient abhorrence.

"My son," said the monk, "take this holy relic in your hand, and to-night, when the Tempter exhibits his plan before you, do you take hold of it with one hand, as if to examine it more narrowly, while he holds it on the other side. Then take care and touch his hand with the relic, and I will answer for his letting it go. Don't be frightened,—he will storm and threaten you; but you must hold up this relic in his face, and then you need not have any apprehension. The saints are stronger than he."

"But, my father, when I have given you back the relic, will there be no further fear of him?—will he not return and strangle me?"

"No, not while you remain in a state of grace; but take care of mortal sin."

"Then I am safe," cried the artist, "father, for I am free from the seven deadly sins; I am neither gluttonous, envious, covetous, idle, wrathful, nor lascivious."

"You forget the seventh sin, my son, that of pride; it is *that* which has ruined the highest angels, and it may ruin you."

"I will watch over it, father, and you will be my helper."

"The saints guard and bless you, my son."

"Amen!" said the artist, and retired to his house, where he passed the remainder of the day in prayer.

At the hour appointed, he went to the place of meeting; but the walk was deserted, there was neither old man, nor woman, nor child. The architect walked alone for a few moments, fearing the Tempter might fail of his word. Twelve o'clock, however, struck, and at the very last stroke

"Here I am," said a loud and full voice behind the artist.

He turned, trembling, for he did not recognize the familiar voice; and indeed a change had come over voice and form and figure. It was not the little old man with piercing eyes, pointed beard, and black sur-tout; he saw a fine young man of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, of a striking figure, with large and pale forehead, furrowed, as it were, by the lines of thought. In one hand he held the plan, in the other the compact. The artist could not but recoil a step or two, so dazzled was he by the image of this infernal beauty.

"Ah! now," said he, "this once I know you, and you need not tell your name; you are indeed Lucifer, the demon of Pride."

"Well," said the Tempter, "I have not deceived you; are you ready?"

"Yes; but, before I sign, show me the plan. I pay dear enough to ensure me a sight of my purchase."

"That is fair—look!" and, unrolling the plan, he held it out, but without leaving hold himself.

The architect did as the monk had desired. He took the parchment by one corner whilst the Tempter spread it out, and while by the light of the moon he devoured it with his eyes, he slipped his other arm below, and touched with the sacred relic the hand with which the Devil held the plan.

A great cry followed: burnt to the bone, the Tempter bounded up, and let fall the plan into the architect's possession.

"In the name of the saints," cried the artist, making the sign of the cross with the relic, "depart, Satan."

The Tempter uttered a terrible cry of rage. "I know who taught you that; it is a trick of some miserable priest."

Again the artist invoked the holy name, and waved the relic before him.

Then the Tempter betook himself to his first form. "I am conquered; but mark me, this church, of which I am robbed, *thou* shalt never finish; and thy name, for which thou desirest immortal renown, shall be forgotten and unknown. Adieu! take care lest I surprise thee in deadly sin."

And, with one bound, he sprang into the Rhine, whose waters closed over him, hissing as if they enclosed a red-hot iron.

The happy architect returned to the city and his home, where he found his mother and Father Clement engaged in prayer for him. He told them all that had passed. The poor woman wept, crossing herself; the monk rubbed his hands, applauding his own cleverness. The artist told him the last words of the Tempter.

"Well," said the monk, "he is more fair than I thought, since he forewarns you; now it is yours to keep on your guard, and to avoid all occasion for mortal sin. Once more, beware of pride."

The architect promised watchfulness, and the monk returned to the convent, leaving him the happiest man possible. His mother also left him, not above half understanding what had passed, but happy because her son was so.

Left alone, the artist, without leaving hold of the plan which had so narrowly cost him the loss of his soul, knelt down and poured out prayers and blessings to the saints for the help given him; then he laid himself down to sleep, with the plan rolled up beneath his pillow, and slept, and saw the cathedral in his dreams.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

ON the morrow morn, our artist went to the archbishop, (who had begun to be impatient at such lengthened delays,) and showed him the plan. The archbishop allowed he had lost nothing by the delay, and opening the treasures of the chapter, authorized him to help himself freely.

That same day the foundation of the church was laid; and as, for a long time past, crowds of workmen had been hollowing out the sides of the Drachenfels, there was no want of material; thus there grew out of the ground an immense vegetation of stone, ready to spread forth its forms in the light of the sun. Three months passed, and every week the monument advanced, when, one Friday evening, it chanced that our artist, who had been too much absorbed in the work to think during the day of eating or



drinking, was going home half famished, and suddenly met the Burgomaster, a great *bon vivant*, famous for his good dinners and his suppers. He was coming on purpose to find the architect, and invite him to sup at his house with the Burgomasters of Mayence and of Aix la Chapelle, both also notorious for their convivial habits; not having been able to find the architect at home, he had come to meet him at the spot where he was pretty sure to be found.

The architect tried to get off compliance, on the ground of not having forewarned his mother; but this objection was met by the Burgomaster assuring him that *that* point was settled, for he himself had seen her, and thus there seemed no possibility of declining, and he had nothing to do but to follow, and be led by the Burgomaster into a splendid dining-room, in the middle of which was placed a table, full of every kind of delicacy, from poultry to venison.

Now the architect, as we have said, was really half famishing; thus, at first sight of this fine collation, he congratulated himself on having followed the Burgomaster: but, on seating himself at table, it suddenly occurred to him that it was Friday, the day of holy fasting, in which, less than any day, the sin of gluttony is permissible. Therefore, having first breathed a prayer, he touched nothing but a slice of bread and a glass of water, refusing all other viands and the most delicious wines. Thus he escaped the sin of *gluttony*.

As to the three Burgomasters, they ate and drank without fear of the saints or the Devil, laughing all the while at the poor architect and his bad cheer.

Next day the artist went to his work, which prospered well, neither money nor hands being spared. From time to time he certainly recurred to the parting threats of the Tempter; but every thought of this kind seemed to give him new strength to resist temptation, and, as the cathedral progressed apace, he hoped the infernal predictions would never be accomplished.

About this time Pope Innocent IV., a Genoese by birth, wanted to build a palace at Rome for one of his nephews, and as Cologne was famous for the skill of its builders, he asked the Archbishop Conrad to send him an architect. The archbishop, accordingly, sent his Holiness a very skilful man, whom he had but a short time before thought of placing over the works of the cathedral, in order to annoy the architect, with whom he had had a slight altercation a few days be-

fore. But here he was mistaken; our architect beheld the choice without *envy*. The deadly sin in vain assailed him.

The cathedral profited by this tranquillity of the builder's mind. He lived only for it:—all his time was passed amid its stones, carving himself those parts which needed the most of delicacy and finish. And the archbishop, however cooled towards his architect, paid him right royally, insomuch, that while dreaming of glory for his name, he amassed a fortune for his needs; and by the end of eighteen months he had realized a sum of 6000 florins, which, at that time, was a pretty considerable fortune.

One evening, on returning home, his mother gave him a letter sealed with black; it was from his sister, and announced the loss of her husband, who, dying, had left her in poverty with three little children. The poor woman entreated his help in her sorrow and trial.

The artist sent her his 6000 florins. The sin of *covetousness* was not his.

The cathedral rose higher and higher—the architect seemed to have made it his own dwelling—there he was at the break of day, and there after the night had closed in. He had under his orders some workmen skilful enough to relieve him of certain very important works; and, after having made a very exact design, he committed to one of these men a side door full of beautiful arabesque, over which was to hang, as upon a trellis-work, a vine laden with grapes. The workman who was to execute this work labored behind a screen made of wooden planks, in order not to be disturbed. The architect respected his wish to be alone, and, confiding in his skill, waited till the screen was removed. The grand day arrived—the workman took away the scaffolding, but the work proved quite unworthy of the rest of the building, so that the architect had to make the door himself, with already six months work before him; as he had said, he was not given to *slothfulness*.

From the time of beginning his labors now four years ago, he had constantly inspected his men's work himself, in order to be sure of scrupulous fidelity to his plans; but one night his dwelling was attacked by robbers, who, ignorant of his regular habits of paying his men, thought they should find a rich harvest of money near him, instead of which, there was not more than a sous just then in the house; angry at their disappointment, they pillaged his wardrobe, leaving him not a single garment to put on next

morning. He sent for the tailor, who promised to equip him afresh that very evening, but kept him waiting for three days, all which time the artist was forced to stay in bed. At length, when, after this tiresome delay, the tailor appeared with the clothes, he could not but reproach him, yet he did it with the moderation of a calm and equable man, and thus escaped the sin of *anger*.

The rumour of a new wonder of the world began to be spread abroad. Already it was easy to perceive, by what was done, what it would be when finished; and many came on pilgrimage to see it from France, Germany, and Flanders. Often, after seeing the edifice, these pilgrims were curious to see the builder, so that in his way home from the cathedral, it was not uncommon for him to meet groups of strangers waylaying him in order to note what sort of a person this was who had had the boldness and genius to carry out such an undertaking. Among the pilgrims were some of the female sex, and one of these fell so desperately in love with our architect, that she hired a house in the street by which he passed to his work, so that, go or come when he might, he was sure to see her at the window, smiling and following him with her bright eyes; and sometimes she threw nosegays down to him, and once she let fall her handkerchief, which he picked up, and, without thinking of evil, carried it up the stairs, and gave it into her own hand, while she trembled and blushed, and, at last, made known to him, without reserve, her affection for him; but he gravely and earnestly repelled her advances, telling her how needful it was to guard against temptation, and left her in innocence. Thus he was proof against *impurity*.

Six months now passed away. Every day the number of curious spectators increased, for the portal was finished, and so were many of the arches; and though one of the towers had only attained the height of twenty-one feet, the other had risen already more than 140, and displayed very clearly what the effect would be when its entire altitude of 500 feet should be attained; still the more the work grew, the more the idea that it would never be finished, and that his name would remain forgotten and unknown, tormented the artist, and it was in order to put that last evil out of the question, that the idea came into his mind of working the letters of his name into the balustrade which was to surround the platform of the tower. By this means, that name would strike all eyes so long as the monument

lasted—they would live together. This resolution made, he became more easy in mind, and settled it with himself to put his design in execution on the morrow.

At the moment of commencing, however, the archbishop sent for him, to show him, he said, some precious relics which he had just received. The architect came down from the tower, and found his lordship in great delight. From Milan, had just been sent the heads of the three magi, Gaspard, Melshior, and Balthazar, with their precious crowns of gold adorned with diamonds and pearls. The architect knelt devoutly down at sight of these sacred relics, uttered his prayer, and, rising, congratulated the archbishop on the rich and rare gift.

"Well! replied the bishop," I have had something more valuable, still, than this, from the Emperor at Constantinople."

"Indeed! can it be a fragment of the true cross found by the Empress Helena?"

"Better still!"

"Can it be the crown of thorns pledged by the Emperor Baldwin?"

"Something worth more still!"

"What *can* it be?"

"The plan of the finest edifice that ever was built—"

"Oh! indeed," exclaimed the artist, with a smile of disdain.

"A plan which leaves as far behind all other plans, as the sun outshines the stars—seeing that other plans are the work of men—this is the work of heaven itself, sent by an angel to King Solomon."

"You have, then, the plan of the Temple of Jerusalem?" cried the architect.

"Yes."

"Oh, let me see it!"

"Lift up that curtain," said the archbishop, pointing with his finger to a tapestry covering a kind of frame.

The artist eagerly obeyed, and found himself standing face to face with the heavenly model, and with one glance he took in all its details.

"Well," said the archbishop, "what do you say to that?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the artist, "I like mine better."

Instantly a burst of infernal laughter sounded in his ears; too surely he recognized the well-known sound; after having escaped the six other deadly sins he had fallen into that of PRIDE.

He made but one bound from the spot to the Church of St Gereon, where he hoped to find Father Clement; but the father had

that night been seized with apoplexy and died. And at the moment when this stunning information reached his ears, again there came the burst of Satanic laughter, and a cold chill passed over his frame to his very heart.

Yet he summoned all his presence of mind; and feeling, as yet, no physical pain, took courage by degrees, and resolved to return to the cathedral, hoping that the enthusiasm always sure to be awakened at sight of his beloved work would drive away the remnant of fear from his heart.

And he tried to lose himself in the mazes of his own Church; but, alas! soon he found a want of air, and a sense of suffocation, as if it was a sepulchre. To escape from this he mounted the steps leading to the platform, when there he still continued the ascent by means of the scaffoldings; at the top of the scaffolding was a ladder, reaching the summit of the tower—this was the most advanced part of the work, and that from which the artist could most readily survey all the rest.

Nothing appeared altered; every one was in his place, and all remained assiduously laboring there till the usual hour of departure. The clock gave notice of that hour, as daylight began to fail.

The artist heard the workmen retire singing, pleased with their day's work. Then he remained alone as usual, for, as we have said, he was always the last there.

The sun went down in kingly splendor; only now throwing light on the most elevated spots. Soon the river and the city were wholly plunged into deep shadow, but for some time yet the tower, though it had not attained more than one-third of its height, remained light, and the artist swimming, as it were, in the glory, proudly thought to himself that when it was finished, this high tower would look like an illuminated beacon in the evening. At length the sun slowly abandoned the mountain of stone, and the architect thought it was time to descend. But when he looked for the ladder, behold it was gone!

This was nothing very extraordinary; one of the workmen, supposing the architect to have left the place, might easily have moved the ladder away; yet, under the circumstances, the architect felt his mind disturbed. In the first place, he had, as was often the case, breakfasted very lightly, and having been called down to the archbishop about two o'clock, had completely forgotten his dinner. Thus hunger now began to assail him; besides, being in the month of October,

the nights had lately been cold. He tried, therefore, in every way he could think of to get down from his post; but skilful as he might be, it was an absolute impossibility. Then he tried to call out, but as, before doing so, he had wasted nearly an hour in fruitless efforts, the streets were almost deserted, and his voice being heard in this manner, and really having taken a tone of great suffering, it so happened that the very few passers-by whom it might faintly reach, instead of stopping to inquire whence it came, quickened their steps, frightened by these strange nocturnal sounds.

So it was that the poor architect had to resign himself to his lot; great resolution was necessary. This tower now presented only a bare, unsheltered surface, and, to make the matter worse, towards eleven o'clock, a terrible storm seemed to be gathering up over the heavens. There was no possibility of sleeping, and the artist kept a reclining posture, for, from time to time such gusts passed by, that in standing, as there was no parapet, he would certainly have been carried away; and still the storm came nearer.

At about half past eleven it seemed to halt just over the city of Cologne, and the first bursts of thunder were heard. From time to time a flash which seemed to open the deepest depths of the heavens, cut asunder the heavy sea of clouds above, and, for an instant, lighted up the river and the town with a fantastic light. The architect fancied, seen in this manner, that the town took the form of a lion, the cloud that of an eagle, and the river that of a serpent.

At a quarter before twelve, the whole ocean of clouds seemed to gather up to a point above the cathedral, as sometimes they do towards a mountain's summit. Then the architect found himself in the middle of the tempest—the thunder growled in his ear, the lightning wound itself about him.

Twelve o'clock struck: a strange murmur accompanied every stroke, and at the last came that horrid, well-known laugh, just behind the artist. He turned, and found himself face to face with the Adversary. This time it was his turn to be in his enemy's power.

The architect understood that he was lost, that there was no refuge in flight; and yet, as the Tempter stretched out his hand towards him, he made one backward step, gaining time to utter a prayer.

Satan beheld him, and seeing that the soul was going to escape a second time

made a sudden bound towards him, and precipitated him from the top of the tower.

Rapid as the movement had been, the power of prayer had been quicker still. It had reached the throne of Mercy, and when the enemy darted after his victim to bear the spirit into hell, he found him in the arms of two angels, who were carrying him up to heaven.

For a moment the Devil was stupified, then, darting after the celestial messengers, he passed them rapidly as a whirlwind, hurling at the poor soul that word which had so

grievously tormented it when in the body. What was that one word?

“UNKNOWN!—UNKNOWN!”

And, indeed, think as we may of the preceding narrative, the prophecy is fulfilled. Centuries have passed away, and the name of the architect is as yet undiscovered.

So that we cannot but believe that the poor soul knows, even in heaven, that it is forgotten on earth, and that thus, even there, there is room for the everlasting rebuke of PRIDE!

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PERSONNEL OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

Even the opponents of the present Ministry admit that the Earl of Aberdeen has grouped around him an unprecedented number of statesmen of the highest parliamentary and administrative reputation, and that the details of his ministerial arrangements have been organized with an equal richness in talent and practical ability. If this pre-eminence of the Conservative-Liberal Administration in the essential qualifications of a Government may be accounted for by the abundance of the materials from which the Premier could make his selection,—so great an abundance that a duplicate Administration of scarcely less commanding ability might be formed out of the statesmen of various ranks who have been necessarily excluded,—much of Lord Aberdeen's success must also be attributed to his own personal influence, and to the confidence inspired by his career and character.

Also, in accounting for the unexpected facility with which first-rate men, hitherto more or less in a condition of personal rivalry, even when holding similar political principles, have coalesced; in noting such phenomena as the assumption, for instance, of office by Lord Palmerston under Lord Aberdeen and with Lord John Russell; the return of Lord Lansdowne to public life after an all but formal retirement; or the acceptance by Sir James Graham, after three-and-twenty years brevet rank as a first-class minister, of the office with which he commenced his offi-

cial career under Earl Grey, we must always bear in mind that it had long since been generally understood that a Ministry of the colleagues of the late Sir Robert Peel was “on the cards;” that political justice, as well as the custom of public life, demanded an opportunity for those statesmen to develop their principles and vindicate their career while they were still in opposition, holding the balance between the two parties that retained the old historical names. The curious observer, uninfluenced by party passions, will perceive how a species of etiquette, born of that justice, has presided over the succession of Ministries. The same order of inheritance which led Sir Robert Peel, in November and December, 1845, to offer to Lord John Russell the legislative development of Free Trade principles, entitled the Whigs to succeed that great statesman when hurled from power by the revenge of the country party. For similar reasons, Lord John Russell saw the necessity of clearing the political path of the wrecks of “Protection,” by opening the way to Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli to take office and lose it again.

The issue between the agriculturists and the rest of the community having been thus disposed of, and a Whig Ministry unsupported by the Liberal Conservatives having been proved to be an impossibility, the natural inheritors of office and power were at once declared in those colleagues and followers of Sir Robert Peel who



had aided him in carrying the great measure of 1846. To the silent operation of these laws of parliamentary chivalry we must attribute, in no slight degree, the readiness of the Whig chiefs, and (following them) of the more advanced sections of Reformers, to take office under Lord Aberdeen, and to yield the nominal precedence to the Peelists, although themselves contributing so largely to the numerical strength of the new Administration in the House of Commons.

Still, it would be unjust to the Earl of Aberdeen not to accord its full weight to his personal character and influence. Nearly a septuagenarian in years, his public service dates from a period now very nearly half a century back. He was entrusted with important diplomatic functions years before the present generation came into existence. Five-and-forty years ago, he was invested with the order of knighthood most prized by Scottish nobles and gentlemen, as a reward for some of those services; and nine-and-thirty years have passed since he was raised to the English peerage, in acknowledgment of the probity and skill he had displayed as the representative of his country at the Congress of Sovereigns met to settle the future of Europe after the downfall of Napoleon. Thus, as the basis of the respect he has inspired, we find age, experience, and the well-earned gratitude of his countrymen; while to these claims must be added his long service as Foreign, and for a brief period as Colonial, Secretary; in the first of which capacities his almost unrivalled knowledge and ability were admitted even by those who were utterly opposed to the principle of his policy. To these credentials of administrative ability, Lord Aberdeen superadds proofs of a genius for statesmanship of the order most required in a free country. Always consistently Conservative in his general principles, his sentiments on domestic questions have ever been generous and liberal. On the Catholic question he was one of the first to cast the shield of his unsullied reputation over the imperilled political character of Peel, when he boldly embraced his dangerous duty in 1829; and when the same statesman risked the rupture of the strongest Government since the days of Pitt, in order to avert the threatened consequences of maintaining the Corn Laws, Lord Aberdeen was one of the first, publicly as well as privately, with earnestness to espouse his cause and help in its triumph. Looking back at these cardinal points in the Premier's character, we find in them the evidences of a homogeneity fully justifying his attempt to

hold together a Ministry composed of such elements as those we find grouped around him.

Those administrative elements are of two classes; the old and the new. Not only have the *élite* of the hierarchy of liberal statesmanship rallied round the Earl of Aberdeen, he has also infused into his Ministry 'new blood' to an extent unparalleled since the days of Sir Robert Peel's dictatorship. At the former it is only necessary to glance, their past lives being familiar as household words. To that of Lord John Russell we not long since devoted a considerable amount of attention; tracing his career from its commencement, and showing that his undeviating consistency to the general principles of his party belied much of the adverse criticism directed against him, while it convicted of something like political ingratitude those Liberals who forgot his former services, and ignored the difficulties of his later position. Since that review was written, the noble lord has appended a commentary to the portion which touched on the only great act of his public life that could by his friends be pronounced unworthy a statesman. In the phraseology attributed to a Lord of the Treasury on a late occasion, his acceptance of office under Lord Aberdeen was a 'practical refutation' of the course he pursued at the close of 1850, and during the session of 1851, towards his Catholic fellow subjects. As the organ in the House of Commons of the 'Conservative-Liberal and Liberal-Conservative' Administration of the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John Russell has taken a position in no way contradicting any portion of his past public life, except the episode to which we refer. Of his patriotism and fitness for the duties of a statesman he gave the strongest possible proof when he relinquished claims justified by his past official rank, and set to others who perhaps could less afford the sacrifice than he, an example of abnegation of pretensions which, although they might not have been admitted by all those who once were ranged under his banner, were yet of sufficient weight and influence seriously to have impeded the formation of a Government out of the various sections of the late Opposition.

If the personal sacrifices of Lord John Russell were great, those of Lord Palmerston have been greater. Favorable circumstances, aided by great skill in parliamentary tactics, had made the noble lord, for a considerable time, the arbiter of the 'situation' in the House of Commons. After turning out one administration, he had acquired the

reputation of having saved its successor from ignominious defeat. His pretensions were prospective, and therefore more difficult to yield than Lord John Russell's, which were retrospective. In assuming office under the Minister whose later life had been spent in opposing his foreign policy, Lord Palmerston evidenced, at least, his magnanimity; while in thus presenting England to the eyes of foreign powers, at a serious crisis, as not disunited on the question of her foreign policy, he gave unequivocal proof of his self-sacrificing patriotism.

That Lord Lansdowne should have emerged from comparative retirement to lend his sanction to the new combination, attests that, while age has matured his wisdom, long service and the desire for repose have not impaired his public spirit. Sir Charles Wood and Earl Granville complete the number of Whig statesmen who have permitted a sense of public duty to override party and personal considerations.

If it was justly remarked that, with one or two exceptions, the very best men among the Whig chiefs took service under Lord Aberdeen, it may equally be claimed on behalf of the new ministry, that it has absorbed the most able of those friends and pupils of the late Sir Robert Peel, who had been for upwards of six years excluded from power. Sir James Graham is a giant—in himself a host. As a debater, without a rival for vigor, force, and forensic aptitude; as an administrative officer, by universal admission placed in the highest rank: his invaluable services are obtained in the department where he first earned his official laurels; while his own reputation is enhanced by his self-sacrifice in thus returning to his starting-point, and leaving the Home Office, which he administered in such masterly style under Sir Robert Peel, open for the acceptance of Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Gladstone, too, requires no eulogy of his fitness for the high post to which he has been appointed. Even had he not been designated for it by the determined stand he made against the financial proposition of Mr. Disraeli, his antecedents would have suggested and justified the choice. Mr. Gladstone has the versatility which is the privilege of superior minds. His character presents striking and unusual contrasts. Originally distinguished as a masterly writer on questions relating to the Church and Church government, involving the most abstract principles relating to State religion, his first successes as a speaker in the House of Com-

mons scarcely foreshadowed his subsequent career. He had not, however, held a seat in Parliament more than two years, nor attained the age of twenty-five, when Sir Robert Peel, who was ever on the watch for this order of useful talent, on which his own fame was based, appointed him a Lord of the Treasury—an office which he soon afterwards exchanged for that of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Between his resignation in 1835 and the return of his party to power in 1841, Mr. Gladstone had, on many occasions, developed that aptitude for financial and fiscal questions, which promised to satisfy the growing want of the time; and when Sir Robert Peel came in with full powers, in September, 1841, he marked his sense of Mr. Gladstone's value, not only by naming him Vice-President of the Board of Trade, but also by entrusting to him, under his own immediate eye, the detail work arising out of his new financial schemes. How admirably Mr. Gladstone aided the great restorer of the finances is within the recollection of most men; and there was no act of Sir Robert Peel which gave more satisfaction within the House of Commons than when he promoted Mr. Gladstone to the presidency of the Board of Trade. However much party passions may rage among the people, there is among public men, on all sides, a free-masonry on the subject of personal merit. Tories may hate Mr. Gladstone for having finally thrown his weight into the adverse scale; or Whigs, Peelites, and Radicals may vehemently denounce Mr. Disraeli as the rash champion of dangerous financial principles; but neither of these gentlemen would be grudged by their respective opponents the praise legitimately due to their talent and ability. So with the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. If we except Mr. Cardwell, who is perhaps not yet eligible, however fit, there was not one statesman in the brilliant circle round Lord Aberdeen, who was ever thought of for that high office but Mr. Gladstone; and when his appointment was notified, even political opponents admitted that a sound judgment had presided over the selection.

Mr. Sidney Herbert's chivalrous championship of his party, and of the memory of the statesman whose name they bear, furnished a political reason for his occupying a high post in the new Ministry; even if by general consent it had not been accorded to him in the goodwill of the House of Commons, inspired by respect for his highly-toned mind, his oratorical ability, and his prepossessing manners and bearing. He has, however, intrinsic

fitness for the post he occupies, in which he has already had considerable experience, while Secretary-at-War under Sir Robert Peel. His four years' service as Secretary to the Admiralty also prepared him for the more important and responsible post. Lord Aberdeen's good sense and discrimination were shown in his having placed at the head of the Admiralty, and at the War Office, two statesmen so long accustomed to act in harmony and concert; while the organization of the home defences comes under the supervision of Lord Palmerston, who, amidst the cares of his foreign administration, has always been the steady advocate of an efficient militia force.

Of Mr. Cardwell's fitness for the office of President of the Board of Trade, at least in our own opinion, we could not afford a better proof than in having spoken of him as the only member of the Peelist party who had been 'thought of' for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, except Mr. Gladstone. He also comes with the stamp of Sir Robert Peel's especial approbation, which he first earned as a non-official member of Parliament, by one masterly speech he made in defence of the new Ministerial measures. Mr. Cardwell has thoroughly and practically studied the various subjects that will come under his supervision as President of the Board of Trade. To laborious habits and a capability for application to business, he unites vast practical information, a thoroughly logical mind, a liberal spirit, and a remarkably clear, impressive, and conclusive method of delivering his sentiments, which by superadding the earnestness of sincere conviction to closeness of reasoning, and a very rare lucidity in expression, enables him to elevate his treatment of dry and uninviting topics almost to the rank of eloquence.

The Duke of Newcastle doubtless brings strength to the Administration, as an orator of more than respectable pretensions, and an administrative officer whose value was proved in the difficult office of Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and subsequently, as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He, too, was one of the favorite pupils of Sir Robert Peel. If more than one of the Ministers have shown magnanimity in taking offices below their pretensions, the Duke of Newcastle has not the less exhibited a desire to promote the general good, and increase the united strength of the Government, by assuming the direction of the Colonial Office; where some of the ablest and best men of the time have failed to sustain their foregone

reputation, so great are the difficulties presented by the temper of the colonists, the gross ignorance of the public here, and the mischievous influence of a reckless Colonial press. Perhaps the Duke of Newcastle may possess a charm by which to disarm the most hostile of the critics of quondam Colonial Ministers: at all events, he has been at great pains thoroughly to study the questions that must come before him, and it may turn out that under him the Colonial Department will no longer be the permanent weak point of our domestic Government.

With the names of Viscount Canning, Mr. Frederick Peel, and Sir John Young, we complete our list of notable members of the Peelite party who contribute towards the strength of the new Administration. We come to the 'new blood'—to those who have now received their first introduction to official life.

Among these statesmen thus for the first time assuming office, the Duke of Argyll naturally takes the first place, although to the reader unacquainted with the antecedents or the character of the noble duke such a preference will seem unjustifiable, in the presence of so many other new members of the Government whose names have long been prominently before the public. We venture to predict for the Duke of Argyll a most distinguished career. Inheriting as he does the highest title of nobility within the gift of the crown, we are tempted to prophesy that he will ultimately attain to the greatest power and distinction that can be conferred by the joint choice of the sovereign and the country. The Duke of Argyll has crowded much development into a brief space of time, and has made occasion wait on his strong will and superior intellect. Although scarcely thirty years of age, he has impressed all who have read his productions or who have seen and heard him in the House of Peers, with a conviction that a singular precocity has not prevented the full and early maturity of his mental powers; and that nature has set her stamp on him as one born to lead and influence his fellow men. His published writings (one of the best essays on the cause of the Church of Scotland came from his pen when he was yet scarcely one-and-twenty years old), as well as his reported speeches, evidence a moderate and liberal spirit, and highly-trained powers, devoted to an enlarged consideration of the public good. When, at rare intervals, he addresses the House of Lords, it is difficult to say whether he most prepossesses by his manly yet unassuming



deportment, the intellectual and spiritual character of his countenance, or the lucid manner in which he delivers the conclusions arrived at by his close reasoning. Although the office he at present holds is not one calculated to afford scope to his abilities, his presence in the Cabinet will not be without its uses in adding to the strength of the progressive element in its constitution, and in stimulating the tendency to sluggish action of some of its members, whose public service dates from nearly half a century back.

Sir William Molesworth is a man better known to the public as a writer in the press and a speaker in the House of Commons. His selection for a Cabinet office was, we need not say, the outward evidence that the new Premier and his allies desired to conciliate the Radical Reformers. Sir William Molesworth had long enjoyed the confidence of the more philosophical Radicals within the House; while out of doors the public of the same persuasion felt towards him a kind of faith, arising from his being always seen in what they considered such good political company. A baronet by descent, and the possessor of large fortune, Sir William Molesworth was not likely to excite the fears of those classes who had regarded with alarm the tenets of the political party of which he was the recognized chief; while the same causes removed the obstacle that would have arisen to an alliance of aristocrats with the more plebeian leaders of the people. It is impossible to overlook this consideration in contemplating the selection of Sir William Molesworth as the representative of the "philosophical" Radicals, and of Mr. Villiers as the representative of Free Traders. They are, to aristocratic eyes, the most presentable of the members associated under those party names. Radicalism and platform agitation do not seem so formidable or so repulsive when they come in the shape of a baronet and the brother of an earl. That the appointment of Sir William Molesworth has strengthened the Government and conciliated the movement party, there can scarcely be a doubt. He has for years been the advocate of many measures of practical reform, which are necessary in order to yield to the British people the full fruits of their free institutions; he is also the trusted champion of the most active party in the several colonies. On the other hand, if important interests are thus conciliated by his presence in the Cabinet, he holds certain opinions as to *organic reform* in our Constitution, which are *not likely to be palatable* to his new asso-

ciates, and which will leave him a mark for the assaults of the opposition press. If Sir William Molesworth's natural position would seem to be at the Colonial Office, he cannot fail to discharge with ability the duties of the less important office entrusted to his care. His extensive theoretical knowledge of colonial subjects, and his reputed favor with the colonists, must have their influence in the Councils of the Government: while the clearly-pronounced character of his political opinions on domestic subjects will re-act favorably in the opinion of his quondam associates, in the event of a policy being adopted which they may consider too slow and cautious. We should infer, from many symptoms that have appeared from time to time, that Sir William Molesworth will develop into a good administrative officer: the logical character of his mind, and the confidence inspired by long acquaintance with parliamentary business, will render him very useful to his party as a debater in the House, on occasions when he may be brought into collision with the advocates of democratic theories or measures.

Although not new to office, Lord Cranworth for the first time assumes a high political position. As a Lord Chancellor, elevated by his legal merit, not by mere political service, he presents a favorable contrast to most of the appointments made by the Whig party to the highest law office. Lord St. Leonards could scarcely be said to be a political Chancellor: his successor will afford another instance of the practical benefit derivable from having in that high office men elevated for their legal merit alone, and thus prepare the public mind for the ultimate and natural division of the functions now performed by the chief judge in equity, and the official keeper of the royal conscience. Lord Cranworth's previous career affords throughout a salutary exception to the too prevalent practice of raising a partisan lawyer to the peerage and the highest judicial office. From the Solicitor-Generalship he was raised to a Puisne Judgeship, usually a kind of *cul-de-sac* in promotion; but his intrinsic merit as a lawyer was remembered, and we have seen him gradually elevated from this unenvied post to a Vice-Chancellorship, a Lord Justiceship, and now, in defiance of long-standing custom, to the Lord Chancellorship. As a lawyer, Lord Cranworth commands the respect of the profession, and of the law lords in the House of Peers; as a politician, he has been a consistent liberal, never in extremes, but always ready to promote measures of prac-



tical usefulness and a policy of steady progress. It would be unfair to our estimate of the administrative strength of the Government, as well as to the individual minister, were we to omit mention of Viscount Canning; a nobleman who has already filled with ability the office of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who was at one time named as the successor of Lord Palmerston, and who was also, during a brief period, first Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He was one of those rising men on whom Sir Robert Peel set the stamp of his approval; and if he be without the oratorical genius of his gifted father, he at least possesses debating powers of a high order, and his administrative ability has been successfully tested. He is understood to enjoy in a great degree the personal favor of the Sovereign; it will not be forgotten that when Lord John Russell made his first ineffectual attempt at resignation, it was Lord Canning who was made by Her Majesty the medium of communication with the seceding minister and his probable successor.

Sir Alexander Cockburn resumes his natural position as Attorney-General. Mr. Bethell, the Solicitor-General, though new to official life, has already successfully proved his ability. If it be unusual for a lawyer to take the first step in official promotion within a year and a half of his first entrance into Parliament, in the case of Mr. Bethell there can be no pretence of undue political preference. His brilliant career at college, his steady rise to the highest non-official position at the bar, his standing as Vice-Chancellor of Lancaster, and as Counsel for Oxford University,—all point him out as a man even more entitled to be advanced to the foremost rank than those successful partisan speakers out of whom ministers so often make the cadets of the legal department of the Government. The appointment of Mr. Villiers to the important office of Judge-Advocate-General recalls to mind that although that gentleman has been a platform orator, and the avant-courier of the Manchester free-traders in the House of Commons, he has been for six-and-twenty years at the bar, and that for many years past, and during the whole of the Anti-Corn-law agitation, he discharged the often laborious duties of an Examiner of Witnesses in the Court of Chancery. He was also one of the original Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry. Mr. Villiers certainly has more the air of a laborious Chamber Counsel than of a platform orator: his debating powers, which are dis-

tinguished for a forcible logic and tenacity in argument, have scarcely yet received their due meed of praise. The office of judge-advocate-general, it will be remembered, was not long since held by Sir George Grey, subsequently one of the most energetic and able of those who, from Lord Melbourne's time to the present, have held the office of Home Secretary.

Mr. Bernal Osborne had fairly earned, as a matter of political *status*, a position which, on any other score, he would not have cared to attain. His specific value as a debater had been demonstrated in a series of philippics against the Derby Administration, of which the humor, if sometimes a little coarse by comparison with the refined and polished sarcasm of Mr. Disraeli, was never marred by malignity. Mr. Osborne has the peculiarly English merit of 'knowing how to give and take;' and although he often hit hard, his blows were regulated by the laws of that science which enables public men fiercely to oppose each other without sacrificing their personal friendship or the amenities of private life. At present it is impossible to affirm that he will develop into a good administrative officer, but the practical character of his mind, and the average experience of English gentlemen and officers in public affairs, lead to the confident hope that he will be inferior to few, if any, of his predecessors. He will always be an effective ally as a partisan debater; while the confidence placed in him by one of the most important constituencies in the kingdom renders his accession to the Ministry a source of strength, more especially with the extreme popular party.

Last, but not the least important in the list of new Ministers introduced to official life in the English branch of the Government by Lord Aberdeen, comes Mr. Lowe, Secretary to the Board of Control and member for Kidderminster. The present position of this gentleman affords a cheering and convincing proof of the quickness with which men of real talent may rise in this country. Without any antecedents of birth or connection to lead to his advancement, we find him, within six months after his first election to the Imperial Parliament, offered an important appointment under the Government. It is true that, as in the case of Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Lowe's more appropriate sphere of action would appear to be the Colonial Office, seeing that his practical experience of public affairs was gained while in the Legislature of Australia; but he

man of such an order of mind, combining so much practical knowledge with so philosophic a spirit of statesmanship, that his services must be valuable in any department of the State. The selection of this gentleman by Lord Aberdeen is justifiable on the sole ground of the abilities developed by him in the House of Commons: if, as is understood, he is also one of the most powerful of contemporary journalists, his appointment attests the abandonment of an old and untenable prejudice, and points to the hope that some of the most valuable talent in the country may no longer be under a ban when there is question of employing it in the public service. The qualities of Mr. Lowe's mind eminently fit him for official life; and it may be presumed that he will render good service to the State when the great question of the future government of our Indian empire comes before Parliament.

The Irish branch of the new Ministry has more than all the rest been the subject of adverse criticism. That criticism, however, has addressed itself rather to the principles of the individuals composing the Government than to their abilities, which seem to be admitted.

Whether Lord St. Germans will, as a Lord-Lieutenant, be more acceptable to the Irish than Lord Eglinton is a matter of small specific importance. The mere personal qualities of a ruler are less to be thought of than his principles of government. Lord St. Germans professes impartiality, and must of course calculate on reaping as his reward the detraction of the ultras of both parties in Ireland. There is, however, a large and important class of moderate men in that country, who look to the measures of the Administration, rather than to the manner in which the festivities of the Castle or the courtesies of the Vice-Regal lodge are conducted or dispensed; and to those Lord St. Germans, who is a man of sense and ability, trained under the late Sir Robert Peel, and whose name is associated with one great effort to assuage the animosities of rival factions, will be an object of respect.

Sir John Young will have a more difficult and less agreeable part to play. He commences his career as chief secretary with the respect of all parties in Ireland; and his official antecedents have been such as to warrant that respect. But it is impossible to deny that in the present exasperated state of men's minds in the sister island on religious questions, he will have to bear the brunt of assaults from the bigots of both

creeds and parties. He is a man of nerve, experience, and official ability, and, with the confidence of the Government, he will doubtless weather the storm.

Mr. Sadleir as a Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Monsell as Clerk of the Ordnance, are good selections, both being men fitted for the offices they hold. Their appointments, however, are chiefly significant in connection with the course the Ministers are expected to take with regard to the Irish Catholics.

Mr. Brewster's standing at the Bar fully warranted his nomination as Attorney-General for Ireland; and although faction has protested against Mr. Keogh's appointment to the Solicitor-Generalship, a fair review of his Parliamentary career would establish his title to the post. As to his professional abilities, we believe there is not a second opinion; while those who object to the incorporation in the Government of one who made so determined a stand against the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, must at least admit it to be politically just that those in whose cause he had so successfully labored while in adversity should remember him in the hour of triumph. Mr. Keogh has been from the first consistent. He was elected as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel; and in so far as the exertions of the body known as the Irish Brigade contributed to that dead-lock of parties which brought about the present fusion, and gave the successors of Sir Robert Peel the preponderance in the new Ministry,—thus far was Mr. Keogh fully entitled to be included in the Irish law appointments. Ready in debate, full of courage and aptitude, and of a character to inspire sympathy in opponents as well as in friends, he is as yet but at the commencement of his career, and although the range is comparatively limited for an Irishman, he is fairly entitled to aspire to any honors and distinctions his profession may afford.

In this cursory glance at the claims of the members of the Ministry, we have been compelled to limit ourselves to the most superficial record of the salient points on which they may fairly claim the respect of the public. The excellent choice made by Lord Aberdeen may partly be attributed to the abundance and the high quality of the materials. All that remains is to employ such an array of talent in the manner most calculated to benefit the country, and we have no doubt that every effort will be made to meet the sanguine expectations of the people.

## A NEW HERCULANEUM, ON A SMALL SCALE.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum*, writing from Naples, thus mentions a recent and interesting discovery.

One of the most important and interesting archæological discoveries that has for some time been made has been effected in that part of the Kingdom of Naples commonly known by the name of Puglia (Apulia), which formed a portion of Magna Græcia. I believe it is known to many that Cavalier Carlo Bonucci, Architect and Director-General of antiquities and excavations in this kingdom for twenty-five years, has recently discovered near Canosa, founded by Diomede, a subterranean necropolis, quite entire. Its principal entrance is decorated with four Doric columns, two niches for statues, and a second line of Ionic columns, all of slight and elegant proportions, and of a workmanship which recalls the best age of Art,—that between Pericles and Alexander. This elegant entrance was painted in various colors, which produced an effect not less pleasing than surprising. This specimen of the polychromatic architecture is valuable for its high state of preservation, its freshness, and for the classic time to which it belongs. Entering the city in question, over which Time and Death have spread an eternal silence, we find streets which lead to various groups of dwellings. The gates are decorated with elegant Ionic columns, whose capitals present the accessory ornament of a festoon. Signor Bonucci tells me, that on entering the chambers he found everything arranged in its place as it had been left twelve centuries ago. The walls were covered with linen embroidered in gold :—garlands of flowers, withered it is true, but preserving all their forms, hung in festoons from the ceiling. All kinds of furniture and precious vases were distributed about in the most varied and graceful manner. Here were to be seen statues of marble,—busts of deities and priestesses in terra cotta, beautifully painted,—vases of “creta” of an extraordinary size, on which are represented the most interesting scenes of private life, and the most classical traditions of mythology. Of these I spoke in a recent letter as having just arrived at the Museo Borbonico. They are not yet arranged, but yesterday I was favored with a nearer and

a longer inspection. On the larger vase, which is of gigantic size and is still unpacked, though lying exposed, Homer is painted with the lyre in his hands as if he were singing some passage of the Iliad or the Odyssey. In the midst of all these treasures and miracles of Art of every form, lay the mistress of the house reposing tranquilly as though she slept. So great was the illusion, that one might have almost said “she is not dead, but sleepeth.” She rested on a gilt bronze bed, supported by friezes, figures, and genii, exquisitely carved in ivory. In the adjoining chambers, which were all filled with the same wealth, lay her daughters and servants. These young girls were still clothed with dresses embroidered with gold. Their heads were surrounded with garlands of gold which represented the sacred flowers of Proserpine,—in the midst of which were sporting, as it were, birds and insects. Other garlands there were of roses :—some wore diadems covered with precious stones finished in the highest style of Art. One of these I saw yesterday in private hands,—and nothing can exceed its extreme beauty. The ears of these children of death were all ornamented with pendants of various forms, and their necks with necklaces in which emeralds and hyacinths were interwoven with chains of gold. Two of these, which were obtained by contraband means, I have also seen. The arms were ornamented with bracelets of a spiral form, or, winding as a serpent. An abundant and sumptuous table was laid by their side. The fruits consisted of pomegranates, pines, the corn of the fir pine, and apples,—whilst the flowers were narcissuses, hyacinths and asphodels, apparently fresh. They were made either of painted “creta,” of colored glass, or of rock crystal. Their styles were made of metal threads, with green smalt, or simply gilt. The plates, basins, cups, and every other article necessary for dinner, and the lamps which were to shed their light upon it, were of an extraordinary size, and all of glass. This glass was formed of a kind of paste worked in mosaic, with the most beautiful designs,—in which were interspersed small bits, or dice, of gold. On some of the plates were painted landscapes,—and others were ornamented with lines of

representing elegant and sumptuous edifices. These discoveries were terminated only about the middle of last year ; and it has occurred to me that, now which we are seeking for all the wonders of Art with which to adorn the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it is right to make known to the British public the above extraordinary facts. The plans and the designs are all in the hands of Cavalier Carlo Bonucci :—and I am not aware that they came under the notice of the Commissioners from

the Crystal Palace Company during their hurried visit to the capital.

In sending you the above notices, I feel almost as if they would be received with incredulity ;—indeed, as I write it appears that I am wandering again amongst fairy scenery. But I have seen at the least a portion of the objects which have been recovered ; and surely nothing so extremely graceful have I ever beheld.

THE EMBELLISHMENTS OF PARIS.—The completion of the great square of the Louvre, so often talked about, is now begun in earnest ; with the addition of a noble street in continuation of the Rue Rivoli extending beyond the Hotel de Ville,—together with the widening of many of the transverse streets and a grand projected street from the Ecole de Médecine to the Jardin des Plantes. The river front of the Louvre has also undergone a thorough renovation,—as well as the exterior of Notre Dame. The Pont Neuf is undergoing repair ; and I notice that an arched sub-way is being formed beneath the footpaths,—probably for the gas and water pipes. The tower of the “grosse horloge,” in the flower-market of the adjoining buildings, is also under repair,—being partly indeed rebuilt ; and the magnificent clock has been re-gilt and painted in the style of the 15th century. The lines of the electric telegraph present a curious sight ; being carried over the houses and river from one high point to another,—so that all the public buildings are brought into instant communication with each other. At the Louvre some fine additions have been recently made. Not to speak of the formation of a museum of all the regal antiquities in the kingdom, to be brought together (the Bayeux Tapestry not omitted), the splendid Salon d'Apollon—second only to the great ball-room of Versailles—has been restored ; a well stored museum of American antiquities (so essential for the unravelment of the great enigma of the early occupation of the New World,

and of which the recent works of Mr. Squier and the publications of the Smithsonian Institute have given us numerous instances, but of which our own Museum is almost destitute) has been formed. Another long gallery filled with sculpture and inscribed stones from Algeria has been opened,—together with an extensive suite of rooms devoted to sculpture of the Middle Ages and of the period of the *Renaissance*. In the former are placed casts of the grand Bruges fire-place, and of the tomb of Charles V. and Anny of Brittany from the cathedral of the same city :—(shall we have casts of the Fontevault regal statues—now at Versailles,—or of the Rouen Champ de Drap d'Or, in our new National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture ?) A grand square room adjoining the long picture gallery has also been opened ; and in this are placed some of the more valuable recent acquisitions,—including the Virgin of Murillo. A “Salle des Bijoux” has been formed, containing an extraordinary collection of gold and silver decorated works of all ages—many of the articles richly ornamented with precious stones,—and a “Salle des Emailles,” for the reception of the enamels and other allied objects. In these two rooms are some articles of extraordinary delicacy and interest. Some minute carved wood-work is quite equal to the Duke of Devonshire's famous Holbein necklace, exhibited in the Museum of the Middle Ages formed at the Society of Arts two years ago.—*Correspondence of the Athenæum.*



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE principal issues of the press during the past month are included in the following list :

Earl Grey's defence of the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's administration, in 3 vols. has been issued, but not reviewed as yet.

Mr. Layard's new work, *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon*. This work has been looked for with considerable interest for some time, and is to be re-published by Putnam. The *Athenæum* assures its readers, that however high Mr. Layard's previous works have raised their expectations, they will be amply realised in this production,—the subject-matter of which is full of most valuable and suggestive materials. Mr. Layard's more recent investigations have not been limited to the seat of his original discoveries. His wanderings have spread over a wide tract, extending from the Black Sea to Niffer in the low marshy country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, thirty miles south of Babylon,—and in an easterly direction to the mountainous districts Khandoona, on the confines of Persia.—the lines of his route diverging to every locality either known or supposed to contain ancient remains. That Mr. Layard should have accomplished so much with the limited means at his command is in the highest degree creditable to him.

*Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq.*, containing numerous personal anecdotes of Lord Wellington and incidents during the Peninsular War. Edited by Sir George Larpent, Bart. This important work contains a great variety of incidents respecting the Peninsular career of Wellington.

The *Globe* thinks: "An unexpected and perfectly unintentional Boswell has posthumously turned up to do justice to the Duke's every-day life, and the minutest details of his campaigning career from 1812 to the close of the war in Spain. The multiplicity of minor facts and illustrative scenes can only be fully estimated by a perusal of the book, which will rank alongside Napier's great military record as the best civilian account of the occurrences of that memorable episode in modern European history."

The *Greenville Correspondence*: Two more volumes of these important political papers have been issued. These Memoirs relate to the last eighteen years of the eighteenth century, a period including the administration of Lord North, the close of the American War, the formation of the coalition ministry, and the breaking up of the Whig party, the King's first illness, and the contents on the Agency question, the French Revolution, and the War with France, the Irish Rebellion, and the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. On the hidden movements and secret history of some of these great public events, considerable light is thrown by the correspondence of those who acted a prominent part in the politics of the time. The letters are chiefly those of the three brothers, George, Thomas, and William Wyndham, sons of the first George Grenville, Secretary of State under Lord Bute, and afterwards Prime Minister from 1763 to 1766. The correspondence commences in 1763, when Lord North's administration was tottering under the eddies of the American War.

Baron Muffling's work, *Memories of my Life*, with memoirs of the campaign of 1813 and 1814, attract considerable notice. Baron Muffling was a distinguished general and diplomatist in the service of Prussia. He died at his estate near Erfurt, in January, 1861, at the age of seventy-seven; and left behind him in a state fit for immediate publication the manuscript of a work bearing the title given above. Baron Muffling was ac-

tively engaged in the campaigns against the French in Germany in the early years after Napoleon became emperor; and the first part of the present translation contains the Baron's reminiscences of that period. In the great campaign of 1813-14, Baron Muffling held the distinguished and responsible appointment of Quartermaster-General of the Prussian army, and in that capacity was a leading adviser and mover in the great military events which led to the first expulsion of Bonaparte from France in 1814. With a memoir of this portion of the Baron's career the larger part of the original work, and of the English version now before us, is occupied.

As regards authenticity, means of information and the character of the writer, the *Athenæum* thinks these Memoirs appear to possess the highest advantages.

*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III.*, by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

Amongst the subjects traced to their springs and followed to their final issues in this work will be found the great struggle that took place, towards the latter part of the last century, between the Crown and the Parliament; the administration of Lord North, the formation of the Coalition ministry, and the breaking up of the Whig party, the King's first illness, and the content on the Agency question; the French Revolution, and the War against France, the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. There is scarcely a single individual of celebrity throughout the period from 1763 to 1800 who is not introduced into these pages. Amongst others, besides the King and the various members of the Royal family, are Buckingham, Shelbourne, North, Harlow, Loughborough, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, Portland, Sydney, Pitt-Rivers, Thorne, Buckingham, Greenville, Grey, Malmesbury, Wilberforce, Harcourt, Fitzgibbon, Graham, Flood, Cornwallis, the Howards, the Ponsonbys, the Waldeys, &c.

The first part of the first volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is issued, containing Professor David Stewart's Dissertation on the History and Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy since the revival of letters in Europe. The first volume is to comprise the preliminary dissertations by Donald Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh, Professor Playfair, and Sir John Leslie, with the additional dissertations by Dr. Whately, Dr. Whewell, and Professor James D. Forbes. In point of typography and external appearance the revision of Professor Stewart's dissertations promises well for the style of the publication of this new edition of the 'Encyclopædia,' the projected arrangements for which we lately noticed.

The *Literary and Scientific Register and Almanac* for 1863. By J. W. G. Gutch.

The *Times* considers this as perfect a compendium of useful knowledge in connection with literature, science, the arts, and such things as it is necessary everybody should have acquaintance with, as can be compressed into a pocket-book; and it is, in fact, what its title assumes, viz: a Literary and Scientific Register.

A new contribution to the Janus question has been made in a pamphlet, entitled the *Ghost of Janus*, by Francis Ayscote, who says that he has ascertained by "unmistakable and irrefutable evidence" the authorship of Janus. The name has at different times been said with regard to the claims of the Duke of Portland, Lord George Bessville, Mr. Berke, Colonel Barre, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Dunning, Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Masson, Lord Chamberlain, and last of all, Lord Lyndoch. Of late years there has been a general acquiescence in the authorship of Sir Philip Francis, not from any di-

rect proof, but from the circumstantial evidence being greater for him than for any other name before the public. The authority of such men as Canning, Mackintosh, Lord Campbell, Macaulay, and Lord Alton, who all have pronounced in his favor, has gone far to silence further controversy. Mr. Ayerst thinks that the veritable John was Sir Thomas Rich, Bart. whose sister married the first Lord Lyttelton, and who was thus intimately connected with Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton.

**History of the Origin of Representative Government in Europe.** By M. Guizot. Translated by Andrew R. Scott. The substance of this work, of which an English translation is here presented, first appeared in the *Journal des Connaissances*, in reports of the lectures delivered by M. Guizot, as Professor of History in the College de France, in 1820-22. The first part of the work gives the history of representative institutions in England, France, and Spain, from the fifth to the eleventh century. The second part gives in greater detail the history of representative government in England, from the conquest till the reign of the Tudors. The accurate research and profound philosophy of the author are apparent in every portion of the treatise.

Third Series of the Correspondence, Despatches, &c., of Viscount Castlereagh are about to be issued. These volumes include the Congress of Vienna, the Battle of Waterloo, &c.

Twenty Seven Years in Canada West; or, the Experiences of an Early Settler. By Maj. R. Strickland, C. M. Edited by Agnes Strickland. The *Literary Gazette* calls this a very meritorious and useful work.

Holwer's new work "My Novel," gets universal praise. The *Athenaeum* says, "in spite of its extraordinary length, in spite of its unimposing commencement, in spite of twelve initial chapters to its twelve books full of self-assertion and self-praise humorously masked, yet still to be read by him that runs." "My Novel" is a work of Art, as distinguished from a work of nature, a work of thought, and not of feeling; to be read for a work of character, to be read where results are to be seen in the fascinating combination of nature, a work full of shrewd sayings, and containing many sayings deep as well as shrewd;—a work full of individual views concerning the questions of the day;—a work finally, possessing scenes and combinations lacking in a novel is no novel, but a treatise, an *ars erotica*, not a poem, or a pamphlet, as may be.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

Mr. Lauman's *Private Life of Mr. Webster* has been re-published. The *Athenaeum*, after depicting in general terms Mr. Webster's character, says that the book has given it "some pleasure, not unmingled with disappointment and regret. Mr. Lauman's share of the work, to say the best of it, will do him no literary credit in this country."

The *Athenaeum* would seem to be in an unusually unamiable mood towards American authors. A single number of that journal depicts several of our recent publications in the following style:

"*Influence*: or, the Evil Genius, by the Author of 'A Trip to Catch a Sunbeam,' is a pretty, pathetic story of several young ladies who are rather mercilessly tried during the progress of the tale;—one wild young gentleman, whom posthumous justice overtakes long ere the close;—and the established comfort on such occasions, who has to wait for his reward almost as wearily as poor *Isidore* in Mr. Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair.'—*Influence* is smoothly, earnestly written, but others must decide whether it will in these days have power to command the attention and retain the sympathies of those ready to receive a new fiction of unexceptionable tendency.

"*The Children of Light*; a Theme for the Time. By Caroline Chesbore.—Why not a Tale for the Time?—but this American tale is full of affectations from its first to its last page. It is a story of art, passion, class distinctions, sympathy, restless women, and about a Mr. Gregorin, a sort of transcendental Loverdoe.

Everybody is in spasms or on stilts;—everyone talks like a book—supposing the book an American one belonging to the family of 'Richard Edney.'"

"*Cap Sheaf, a Fresh Bundle*. By Lewis Myrtle.—Here again is a title which may go into *Notes and Queries*, there to be explained for the use of the uninitiated. But Mr. Lewis Myrtle is far more moderate in his 'Bundle' than Mrs. (or Miss) Chesbore is over her 'Theme.'—The little miscellany of stories of sentiment and speculation thus whimsically presented to the public resembles, at some distance, the sketches of Irving and the short stories of Hawthorne, and displays more sense, simplicity and feeling than a title so cancelled might lead the world to expect."

"*Romance of Student Life Abroad*. By Richard B. Kimball.—Mr. Kimball is another American author, now, so far as we can recollect, on this side of the water, who, taking for his framework the sayings and doings of a knot of young medical students in Paris, has put forth a miscellany of short tales—in which, as his title will have prepared the reader to expect, that which is terrible and moving has a larger share than that which is facetious. It is not the worst miscellany of its quality that has come into our hands."

"*Kitch Knacks from an Editor's Table*. By L. Gaylord Clark.—The introduction to this book describes it as a republication of *factae* which during nineteen years Mr. Clark has contributed to American periodicals. We have turned over the pages in quest of a joke or anecdote likely to prove palatable when transferred to the *Athenaeum*,—but have found none."

"*The Pilgrims of New England: a Tale of the Early American Settlers*. By Mrs. J. B. Webb.—In this story an attempt is made to illustrate the manners and habits of the earliest Puritan settlers in New England. The principal incidents woven into the narrative, however, are, the authoress says, 'strictly historical, and are derived from authentic sources.' We question the propriety of such a plan, executed after the method here adopted, for a tale of a supposed historical character in the histories of the Pilgrim Fathers is not enough in the guise of plain history. But the authoress writes with feeling; and her story will be read by young readers particularly."

Mr. Hildreth's history is spoken well of by the *Literary Gazette*. It says that it "doubts whether sufficient interest will be felt in Mr. Hildreth's history to justify its being reprinted in this country, but it is one of the most valuable works hitherto imported from America."

Messrs. H. CARTER & BROTHERS have enriched their excellent list recently by the following works, mostly reprinted from English works:

*The Children of the Manor*—a delightful little portrait of domestic life, containing the conversation held with her children on various subjects of education and thought, by a mother who felt the delicacy and responsibility of her duties. They are unusually suggestive and interesting.

John Angell James' new work, the *Young Woman's Friend*, a counterpart of a previous work, the *Young Man's Guide*,—a kindly, wise, and thoughtful book, well fitted to impart sober and rational views of life, and to develop a graceful and attractive character. We know of but few works professedly hortatory, so free from pretence or dogmatism, yet so true to the requirements of the occasion. Its influence could hardly be otherwise than happy.

Archbishop Whately's ingenious and most erudite work, *Hutton's Duodecim* concerning Napoleon Bonaparte, has been republished. It has no equal as a successful *reductio ad absurdum*, turning the tables upon skeptics with greatest effect.

A new and very neat edition of a celebrated theological work, Charnock on the Attributes. As a profound and elaborate discussion of the various doctrines related to the Divine Being and character, and as an exposition of the principal theories of the Calvinistic system, probably this work has no equal in the language.

Its republication will be more than acceptable to theological readers.

Christian Titles is a little volume of practical discourses on the various titles bestowed upon believers in the Scriptures, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Tyng. It is earnest, graceful and impressive.

Startling Questions, is another series of hortatory lectures, written in an unusually abrupt and original style, by Rev. J. C. Rylie, whose previous essays have now no little celebrity.

Mr. REDFIELD has republished in two neat volumes Macaulay's Speeches in Parliament—a work so characteristic of the genius, learning and eloquence of its author, as to need neither characterization nor recommendation.

Mr. Brodhead's elaborate and erudite history of New York under the Dutch dynasty has been published by the HARPERS.

Mrs. Gore's well-received tale, the Dean's Daughter, and Miss Kavanagh's last work, Daisy Burns, have been reprinted in neat form by the APPLETONS.

Miss Sinclair's spirited and graphic tale, Beatrice, has been published. DEWITT & DAVENPORT.

Villette, the last issue of Currer Bell, appears from the HARPERS, in several different forms.

A stirring centennial story, entitled the Society of Friends, has been issued by Mr. DODD, reprinted from a London edition.

A very fine translation of the late Dr. Vinet's elaborate and suggestive treatise on Pastoral Theology, has been furnished by the Rev. Professor Skinner of New York, and published by the HARPERS.

#### ITEMS.

Through intelligence received at the Foreign Office, from Tripoli, and communicated to us by the Chevalier Bunsen, it is our melancholy duty to announce the sudden death of Dr. Overweg, one of the travellers employed in determining the boundaries of Lake Tsad. Three weeks since we gave a brief account of the researches of Drs. Barth and Overweg in Central Africa, and made known to our readers that the application of these gentlemen for scientific assistance had been generously responded to by the Government. Dr. Vogel, a gentleman well known for his astronomical labors in connection with Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's Park, volunteered to join them, and on Sunday last he left Southampton with two sappers and miners, and a supply of the best instruments for magnetic observations, uninformed of the events which we have this day to record. Dr. Overweg was seized with fever on the 20th of September last, at Kuka, owing probably to his having been too long exposed to the influence of the rainy season of that place, shortly after he was rejoined by Dr. Barth, on his return from Baghirmi. Hoping to benefit by a change of air, Dr. Overweg proposed to leave Kuka for a healthier spot, ten miles nearer to Lake Tsad. It was not, however, till the 24th that he was enabled, with the assistance of three persons, to reach that place. The most dangerous symptoms manifested themselves on his arrival, his speech becoming gradually unintelligible; and he lingered till the 27th of January, when he died. Thus, at the early age of thirty, sharing the fate of Dr. Richardson, fell another hearty traveller of vigorous enterprise, a victim in this particular service of African exploration.—*Athenæum*.

The leading scientific men of London are vigorously following up the movement in favor of the juxtaposition of the Learned Societies. They are unanimously agreed upon the necessity of impressing the new Government with the importance of providing some convenient accommodation for this purpose with as little delay as possible, and have a vigorous address in course of signature.

Another literary ornament of the House of Lords has just departed in the person of Dr. John Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln. The published writings of the Bishop,

whether acknowledged or anonymous, though they abound in evidences of a rare scholarship and are written in a style at once nervous and delicate, are said to be scarcely equal to his intellectual powers,—for even his best works were to some extent only occasional compositions. Dr. Kaye was a somewhat voluminous writer of charges and sermons. Of a more enduring interest than these productions are, his 'Account of the Writings and Opinions of Clement of Alexandria,' and his latest work—part of which is now in the press,—'Athanasius and the Council of Nice.'

The young Earl of Belfast, whose 'Lectures on Poetry' were recently lauded by the papers, died at Naples, after a short illness. There was much in him which promised well; not only an aptitude for graceful arts, which displayed itself in his very successful cultivation of music, but evidences of an ambition to distinguish himself in *belles lettres*,—and, better still, of a wish to make literary interests a link of sympathy and communication betwixt himself and those whom fortune had in some sort committed to his care.

The Chevalier Massimo d'Azeglio, who has for the last five years so ably and honorably guided the liberal and enlightened policy of the Sardinian Cabinet, has arrived in England, on his retirement from public life. From the earliest time of Italian history, the family of d'Azeglio has been distinguished in arts and literature, as well as in politics.

The *Athenæum* thus notices the death of our countryman, the well known naturalist, Prof. C. B. Adams, of Amherst College, Massachusetts: "Professor Adams was chiefly a conchologist. Some three or four years since he made one or two excursions in the interior of Jamaica, accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Chitty, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and collected largely the shells of the land mollusca. Upon returning with his conchological stores to Massachusetts, he published descriptions of the new species in occasional *brochures*, entitled 'Contributions to Conchology;' and he was preparing to publish a larger illustrated work on the land shells of Jamaica, towards which the Smithsonian Institution had undertaken to print the letterpress."

Our Professor Edward Forbes is likely to succeed Sir Charles Lyell, who retires by rotation, as President of the Geological Society.

The funds raised for the purpose of a complimentary acknowledgment of Dr. Grant's valuable services in the cause of science, chiefly comparative anatomy and physiology, have been devoted to the purchase of a compound achromatic microscope and a small annuity.

Some French *savans* have resolved to assemble in Paris, in the course of next month, a congress of philologists from the different countries of Europe, to discuss questions relative to different languages, and to prepare the way for establishing, if possible, a universal alphabet, as the first step towards the creation of a universal language. The presence of foreign linguists is requested.

Colonel Von Oesfeld, chief of the Trigonometric Bureau at Berlin, who died recently, has left a manuscript work, unique in its kind—a complete catalogue of all the geographical maps and plans published in Europe from the earliest times up to the 19th century. The manuscript, which is in French, is not complete.

The Rev. Dr. Craig, of Leamington, the proprietor of the gigantic telescope at Wandsworth, is lecturing in London on 'Astral Wonders.'

The inventors of gun-cotton, Professor Schonbein, of Basle, and Professor Bottger, of Frankfort, have made over their process of preparation to the Austrian Government for 30,000 florins, two-thirds of which fall to the share of the former, as having the priority of invention. The money has already been paid in Frankfort.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris has elected, by the large majority of nineteen votes out of twenty-two, Mr. Macaulay to fill the vacancy in its list of foreign members occasioned by the death of Dr. Lingard.

The city of London has voted the freedom of the city to Henry Austin Layard, the author of the *Researches at Nineveh*, "as a testimonial of his persevering and zealous exertions in the discovery of the long-lost remains of eastern antiquity, and for securing them in so perfect a state as to demonstrate the accuracy of sacred history, and illustrate the early history of the human race; and for his indefatigable labor and skill, by which this country has been enabled to place such valuable memorials of ancient grandeur amongst the collection of the British Museum."

The Leipzig booksellers are providing an educational institution for their assistants; a sign how high the tide of culture has risen in Germany. The German bookseller, and still more the German publisher, is generally a man of sound and extensive university acquirements, and often a man of special accomplishment.

Charles Dickens hitherto has not had anything like the popularity in France which might have been expected from his immense renown in England and the United States. His 'David Copperfield,' however, has made a decided hit—it is already in its third edition;—and its popularity will no doubt cause the French to receive any of his future works with equal favor, and perhaps even to begin to admire those of the past. The translator of 'Copperfield' is M. Amedée Pichot, the well-known editor of the 'Revue Britannique,' and the translator of Lord Byron; but he has thought fit, for some reason which we do not pretend to understand, to change the title to the somewhat silly one of 'The Nephew of my Aunt.'—*Literary Gazette*.

Some of the friends of M. de Lamartine have proposed to raise a national subscription, for the purpose of relieving him from his pecuniary embarrassments; but the poet and historian has nobly refused to accept anything in the shape of a gift. He thinks that, in time and by labor, he can earn sufficient to pay off every demand on him, and to prevent his family mansion from passing into the hands of strangers; and, like Walter Scott in similar circumstances, he cries proudly, "My own right hand shall do it!"

The chair held by M. Edgar Quinet, the well-known professor and author, in the College de France, at Paris, has been suppressed by imperial decree. M. Quinet was exiled after the *coup d'état* of December, and though elected to his chair for life, was dismissed. The *specialité* of this gentleman's teaching was the languages and literature of the south of Europe. The subject will have henceforth to be treated by the professor of the Germanic languages and literature—M. Philarete Charles.

In a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Arago announced that Madame O'Connor had forwarded to him, for presentation to the Academy, a mass of letters addressed by Lagrange, the great mathematician to D'Alembert, a treatise written by him in his youth on a mathematical subject, and a number of disquisitions on metaphysics, history, religion, &c. These papers were presented by D'Alembert to Condorcet, who was Madame O'Connor's father; and they have since then been lying neglected in a garret at her residence near Montargis. The letters and papers are of great value—not because they contain any striking scientific novelty, but because they reveal the character and private thoughts of a very eminent man.

Gutzkow, who stands among the foremost of the romance writers of Germany, has contributed several tales to his periodical, which has already reached a sale of about four thousand copies weekly, and the circulation is steadily increasing. Auerbach has published a new volume of *Village Tales*, containing two stories, the first of which is equal in interest, and superior in power, to anything he has ever written; the second tale is not so good. Auerbach's works have now appeared in English, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and French translations. A Fräulein Amalie Bolte, who spent many years of her life in England, has lately published a very clever, but somewhat one-sided book on English life and manners,

under the title of *Visitenbuch eines deutschen Arztes in London* (Diary of a German Physician in London). Kobl, so well known in England from the translations of his travels in England, Ireland, Russia, &c., is now employed on a work about the *Gradual Discovery of America*. Gervinus is at present in Berlin, studying for a new and amended edition of his celebrated *History of Literature*.

Professor Gervinus's new book is producing an extraordinary stir in official Germany. Great pains are taken by the Heidelberg police to find out every purchaser of the volume. It has been seized in Munich and elsewhere; and the Professor is cited before the legal tribunals. Professor Gervinus, following in the wake of ideas proposed by Vico, Montesquieu, Herder, Hegel, Michelet, and Auguste Comte in succession, believes that he has discovered the laws by which the development of nations—the growth of the world—is governed; and these laws he has attempted to explain in the incriminated *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*. The book is very abstract, technical, and scientific—all which is natural with a German professor dealing with the abstruse principles of historical philosophy.

The *Revue de deux Mondes* contains a series of lively criticisms on American men and manners, which will appear in the next *Eclectic*.

The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which cover a space of 1,200 feet in length, and 1,000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1150, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305 Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by the poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

The Library of the Vatican was commenced fourteen hundred years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues, found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals, and antiquities of almost every description. When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the riches of the Vatican.

The Rev. John Jackson, M.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford, has been nominated to this see, vacant by the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Kay, the late lord bishop. Mr. Jackson is a canon of Bristol, rector of St. James's, Westminster, and chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen. Mr. Jackson's name appears in the first class, "In Literis Humanioribus," in the Eastern term of 1833, along with those of Mr. Sergeant Gaselee, Dr. Jelf, Principal of King's College, London; Mr. R. Lowe, Secretary of the Board of Control; Mr. Henry H. Halford, Regius Professor of Modern History, and others. In 1834, Mr. Jackson obtained the Ellerton Theological Prize, for the best essay, the subject being "The sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost indispensable to human salvation."







